

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/

P740.3

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY



FROM THE BEQUEST OF

MRS. ANNE E. P. SEVER OF BOSTON

Widow of Col. James Warren Sever
(Class of 1817)

Vol. LXX · No. 1

JULY 1921

35 CENTS

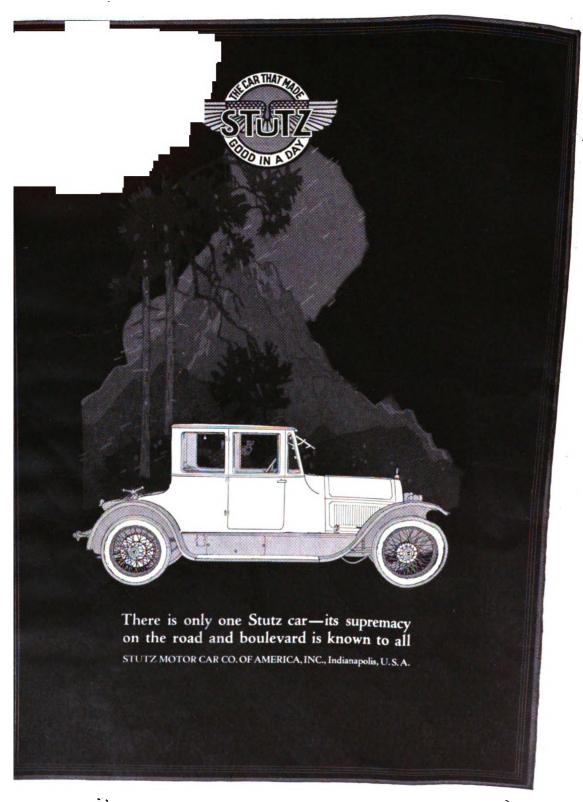
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE



Special Articles

	. GEORGE ELLERI HALE 3
The Unrest in the Islamic World	LOTHROP STODDARD 15
The Panama Canal To-Day	. JOSEPH BUCKLIN BISHOP 33
Th TT? 1 14	LLIAM RICHARDS CASTLE, Jr. 60
My Brother Theodore Roosevelt . COR	RINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON 81
Psychology Goldbricks	. HENRY FOSTER ADAMS 94
Food by the Open Road Another Cruise of "The Diagnat of Arcady"	. MARGUERITE WILKINSON 110
Fiction	
Green Gardens	: FRANCES NOYES HART 24
The Tragedy on the Upper Snake River	ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY 53
To Let. Serial	
Sahib	. JACQUELINE M. OVERTON 102
Poetry	
Mathematics	. FLORANCE WATERBURY 108
Mathematics	MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT 109
My Little House of Dreams	. JAMES B. CARRINGTON 118
Departments	
The Point of View	
The Field of Art	. LOUISE NO T BROWN 123
The Financial Situation	. ALEXANDER: 4A NOYES 129

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS



SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

Contents for JULY 1921

GASEOUS PROMINENCE AT THE SUN'S LIMB	Frontispiece
From a photograph made at Mount Wilson Observatory.	
GIANT STARS Illustrations from photographs taken at the Mount Wilson Observatory.	George Ellery Hale 3 Director of the Mount Wilson Observatory.
THE UNREST IN THE ISLAMIC WORLD.	Lothrop Stoddard
GREEN GARDENS. A Story Illustrations by M. H. Pancoast.	Frances Noves Hart
THE PANAMA CANAL TO-DAY Illustrations from recent photographs.	Joseph Bucklin Bishop 33
THE TRAGEDY ON THE UPPER SNAKE RIVER—A Story Illustrations by Oliver Kemp.	Arthur Sherburne Hardy . 53
BARRETT WENDELL—SOME MEMORIES OF A FORMER STUDENT Illustration from a portrait.	William Richards Castle, Jr 60
TO LET. Serial. Part III, Chapters I-IV. (To be continued) Illustration by C. F. Peters.	John Galsworthy 67
MY BROTHER THEODORE ROOSEVELT— HOME LIFE IN THE WHITE HOUSE. SIXTH PAPER Illustrated. PSYCHOLOGY GOLDBRICKS—CHARAC-	Corinne Roosevelt Robinson . 81
TER ANALYSIS—"APPLIED PSY- CHOLOGY." SECOND PAPER.	Henry Foster Adams 94 Associate Professor of Psychology, University of Michigan.
SAHIB.—A Story	Jacqueline M. Overton 102
MATHEMATICS. Poem	Florance Waterbury 108
DUETTO: SUMMER. Poem	Maxwell Struthers Burt 109
FOOD BY THE OPEN ROAD—ANOTHER CRUISE OF "THE DINGBAT OF	
ARCADY"	Marguerite Wilkinson 110
MY LITTLE HOUSE OF DREAMS. Poem	James B. Carrington 118
THE POINT OF VIEW—Old Ladies and Hote in America	els—On Going for the Mail—Castles
THE FIELD OF ART—Humor in Japanese Illustration. (Illustrated)	Louise Norton Brown 123
THE FINANCIAL SITUATION — Germany's Payment and the Economic Future	Alexander Dana Noyes 129
•	•

PUBLISHED MONTHLY. PRICE, 35 CENTS A NUMBER; \$4.00 A YEAR

Copyrighted in 1921 in United States, Canada, and Great Baltain, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Printed in New York. All rights reserved. Entered as Second-Class Matter December 2, 1886, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 2, 1800. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

SCRIBNER'S FICTION NUMBER

[August]

John Galsworthy

His serial, To LET, reaches a climax in this number. This novel is the last of "The Forsyte Saga."

Louis Dodge

NANCY is a new kind of dog story, one of real vivacity and fascination. Every one who loves a dog will love this story.

Katharine Holland Brown

ARGIVE HELEN AND THE LITTLE MAID OF TYRE is an up-to-date version in modern colloquial style of the classic legend.

Sarah Redington MASTERSON AND THE SPIRIT WORLD is a tale of the amusing family who ran "The Parthenon Freeze" and "Au Bonheur des Coeds." W. E. Hill, the famous cartoonist, illustrates the story.

Arthur Tuckerman The author of "Cynthia and the Crooked Streets," tells in this number a striking flying adventure in the life of a meek professor in a boys' school in England. It is entitled The WINGED INTERLUDE.

James Boyd

THE SOUND OF A VOICE is an unusual story by a new writer. It is a romantic love story, vivid in its characters and dramatic in its conclusion.

J. Edward
Macy

OUT OF THE HURRICANE is a sea story full of action and told with love of the sea, and from full knowledge of the management of boats.

Other Features in This Number

R FARM, by William Henry Shelton, cribes sympathetically the life on an farm in Western New York nearly they years also. It furnishes a contral subject for illustration by A. B. ost.

route. The trip was taken by two young women.

CIAL UNREST AND BOLSHEVISM IN THE ADMIC WORLD, by Lothrop Stoddard, author of "The Rising Tide of Color," pictures the grave situation in the Far and Near East caused by the unrest of Mohammedans the world over.

Sara Teasdale, one of the leading lyric poets in this country, contributes four Love Songs.

ISLETA, by Winifred Hawkridge Dixon, is an episode in a motor trip across the United States by the Southwestern

Frank Linderman, author of "Indian Why Stories," contributes a group of Montana poems. They are appropriately accompanied with four full-page paintings by C. M. Russell, a Montana artist of distinction.

Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews leads the number with an outdoor poem, PAX VOBISCUM.

The Field of Art, with reproductions of drawings from an old sketch-book of Barye's, The Point of View, and "The Financial Situation," with a pertinent discussion of present-day conditions, by Alexander Dana Noyes, complete the number.

THIS IS THE THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL FICTION NUMBER OF SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE



GASEOUS PROMINENCE AT THE SUN'S LIMB, 140,000 MILES HIGH.

Photographed with the spectroheliograph, using the light emitted by glowing calcium vapor. The comparative size of the earth is indicated by the white circle.

VOL. LXX

JULY, 1921

NO. 1

GIANT STARS

BY GEORGE ELLERY HALE

Director of the Mount Wilson Observatory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT THE MOUNT WILSON OBSERVATORY



UR ancestral sun, as pictured by Laplace, originally extended in a state of luminous vapor beyond the boundaries of the solar system. Rotating upon its

axis, it slowly contracted through loss of heat by radiation, leaving behind it portions of its mass, which condensed to form the planets. Still gaseous, though now denser than water, it continues to pour out the heat on which our existence depends as it shrinks imperceptibly toward its ultimate condition of a cold and darkened

Laplace's hypothesis has been subjected in recent years to much criticism, and there is good reason to doubt whether his description of the mode of evolution of our solar system is correct in every particular. All critics agree, however, that the sun was once enormously larger than it now is, and that the planets originally formed part of its distended mass.

Even in its present diminished state, the sun is huge beyond easy conception. Our own earth, though so minute a fragment of the primeval sun, is nevertheless so large that some parts of its surface have not yet been explored. Seen beside the sun, by an observer on one of the planets. the earth would appear as an insignificant speck, which could be swallowed with ease by the whirling vortex of a sun-spot. If the sun were hollow, with the earth at its centre, the moon, though 240,000 miles from us, would have room and to spare

volume is more than a million times that of the earth.

But what of the stars, proved by the spectroscope to be self-luminous, intensely hot, and formed of the same chemical elements that constitute the sun and the earth? Are they comparable in size with the sun? Do they occur in all stages of development, from infancy to old age? And if such stages can be detected, do they afford indications of the gradual diminution in volume which Laplace imagined the sun to experience?

Prior to the application of the powerful new engine of research described in this article we have had no means of measuring the diameters of the stars. We have measured their distances and their motions, determined their chemical composition, and obtained undeniable evidence of progressive development, but even in the most powerful telescopes their images are so minute that they appear as points rather than as disks. In fact, the larger the telescope and the more perfect the atmospheric conditions at the observer's command, the smaller do these images appear. On the photographic plate, it is true, the stars are recorded as measurable disks, but these are due to the spreading of the light from their bright point-like images, and their diameters increase as the exposure time is prolonged. From the images of the brighter stars rays of light project in straight lines, but these also are instrumental phenomena, due to diffraction of light by the steel in which to describe its orbit, for the sun bars that support the small mirror in the is 866,000 miles in diameter, so that its tube of reflecting telescopes. In a word,

Copyrighted in 1921 in United States, Canada, and Great Britain, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Printed in New York. All rights reserved.

the stars are so remote that the largest used for decades. The fundamental prinand most perfect telescopes show them disks.

their diameters? By using, as the man of science must so often do, indirect means when the direct attack fails. Most of the remarkable progress of astronomy during the last quarter century has resulted from the application of new and ingenious devices borrowed from the physicist. These have multiplied to such a degree that some of our observatories are literally physical laboratories, in which the sun and stars are examined by powerful spectroscopes and other optical instruments that have recently advanced our knowledge of physics by leaps and bounds. In the present case we are indebted for our star-measuring device to the distinguished physicist Professor Albert A. Michelson, who has contributed a long array of novel apparatus and methods to physics and astronomy.

The instrument in question, known as the interferometer, had previously yielded a remarkable series of results when applied in its various forms to the solution of fundamental problems. To mention only a few of those that have helped to establish Michelson's fame, we may recall that our exact knowledge of the length of the international metre at Sèvres, the world's standard of measurement, was obtained by him with an interferometer in terms of the invariable length of light-waves. A different form of interferometer has more recently enabled him to measure the minute tides within the solid body of the earth—not the great tides of the ocean, but the slight deformations of the earth's body, which is as rigid as steel, that are caused by the varying attractions of the sun and moon. Finally, to mention only one more case, it was the Michelson-Morley experiment, made years ago with still another form of interferometer, that yielded the basic idea from which the theory of relativity was developed by Lorentz and Einstein.

The history of the method of measuring star diameters is a very curious one, showing how the most promising opportunities for scientific progress may lie un-

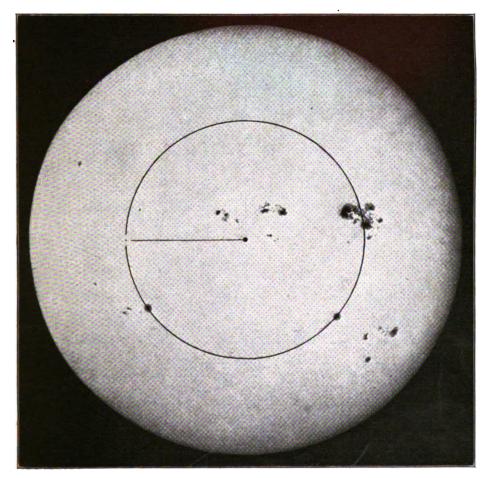
ciple of the device was first suggested by only as extremely minute needle-points of the great French physicist Fizeau in 1868. light, without any trace of their true In 1874 the theory was developed by the French astronomer Stéphan, who ob-How, then, may we hope to measure served interference fringes given by a large number of stars, and rightly concluded that their angular diameters must be much smaller than 0.158 seconds of arc, the smallest measurable with his instrument. In 1800 Michelson, unaware of the earlier work, published in the Philosophical Magazine a complete description of an interferometer capable of determining with surprising accuracy the distance between the components of double stars so close together that no telescope can separate them. He also showed how the same principle could be applied to the measurement of star diameters if a sufficiently large interferometer could be built for this purpose, and developed the theory much more completely than Stéphan had done. A year later he measured the diameters of Jupiter's satellites by this means at the Lick Observa-But nearly thirty years elapsed before the next step was taken. Two causes have doubtless contributed to this delay. Both theory and experiment have demonstrated the extreme sensitiveness of the "interference fringes," on the observation of which the method depends, and it was generally supposed by astronomers that disturbances in the earth's atmosphere would prevent them from being clearly seen with large telescopes. Furthermore, a very large interferometer, too large to be carried by any existing telescope, was required for the star-diameter work, though close double stars could have been easily studied by this device with several of the large telescopes of the early nineties. But whatever the reasons, a powerful method of research lay unused.

The approaching completion of the 100inch telescope of the Mount Wilson Observatory* led me to suggest to Professor Michelson, before the United States entered the war, that the method be thoroughly tested under the favorable atmospheric conditions of Southern California. He was at that time at work on a special form of interferometer, designed to determine whether atmospheric dis-

^{*} See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for October, 1920.



turbances could be disregarded in plan- support it vertically before a brilliant ning large-scale experiments. But the source of light. Observe this from a diswar intervened, and all of our efforts were tance of 40 or 50 feet with a small teleconcentrated for two years on the solu- scope magnifying about 30 diameters.



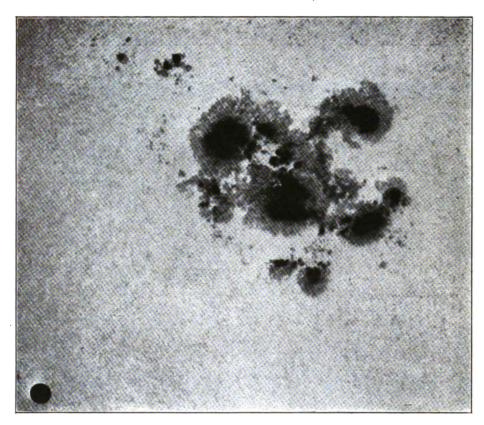
The sun, 866,000 miles in diameter, from a direct photograph showing many sun-spots, The small black disk in the centre represents the comparative size of the earth, while the circle surrounding it corresponds in diameter to the orbit of the moon.

tion of war problems.* In 1919, as soon as the 100-inch telescope had been completed and tested, the work was resumed on Mount Wilson.

The principle of the method can be most readily seen by the aid of an experiment which any one can easily perform for himself with simple apparatus. Make a narrow slit, a few thousandths of an inch in width, in a sheet of black paper, and

*Professor Michelson's most important contribution during the war period was a new and very efficient form of range-finder, adopted for use by the U. S. Navy.

The object-glass of the telescope should be covered with an opaque cap, pierced by two circular holes about one-eighth of an inch in diameter and half an inch apart. The holes should be on opposite sides of the centre of the object-glass and equidistant from it, and the line joining the holes should be horizontal. When this cap is removed the slit appears as a narrow vertical band with much fainter bands on both sides of it. With the cap in place, the central bright band appears



Great sun-spot group, August 8, 1917. The disk in the corner represents the comparative size of the earth,

to be ruled with narrow vertical lines or fringes produced by the "interference" * of the two pencils of light coming through different parts of the object-glass from the distant slit. Cover one of the holes, and the fringes instantly disappear. Their production requires the joint effect proceed in a similar way, but as the anof the two light-pencils.

Now suppose the two holes over the object-glass to be in movable plates, so that their distance apart can be varied. As they are gradually separated the narrow vertical fringes become less and less distinct, and finally vanish completely. Measure the distance between the holes and divide this by the wave-length of light, which we may call $50\frac{1}{500}$ of an incli. The result is the angular width of the distant slit. Knowing the distance of the slit, we can at once calculate its linear

* For an explanation of the phenomena of interference, any encyclopædia or book on physics.

width. If for the slit we substitute a minute circular hole, the method of measurement remains the same, but the angular diameter as calculated above must be multiplied by 1.22.

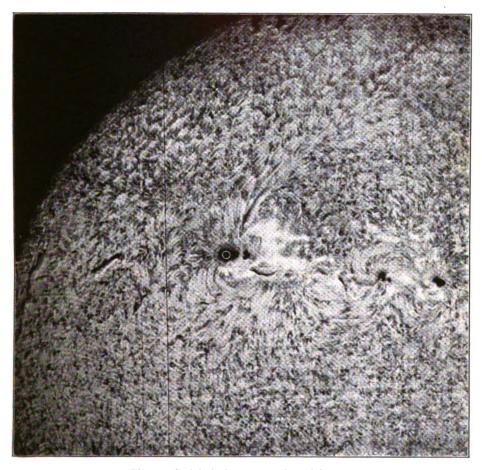
To measure the diameter of a star we gle it subtends is so small, we must use a very large telescope, for the smaller the angle the farther apart must be the two holes over the object-glass (or the mirror, in case a reflecting telescope is employed). In fact, when the holes are moved apart to the full aperture of the 100-inch Hooker telescope, the interference fringes are still visible even with the star Betelgeuse, though its angular diameter probably exceeds that of any other star. Thus, we must build an attachment for the telescope, so arranged as to per-

† More complete details may be found in Michelson's Lowell Lectures on "Light-Waves and Their Uses," University of Chicago Press, 1907.

mit us to move the openings still farther which send it toward the 100-inch con-

The 20-foot interferometer designed by Messrs. Michelson and Pease, and con- the light is exactly as it would be if the

cave mirror (M5) at the bottom of the telescope tube. After this the course of structed in the Mount Wilson Observa- mirrors M2, M3 were replaced by two



Photograph of the hydrogen atmosphere of the sun.

fade with the spectrobeliograph, showing the immense vortices, or whirling storms like tornadoes, that centre in sun-spots. The comparative size of the earth is shown by the white circle traced on the largest sun-spot.

tory instrument-shop, is shown in the dia- holes over the 100-inch mirror. It is regram (page 8) and in a photograph of the flected to the convex mirror (M⁶), then upper end of the skeleton tube of the telescope (page 9). The light from the star is received by two flat mirrors (M¹, M⁴) which project beyond the tube and can be moved apart along the supporting arm. These take the place of the two holes over the object-glass in our experiment. From with a magnification ranging from 1,500 these mirrors the light is reflected to a to 3,000 diameters. second pair of flat mirrors (M2, M3),

back in a less rapidly convergent beam toward the large mirror. Before reaching it, the light is caught by the plane mirror (M⁷) and reflected through an opening at the side of the telescope tube to the eyepiece E. Here the fringes are observed

In the practical application of this

method to the measurement of star diameters, the chief problem was whether the atmosphere would be quiet enough to permit sharp interference fringes to be produced with light-pencils more than 100 inches apart. After successful preliminary tests with the 40-inch refracting telescope of the Yerkes Observatory, Professor Michelson made the first attempt to see the fringes with the 60-inch and 100-inch reflectors on Mount Wilson in September, 1919. He was surprised and delighted to find that the fringes were perfectly sharp and distinct with the fullaperture of both these instruments. Doctor Anderson, of the Observatory staff, then devised a special form of interferometer for the measurement of close double stars, and applied it with the 100-inch telescope to the measurement of the orbital motion of the close components of Capella, with results of extraordinary accuracy, far beyond anything attainable by previous methods. The success of this work strongly encouraged the more ambitious project of measuring the diameter of a star, and the 20-foot interferometer was built for this purpose.

The difficult and delicate problem of adjusting the mirrors of this instrument with the necessary extreme accuracy was solved by Professor Michelson during his visit to Mount Wilson in the summer of 1920, and with the assistance of Mr. Pease, of the Observatory staff, interference fringes were observed in the case of certain stars when the mirrors were as

much as 18 feet apart. All was thus in readiness for a decisive test as soon as a suitable star presented itself.

Russell, Shapley, and Eddington had pointed out Betelgeuse (Arabic for "the giant's shoulder"), the bright red star in the constellation of Orion (page 10), as the most favorable of all stars for measurement, and the last-named had given its angular diameter as 0.051 seconds of arc. This deduction from theory appeared in his recent presidential address before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in which Professor Eddington remarked: "Probably the greatest need of stellar astronomy at the present day, in order to make sure that our theoretical deductions are starting on the right lines, is some means of measuring the apparent angular diameter of stars." He then referred to the work already in progress on Mount Wilson, but anticipated "that atmospheric disturbance will ultimately set the limit to what can be accomplished."

On December 13, 1920, Mr. Pease successfully measured the diameter of Betelgeuse with the 20-foot interferometer. As the outer mirrors were separated the interference fringes gradually became less distinct, as theory requires, and as Doctor Merrill had previously seen when observing Betelgeuse with the interferometer used for Capella. At a separation of

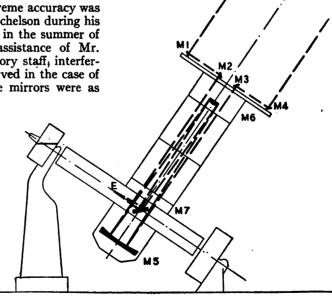
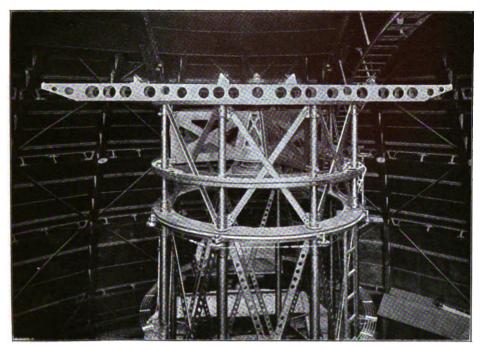


Diagram showing outline of the 100-inch Hooker telescope, and path of the two pencils of light from a star when under observation with the 20-foot Michelson interferometer.

A photograph of the interferometer is shown on page 9.



Twenty-foot Michelson interferometer for measuring star diameters, attached to upper end of the skeleton tube of the 100-inch Hooker telescope.

The path of the two pencils of light from the star is shown on page 8. For a photograph of the entire telescope, see Scribner's Magazine for October, 1920.

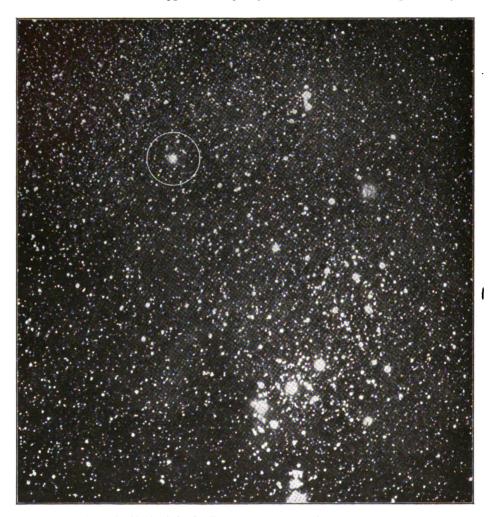
10 feet the fringes disappeared completely, giving the data required for calculating the diameter of the star. To test the perfection of the adjustment, the telescope was turned to other stars, of smaller angular diameter, which showed the fringes with perfect clearness. Turning back to Betelgeuse, they were seen beyond doubt to be absent. Assuming the mean wave-length of the light of this star to be To ffff of of a millimetre, its angular diameter comes out 0.047 seconds of arc, thus falling between the values—0.051 and 0.031 seconds—predicted by Eddington and Russell from slightly different assumptions. Subsequent corrections and repeated measurement will change Mr. Pease's result somewhat, but it is almost certainly within 10 or 15 per cent of the truth. We may therefore conclude that the angular diameter of Betelgeuse is very nearly the same as that of a ball one inch in diameter, seen at a distance of seventy miles.

But this represents only the angle sub-

tended by the star's disk. To learn its linear diameter, we must know its distance. Four determinations of the parallax, which determines the distance, have been made. Elkin, with the Yale heliometer, obtained 0.032 seconds of arc. Schlesinger, from photographs taken with the 30-inch Allegheny refractor, derived 0.016. Adams, by his spectroscopic method applied with the 60-inch Mount Wilson reflector, obtained 0.012. Lee's recent value, secured photographically with the 40-inch Yerkes refractor, is 0.022. The heliometer parallax is doubtless less reliable than the photographic ones, and Doctor Adams states that the spectral type and luminosity of Betelgeuse make his value less certain than in the case of most other stars. If we take a (weighted) mean value of 0.020 seconds, we shall probably not be far from the truth. This parallax represents the angle subtended by the radius of the earth's orbit (93,-000,000 miles) at the distance of Betelgeuse. By comparing it with 0.047, the the linear diameter is about two and one- miles, and it is probably much greater. third times as great as the distance from the earth to the sun, or approximately by this enormous disk is explained by the

angular diameter of the star, we see that eter of Betelgeuse exceeds 100,000,000

The extremely small angle subtended



The giant Betelgeuse (within the circle), familiar as the conspicuous red star in the right shoulder of Orion.

Measures with the interferometer show its angular diameter to be 0.047 seconds of arc, corresponding to a linear diameter of 215,000,000 miles, if the best available determination of its distance can be relied upon. This determination shows Betelgeuse to be 160 light-years from the earth. Light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles per second, and yet spends 160 years on its journey to us from this star.

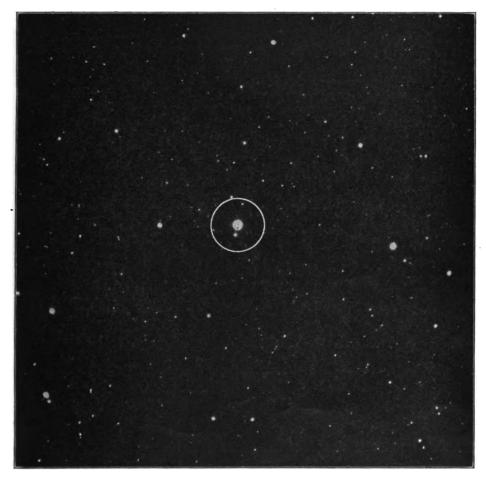
215,000,000 miles. Thus, if this measure great distance of the star, which is about distances of the stars are subject to uncer-But there can be no doubt that the diamescopes.

of its distance is not considerably in error, 160 light-years. That is to say, light Betelgeuse would nearly fill the orbit of travelling at the rate of 186,000 miles per Mars. All methods of determining the second spends 160 years in crossing the space that lies between us and Betelgeuse, tainty, however, and subsequent measures whose tremendous proportions therefore may reduce this figure very appreciably. seem so minute in the most powerful tel-



Betelgeuse supplies a new and striking tion. But despite this loss, the heat pro-

This actual measure of the diameter of through constant loss of heat by radiatest of Russell's and Hertzsprung's theory duced by contraction causes their tem-of dwarf and giant stars. Just before the perature to rise, while their color changes



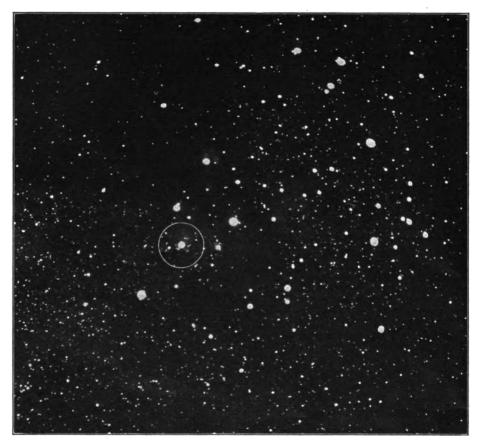
Arcturus (within the white circle), known to the Arabs as the "Lance Bearer," and to the Chinese as the "Great Horn" or "The Palace of the Emperors."

Its angular diameter, measured at Mount Wilson by Pease with the 20-foot Michelson interferometer on April 15, 1921, is 0.024 seconds, in close agreement with Russell's predicted value of 0.010 seconds. The mean parallax of Arcturus, based upon four separate determinations, is 0.116 seconds, corresponding to a distance of 28 light-years. The linear diameter, computed from Pease's measure and this value of the distance is about 19 million miles.

of classifying the stars according to their of shrinkage and rise of temperature goes spectra must be radically changed. Stars on so long as they remain in the state of in an early stage of their life history must a perfect gas. But as soon as contraction be regarded as diffuse gaseous masses, has increased the density of the gas beenormously larger than our sun, and at a yond a certain point the cycle reverses much lower temperature. Their density and the temperature begins to fall. The must be very low, and their state that of bluish-white light of the star turns yela perfect gas. These are the "giants." lowish, and we enter the dwarf stage, of In the slow process of time they contract which our own sun is a representative.

war Russell showed that our old methods from red to bluish white. This process

The density increases, surpassing that of of stellar life. On the ascending side are water in the case of the sun, and going far the giants, of vast dimensions and more beyond this point in later stages. In the diffuse than the air we breathe. There lapse of millions of years a reddish hue are good reasons for believing that the appears, finally turning to deep red. The mass of Betelgeuse cannot be more than



The giant star Antares (within the white circle), notable for its red color in the constellation Scorpio, and named by the Greeks "A Rival of Mars." `

The distance of Antares, though not very accurately known, is probably not far from 160 light-years. Its angular diameter has not yet been measured.

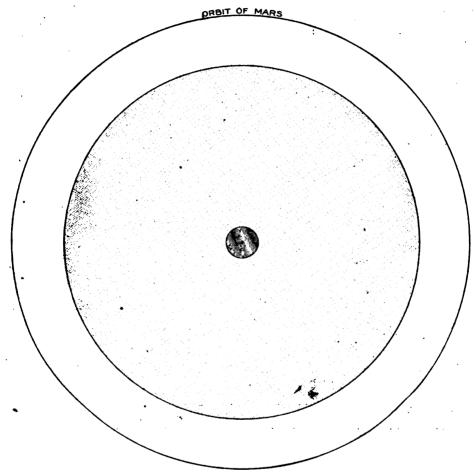
falling temperature permits the chemical ten times that of the sun, while its volume mate state of a cold and solid globe.

the two branches of the temperature The pinnacle is reached in the intense-curve, long since suggested by Lockyer, ly hot white stars of the helium class, in

elements, existing in a gaseous state in is at least a million times as great and the outer atmosphere of the star, to unite may exceed eight million times the sun's into compounds, which are rendered con-volume. Therefore, its average density spicuous by their characteristic bands in must be like that of an attenuated gas in the spectrum. Finally comes extinction an electric vacuum tube. Three-quarters of light, as the star approaches its ulti- of the naked-eye stars are in this stage, which comprises such familiar objects We may thus form a clear picture of as Betelgeuse, Antares, and Aldebaran. on very different grounds, as the outline whose spectra the lines of this gas are

such density. Then comes the cooling giants and dwarfs. Now comes the work

very conspicuous. The density of these has already been applied to 2,000 stars. stars is perhaps one-tenth that of the sun. Discussion of the results leads at once to Sirius, also very hot, is probably of some the recognition of the two great classes of stage, characterized, as already remarked, of Michelson and Pease to cap the climax,



Diameters of the Sun, Arcturus, and Betelgeuse compared with the orbit of Mars.

· Sun, diameter, 866,000 miles. Arcturus, diameter, 19,000,000 miles. Betelgeuse, diameter, 215,000,000 miles.

by increasing density, and also by increas- giving us the actual diameter of a typical ing chemical complexity resulting from giant star, in close agreement with prefalling temperature. This life cycle may not be followed by all stars, but it probably holds true for millions of them.

The validity of this beautiful theory has been fully proved by the remarkable which is further supported by spectrowork of Adams and his associates on scopic analysis of the star's light, reveal-Mount Wilson, where his method of de- ing evidence of the comparatively low termining a star's distance and intrinsic temperature called for by the theory at luminosity by spectroscopic observations this early stage of stellar existence.

dictions based upon Russell's theory. From this diameter we may conclude that the density of Betelgeuse is extremely low, also in harmony with the theory,



Aldebaran, the "leader" (of the Pleiades), was also known to the Arabs as "The Eye of the Bull," and "The Great Camel."

Like Betelgeuse and Antares, it is notable for its red color, which accounts for the fact that its image on this photograph is hardly more conspicuous than the images of stars which are actually much fainter but contain a larger proportion of blue light, to which the photographic plates here employed are more sensitive than to red or yellow. Aldebaran is about 50 light-years from the earth. Interferometer measures of its angular diameter are in progress on Mount Wilson, but have not been completed.

It now remains to make further measures of Betelgeuse, especially because its marked changes in brightness suggest possible variations in diameter. We must also apply the interferometer method to stars of the various spectral types, in order to afford a sure basis for future studies of stellar evolution. Unfortunately, only two or three giant stars, of which Antares is the most promising, are likely to fall within the range of our present instrument. An interferometer of 70-feet aperture would be needed to measure Sirius, and one of twice this size to deal

with less brilliant white stars. A 100-foot instrument, if feasible to build, would permit objects representing most of the chief stages of stellar development to be measured, thus contributing in the highest degree to the progress of our knowledge of the life history of the stars. Fortunately, though the mechanical difficulties are great, the optical problem is insignificant, and the cost of the entire apparatus, though necessarily high, would be only a small fraction of that of a telescope of corresponding aperture, if such could be built. A 100-foot interferometer might

be designed in many different forms, and eter of Arcturus was measured by Mr. one of these may perhaps be found to be Pease at Mount Wilson on April 15. As

within the range of possibility.

While the theory of dwarf and giant stars and the measurement of Betelgeuse afford no direct evidence bearing on Laplace's explanation of the formation of planets, they show that stars exist which are comparable in diameter with our solar system, and suggest that the sun must have shrunk from vast dimensions. The mode of formation of systems like our own. and of other systems numerously illustrated in the heavens, is one of the most fascinating problems of astronomy. Much light has been thrown on it by recent investigations, some of which will be described in future numbers of this magazine.

Since the above was written, the diam- consequently about 25,000,000 miles.

the mirrors of the interferometer were moved apart, the fringes gradually decreased in visibility until they finally disappeared at a mirror separation of 191/2 feet. Adopting a mean wave-length of To \$8800 of a millimetre for the light of Arcturus, this gives a value of 0.024 of a second of arc for the angular diameter of the star. If we use a mean value of 0.116 seconds for the parallax, the corresponding linear diameter comes out 10,000,000 miles. The angular diameter, as in the case of Betelgeuse, is in remarkably close agreement with the diameter predicted from theory. Russell believes, however, that the true parallax is somewhat smaller, and that the diameter of Arcturus is

THE UNREST IN THE ISLAMIC WORLD

By Lothrop Stoddard

Author of "The Rising Tide of Color," "The New World of Islam," etc.



Islam is to-day in profound course of world-history. unrest. From Morocco to China and from Turkestan to the Congo the 250,000,ooo followers of the Prophet

Mohammed are stirring to new ideas, new impulses, new aspirations. A gigantic transformation is taking place whose results must affect profoundly all mankind.

This transformation was greatly stimulated by the late war. But it began long before. More than a hundred years ago the seeds were sown, and ever since then it has been evolving; at first slowly and obscurely, later more rapidly and perof Armageddon, it has burst into sudden and startling bloom.

evolution I have endeavored to tell in my forthcoming book, "The New World of Islam." In the present and subse-

HE whole vast world of and which must inevitably modify the

It is nearly a thousand years since the Mohammedan world entered its long period of decline. Islam's epoch of pristine vigor, though glorious, was brief. Bursting suddenly out of their deserts in the seventh century A. D., the Arabs, electrified by Mohammed's teaching, bore the Fiery Crescent from the Pyrenees to the Himalayas and from the deserts of Central Asia to the deserts of Central Africa. On the débris of shattered empires and conquered peoples there arose a new civilization—a Saracenic civilizaceptibly, until to-day, under the stimulus tion, in which the ancient cultures of Greece, Rome, and Persia were revitalized by Arab vigor and synthetized by the The story of that strange and dramatic Arab genius and the Islamic spirit. For the first three centuries of its existence the realm of Islam was the most civilized and progressive portion of the world. quent article I shall describe some of the Studded with splendid cities, gracious momentous aspects, of a development mosques, and quiet universities where the which must be seriously reckoned with wisdom of the ancient world was pre-

However, by the year 1000 A. D. Saracenic civilization displayed unmistakable symptoms of decline. This decline was at first gradual, but it soon became more rapid. Riven by religious dissensions, torn by civil wars, and overwhelmed by the devastating invasions of fierce barbarians such as Turks and Mongols, the Moslem world sank into lethargy and decay.

Meantime Europe was awakening to true progress and higher civilization. While the Moslem East was sinking under Mongol harryings and Turkish militarism, the Christian West was thrilling to the Renaissance and the discoveries of America and the water route to India. So Western civilization, quickened, energized, progressed with giant strides, shook off its mediæval fetters, grasped the talisman of science, and strode into the light of modern times.

Yet all this left Islam unmoved. Wrapping itself in the tatters of Saracenic civilization, the Moslem East continued to fall behind. Plunged in lethargy, contemptuous of the European "misbelievers," and accepting defeats as the inscrutable will of Allah, Islam continued to live its old life, neither knowing nor caring to know anything about Western

ideas or Western progress.

Such was the decrepit Moslem world which faced nineteenth-century Europe, energized by the industrial revolution. armed as never before by modern science and invention which had unlocked nature's secrets and placed hitherto-undreamed-of weapons in its aggressive hands. The result was a foregone conclusion. One by one the decrepit Moslem states fell before the Western attack, and the whole Islamic world was rapidly partitioned among the European Powers. England took India and Egypt, Russia crossed the Caucasus and mastered Central Asia, France conquered North Africa, while other European nations grasped minor portions of the Moslem heritage. The Great War witnessed the final stage in this process of subjugation. By the terms of the treaties which marked its vitality of Pan-Islamism.

served and appreciated, the Moslem East close Turkey was extinguished and not a offered a striking contrast to the Christian single Mohammedan state retained genu-West, then sunk in the night of the Dark ine independence. The subjugation of the Moslem world was complete—on paper.

> On paper! For, in its very hour of triumph, Western domination was challenged as never before. During those hundred years of Western conquest a mighty internal change had been coming over the Moslem world. The swelling tide of Western aggression had at last moved the "immovable" East. At last Islam became conscious of its decrepitude. and with that consciousness a vast ferment, obscure yet profound, began to leaven the Moslem world. The first spark was fittingly struck in the Arabian desert, the cradle of Islam. Here, at the opening of the nineteenth century, arose the Wahabi movement for the reform of Islam, which presently kindled the farflung "Mohammedan Revival," which in turn begot the movement known as "Pan-Islamism." Furthermore, athwart these essentially internal movements there came pouring a flood of external stimuli from the West: ideas such as parliamentary government, nationalism, scientific education, industrialism, and even ultra-modern concepts like feminism, socialism, Bolshevism. Stirred by the interaction of all these novel forces and spurred by the ceaseless pressure of Western aggression, the Moslem world roused more and more to life and action. The Great War was a shock of terrific potency, and to-day Islam is seething with mighty forces fashioning a new Moslem world.

> Diverse as are these forces, they are all in a certain sense correlated by that profound sentiment of Moslem solidarity which Mohammed implanted in the hearts of his followers and which thirteen centuries have not effaced. This instinctive solidarity is the foundation of Pan-Islamism. Threatened by Western pressure, the Moslem world has been fashioning new weapons for its defense. The most remarkable of these are the new-type religious fraternities, best exemplified by the Sennussiya. The story of the Sennussiya is one of the most picturesque in modern annals. Its rise and progress well illustrate the great

The Sennussiya, as already remarked, was a new development in the Moslem world. Religious fraternities had of course existed in Islam for centuries. They all possess the same general type of organization, being divided into lodges ("Zawias") headed by masters known as "Mokaddem," who exercise a more or less extensive authority over the "Khouan" or brethren. Until the foundation of the new-type organizations like the Sennussi, however, the fraternities exerted little practical influence upon mundane affairs. Their interests were almost wholly religious, of a mystical, devotional nature, often characterized by great austerities or by fanatical excesses like those practised by the whirling and howling dervishes. Such political influence as they did exert was casual and local. Anything like joint action was impossible owing to their mutual rivalries and jealousies. These old-type fraternities still exist in great numbers, but they are without political importance except as they have been leavened by the new-type fraternities.

The new-type organizations date from about the middle of the nineteenth century. Their archetype, the Sennussiya, was founded by one Seyid Mahommed ben Sennussi, who was born near Mostaganem, Algeria, about the year 1800. As his title "Seyid" indicates, he was a descendant of the Prophet, and was thus born to a position of honor and importance. He early displayed a strong bent for learning and piety, studying theology at the Moorish university of Fez and afterward travelling widely over North Africa, preaching a reform of the prevailing religious abuses. He then made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and there his reformist zeal was still further quickened by the Wahabi teachers. It was at that time that he appears to have definitely formulated his plan of a great puritan order, and in 1843 he returned to North Africa, settling in Tripoli, where he built his first Zawia, known as the "Zawia Baida," or White Monastery, in the mountains near Derna. So impressive was his personality and so great his organizing ability that converts flocked to him from all over North Africa. Indeed, his power soon alarmed the Turkish authorities in Tripoli, and relations became so

strained that Seyid Mahommed presently moved his headquarters to the oasis of Jarabub, far to the south in the Libyan desert. When he died in 1859, his organization had spread over the greater part of North Africa.

Sevid Mahommed's work was carried on uninterruptedly by his son, usually known as Sennussi-el-Mahdi. The manner in which this son gained his succession typifies the Sennussi spirit. Sevid Mahommed had two sons, El-Mahdi being the younger. While they were still mere lads their father determined to put them to a test, to discover which of them had the stronger faith. In presence of the entire Zawia he bade both sons climb a tall palm-tree, and then adjured them by Allah and his Prophet to leap to the ground. The younger lad leaped at once and reached the ground unharmed; the elder boy refused to spring. To El-Mahdi, "who feared not to commit himself to the will of God," passed the right to rule. Throughout his long life Sennussi-el-Mahdi justified his father's choice, displaying wisdom and piety of a high order, and further extending the power of the fraternity. During the latter part of his reign he removed his headquarters to the oasis of Jowf, still farther into the Lybian desert, where he died in 1902 and was succeeded by his nephew Ahmed-el-Sherif, the present head of the order, who also appears to possess marked ability.

With nearly eighty years of successful activity behind it, the Sennussi order is to-day one of the vital factors in Islam. It counts its adherents in every quarter of the Moslem world. In Arabia its followers are very numerous, and it profoundly influences the spiritual life of the holy cities, Mecca and Medina. North Africa, however, still remains the focus of Sennussism. The whole of Northern Africa, from Morocco to Somaliland, is dotted with its Zawias or lodges, all absolutely dependent upon the Grand Lodge, headed by the master, El Sennussi. The Sennussi stronghold of Jowf lies in the very heart of the Libvan Sahara. Only one European eye has ever seen this mysterious spot. Surrounded by absolute desert, with wells many leagues apart and the routes of approach known only to

Digitized by Google

of whom would suffer a thousand deaths rather than betray him, El Sennussi, the master, sits serenely apart, sending his orders throughout North Africa.

The influence exerted by the Sennussiya is profound. The local Zawias are more than mere "lodges." Besides the Mokaddem, or master, there is also a "Wekil," or civil governor, and these officers have discretionary authority not merely over the Zawia members, but also over the community at large—at least, so great is the awe inspired by the Sennussiya throughout North Africa that a word from Wekil or Mokaddem is always listened to and obeyed. Thus, besides the various European colonial authorities, British, French, or Italian, as the case may be, there exists an occult government with which the colonial authorities are careful not to come into conflict.

On their part, the Sennussi are equally careful to avoid a downright breach with the European Powers. Their longheaded, cautious policy is truly astonishing. For more than half a century the order has been a great force, yet it has never risked the supreme adventure. In many of the fanatic risings which have occurred in various parts of Africa, local Sennussi have undoubtedly taken part, and the same was true during the Italian campaign in Tripoli and in the late war; but the order itself has never officially entered the lists.

In fact, this attitude of mingled cautious reserve and haughty aloofness is maintained not only toward Christians, but also toward the other powers-that-be in Islam. The Sennussiya has always kept its absolute freedom of action. Its relations with the Turks have never been cordial. Even. the wily Sultan Abdul-Hamid, at the height of his prestige as the champion of Islam, could never get from El Sennussi more than coldly platonic expressions of approval, and one of Sennussi-el-Mahdi's favorite remarks was said to have been: "Turks and Christians: I will break both of them with one and the same stroke." Equally characteristic was his attitude toward Mahommed Ahmed, the leader of the "Mahdist" uprising in the Egyptian Sudan. Flushed

experienced Sennussi guides, every one Ahmed sent emissaries to El Sennussi, asking his aid. El Sennussi refused. remarking haughtily: "What have I to do with this fakir from Dongola? Am I not myself Mahdi if I choose?"

These Fabian tactics do not mean that the Sennussi are idle. Far from it. On the contrary, they are ceaselessly at work with the spiritual arms of teaching, discipline, and conversion. The Sennussi programme is the welding, first of Moslem Africa, and later of the whole Moslem world, into the revived "Imamat" of Islam's early days; into a great theocracy, embracing all true believers-in other words, Pan-Islamism. But the Sennussi believe that the political liberation of Islam from Christian domination must be preceded by a profound spiritual regeneration. Toward this end they strive ceaselessly to improve the manners and morals of the populations under their influence, while they also strive to improve material conditions by encouraging the better cultivation of oases, digging new wells, building rest-houses along the caravan routes, and promoting trade. Mere fighting for fighting's sake is no part of their programme. The slaughter and rapine practised by the Sudanese Mahdists disgusted the Sennussi and drew from their chief words of scathing condemnation.

All this explains the order's unprecedented self-restraint. This is the reason why, year after year, and decade after decade, the Sennussi advance slowly, calmly, coldly; gathering great latent power, but avoiding the temptation to expend it one instant before the proper time. Meanwhile they are covering North Africa with their lodges and schools, disciplining the people to the voice of their Mokaddem and Wekils; and, to the southward, converting millions of pagan negroes to the faith of Islam.

Nothing better shows modern Islam's quickened vitality than the revival of missionary fervor during the past hundred years. Of course Islam has always displayed strong converting power. Its missionary successes in its early days were extraordinary, and even in its period of decline it never wholly lost its pristine with his victory at Khartum, Mahommed vigor. Nevertheless, taking the Moslem world as a whole, religious zeal undoubtedly declined, reaching low-water mark during the eighteenth century.

The first breath of the Mohammedan revival, however, blew the smouldering embers of proselytism into a new flame, and everywhere except in Europe, Islam began once more advancing portentously along all its far-flung frontiers. Every Moslem is to some extent a born missionary and instinctively propagates his faith among his non-Moslem neighbors. so the work was carried on not only by priestly specialists, but also by multitudes of travellers, traders, and humble migratory workers. Of course numerous zealots consecrated their lives to the task. This was particularly true of the religious fraternities. The Sennussi have especially distinguished themselves by their apostolic fervor, and from those natural monasteries, the oases of the Sahara, thousands of "Marabouts" have gone forth with flashing eyes and swelling breasts to preach the marvels of Islam, devoured with a zeal like that of the Christian mendicant friars of the Middle Ages.

Islam's missionary triumphs among the negroes of West and Central Africa during the past century have been extraordinary. Every candid European observer tells the same story. As an Englishman very justly remarked some twenty years ago: "Mohammedanism is making marvellous progress in the interior of Africa. It is crushing paganism out. Against it the Christian propaganda is a myth." And a French Protestant missionary remarks in similar vein: "We see Islam on its march, sometimes slowed down but never stopped, toward the heart of Africa. Despite all obstacles encountered, it tirelessly pursues its way. It fears nothing. Even Christianity, its most serious rival, Islam regards without hate, so sure is it of victory. While Christians dream of the conquest of Africa, the Mohammedans do it."

And Islam's gains are not made solely against paganism. They are being won at the expense of African Christianity as well. In West Africa the European completeness of Europe's triumph promissions lose many of their converts to

ancient Abyssinian Church, so long an outpost against Islam, seems in danger of submersion by the rising Moslem tide. Not by warlike incursions, but by peaceful penetration, the Abyssinians are being Islamized. Tribes which, fifty or sixty years ago, counted hardly a Mohammedan among them, to-day live partly or wholly according to the precepts of Islam.

Islam's triumphs in Africa are perhaps its most noteworthy missionary victories, but they by no means tell the whole story. Outside of Europe, Islam is today advancing rapidly, whether one looks northward to Russian Asia, eastward to China, or southward to Hindustan and the Dutch Indies. A noteworthy point is that European political control actually favors rather than retards the spread of Islam, for the Moslem finds in Western improvements like the railroad, the postoffice, and the printing-press useful adjuncts to Islamic propaganda.

The cross-cutting of internal regenerative forces by Western ideas and methods is well illustrated by the highly significant tendency which may be termed economic Pan-Islamism. Economic Pan-Islamism is the direct result of the permeation of Western ideas. Half a century ago the Moslem world was economically still in the Middle Ages. The provisions of the Sheriat or Moslem Canon Law such as the prohibition of interest rendered economic life in the modern sense impossible. What little trade and industry did exist were largely in the hands of native Christians or Jews. Furthermore, the whole economic life of the East was being disorganized by the aggressive competition of the West. Europe's political conquest of the Moslem world was, in fact, paralleled by an economic conquest even more complete. Everywhere percolated the flood of cheap, abundant European machine-made goods, while close behind came European capital, temptingly offering itself in return for loans and concessions which, once granted, paved the way for European political domination.

Yet in economics as in politics the very voked resistance. Angered and alarmed Islam, while across the continent the by Western exploitation, Islam frankly

would put Islam economically abreast of the times. Western methods were studied and copied. The prohibitions of the Sheriat were evaded or quietly ignored.

The upshot has been a marked evolution toward Western economic standards. This evolution is of course still in its early stages, and is most noticeable in lands most exposed to Western influences like India, Egypt, and Algeria. Yet everywhere in the Moslem world the trend is the same. And nowhere does Islam's innate solidarity come out better than in the economic field. The religious, cultural, and customary ties which bind Moslem to Moslem enable Mohammedans to feel more or less at home in every part of the Islamic world, while Western methods of transit and communication enable Mohammedans to travel and keep in touch as they never could before. The result is that new types of Moslems wholesale merchants, steamship owners, business men, bankers, even factory industrialists and brokers—are rapidly evolving: types which would have been simply unthinkable a century, or even half a century, ago.

And these new men understand each other perfectly. Bound together both by the ties of Islamic fraternity and by the pressure of Western competition, they co-ordinate their efforts much more easily than the politicals have succeeded in doing. Here Liberals, Pan-Islamists, and Nationalists can meet on common ground. Here is no question of political conspiracies, revolts, or holy wars, challenging the armed might of Europe, and risking bloody repression or blind reaction. On the contrary, here is merely a working together of fellow Moslems for economic ends by business methods which the West cannot declare unlawful and dare not repress.

What, then, is the specific programme of economic Pan-Islamism? It is easily stated: The wealth of Islam for Moslems. The profits of trade and industry for Moslem instead of Christian hands. The eviction of Western capital by Moslem

recognized its economic inferiority and rope's grip on Islam's natural resources sought to escape from its subjection, by the termination of concessions in Far-sighted Moslems began casting about lands, mines, forests, railways, customfor a modus vivendi with modern life that houses, by which the wealth of Islamic lands is to-day drained away to foreign shores.

> Such are the aspirations of economic Pan-Islamism. They are wholly modern concepts, the outgrowth of Western ideas. The influence of the West is, in fact, the great dynamic in the modern transformation of the East. The ubiquitous impact of Westernism is modifying not merely the Islamic world but all Asia and Africa. Of course, Western influence does not entirely account for Islam's recent evolution. As already stated, Islam itself has during the past century been engendering forces which, however quickened by external Western stimuli, are essentially internal in their nature, arising spontaneously and working toward distinctive. original goals. It is not a mere copying of the West that is to-day going on in the Moslem world, but an attempt at a new synthesis, an assimilation of Western methods to Eastern ends. We must always remember that the Asiatic stocks which constitute the bulk of Islam's followers are not primitive savages like the African negroes or the Australoids, but are mainly peoples with genuine civilizations built up by their own efforts from the remote past. In view of their historic achievements, therefore, it seems safe to conclude that in the great ferment now stirring the Moslem world we behold a real renaissance, whose genuineness is best attested by the fact that there have been similar movements in former

The modern influence of the West on the East is quite unprecedented in both intensity and scope. The far more local, partial influence of Greece and Rome cannot be compared to it. Another point to be noted is that this modern influence of the West upon the East is a very recent thing. The full impact of Westernism upon the Orient as a whole dates only from about the middle of the nineteenth century. Since then, however, the process has been going on by leaps and bounds. Roads and railways, posts and telegraphs, books and papers, methcapital. Above all, the breaking of Eu- ods and ideas, have penetrated, or are in process of penetrating, every nook and skill of the West are to-day generally adcranny of the East. Steamships sail the remotest seas. Commerce drives forth and scatters the multitudinous products of Western industry among the remotest peoples. Nations which only half a century ago lived the life of thirty centuries ago, to-day read newspapers and go to business in electric tram-cars. Both the habits and thoughts of Orientals are being revolutionized.

The permeation of Westernism is naturally most advanced in those parts of Islam which have been longest under Western political control. The penetration of the British "Raj" into the remotest Indian jungles, for example, is an extraordinary phenomenon. By the coinage, the post-office, the railroads, the administration of justice, the encouragement of education, the relief of famine. and a thousand other ways, the great organization has penetrated all India. But even in regions where European control is still nominal, the permeation of Westernism has gone on apace. The customs and habits of the people have been distinctly modified. Western material improvements and comforts like the kerosene-oil lamp and the sewing-machine are to-day part and parcel of the daily life of the people. New economic wants have been created; standards of living have been raised; canons of taste have been altered.

In the intellectual and spiritual fields. likewise, the leaven of Westernism is clearly apparent. Of course in these fields Westernism has progressed more slowly and has awakened much stronger opposition than it has on the material plane. Material innovations, especially mechanical improvements, comforts, and luxuries, make their way much faster than novel customs or ideas, which usually shock established beliefs or ancestral prejudices. Tobacco was taken up with extraordinary rapidity by every race and clime, and the kerosene-lamp has in half a century penetrated the recesses of Central Asia and of China; whereas customs like Western dress and ideas like Western education encounter many setbacks, and or perverted. The superior strength and with us, was spread over centuries, and

mitted throughout the East, but in many quarters the first receptivity to Western progress and zeal for Western ideas have cooled or have actually given place to a reactionary hatred of the very spirit of Western civilization.

Western influences are most apparent in the upper and middle classes, especially in the Western-educated intelligentsia which to-day exists in every Eastern land. These élites of course vary greatly in numbers and influence, but they all possess a more or less definite grasp of Western ideas. In their relations to Westernism they are sharply differentiated. Some, while retaining the fundamentals of their ancestral philosophy of life, attempt a genuine assimilation of Western ideals and envisage a higher synthesis of the spirits of East and West. Others break with their traditional pasts, steep-themselves in Westernism, and become more or less genuinely Westernized. others conceal behind their Western veneer disillusionment and detestation.

Of course it is in externals that Westernization is most pronounced. The Indian or Turkish "intellectual," holding Western university degrees and speaking fluently several European languages; and the wealthy prince or pasha, with his motor-cars, his racing stables, and his annual "cure" at European wateringplaces, appear very Occidental to the casual eve. Such men wear European clothes, eat European food, and live in houses partly or wholly furnished in European style. Behind this facade exists every possible variation of inner life, from earnest enthusiasm for Western ideals to

inveterate reaction.

These varied attitudes toward Westernism are not parked off by groups or localities; they coexist among the individuals of every class and every land in the East. The entire Orient is, in fact, undergoing a prodigious transformation, far more sudden and intense than anything the West has ever known. Our civilization is mainly self-evolved; a natural growth developing by normal, logical, and relatively gradual stages. The are often adopted with such modifications East, on the contrary, is undergoing a that their original character is denatured concentrated process of adaptation which,

the result is not so much evolution as dle East was dramatically shown by the revolution—political, economic, social. idealistic, religious, and much more besides. The upshot is confusion, uncertainty, grotesque anachronism, and glaring contradiction. Single generations are sundered by unbridgeable mental and spiritual gulfs. Fathers do not understand sons; sons despise their fathers. Everywhere the old and the new struggle fiercely, often within the brain or spirit of the same individual.

To this is largely due the unlovely traits displayed by most of the so-called "Westernized" Orientals; the "stucco civilization" of the Indian Babu, and the boulevardier "culture" of the Turkish "Effendi." Any profound transformation must engender many worthless by-products, and the contemporary Westernization of the Orient has its dark as well as its bright side. The very process of reform, however necessary and inevitable, lends fresh virulence to old ills and imports new evils previously unknown. These patent evils of Westernization are a prime cause of that implacable hatred of everything Western which animates so many Orientals, including some well-acquainted with the West. Such persons are precious auxiliaries to the ignorant reactionaries and to the rebels against Western political domination.

This spirit of rebellion against Western domination has become greatly intensified since the beginning of the present century, and the matter becomes still more portentous when we realize that, by the very nature of things, Western political control in the Orient, however prolonged and however imposing in appearance, must ever rest on essentially fragile foundations. The Western rulers will always remain an alien caste; tolerated, and never regarded as anything but foreigners. Furthermore, Western rule must necessarily become more precarious with the increasing enlightenment of the subject peoples, so that the acquiescence of one generation may be followed by the an unstable equilibrium, hard to maintain and easily upset.

moral effect of the Russo-Japanese War of 1004. Down to that time the Orient had been so helpless in face of European aggression that most Orientals had come to regard Western supremacy with fatalistic resignation. But the defeat of a first-class European Power by an Asiatic people broke the spell, and all Asia and Africa thrilled with a wild intoxication which we can scarcely conceive. Scotch missionary thus describes the effect of the Japanese victories on northern India, where he was stationed at the time: "A stir of excitement passed over the north of India. Even the remote villagers talked over the victories of Japan as they sat in their circles and passed round the hugga at night. One of the older men said to me, 'there has been nothing like it since the Mutiny.' A Turkish consul of long experience in Western Asia told me that in the interior you could see everywhere the most ignorant peasants 'tingling' with the news. Asia was moved from end to end, and the sleep of the centuries was finally broken. It was a time when it was 'good to be alive,' for a new chapter was being written in the book of the world's history."

Of course the Russo-Japanese War did not create this new spirit, whose roots lay in the previous epoch of subtle change that had been going on. The Russo-Japanese War was thus rather the occasion than the cause of the wave of exultant self-confidence which swept over Asia and Africa in the year 1904. But it did dramatize and clarify ideas that had been germinating half-unconsciously in millions of Oriental minds, and was thus the sign-manual of the whole nexus of forces making for a revivified Orient.

Furthermore, this new temper proeven respected, perhaps, but never loved foundly influenced the Orient's attitude toward the series of fresh European aggressions which then began from Morocco to Persia. It is a curious fact that just when the Far East had successfully resisted European encroachment, the Near and Middle East should have been subhostile protest of the next. It is indeed jected to European aggressions of unparalleled severity. In truth, the Moslem world answered these aggressions by The latent instability of European furious protests and an unwonted moral political control over the Near and Mid- solidarity, and it would be interesting to

know exactly how much of this defiant audible before. This rebellious temper temper was due to the heartening example of Japan. Certainly, our ultra-imperialists of the West were playing a dangerous game during the decade between 1904 and 1014. As that eminent Hungarian student of the Orient, Arminius Vambéry, remarked after the Italian raid on Tripoli: "The more the power and authority of the West gains ground in the Old World, the stronger becomes the bond of unity and mutual interest between the separate factions of Asiatics, and the deeper burns the fanatical hatred of Europe. Is it wise or expedient by useless provocation and unnecessary attacks to increase the feeling of animosity, to hurry on the struggle between the two worlds, and to nip in the bud the work of modern culture which is now going on in Asia?"

The Great War of course immensely aggravated an already critical situation. The Orient suddenly saw the European peoples who, in racial matters, had hitherto maintained something like solidarity, locked in an internecine death-grapple of unparalleled ferocity; it saw those same peoples put one another furiously to the ban as irreconcilable foes; it saw white race-unity cleft by moral and political gulfs which white men themselves continuously iterated would never be filled. The one redeeming feature of the struggle, in Oriental eyes, was the liberal programme which the Allied statesmen inscribed upon their banners. But when the war was over and the Allies had won. it promptly leaked out that at the very time when the Allied leaders were making their liberal speeches they had been negotiating a series of secret treaties partitioning the Near East between them in a spirit of the most cynical imperialism; and in the peace conferences that closed the war it was these secret treaties, not the liberal speeches, which determined the Oriental settlement, resulting (on paper at least) in the total subjugation of the Near and Middle East to European political control.

The wave of wrath which thereupon rolled over the East was not confined to furious remonstrance like the protests of social unrest in the Orient, especially in pre-war days. There was a note of im- its connection with Bolshevism, my next mediate resistance and rebellion not article will be mainly devoted.

has translated itself into warlike action which has already forced the European Powers to abate some of their extreme pretensions and which will undoubtedly make them abate others in the near fu-The Great War has certainly ture. shattered European prestige in the East, and has opened the eyes of Orientals to the weaknesses of the West. To the Orient the war was a gigantic course of For one thing, millions of education. Orientals and negroes were taken from the remotest jungles of Asia and Africa to serve as soldiers and laborers in the White Man's War. Though the bulk of these auxiliaries were used in colonial operations, more than a million of them were brought to Europe itself. Here they killed white men, raped white women, tasted white luxuries, learned white weaknesses—and went home to tell their people the whole story. Asia and Africa to-day know Europe as they never knew it before, and we may be sure that they will make use of their knowledge. The most serious factor in the situation is that the famous Versailles "Peace" which purports to have pacified Europe is no peace, but rather an unconstructive, unstatesmanlike futility that left old sores unhealed and even dealt fresh wounds. Europe to-day lies debilitated and uncured, while Asia and Africa see in this a standing incitement to rash dreams and violent action.

Such is the situation to-day: an East, torn by the conflict between old and new, facing a West riven by dissension and sick from its mad follies. Probably never before have the relations between the two worlds contained so many incalculable, even cataclysmic, possibilities. The point to be here noted is that this strange new East which now faces us is mainly the result of Western influences permeating it in unprecedented fashion for the past hundred years. In the present article we have dealt principally with the political side of Oriental unrest. But the Orient is also suffering from social disturbances similar to those to-day prevalent in Western lands. To a consideration of this



She danced down the turf path to the herb-garden . . . singing like a small mad thing.

GREEN GARDENS

By Frances Noyes Hart

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. H. PANCOAST



APHNE was singing to her- flashed through the hall at home, and it self when she came through seemed almost too good to be true that the painted gate in the the radiant small person in the green back wall. She was sing- muslin frock with the wreath of golden ing partly because it was hair bound about her head, and the sea-June, and Devon, and she blue eyes laughing back at her, was really was seventeen, and partly because she Miss Daphne Chiltern. Incredible, inhad caught a breath-taking glimpse of credible luck to look like that, half Dryad, herself in the long mirror as she had half Kate Greenaway-she danced down the turf path to the herb-garden, swinging her great wicker basket and singing like a small mad thing.

"He promised to buy me a bonnie blue ribbon," carrolled Daphne, all her own ribbons flying,

"He promised to buy me a bonnie blue ribbon, He promised to buy me a bonnie blue ribbon

The song stopped as abruptly as though some one had struck it from her lips. A Daphne softly. "It's strange that nostrange man was kneeling by the beehive body minds but us, isn't it? I cried at in the herb-garden. He was looking at her over his shoulder, at once startled and amused, and she saw that he was wearing a rather shabby tweed suit and that his face was oddly brown against his close-cropped, tawny hair. He smiled, his teeth a strong flash of white.

"Hello!" he greeted her, in a tone at

once casual and friendly.

Daphne returned the smile uncertain-"Hello," she replied gravely. The strange man rose easily to his feet, and she saw that he was very tall and carried his head rather splendidly, like the young bronze Greek in Uncle Roland's study at home. But his eyes—his eyes were strange—quite dark and burned out. The rest of him looked young and vivid and adventurous—but his eyes looked as Gardens any day. Let's both have a though the adventure were over, though they were still questing.

"Were you looking for any one?" she asked, and the man shook his head, laugh-

"No one in particular, unless it was

Daphne's soft brow darkened. couldn't possibly have been me," she said in a rather stately small voice, "because, you see, I don't know you. Perhaps you didn't know that there is no one living in Green Gardens now?"

"Oh, yes, I knew. The Fanes have

left for Ceylon, haven't they?"

"Sir Harry left two weeks ago, because he had to see the old governor before he sailed, but Lady Audrey only left last week. She had to close the London house, too, so there was a great deal to do."

"I see. And so Green Gardens is deserted?"

"It is sold," said Daphne, with a small

quaver in her voice, "just this afternoon. I came over to say good-by to it, and to get some mint and lavender from the garden.".

"Sold?" repeated the man, and there was an agony of incredulity in the stunned whisper. He flung out his arm against the sun-warmed bricks of the high wall as though to hold off some invader. "No, no; they'd never dare to sell it."

"I'm glad you mind so much," said first—and then I thought that it would be happier if it wasn't lonely and empty, poor dear—and then, it was such a beautiful day, that I forgot to be unhappy."

The man bestowed a wretched smile on her. "You hardly conveyed the impression of unrelieved gloom as you came around that corner," he assured her.

"I—I haven't a very good memory for being unhappy," Daphne confessed remorsefully, a lovely and guilty rose staining her to her brow at the memory of that exultant chant.

He threw back his head with a sudden

shout of laughter.

"These are glad tidings! I'd rather find a pagan than a Puritan at Green poor memory. Do you mind if I smoke?"

"No," she replied, "but do you mind if I ask you what you are doing here?"

"Not a bit." He lit the stubby brown pipe, curving his hand dexterously to shelter it from the little breeze. He had the most beautiful hands that she had ever seen, slim and brown and fine—they looked as though they would be miraculously strong—and miraculously gentle. "I came to see—I came to see whether there was 'honey still for tea,' Mistress Dryad!"

"Honey-for tea?" she echoed wonderingly, "was that why you were look-

ing at the hive?"

He puffed meditatively, "Well-partly. It's a quotation from a poem. Ever read Rupert Brooke?"

"Oh, yes, yes." Her voice tripped in its eagerness. "I know one by heart-

"'If I should die think only this of me: That there's some corner of a foreign field That is for ever England. There shall be—

roughly.

"Ah, what damned nonsense! Do you suppose he's happy, in his foreign field, that golden lover? Why shouldn't even the dead be homesick? No, no-he was sick for home in Germany when he wrote that poem of mine—he's sicker for it in Heaven, I'll warrant." He pulled himself up swiftly at the look of amazement in Daphne's eyes. "I've clean forgotten my manners," he confessed ruefully. "No, don't get that flying look in your eyes—I swear that I'll be good. It's a long time—it's a long time since I've talked to any one who needed gentleness. If you knew what need I had of it, you'd stay a little while, I think."

"Of course, I'll stay," she said. "I'd lips."

love to, if you want me to."

"I want you to more than I've ever wanted anything that I can remember." His tone was so matter-of-fact that Daphne thought that she must have imagined the words. "Now, can't we make ourselves comfortable for a little while? I'd feel safer if you weren't standing there ready for instant flight! Here's a nice bit of grass—and the wall for a back-

Daphne glanced anxiously at the green muslin frock. "It's—it's pretty hard to be comfortable without cushions," she submitted diffidently.

The man yielded again to laughter. "Are even Dryads afraid to spoil their frocks? Cushions it shall be. There are some extra ones in the chest in the East Indian room, aren't there?"

Daphne let the basket slip through her fingers, her eyes black through sheer sur-

prise.

"But how did you know—how did you know about the lacquer chest?" she

whispered breathlessly.

"Oh, devil take me for a blundering ass!" He stood considering her forlornly for a moment, and then shrugged his shoulders, with the brilliant and disarming smile. "The game's up, thanks to my inspired lunacy! But I'm going to trust you not to say that you've seen me. I know about the lacquer chest because I always kept my marbles there."

"Are you—are you Stephen Fane?" At the awed whisper the man bowed

He cut in on the magical little voice low, all mocking grace, his hand on his heart—the sun burnishing his tawny

> "Oh-h!" breathed Daphne. She bent to pick up the wicker basket, her small face white and hard.

> "Wait!" said Stephen Fane. His face was white and hard too. "You are right to go-entirely, absolutely right-but I am going to beg you to stay. I don't know what you've heard about me—however vile it is, it's less than the truth——"

> "I have heard nothing of you," said Daphne, holding her gold-wreathed head high, "but five years ago I was not allowed to come to Green Gardens for weeks because I mentioned your name. I was told that it was not a name to pass decent

Something terrible leaped in those

burned-out eyes—and died.

"I had not thought they would use their hate to lash a child," he said. "They were quite right—and you, too.

Good night."

"Good night," replied Daphne clearly. She started down the path, but at its bend she turned to look back—because she was seventeen, and it was June, and she remembered his laughter. He was standing quite still by the golden straw beehive, but he had thrown one arm across his eyes, as though to shut out some intolerable sight. And then, with a soft little rush she was standing beside

"How—how do we get the cushions?" she demanded breathlessly.

Stephen Fane dropped his arm, and Daphne drew back a little at the sudden blaze of wonder in his face.

"Oh," he whispered voicelessly. "Oh, you Loveliness!" He took a step toward her, and then stood still, clinching his brown hands. Then he thrust them deep in his pockets, standing very straight. "I do think," he said carefully, "I do think you had better go. The fact that I have tried to make you stay simply proves the particular type of rotter that I am. Good-by—I'll never forget that you came back.

"I am not going," said Daphne sternly. "Not if you beg me. Not if you are a devil out of hell. Because you need me. And no matter how many wicked things you have done, there can't be anything as wicked as going away when some one needs you. How do we get the cushions?"

"Oh, my wise Dryad!" His voice broke on laughter, but Daphne saw that his lashes were suddenly bright with tears. "Stay, then—why, even I cannot harm you. God himself can't grudge me this little space of wonder—he knows how far I've come for it—how I've fought and struggled and ached to win it—how in dirty lands and dirty places I've dreamed of summer twilight in a still garden—and England, England!"

"Didn't you dream of me?" asked Daphne wistfully, with a little catch of

reproach.

He laughed again, unsteadily. "Why. who could ever dream of you, my Wonder? You are a thousand, thousand dreams come true."

Daphne bestowed on him a tremulous and radiant smile. "Please let us get the cushions. I think I am a little tired."

"And I am a graceless fool! There used to be a pane of glass cut out in one of the south casement windows. Shall we try that?"

"Please, yes. How did you find it, Stephen?" She saw again that thrill of wonder on his face, but his voice was

quite steady.

"I didn't find it; I did it! It was uncommonly useful, getting in that way sometimes, I can tell you. And, by the Lord Harry, here it is. Wait a minute. Loveliness—I'll get through and open the south door for you—no chance that way of spoiling the frock." He swung himself up with the swift, sure grace of a cat, smiled at her-vanished-it was hardly a minute later that she heard the bolts dragging back in the south door, and he flung it wide.

The sunlight streamed into the deep hall and stretched hesitant fingers into the dusty quiet of the great East Indian room, gilding the soft tones of the faded chintz, touching very gently the polished furniture and the dim prints on the walls. He swung across the threshold without a word, Daphne tiptoeing behind him.

"How still it is," he said in a hushed voice. "How sweet it smells!"

jars," she told him shyly. "I always made it every summer for Lady Audrey she thought I did it better than any one else. I think so too." She flushed at the mirth in his eyes, but held her ground sturdily. "Flowers are sweeter for you if you love them—even dead ones," she explained bravely.

"They would be dead indeed, if they were not sweet for you." Her cheeks burned bright at the low intensity of his voice, but he turned suddenly away. "Oh, there she sails—there she sails still, my beauty. Isn't she the proud one though-straight into the wind!" He hung over the little ship model, thrilled as any child. "The Flying Lady—see where it's painted on her? Grandfather gave it to me when I was seven—he had it from his father when he was six. Lord. how proud I was!" He stood back to see it better, frowning a little. "One of those ropes is wrong; any fool could tell that—" His hands hovered over it for a moment—dropped. "No matter—the new owners are probably not seafarers! The lacquer chest is at the far end, isn't it? Yes, here. Are three enough—four? We're off!" But still he lingered, sweeping the great room with his dark eyes. "It's full of all kinds of junk—they never liked it-no period, you see. I had the run of it—I loved it as though it were alive; it was alive, for me. From Elizabeth's day down, all the family adventurers brought their treasures herebeaten gold and hammered silvermother-of-pearl and peacock feathers, strange woods and stranger spices, porcelains and embroideries and blown glass. There was always an adventurer somewhere in each generation—and however far he wandered, he came back to Green Gardens to bring his treasures home. When I was a yellow-headed imp of Satan, hiding my marbles in the lacquer chest, I used to swear that when I grew up I would bring home the finest treasure of all, if I had to search the world from end to end. And now the last adventurer has come home to Green Gardens—and he has searched the world from end to end—and he is empty-handed."

"No, no," whispered Daphne. has brought home the greatest treasure "It's the potpourri in the Canton of all, that adventurer. He has brought home the beaten gold of his love, and the hammered silver of his dreams—and he has brought them from very far."

"He had brought greater treasures than those to you, lucky room," said the last of the adventurers. "You can never be sad again—you will always be gay and proud—because for just one moment he brought you the gold of her hair and the silver of her voice."

"He is talking great nonsense, room," said a very small voice, "but it is beautiful nonsense, and I am a wicked girl, and I hope that he will talk some more. And please, I think we will go into the

garden and see."

All the way back down the flagged path to the herb-garden they were quiet—even after he had arranged the cushions against the rose-red wall, even after he had stretched out at full length beside her and lighted another pipe.

After a while he said, staring at the straw hive: "There used to be a jolly little fat brown one that was a great pal of mine. How long do bees live?"

"I don't know," she answered vaguely, and after a long pause, full of quiet, pleasant odors from the bee-garden, and the sleepy happy noises of small things tucking themselves away for the night, and the faint but poignant drift of tobacco smoke, she asked: "What was it about

'honey still for tea'?"

"Oh, that!" He raised himself on one elbow so that he could see her better. "It was a poem I came across while I was in East Africa; some one sent a copy of Rupert Brooke's things to a chap out there, and this one fastened itself around me like a vice. It starts where he's sitting in a café in Berlin with a lot of German Jews around him, swallowing down their beer; and suddenly he remembers. All the lost, unforgettable beauty comes back to him in that dirty place; it gets him by the throat. It got me, too.

"'Ah, God! to see the branches stir Across the moon at Grantchester! To smell the thrilling-sweet and rotten Unforgettable, unforgotten River-smell, and hear the breeze Sobbing in the little trees. . . . Oh, is the water sweet and cool, Gentle and brown, above the pool? And laughs the immortal river still Under the mill, under the mill?
Say, is there Beauty yet to find?
And Certainty? and Quiet kind?
Deep meadows yet, for to forget
The lies, and truths, and pain? . . . oh,
yet
Stands the Church clock at ten to three?

Stands the Church clock at ten to three? And is there honey still for tea?"

"That's beautiful," she said, "but it hurts."

"Thank God you'll never know how it hurts, little Golden Heart in quiet gardens. But for some of us, caught like rats in the trap of the ugly fever we called living, it was black torture and yet our dear delight to remember the deep meadows we had lost—to wonder if there was honey still for tea."

"Stephen, won't you tell me about it-

won't that help?"

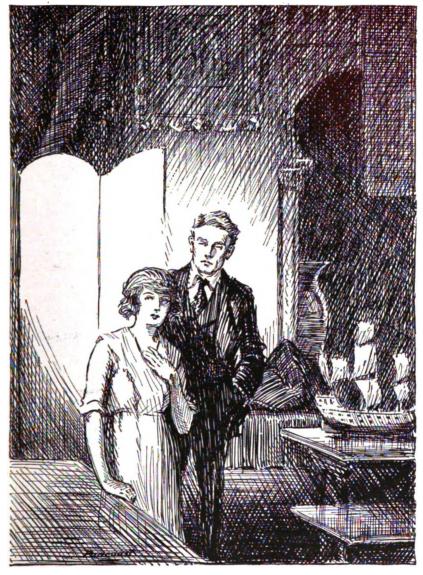
And suddenly some one else looked at her through those haunted eyes—a little boy, terrified and forsaken. "Oh, I have no right to soil you with it. But I came back to tell some one about it—I had to, I had to. I had to wait until father and Audrey went away. I knew they'd hate to see me—she was my stepmother, you know, and she always loathed me, and he never cared. In East Africa I used to stay awake at night thinking that I might die, and that no one in England would ever care—no one would know how I had loved her. It was worse than dying to think that."

"But why couldn't you come back to Green Gardens—why couldn't you make

them see, Stephen?"

"Why, what was there to see? When they sent me down from Oxford for that dirty little affair, I was only nineteen—and they told me I had disgraced my name and Green Gardens and my country—and I went mad with pride and shame, and swore I'd drag their precious name through the dirt of every country in the world. And I did—and I did."

His head was buried in his arms, but Daphne heard. It seemed strange indeed to her that she felt no shrinking and no terror; only great pity for what he had lost, great grief for what he might have had. For a minute she forgot that she was Daphne, the heedless and gayhearted, and that he was a broken and an evil man. For a minute he was a little lad, and she was his lost mother.



"No, no," whispered Daphne. "He has brought home the greatest treasure of all."-Page 27.

"Don't mind, Stephen," she whispered the haze and mist that they brought, I to him, "don't mind. Now you have would remember—I would remember. come home—now it is all done with, that The filth and the squalor and vileness

"you don't know, you don't know, thank warm in the sun, and smell the clove God. But I swear I've paid—I swear, I pinks in the kitchen border, and touch swear I have. When the others used to the cresses by the brook, cool and green take their dirty drugs to make them for- and wet. All the sullen drums and whinget, they would dream of strange para- ing flutes would sink to silence, and I

ugliness. Please, please don't mind." would fade and dissolve—and I would see "No, no," said the stricken voice, the sun-dial, with the yellow roses on it, dises, unknown heavens—but through would hear the little yellow-headed

cousin of the vicar's singing in the twilight, singing, 'There is a lady, sweet and kind' and 'Weep you no more, sad founthe small painted yellow faces and the little wicked hands and perfumed fans would vanish and I would see again the gay beauty of the lady who hung above the mantel in the long drawing-room, the lady who laughed across the centuries in her white muslin frock, with eyes that matched the blue ribbon in her windblown curls—the lady who was as young and lovely as England, for all the years! Oh, I would remember, I would remember! It was twilight, and I was hurrying home through the dusk after tennis at the rectory; there was a bell ringing quietly somewhere, and a moth flying by brushed against my face with velvetand I could smell the hawthorn hedge glimmering white, and see the first star swinging low above the trees, and lower still, and brighter still, the lights of home. . . . And then before my very eyes, they would fade, they would fade, dimmer and dimmer—they would flicker and go out, and I would be back again, with tawdriness and shame and vileness fast about me—and I would pay."

"But now you have paid enough," Daphne told him. "Oh, surely, surely you have paid enough. Now you have come home—now you can forget."

"No," said Stephen Fane. "Now I

must go."

"Go?" At the small startled echo he raised his head.

"What else?" he asked.

think that I would stay?"

lips were white, but she spoke very clearly.

Stephen Fane never moved but his eyes, dark and wondering, rested on her like a caress.

"Oh, my little Loveliness, what dream is this?"

"You must not go away again, you · must not."

"I am baser than I thought," he said, very low. "I have made you pity me, I who have forfeited your lovely pity this long time. It cannot even touch me now. I have sat here like a dark Othello telling tales to a small white Desdemona, and memory about unhappy things! You

you, God help me, have thought me tragic and abused. You shall not think that. In a few minutes I will be gone—I tains' and 'Hark, hark, the lark.' And will not have you waste a dream on me. Listen—there is nothing vile that I have not done—nothing, do you hear? Not clean sin, like murder—I have cheated at cards, and played with loaded dice, and stolen the rings off the fingers of an Argentine Jewess who-" His voice twisted and broke before the lovely mercy in the frightened eyes that still met his so bravely.

"But why, Stephen?"

"So that I could buy my dreams. So that I could purchase peace with little dabs of brown in a pipe-bowl, little puffs of white in the palm of my hand, little drops of liquid on a ball of cotton. So that I could drug myself with dirt-and forget the dirt and remember England."

He rose to his feet with that swift grace of his, and Daphne rose too, slowly.

"I am going now; will you walk to the gate with me?"

He matched his long step to hers, watching the troubled wonder on her small white face intently.

"How old are you, my Dryad?"

"I am seventeen."

"Seventeen! Oh, God be good to us, I had forgotten that one could be seventeen. What's that?"

He paused, suddenly alert, listening to a distant whistle, sweet on the summer

"Oh, that—that is Robin."

"Ah—" His smile flashed, tender and "Did you ironic. "And who is Robin?"

"He is—just Robin. He is down from "But I do not want you to go." Her Cambridge for a week, and I told him that he might walk home with me."

> "Then I must be off quickly. Is he coming to this gate?"

"No, to the south one."

"Listen to me, my Dryad—are you listening?" For her face was turned

"Yes," said Daphne.

"You are going to forget me—to forget this afternoon—to forget everything but Robin whistling through the summer twilight."

"No," said Daphne.

"Yes; because you have a very poor



"But I do not want you to go."—Page 30.

told me so. But just for a minute after face, and then he turned away. But I have gone, you will remember that now all is very well with me, because I have found the deep meadows—and honey still for tea—and you. You are to remember that for just one minute—will fast closed. The whistling came nearer, you? And now good-by-"

could not. For a moment he stood star- and was gone. She turned at Robin's ing down at the white pathos of the small quick step on the walk.

when he came to the gate, he paused and put his arms about the wall, as though he would never let it go, laying his cheek against the sun-warmed bricks, his eyes and he stirred, put his hand on the little She tried to say the words, but she painted gate, vaulted across it lightly, at?"

"Nothing. Robin—Robin, did you ever hear of Stephen Fane?"

He nodded grimly.

"Do you know—do you know what he

he is doing now?"

"Doing now?" He stared at her blankly. "What on earth do you mean? Why, he's been dead for months—killed in the campaign in East Africa—only decent thing he ever did in his life. Why?"

Daphne never stirred. She stood quite still, staring at the painted gate. Then she said, very carefully: "Some one thought—some one thought that they

had seen him—quite lately."

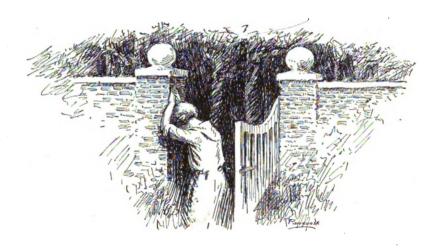
"No Robin laughed comfortingly. use looking so scared about it, my blessed Perhaps they did. The War Office made all kinds of ghastly blunders -it was a quick step from missing in path but she did not turn. She was action' to 'killed.' And he'd probably bidding farewell to Green Gardens-and would have been jolly glad of a chance to the last adventurer.

"Ready, dear? What are you staring drop out quietly and have every one think he was done for."

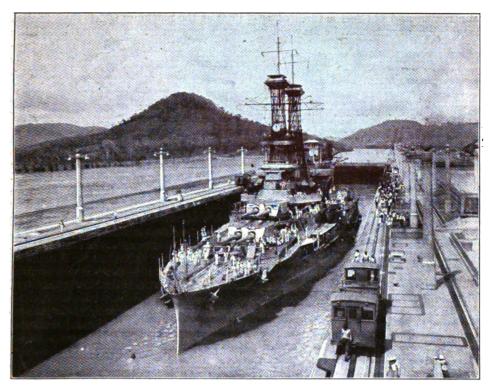
> Daphne never took her eyes from the gate. "Yes," she said quietly, "I suppose he would. Will you get my basket, Robin? I left it by the beehive. There are some cushions that belong in the East Indian room, too. The south door is open."

> When he had gone, she stood shaking for a moment, listening to his footsteps die away, and then she flew to the gate, searching the twilight desperately with straining eyes. There was no one there no one at all—but then the turn in the lane would have hidden him by now. And suddenly terror fell from her like a cloak.

> She turned swiftly to the brick wall, straining up, up on tiptoes, to lay her cheek against its roughened surface, to touch it very gently with her lips. She could hear Robin whistling down the



She was bidding farewell to Green Gardens.



Dreadnought North Dakota in the Pedro Miguel locks on January 20, 1921. Towing locomotive is shown in the right of the picture.

PANAMA CANAL TO-DAY THE

BY JOSEPH BUCKLIN BISHOP

Former Secretary of the Isthmian Canal Commission; Author of "The Panama Gateway,"
"Theodore Roosevelt and His Time." etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS



completed Panama Canal was thrown open to the shipping of the world, in June, 1914, a seasoned Scotch engineer who had

been shown over all parts of the work, and had viewed it with the grim reticence of his race, remarked dourly when his inspection had ended: "At last you Americans have done something that is worth bragging about!"

This grudging verdict was pronounced when the canal was in the raw condition of a newly finished work, before time had placed its softening and beautifying touch ence of this achievement of his fellow

Vol. LXX.-3

FEW months before the upon its surroundings, and before use had demonstrated the marvellous perfection of its operating equipment. To-day all trace of newness has disappeared. Everything has the finished aspect of an established and well-ordered institution. The evidence of intelligent and vigilant control is visible on every hand. The vivid green of the tropics frames the whole picture, and at the entrances to the canal from either ocean the great walls of the locks, crowned with their harmonious superstructures, loom with a majestic dignity that impresses all beholders. He is a poor American who can stand in the pres-

Digitized by Google

33

countrymen and not feel a thrill of na- tions as the machines which they control

disposed to "brag about it."

June, 1914, after serving as secretary of the commission for nine years, seven of time of my resignation the canal had been opened to traffic and elaborate plans had been made both for its operation and for the permanent housing and welfare of the operating force. The operating machinery had been installed and was in use. Execution of the other plans mentioned had only partially begun. Sites for the permanent office-buildings and for the villages in which the habitations of the official and working forces were to be erected had been fixed, but only a portion of the dwellings had been constructed. When in February of the present year, had been wrought. Everything was finished; all plans had been carried into execution; and the result was a harmonious and perfect whole in a setting of wondrous natural beauty.

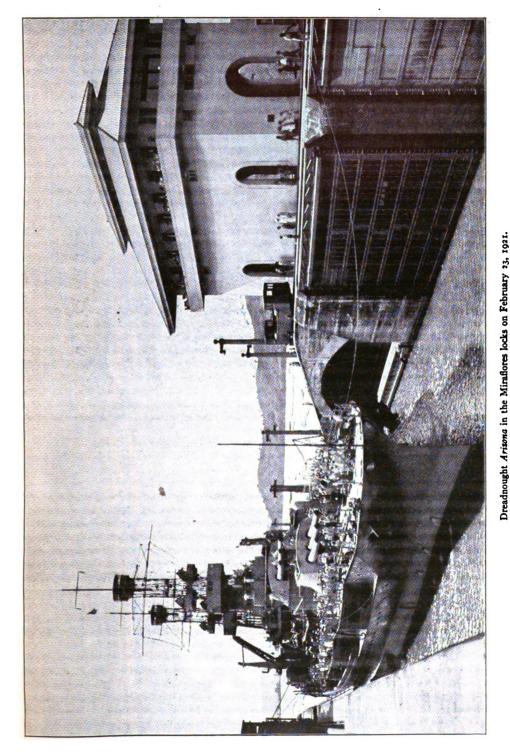
PERFECTION OF THE LOCK MACHINERY

All the appliances for passing ships worked without flaw. They have stood the test of seven years' use without develdent. The delicate mechanism of the locks by which the passage of a vessel is reduced to a mere electric-switch proposition works as perfectly to-day as it did when first put in use. It is one of the mechanical wonders of the age as well as of the canal. Nothing more strikingly illustrates the great part that electricity is playing in the world to-day than these magic switchboards. High above the centre walls of the locks at Gatun, Pedro Miguel, and Miraflores stands a concrete building (see photograph, page 35) of fine architectural design, so placed that from the upper part of it an unobstructed view is obtained of every part of the locks. In this upper room there is a long table on which there is a complete model of the

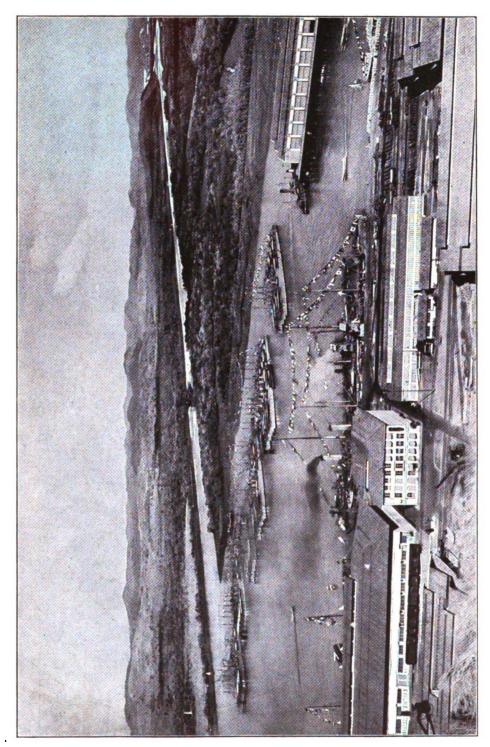
tional pride, even though he may not be, in the lock walls. All operations of the locks, except the movements of the tow-I resigned from the canal service in ing locomotives, are controlled by one man standing by this table. He turns a small switch on the table when the vessel which I had passed at Panama, the entire is ready to pass the guard-chain that is period of active construction. At the stretched across the lock entrance. Immediately a miniature chain on the table falls, and from the window the chain in the lock can be seen to fall. When the vessel has entered the lock-chamber the operator turns another switch, and miniature gates on the table begin to move toward each other. From the window the huge gates of the lock can be seen to be moving slowly from their recesses in the walls. Another switch is turned, and the water is seen rising in an indicator on the table and in the lock under the vessel. Every other operation in the passage of the vessel is controlled and directed in the after an absence of seven years, I revisited same manner. For seven years this systhe scene, a marvellous transformation tem has been in operation, more than 12,000 vessels have been passed through, and so perfect is the mechanism that, as I have said, not a single flaw has been revealed in it. It works with the smoothness and accuracy of a watch.

PASSAGES OF NAVAL FLEETS

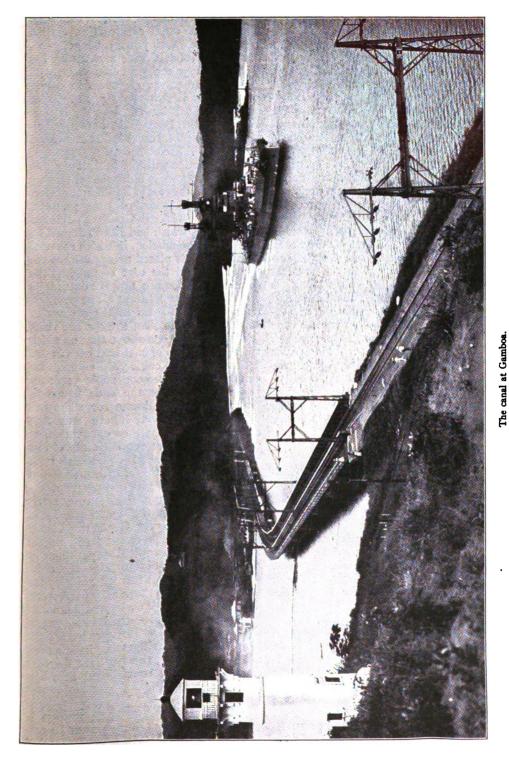
A supreme test of the locks, both in through the locks and the canal have capacity and mechanism, was made in July, 1919, when the entire Pacific fleet of our navy was passed through the canal oping a single defect and without acci- from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There were 175 ships in the fleet; including 6 dreadnoughts. Two of the latter, New Mexico and Mississippi, were 624 feet long and 97 feet 4½ inches in beam, each of 32,000 tons displacement and a maximum draft of 31 feet. As the locks are 1,000 feet in length and 110 feet in width, there was ample accommodation for them, there being a clearance of 6 feet and 31/2 inches on either side of a dreadnought. The depth of water in the locks is 40 feet above the gate sills. The average time of transit from ocean to ocean was about ten hours. Admiral Rodman, in command of the fleet, said of the passage: "It was no more trouble than putting through the canal a fleet of Great Lakes tugboats." On March 30, 1920, flight of duplicate locks, with switches the British cruiser Renown, with the and indicators in the same relative posi- Prince of Wales on board, was passed



The building on the right is the control station, on the top floor of which the electric control-table is placed. A building of the same type stands on the top walls of all the canal locks



Destroyers of the Atlantic fleet lying in the anchorage basın at the Pacific entrance after passing through the canal on January 22, 1921.



The railway bridge is across the Chagres River at the point where it enters the canal. The war-ship is emerging from the northern entrance to Gaillard Cut.

through. She was the largest vessel the formation of this basin. From the making the transit up to that date, having a displacement of 33,379 tons, a length of 705 feet, a draft of 30 feet, but a beam 7 feet less than the American dreadnoughts. Again, in January, 1921, the Atlantic fleet, with several dreadnoughts, passed through the canal to join the Pacific fleet in war manœuvres. going through again in February on its return. The transit was made on both occasions with the same ease and promptness that had marked that of the Pacific fleet. An officer of the Atlantic fleet, who made the passage in a dreadnought in 1921, wrote of it as follows to a friend: "The trip through the Canal is wonderful. To me it is the first of the Seven Wonders of the World and every American should see it. It is the greatest American achievement, and one feels proud to think that American Brains and Brawn made this stupendous feat possible. Nothing in Europe impressed me as much as going through Culebra Cut on our superdreadnought. Photographs and language fail adequately to describe the Canal.

Thus the canal has vindicated the chief purpose of its construction, which was the consolidation of the two fleets of the navv into one.

SLIDES IN THE CUT

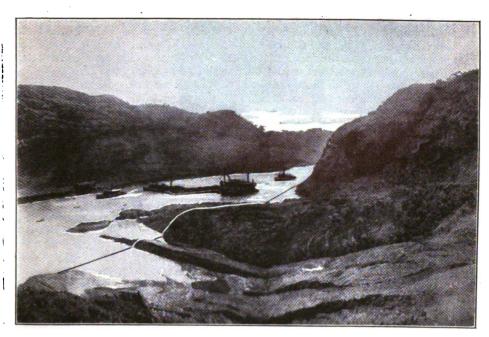
But what about the slides in the Gaillard (Culebra) Cut? That is the question that everybody who talks about the canal is quick to ask. The last slide of serious proportions occurred on February 21, 1920, when nearly 2,000,000 cubic yards moved into the canal prism, closing the channel to all except small-draft ships. By June 12, 1920, the channel had been restored to full dimensions. During the interval 27 ships were delayed an average of two days, the maximum delay to any ship being four days. There has been no considerable movement since, and a basin has been created by excavating the broken bank throughout the full length of the slide and for an average width of 250 feet outside the limits of the canal. Future movements, if such occur in this section, will fall into this basin and will not obstruct the canal. The photographs on page 30 show the conditions created by

beginning of canal construction till the close of the fiscal year, June 30, 1920, the grand total of slide excavation has been about 30,000,000 cubic yards, and the estimate of the engineers in charge of the work is that about 750,000 cubic yards more will have to be removed before the slides become permanently quiescent. The total cost of slide excavation has exceeded \$10,000,000.

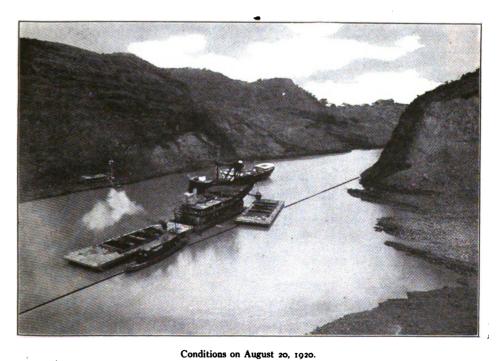
In connection with the subject of slides. it is of importance to note what effect they have had on the cost of building the canal. In his annual report of June 30, 1908, General, then Colonel, Goethals published an estimate, which had been adopted by the Canal Commission, in which the total excavation was placed at 174,660,000 cubic yards, and the cost of building the canal at \$375,201,000, and the date for its completion was fixed at June 1, 1915. Subsequent estimates of the excavation raised it to more than 218,000,000 cubic yards, or 43,000,000 above that on which the \$375,201,000 of cost had been based. This 218,000,000 cubic-yard estimate included one of 8,000,000 cubic yards for possible slides. As the slide figures to date show, this estimate for slides was 22,000,000 too low. There was thus added to the estimate of excavation, on which the \$375,201,000 estimate of cost was based, a total of 65,000,000 cubic yards. Yet with this enormous addition of work the canal was completed a year ahead of the time fixed, and nearly \$0,000,000 within the estimate, for in his last annual report Governor Chester Harding says: "The canal in its present state represents a capital expenditure by the United States of \$366,650,000, exclusive of expenditures for its military and navy defense." Is there any other record of government work comparable to this? The explanation of it—undivided responsibility, absolute authority in a single head, superior intelligence in direction, and, consequently, the highest degree of efficiency—will be considered at a later stage of this article.

IS A SEA-LEVEL CANAL POSSIBLE?

Could the present lock canal be converted into one at sea-level? I asked this question of General Goethals re-



Slides in Gaillard (Culebra) Cut. Conditions in the canal two months after the slide of February 21, 1920, when 2,000,000 cubic yards moved into the canal. The white line indicates the limits of the canal prism.



The line indicates the limits of the canal prism. The water section to the right of the line and outside the prism is the basin into which possible future slides will fall.

cently, and he replied: "Yes; I have always contended that anything is possible in an engineering line, and so I believe it is possible to convert the lock canal at Panama into one at sea-level, and I believe also that it can be accomplished without serious interruption to navigation." He then outlined the stupendous difficulties to be overcome in making the conversion: "Before any attempt was made to deepen by 85 feet the section through the cut, it would be necessary to cut the banks down so as to make sure of securing a slope that would cause no earth movements while the deepening is going on, or otherwise there would be interruption to traffic. This in itself would be a tremendous task and would involve the removal of an amount of material in excess of that which was taken out in order to secure the present prism. This in turn would necessitate the moving back of the relocated Panama Railroad, another item of large expense. Then, in order to prevent the discharge of the Chagres River into the canal at Gamboa, a huge dam would have to be erected at that point. Furthermore, the great difference in tidal oscillations in the two oceans—11/2 feet in the Atlantic and 21 feet in the Pacific-would create a current so difficult to navigate that a tidal lock would have to be constructed on the Pacific side. The cost of the conversion would be enormous and the time for making it cannot be estimated. As the whole proposition is an economic one, the United States would not be justified in undertaking it."

Could larger locks be added to the present ones in case the size of vessels should be so increased as to demand it? To this question General Goethals replied: "Yes; this could be done without disturbing the present arrangements. We of the Canal Commission put the question of the width of the locks up to the navy in 1908, offering to go to 125 feet, which we then found was the limit for mitering lock gates. The General Board of the navy decided on 110 feet. A larger lock could be added outside and adjoined to the existing locks at Gatun, Pedro Miguel, and Miraflores. It has been suggested that instead of placing it adjacent to those at Gatun it might be

placed at the site of the spillway in the Gatun Dam, using the old outlet of the Chagres River as passage to the ocean. If additional locks were constructed it would be necessary to increase the watersupply by erecting a dam at Alhajuela, in the Chagres River, about 9 miles above Gamboa, thus creating a reservoir at that point. This method of increasing the capacity of the canal, by additional and larger locks, could be secured more quickly and at greatly less cost than by conversion to sea-level."

WATER-SUPPLY ADEQUATE

One other question is frequently asked: Is there sufficient water-supply in Gatun Lake to meet all demands that may be made upon the present canal as the shipping of the world grows in volume? It is the opinion of competent authorities that the supply is ample. It should be borne in mind that during eight or nine months of the year the lake is kept full to overflowing by the prevailing rains. A supply needs to be stored for only three, or at most four, months. At the beginning of every dry season the lake is at its maximum stage of 87 feet. At the close of an abnormally long dry season in 1920 the lake had fallen through lockages, evaporation, and usage of water for the Gatun hydroelectric plant to 81.77 feet. With the water at 79 feet there is 39 feet in the cut, which is ample depth for navigation. The usual surplus for a dry season is more than 7 feet, which is ample for 41 lockages a day, using the locks at their full length, or 58 a day when the partial length is used. Each lock is divided by middle gates into two chambers, one of 400 feet and the other of 600. As 95 per cent of the vessels plying the high seas are under 600 feet in length, two or more can be handled in a lock at the same time. It is possible also to save about one-third of the water in a lock by passing it through the centre wall to the duplicate lock, for all locks are in pairs. In the calendar year of 1920 the total number of ships passed through was about 3,000, or about eight a day. Concerning the capacity of the locks, Colonel Jay J. Morrow, the present governor, wrote to the vice-president and general manager of the San Francisco



Balboa Heights.



Beautiful homes in tropical gardens.

which pass through the canal with their effect on the possibility of handling two or more vessels together in a lockage, the number of lockages which can be completed in a day, the factor of operating for overhaul, repairs, etc., the computed once notified the masters of the vessels

Chamber of Commerce on February 10, four merchant vessels of the Hamburg 1921: "Considering the sizes of the ships American Line entered the harbor of Cristobal, at the Atlantic entrance to the canal, and were interned. On the day following their arrival the U.S. Radio Station on the Isthmus detected messages which were sent out from the wireless efficiency, and the necessity of closing apparatus on the vessels, and reported one of the twin flights from time to time the fact to Governor Goethals. He at



Fire station in model village of New Balboa, with crew and equipment.

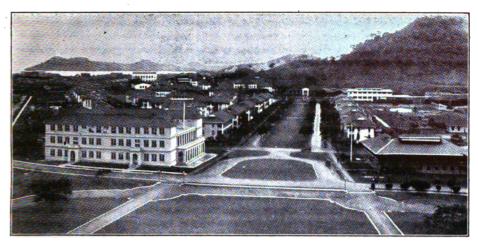
theoretical maximum under normal conditions is 16,550 ships in a year." That is, about 45 a day.

On the question of a supply of water adequate to meet lockage demands, Governor Harding wrote in his annual report of 1920: "Nothing in the results following the abnormal dry season of this year has indicated the necessity for many years to come, if at all, of the creation of an additional reservoir by the construction of Alhajuela Dam."

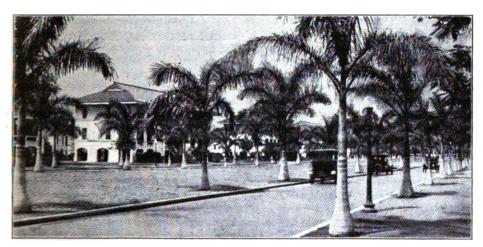
THE CANAL IN THE GREAT WAR

that this was an infraction of the strict neutrality which it was his official duty to preserve, and must cease. The masters assured him that it would cease, but a few hours later additional messages were detected. Governor Goethals sent word to the masters that they must dismantle their wireless outfits at once, declaring that if they did not he should send a force on board to dismantle them. They were dismantled by the masters without parley or delay.

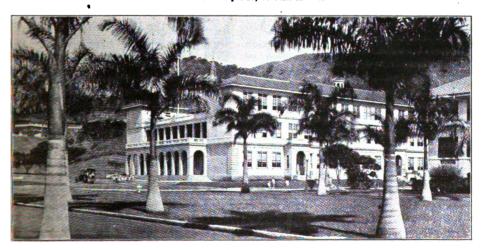
The same four ships were in Cristobal harbor in February, 1917, when it became When the European War broke out in certain that the United States would August, 1914, General Goethals was in declare war against Germany in the near office as first governor of the canal. The future. In the absence of Colonel Chesday after the outbreak of hostilities ter Harding, who had succeeded General



View of the model village of New Balboa from the Administration Building.



Nearer view of the prado, or central avenue.



The school-building.

tenant-Colonel Jay J. Morrow, of the German officers would not have hesitated Corps of Engineers, was acting governor. Knowing that the officers and crews of fice of their vessels." the ships were Germans, some of them members of the German reserve, he was quick to realize that the presence of the ships under such control was a menace to the canal. Their officers might raise steam and ram the lock gates, or might sink the vessels in the prism of the canal entrance and block it completely. He had information which led him to believe that preparation for moving the ships had begun. Without asking for advice or instructions from Washington, Colonel Morrow, on the day relations were severed with Germany, removed the officers and crews, made provision for their living under surveillance ashore, and took charge of the vessels. This prompt action was later approved by the Secretary of War on the ground that, as a civil procedure, the governor of the canal had ample authority to regulate the movement of ships in canal waters and to remove from a vessel any of its personnel whose presence thereon was a source of danger to the canal.

After war was declared by the United States with Germany, the four ships, by direction of the Secretary of War, were put in operating condition at the drydock shops of the canal and placed in the service of the Panama Railroad under the names of General G. W. Goethals, General W. C. Gorgas, General O. H. Ernst, and General H. F. Hodges. They are believed to have been the first German merchant ships put into the United States service after the declaration of war. Writing in December, 1918, to the Secretary of War about the part played by the canal in the war, Governor ships were available for our service after the declaration of war, free of damage to

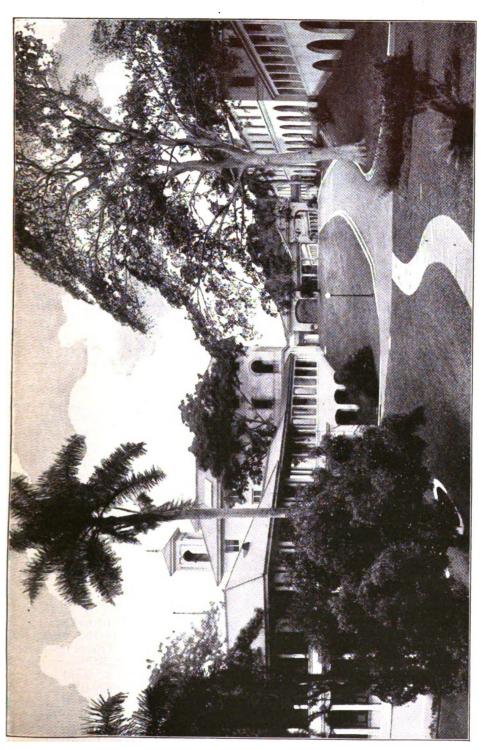
Goethals as governor of the canal, Lieu- opportunity had presented itself the to inflict damage to the canal at the sacri-

> When the United States entered the war the period of neutrality ended and the canal became an instrument of the highest value to the Allies. Through it passed great quantities of war material, as the following table of such shipments for the period between April, 1917, and November 1, 1018, shows:

	TONS
Nitrates	
Borax	21,376
Cotton (crude)	46,501
Explosives	
Iodine	
Lead	67,806
Tungsten (ore)	1,881
Wolfram (ore)	27,421

Nitrates, the largest item in the list, were absolutely necessary for the manufacture of explosives for ourselves and the Allies, and without the canal these could not have been obtained in sufficient. quantities to prosecute effectively the war. The Muscle Shoals nitrate plant was not constructed and there was no source of supply adequate for the pressing needs except in Chile. The canal route became so important that, when it was threatened with blockade by slides, steps were taken in Washington to arrange for the expediting of nitrates across the Isthmus by rail in case of such a contingency. Happily it did not arise. The scarcity of ships made it impossible to resort to the long journey around the horn. The service which the canal rendered in this field alone was sufficient to justify its construction.

In addition to the items in the above Harding said: "The fact that these four list there were carried through the canal great cargoes of foodstuffs from California and Oregon, meats from Australia hull or machinery, while German ships and New Zealand, and rice from the in our harbors elsewhere and in harbors Orient. The canal administration and of neutral countries suffered extensive all the workers took just pride in the damage at the hands of their officers and fact that no vessel was delayed a minute crews, is evidence of the wisdom of the at Panama with its precious cargo. energetic act of the acting governor. From 500 miles out in the Pacific a ship Furthermore, the actions of Germans would send a wireless message that it was similarly situated elsewhere furnished in need of certain repairs. As soon as it ample justification for the belief that if came in sight of land a gang of mechanics



necessary repairs were made while it was steaming through the canal, the repair gang leaving it as it passed out into the Atlantic through the breakwaters in Colon Bay. At all times the ships of the Allies found, in the canal storehouses and commissaries, abundant supplies of food, fuel, and other necessities.

CANAL TRAFFIC AND REVENUE

Is the canal a paying institution? far as excess of receipts over expenditures is concerned it is, as the following table shows:

PISCAL YEAR	NUMBER OF COM- MERCIAL TRANSITS	TOLLS AND OTHER REVENUES	CURRENT EX- PENSES OF OPER- ATION AND MAIN- TENANCE;
1915	1,072	\$4,343,383.69	\$4,123,128.00
1916	700	2,558,542.38	6,909,750.15
1917	r,806	5,808,398.70	6,788,047.60
1918	2,068	6,411,843.98	5,920,342.94
1919	2,028	6,354,016.98	6,112,194.77
1920	2,478	8,935,871.57	6,548,272.43

Commenting on these figures in his annual report of 1920, Governor Harding says: "The revenue of the canal exceeded the current expense for its operation and maintenance by \$2,387,599.14 for the fiscal year 1920, and the total current expense of operation and maintenance for the six-year period since 1914 exceeded the total revenues by the amount of \$2,231,001.61. This excess will be more than overcome by the revenues of 1921. The year in which the expenses exceeded the revenues in the greatest amount was 1016, during which traffic was suspended for six months on account of the great slides at Culebra, and the expenses were increased by the cost of removing them.

"The canal in its present state represents a capital expenditure by the United States of \$366,650,000, exclusive of expenditures for its military and naval defense. The investment, from one point of view, may be regarded as having been made and justified in the creation of an invaluable element of national defense. If this be true, the canal has an additional value in rendering useful service in time of peace, and in returning to the Federal defray the expense of its operation and the most beautiful, trees in the world.

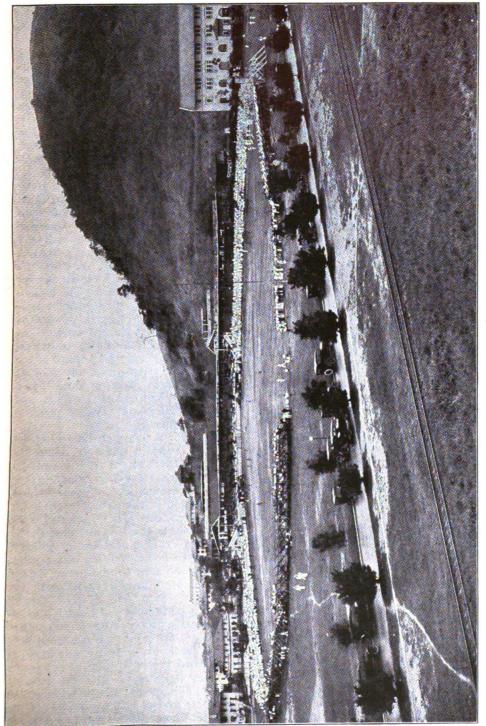
from the canal-shops boarded it, and the maintenance. It is capable of doing more than this; and it is not an idle prediction to state that, with proper management directed along the lines of a large business enterprise, it will within a reasonable period of normal world conditions earn an actual profit on the cost. From an analysis made under reasonable assumptions as to amortization, depreciation, obsolescence, and interest, it is estimated that with an annual revenue of three times that of 1020 the canal will make a financial return on the investment."

> The chief users of the canal are the United States and Great Britain, as the following table of vessels shows:

FISCAL YEAR	UNITED STATES	GREAT BRITAIN	ALL OTHER NATIONS
1915	470	465	153
1916	238	358	191
1917	464	780	632
1918	628	699	803
1919	786	602	637
1920	1,120	753	596

BEAUTIFUL BUILDINGS AND VILLAGES

The canal is not the only marvel that has been wrought on the Isthmus. A model state has been established there with an architectural beauty of equipment and an exotic natural beauty of setting rarely equalled anywhere. No one who has not visited Panama can have any conception of this. Grouped upon two sides of Ancon Hill at the Pacific end are villages which are the show-places of the Isthmus. The one on the southern slope, overlooking Panama City, was the site of the French hospitals and was later made the temporary administration centre of American canal work. The one on the northern slope, named Balboa Heights, overlooking the Pacific entrance to the canal, was selected as the permanent administration centre of canal operations, and the erection of its buildings was begun shortly before the end of canal construction. It was then virtually a barren tract. Behold the miracle that seven years have wrought! To-day both villages are nestled in groves of stately royal Treasury revenue more than sufficient to palms, among the most beautiful, if not



The athletic field of the model village of New Balboa during a baseball game between the navies of the Atlantic and Pacific fleets.

Hedges of the ever-flowering and many- and the style of architecture is the same hued hibiscus and the gorgeous Bougainvillea, with its huge masses of color, hide and overrun the houses, converting the entire settlement into a tropical garden of surpassing loveliness. The photographs reproduced herewith give only a faint idea of its wonderful beauty, for they lack the vivid coloring of the tropics.

At the foot of the northern slope on which the village of Balboa Heights stands, there is placed on a knoll, overlooking the port of Balboa, the permanent canal headquarters, or Administration Building, and on a plain lying 75 feet mosquitoes been banished from the Canal below is a model village, called New Balboa, of concrete buildings with red-tiled roofs, which are the quarters for canal employees. Through the centre of this village runs a central avenue or prado, shaded with royal palms, on either side of which the buildings are ranged. They include, besides dwellings, a police station, post-office, chief sanitary office, fire station, dispensary, telephone-building, club-house, hotel, lodge hall, church, commissary, and schoolhouse. The accompanying photographs give a good idea of the plan of the town, and show some of its principal buildings, and also the athletic field or playground. The site of this model town was originally a swamp, and was raised to a height of 75 feet above sea-level by excavated material from Culebra Cut and hydraulic fill from the inner basin at the canal entrance. The royal palms shown in the photograph have a growth of only five years. The physical beauty of the town, with the gray concrete walls of its buildings and the red tiles of its roofs, is very striking.

Another marvel which confronted me after my seven years' absence was the transformation that had been wrought in the Ancon Hospital grounds. When I left the Isthmus the hospital work was carried on mainly in the old wooden buildings left by the French. To-day there stands in the place of these a collection of structures which have been declared by competent authorities to constitute the most beautiful hospital in the world and the largest in the western hemisphere. The material is the same Atlantic. as that used in the administration build-

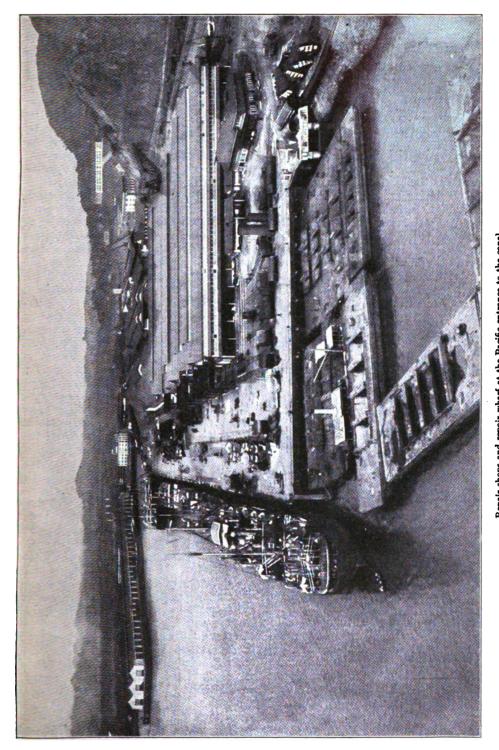
in all, a modified Italian Renaissance, admirably suitable to the tropical surroundings. The hospital buildings cost about two million dollars and the equipment about one million more. There is a capacity for 838 beds which can be increased to 1,200 in emergency. The staff includes 33 physicians, 6 internes, a chief nurse, and 90 graduate nurses. The total admissions in 1020 were about 10,000 and the average number of per-

sons treated a day is 880.

The question is often asked: Have Zone? The answer is emphatic and unequivocal: so far as the American occupation of the zone is concerned, they have. The visitor to the canal never sees or hears a mosquito, and very rarely a fly. On my recent visit I neither saw nor heard one of either species. The banishment is made permanent by rigid adherence to the methods put in practice at the outset of the canal construction. These are mainly—clearing of undergrowth of all kinds for a distance of 200 yards around settlements; not allowing grass in that area to grow more than a foot high; draining all marshes and swamps, and oiling all stagnant ponds to kill mosquito larvæ.

The cost of making and keeping the Isthmus a healthful place of living has been and is a large item in the total expenditure. The total cost from the time of American occupation in 1904 down to the completion of the canal in 1914 was about \$20,000,000. This included work done not only in the Canal Zone, but in the cities of Panama and Colon, which is ultimately to be repaid in water rates. Since 1915 the annual cost—that is, the excess of expenditures over receipts, has been about \$600,000. This includes everything pertaining to health-hospitals, sanitation proper, quarantine, etc.

Since 1914 army posts have been built at the Atlantic and Pacific entrances in proximity to the batteries and hangars which they serve, and two infantry posts have been built, one near the locks on the Pacific side and one near those on the The largest post is known as Fort Amador, which is at the Pacific ing and in the model town of New Balboa, entrance and occupies a space of 25 acres



The large white structure at the extreme upper Near by but not visible in the picture is the great dry dock, 1.000 feet long and 110 feet wide, the same dimensions as the locks. right hand is the Administration Building. Repair shops and repair wharf at the Pacific entrance to the canal.

49
Digitized by Google

Vol. LXX.—4

rangle in which there are a baseball diagolf links. In all, about \$6,000,000 has been spent on army quarters and the average force is about 10.000 men.

Like the canal itself, all its appurtenances and surroundings are the result of carefully thought-out plans completed in detail during the closing years of the construction period. The sites for the permanent official buildings and of the permanent towns were selected at that time by General Goethals and his associates of the Canal Commission, and the style of architecture was adopted by them after prolonged consultation with eminent American architects. Even the palm-trees were provided by the establishment of nurseries for their supply. The harmonious and pleasing outcome bears eloquent testimony to the sagacity and good taste which inspired the plans.

THE SECRET OF IT ALL

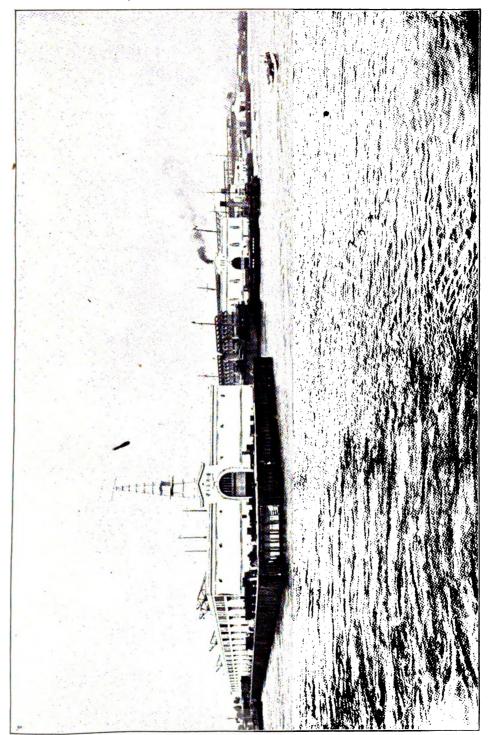
How has it come about that the admirable results I have enumerated have been achieved? The explanation is very simple—from the very beginning of the work till the present moment politics, political influences, have had no voice or part in the control of it. For this beneficent exclusion supreme credit must be given to President Roosevelt, for in selecting men to have charge of the enterprise he made expert fitness and efficiency the sole tests, and the standard he fixed at the outset has been maintained till the pres-This was his first great service; the second was scarcely less valuable and far-reaching in its influence. Having found the right man to take the leadership, he bestowed upon him absolute authority and full responsibility. In doing this he was accused of exercising powers which were not given him by law. but in the end his course obtained the full approval of Congress, which by formal enactment made his conduct legal.

The model state, which I have said has been created at Panama, dates its origin from January, 1908, when President tion and maintenance of the canal, 9,500;

of land made in Panama Bay with exca- Roosevelt, becoming convinced that a vated material from Culebra Cut during commission of seven members was an the construction period. The buildings obstacle rather than an aid to progress, are of concrete, two and three stories in issued an executive order placing absoheight, and are arranged around a quad- lute authority in the hands of Colonel Goethals, chairman and chief engineer. mond, recreation ground, and a small At the same time, with characteristic frankness, he informed the colonel that he had given him all the power that he could, and that, if he needed more, he should exercise it and he (Roosevelt) would approve his acts. From the moment that this order was issued Colonel Goethals became autocrat of the canal and the Canal Zone. He used his great powers so wisely and with such success, in building the canal, that when the time came to enact a law for its operation and for the permanent government of the Canal Zone, Congress embodied in it the policy of autocratic rule which he had been administering. Under that law the governor of the canal, in addition to operating the canal, has official control and jurisdiction over the Canal Zone, performing all executive and administrative duties in connection with its civil government.

> A brief summary of the governor's duties will be sufficient to show the wide range of knowledge necessary for their satisfactory performance. He must meet and solve all problems arising from the maintenance of the canal, the Panama Railroad, and other auxiliaries, involving the practice of civil engineering in all its branches, including sanitation; the operation of the canal, requiring technical knowledge of all the engineering features of the canal and of its navigation; the conduct of a great business enterprise of unusually varied ramifications which the auxiliaries of the canal constitute; and the government of the Canal Zone, involving the administration of civil laws affecting persons living within the Canal Zone or entering upon it. The responsibility and authority of the governor in all these matters is complete. The total civil population of the zone is about 20,000, and the military about 10,000. The average working force of the canal is about 21,000, of which about 4,500 are Americans and the others mainly West Indians. The working force is divided approximately as follows: for the opera-

> > Digitized by Google



New piers of steel and concrete, with all modern unloading equipment, at the Atlantic terminus of the canal.

The one in the foreground is 2490 feet long, 201 feet wide, and has an area of 234,600 feet. It cost over \$2,000,000.

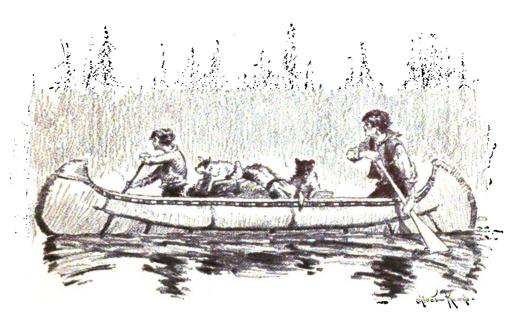
including comdepartment, missaries, 7,500; Panama Railroad and coaling stations, 4,000. The apparent discrepancy between the figures of the Canal Zone population and the working force is explained by the fact that many of the West Indian employees live in the cities of Panama and Colon which are outside the Canal Zone. There is a police force of about 200, and a fire force of about 300. There are nine public schools, two high and seven grade, in which 4,400 pupils are enrolled, of whom 2,278 are white and the rest colored. The regular school work is conducted according to the highest standards in schools in the United States. The permanent schoolhouses, as shown in the accompanying photographs, compare favorably in beauty of design with those that can be found elsewhere. These items will serve to give an idea of the many-sided civil activities over which the governor has jurisdiction.

The great business enterprises which the canal auxiliaries have grown to be can best be shown by the citation of a few of the largest figures. The business of the commissary branch, which supplies food, clothing, and other necessaries of all kinds to passing ships, as well as to employees, is approximately ten million dollars a year. Receipts from coal supplied to ships in 1020 amounted to over \$6.000. ooo; from oil and other supplies about \$1,275,000; and from repairs to vessels nearly \$4,000,000. The conduct of all these and many other like auxiliary enterprises is within the jurisdiction of the governor.

The standard and quality of autocratic rule established and administered by General Goethals, both during the period of canal construction and during the three succeeding years in which he was governor, has been strictly maintained by his successors in the governorship, Colonel Chester Harding (now Brigadier-General, retired) and Colonel Jay J. White Golonel Chester Harding (now Brigadier-General, retired) and Colonel Jay J. White Golonel Chester Harding (now Brigadier-General, retired) and Colonel Jay J. White Golonel Chester Harding (now Brigadier-General, retired) and Colonel Jay J. White Golonel Chester Harding (now Brigadier-General, retired) and Colonel Jay J. White Golonel Chester Harding (now Brigadier-General, retired) and Colonel Jay J. White Golonel Chester Harding (now Brigadier-General, retired) and Colonel Jay J. White Golonel Chester Harding (now Brigadier-General, retired) and Colonel Jay J. White Golonel Chester Harding (now Brigadier-General, retired) and Colonel Jay J. White Golonel Chester Harding (now Brigadier-General, retired) and Colonel Jay J. White Golonel Chester Harding (now Brigadier-General, retired) and Colonel Jay J. White Golonel Chester Harding (now Brigadier-General, retired) and Colonel Jay J. White Golonel Chester Harding (now Brigadier-General, retired) and Colonel Jay J. White Golonel Chester Harding (now Brigadier-General, retired) and Colonel Jay J. White Golonel Chester Harding (now Brigadier-General, retired) and Colonel Jay J. White Golonel Chester Harding (now Brigadier-General, retired) and Colonel Jay J. White Golonel Chester Harding (now Brigadier-General, retired) and Colonel Jay J. White Golonel Chester Harding (now Brigadier-General, retired) and Colonel Jay J. White Golonel Chester Harding (now Brigadier-General, retired) and Colonel Jay J. White Golonel Chester Harding (now Brigadier-General, retired) and Colonel Jay J. White Golonel Chester Harding (now Brigadier-General, retired) and Colonel Jay J. White Golonel Chester Harding (now Brigadier-General, retir

"square deal" of President Roosevelt, that is, equal and exact justice for all, and justice tempered with kindness and mercy. The policy followed by General Goethals of hearing all complaints personally has been continued by his successors. It won for Goethals not merely the loyal support but the affection of the men under him, stimulated their activity, thereby increasing their efficiency, and spread among them a general spirit of cheerfulness and contentment. The same effects are discernible in the canal force to-day. General Goethals knew his man when he recommended Colonel Harding as his successor, for he showed himself to be a ruler of his own kind. Like General Goethals, Colonel Harding won for himself, during his four years in the governorship, the confidence and affection of all members of the force.

The advantages of having a man of military as well as engineering training in the office of governor of the canal, are many and compelling. In no way has this been shown more clearly than by the prompt and decisive action which General Goethals and Colonel Morrow took in regard to the German ships in Cristobal harbor at the outbreak of the European war. Few civilians would have acted as these two West Pointers did not hesitate to set in those emergencies. They had been trained to take responsibility and they were not afraid to take it when the occasion arose. It is men of the Goethals, Harding, and Morrow type that the canal needs for its most efficient operation and control. Its condition to-day affords ample and incontestable evidence on that point. The experience of the past should be the guide for the future, and is the only safe guide. Politics should be kept out in the future as in the past, and from the members of the Engineering Corps of the United States army should be chosen the governors of the canal. President Har-



She did not ask, as Mary would have done, "how far it was."—Page 54.

THE TRAGEDY ON THE UPPER SNAKE RIVER

By Arthur Sherburne Hardy

ILLUSTRATIONS BY OLIVER KEMP

I



HEN Isaac of Caranac married, the woods laughed. Even the old otter who had lost a claw in one of his traps smiled sardonically at the sight of Maggie's

skirt on the Upper Snake River. Caranac heard the news with undisguised satisfaction; for the taciturn, self-contained man had been brought low and reduced to the level of ordinary humanity.

Curiosity to see the woman who had proved Isaac to be no exception was rampant. Others had set snares for him, piqued by his aloofness, and failed. But curiosity had been balked. Isaac had come in from camp at dusk, paid a brief visit to the justice of the peace, and departed as he came, silently, with a maid changed to wife and a fresh supply of bacon and tobacco.

Caranac as blackbirds in its neglected orchards. Of these rumors the most absorbing concerned a maid to the lady of the camp on Faraway Lake—one Mary, a foolish little moth whose wings had been singed in Isaac's candle. She was a timid thing, affrighted by the hoot of an owl. She wore a gown to which every brier and thorn clung lovingly. She was the only occupant of Isaac's canoe who had ever succeeded in upsetting it, insisting later that he had saved her from death in a fathomless depth which Isaac sarcastically described as "scurce two foot o' water"; and in the fervor of her gratitude had played upon his fondness for literature by reading to him during gun-cleaning—the last straw on the back of Maggie's jealousy.

What took place that evening when Maggie, ablaze with indignation, strode into the firelight, is a matter of record. One of the guides, awakened by Mary's Rumor, however, was as plentiful in sobbing, attested to the amazing fact that

Maggie slept that night in Isaac's leanto, covered by Isaac's blanket, and that Isaac had sat staring into the fire till the dogs yawned and shook the pine-needles from their flanks at daybreak.

Maggie's invasion, however, had begun before this final incident. Its negative character masked its insidiousness. She minded her own business. Isaac had infinite patience, born of many fruitless visits to traps and anxious dealings with wary trout in deep pools. But he disliked all interference. Maggie let him alone. She asked no foolish questions, as Mary did. Her very aloofness attracted.

Isaac knew the habits of every animal in the Caranac woods. Like Maggie they avoided him, and in his cautious way he began to study Maggie, to pursue her in thought, unconsciously, from force of habit, as he did his four-footed enemies. He observed that her camp kitchen bore no resemblance to the slovenly back doors in Caranac, and while Isaac wore no ruffles he loved clear-running water and re-made his balsam bed religiously once a week. Nor did ever any one in Caranac sing as Maggie did while scouring pots—not "perky like," as did Alexina at the church sociables, but "just nat'ral and unconsarned," as the thrush sings at nightfall, heedless of audience. He likened it to the brook that sang to nobody, hurrying to the lazy reaches of the Upper Snake River. Lord and master of the trails as he was, of the art of artlessness he had no knowledge. Insensibly Maggie took possession of him as a natural right. She made it plain, when sewing the patch on his corduroys, that she thought lightly of his needlework. But in humbling him she did not rub it in. There was nothing triumphant in Maggie's superiority.

Everywhere in the wild was one law, that the hunter should be hunted. But in that long night of watching, while Maggie slept under his blanket, it was the joy of the hunter, not the fear of the hunted, which filled Isaac's soul.

His canoe was laden deep the evening of the journey to the Upper Snake River, but his paddle was strong. From time to time, in a race of quick water, he sounded a note of caution. Maggie heard in silence. She did not ask, as Mary would have done, "how far it was," or

"was he afraid of bears." The dogs, at moments uneasy, gave her no concern. He had run the rapids with other passengers without thought of his strength or skill. To-night there was pride in the sweep of his paddle, in the service of this captive whose dark figure stood out against the stars when the woods grew thin

Dawn broke as the landing was reached. Maggie did not "stand round" while he unloaded. She made no remark on the beauty of the scenery, nor inquired the way. She took her pack of feminine trappings, which Isaac lifted with awe to her shoulder, and followed the dogs up the path in silence. And Isaac was content. A pack was the symbol of reasonable service. Maggie was coming home.

Scrawled in red chalk on the rude door of the cabin was the notice:

Help yourself to matches.

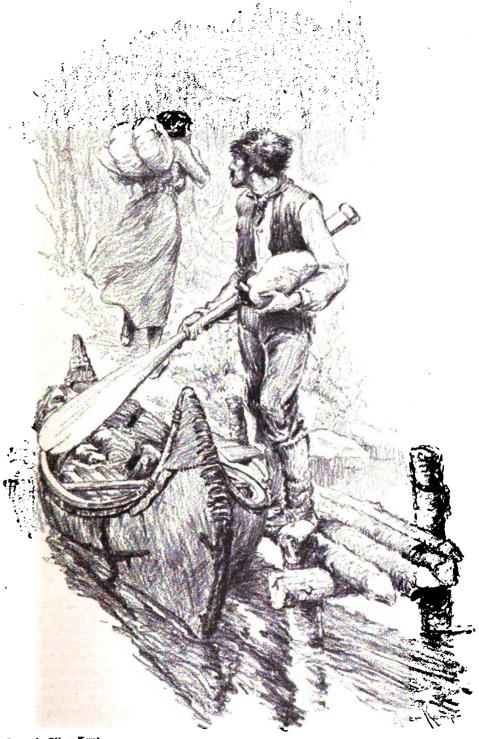
Wanderers in the Upper Snake country read prohibitions into this generous invitation and forbore to trespass further on Isaac's liberality—save in dire straits, when borrowed supplies were paid for in cash or skins conspicuously deposited in the exact spot from which the supplies had been abstracted.

With Isaac's retirement gossip in Caranac languished. That he had given up his position as chief guide to the party on Faraway Lake, that, always scrupulously honest, he had engaged old Sabattis and his wife to fill the vacancies created by his matrimonial venture, that he and the avenging angel of slighted womanhood had vanished in the dusk of the river after their brief interview with the justice of the peace, was gradually forgotten, and over the honeymoon on the Upper Snake silence brooded like the fog in its valley.

TT

Or all the cabins in the Caranac woods Isaac's was the only one which possessed a book-shelf. Former patrons had bequeathed to him the literary treasures taken into the woods as solace, with the result that in cover and content his library reflected as many tastes as there were colors in the legendary coat of Joseph.

Isaac was a man of method. Not till



Drown by Oliver Kemp.

A pack was the symbol of reasonable service.—Page 54.

and saucepan had been conscientiously discharged did the book-shelf come into its own with the hour of the fresh log on the fire, the refilled pipe and the spectacles skilfully supported by a leather shoestring. The quiver of a leaf at a hundred yards could not escape Isaac's small slit of an eye. The printed page was another matter. In the wood trail his step was confident and sure. Not so in the wilderness of words. To see him standing before his book-shelf, spectacles on nose and thumb on title, was to see a man in the agony of choice. There were dog-eared paper volumes teeming with lords and ladies, knights and villains. He loved them as the child loves Punch and Tudy loved them, but did not believe in them. They were his theatre, stage puppets strutting through a brief existence. At the time he took them seriously, paid his entrance-fee of a tallow dip, and surrendered himself to the world of fantasybut cautiously, with many mental reservations. Deeply as he sympathized with the beleaguered heroine, her passivity under persecution vexed his soul. If the "foolish crittur" had but opened her window and shouted for the sheriff, all her woes would have been over; and when Jessica's life was threatened, he warned her audibly of her peril in ejaculations whispered or explosive, as circumstances demanded.

There were also adventures in Darkest Africa, and while the nearest relative in Caranac woods to the denizens of the jungle was a small black bear, contemptuously designated by Isaac as a "varmint," the gilded picture of a mane or tusk on the cover was a magnet to his outstretched hand.

Interspersed among these tales of adventure were also stories of homely characters of the common sort. They were not common to Isaac's experience. His earliest recollections did not reach back to a mother. But something within him responded to these gentler apparitions, and their presence in even purely literary forms had given to the lonely cabin on the Upper Snake River the illusive atmosphere of home.

But of all the magnets on the shelf

every claim of gun and rod, of moccasin most potent were certain ponderous volumes left by a patron of meditative tendencies who had proved as much of an enigma as the legacy left on departure. The Caranac woods were Isaac's Wall Street—a place to make one's living. resort to them without gun or line, to be deaf to their day and night call, to weight a pack with books and not a single cartridge, was to earn the epithet of "the curiousest cuss I ever see." Isaac had pondered over this human phenomenon long and deep. Its incomprehensibility awed him. So did the incomprehensible books the Enigma left behind him. There was a "Genealogy of Morals," an "Essay on Woman," and, most alluring of all, "The Ego and His Own." Many a page had Isaac thumbed without comprehending a line.

> To understand the spell of the bookshelf it must be remembered that such bare, naked events as birth, marriage, death, common in Caranac as elsewhere, were more common than books. Unadorned common things did not interest Isaac. He did the common things necessary to be done, as oiling his rifle or skinning a rabbit; the others, not directly in his path, did not concern him. If romance existed in Caranac, as undoubtedly it did, it was as an invisible undertow, obscured by the surface agitation of a monotonous life chiefly devoted to keeping the body warm and fed, and escaping the onset of black flies and midges. But books disclosed horizons hidden by Caranac woods, and emotions unknown to its hand-to-mouth inhabitants. Were they realities or phantoms? What the devil was the Ego anyway!

\mathbf{III}

WITH Maggie's advent Reality crowded fiction from the place of honor and the lure of the book-shelf dwindled. Heretofore the loneliest spot on the Snake River was the interior of Isaac's cabin. Pleasure, Joy, Companionship dwelt in the wild. And now these dwelt with Maggie and the wild was a dreary waste.

That Maggie fell in with the ways of her new world must be set down to her credit. She was not afraid of a gun, as above the smoke-stained fireplace the Mary was. She could sit straight in a

canoe and did not despise moccasins. Little by little her first short excursions on sunny days lengthened, till her smaller footprints became as familiar to the warv followers of the trail as those of her master. All through the autumn she sang on the Upper Snake as at Faraway, though she had no need to, from force of habit, and Isaac drank deeper at the wells of contentment. For the labor of life had been divided by two, its joy doubled, and this division of toil and multiplication of comfort was fast becoming an economic necessity. He had been a lonely man. He still loved silence and solitude. But in respect to Maggie he was growing gregarious. On that fateful night when she deserted Faraway Lake she was glad of the darkness. The triumph in her shining eyes was for Mary, not for the silent figure bending to the sweep of the paddle, revelling in the illusions of man's aggressiveness.

Then the winter settled down with a grasp of iron, Isaac made pilgrimages to still lonelier places to set his traps in the wood lanes and waterways of the fourfooted world, and the north wind tugged at Maggie's heart-strings and her pæan of victory disappeared with that of feathered creation. It was about this time that she turned to the neglected book-shelf and heard above the call of the wild the call of the world. With the breaking up of the ice the hold of winter loosened, the snow ran out of the creek, and down in Caranac the cows were turned out in search of scanty pasturage. Despite temporary relapses into freezing weather, the sap climbed higher, the willows grew more pliant, the buds swelled in their sheaths, the black flies arrived, smudges in the camps on Faraway sent up their blurs of smoke, and when the birds came Maggie sang again the irrepressible song of the Will to Live.

In his own reticent way Isaac also was dreaming. He had a secret, a momentous project, formed with his habitual prudence and deliberation. The season had been a prosperous one, as the pile of skins in the corner attested; and under the oak block serving as anvil were bank- ward with the current. Overhead a notes of unusual denominations. All this accumulation of wealth, the fruit of toiling years, once destined to a future of duck beat on the water.

rheumatism and failing eyesight, was to be laid at Maggie's feet. Memories of the book-shelf came to him as he trudged through the swamp—visions of strange lands, of palms and snow-clad peaks and cities. That he would be unhappy in cities he foresaw; palms were of doubtful reality, as bearing no resemblance to a real tree, and barren snow peaks were of no use to man or beast. But Maggie should see them, walk under the palms like the ladies in the picture, clothed in raiment of her own selection. Generous in his project, he was a miser with his secret. Not till leaves were falling, when Maggie's courage should falter, would he reveal it. Meanwhile, as day by day tired Nature yielded to the numbing touch of the north wind, the ferment of anticipation worked in Isaac's veins and the wine of the Indian summer mounted to Maggie's brain.

IV

Dusk was falling when after a long and last absence Isaac's canoe rounded the bend above the cabin. He had been away a week. Every trap had been collected, every pelt converted into cash. He was winding up his affairs. With every twist of his paddle's blade the beat of his sturdy heart quickened. Secrets of mighty import were to see the firelight before another sun rose.

Then his heart stood still.

From far away came the voice of Spot. always left behind to keep Maggie company. Every accent of inarticulate speech Isaac knew. Spot was on no trail of fox, had treed no coon. His cry was the cry of the lost, the forsaken. In the long centuries of man's companionship Spot had lost touch with his kin. Instinct was in the service of the master on whom, in spite of his canine teeth and carnivorous lineage, he depended for food as well as sympathy. Crouched at Isaac's feet, the ears of his fellow stiffened, his back bristling. Isaac listened.

Something had happened to Maggie! Swift as an arrow the canoe leaped forflicker screamed. A muskrat plunged in the rushes. The wings of the fleeing



Drawn by Oliver Kemp.

Wind and rain and sun had left neither sob nor tear in the wizened body.—Page 59.

As the keel grounded on the strip of sand beside the rude landing-stage improvised for Maggie's convenience, Isaac stood up, his eye fixed on the spot where the other canoe should be.

It was not there.

A former patron, bred to worldly wisdom, had once remarked in Isaac's hearing that he believed nothing he heard and half of what he saw. Dependent on sight and hearing, Isaac believed implicitly in both. Maggie's canoe was gone. Maggie had gone up-stream to meet him. Maggie had gone to Caranac. Nothing had happened to Maggie.

He stepped ashore, hauling the canoe to safety. "Be still," he said to Spot,

whining deliriously at his feet.

Slowly bewilderment was succeeding to belief; reason, stubborn, returning. It was impossible to have missed Maggie on the narrow reach of the river. Maggie had never gone to Caranac alone.

Without unloading he went up the path, the dogs barking joyously. At the top of the rise he stood still. The window was dark, the chimney cold. At the shut door the dogs sniffed suspiciously. Isaac laughed—a short, defiant laugh flung in the face of fear, knowing neither why he laughed nor why he feared pushed open the door and struck a match.

No red-checked cloth covered a table spread for supper. On the hearth were Maggie's moccasins, side by side, symbols of a service finished. The shelf where her shoes had stood was bare. So were the pegs where once-discarded finery hung. From the nail on the wall the clock stared at him, silent. Maggie wound it Saturdays. To-day was Wednesday. Maggie had been gone four days. Isaac saw these objects, registering themselves mechanically on his brain, in a kind of stupor. Then suddenly, with the last flicker of the match, a dumb rage seized him—the rage of primitive man bent on killing.

Nothing had happened to Maggie.

With the touch of Spot's rough tongue on his hand this reversion to primitive I looked in a bit. There warn't nuthin' incarnations vanished. He groped to the there to speak of—only an old pair of cupboard, found the stump of candle, cut moccasins."

the string from which hung the bone of venison, built the fire and sat down in the chair where so often, wet and tired, he had warmed his cramped hands before Maggie took the kettle from the hook. Growling at every approach of his mate, Spot crunched his bone greedily.

Minute followed minute. Past and present mingled confusedly in Isaac's brain. Opposite stood Maggie's chair on the hearth her moccasins—ghosts of a former existence. From time to time he moved uneasily, haunted by a thought of which he was ashamed. At last, unresisting, he went to the oak block and uncovered the flat stone beneath. Maggie had played fair. Only the little moleskin bag in which she kept her own savings was missing. That was right and proper.

He sat down again before the fire, as once he sat when Maggie slept in his lean-to at Faraway. Spot looked up inquiringly at the silent, immobile face. Wind and rain and sun had left neither sob nor tear in the wizened body. Satisfied, Spot stretched himself at a prudent distance from the blaze and closed his eves.

One evening in late November, when summer had made its last protest against the inevitable, a voice from the circle gathered about the stove in Caranac's grocery remarked Isaac was late in getting in his stock of winter provisions.

A tall, lank stranger from the lumber

camp over the divide spoke.

"You won't see Isaac this season. He's gone up north country."

"Warn't there no woman with him?"

queried another.

The stranger laughed.

"I didn't see none—nuthin' but two dogs."

After a silence, refilling his pipe, the stranger spoke again.

"Say, he must have been a queer cuss." I stopped at his ranch up the Snake comin' down. What d'ye think was writ on the door?

Help yourself!

BARRETT WENDELL

SOME MEMORIES OF A FORMER STUDENT

By William Richards Castle, Jr. Formerly Editor of "Harvard Graduates' Magazine," Author of "Hawaii, Past and Present," etc.

ILLUSTRATION FROM A PORTRAIT



wrote an erudite and im-

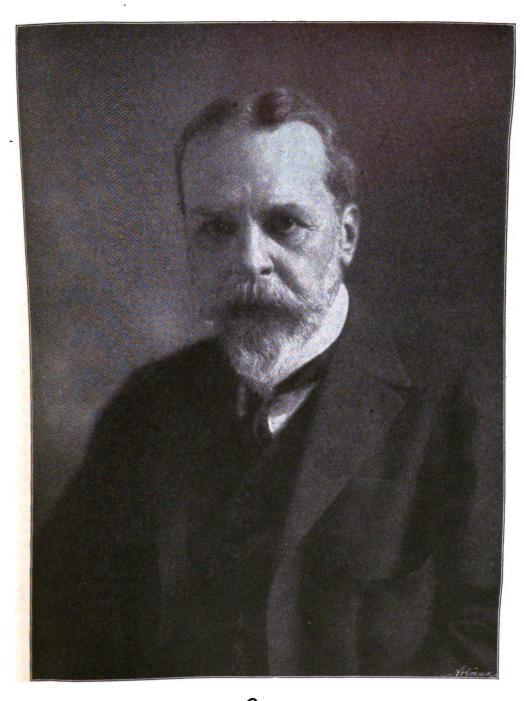
talking with him a few weeks later I congratulated him on the enthusiastic review which Barrett Wendell had written. "Yes," he said, "it was more than kind. It will make many read the book. But, although Wendell was only generous in his comments, the review made me feel personally insignificant. My book was the result of years of patient study. Every theory was tested by the theories of other students; every conclusion was laboriously worked out; but the great figures in the book move in a vacuum, the poems which they produced were sung in solitude. Barrett Wendell read in two or three hours the result of my years of study and grasped the meaning of the whole period, the vital meaning which I had failed to see. My book, I think, is a worthy example of the work of a patient but uninspired scholar. The review was a work of genius."

In a sketch of this kind it is impossible even to touch on many of the characteristics, intellectual or personal, of Wendell's extraordinarily vivid personality, but this perhaps salient characteristic, brought out in the conversation recorded, is the epitome of his peculiar genius. He had the amazing faculty of seeing and of making others see the essential meaning of things. He always saw life as a whole and recognized literature as a part of life. He interpreted literature by history and merely a poet, the greatest of all ages, who not merely the greatest of Italian poets:

FEW years ago a distin- he was the spokesman of the passionate guished scholar, now dead, spiritual life of the Middle Ages. Shelley was not merely the writer of exquisite portant book, a real con-lyrics; his poems were the expression of tribution to our knowledge the revolt of a generation that saw visions. of English literature. In and crashed through all the barriers of formalism to realize them. Barrett Wendell is not the only professor who has realized this interdependence of literature and life. Everybody admits it, theoretically, but he made it the heart of his teaching. Therefore his teaching was vital. He was no word-grubber, no student of historical grammar, although he had a surprisingly accurate knowledge of the technicalities of his profession. By interpreting literature as a part of life he made it live in his lectures and in his books.

Whatever the man saw he saw vividly. An historical period was to him like a great picture, full of minute details all of which fitted naturally into the composition, all leading the eye and the mind to the dominant figure or meaning of the whole. These pictures were all, it must be remembered, compositions in the technical sense of the word. They were never mere agglomerations of figures, independent and placed at haphazard. Every figure, on the contrary, had its definite place and its definite meaning in the whole. Wendell's mind was orderly, and, vividly as he saw each detail, he never saw it except as part of the whole, one element that made the meaning of the whole clear and vital, either as an integral though subordinate part, or through contrast. Life is never completely logical. If it were it would be completely dull, and the honest student of life values the history by literature. Homer was not occasional contradiction and the obtrusive paradox. I think that few men have poshappened to be of Greek blood; he was the sessed a literary-historical mental picturevoice of Greek civilization. Dante was gallery so extensive, so vivid, and so true.

But to possess such a gallery is one



1 James (91)

Rand budge

To r.s.w.

Autographed photograph presented by Barrett Wendell to his son, January 1, 1917.

vividly as he saw, could impart as clearly as he himself realized. The reason for this was that he considered language to be used successfully in accord with the measure of its success in interpreting thought. He had no use for verbal decoration that was not structural. It was as ugly, he said, as the jig-saw work on mid-Victorian sideboards. His own language was simple, and at the same time careful. He used adjectives sparingly but chose them with the utmost niceness. Every word was expressive and the total effect was therefore impressive. Above all he never wrote except when he had something that he thought worth saying, whether it were a moral to enforce or a scene to describe.

One of the most vivid pictures I have in my own mind, quite as vivid as any memory of a personal experience, is that of a calm young Buddhist priest, dressed in a vivid green robe, sitting quietly in the shadow of a temple near Bombay but roused to sudden and delighted vitality at the mention of Professor Lanman, a distant and personally unknown American who was, however, like the priest, a student and a lover of Sanscrit. The man was pictured in a casual sentence Wendell wrote me from India, but he has forever become a part of my gallery of life. Just as clear, moreover, are the great and small figures of seventeenthcentury England, now long dead even to the imagination of most twentieth-century Americans, but not so to those of us who studied English literature under Wendell. Cromwell and Archbishop Laud and Milton and John Donne are, to us, not only real people but, what is still more extraordinary, they typify the course of human thought. As their words were interpreted by Professor Wendell we, his students, lived in their time. understood, according to our several intelligences, what they were, why they existed, and why just those men were inevitable at that particular period of time.

I have often wished that he had followed in Landor's footsteps and written another series of "Imaginary Conversa-

thing. To be able to exhibit it is quite to be imitative. The characters would Wendell could describe as have been living and real. Of this I am sure because I never knew any one who could so completely adopt the point of view of the man whom he was trying to interpret. But this he always did with the purpose of making others understand. He presented a thesis accurately and fully whether he agreed with it or not because he wanted to play fair. To him there was no amusement in setting up puppets to knock down. In brilliantly interpreting a period, therefore, he made his students or his readers see the issues as clearly as he saw them himself. In support of an historical or a moral thesis he neither asked nor gave quarter. An excellent example of this is the chapters concerning Puritanism in "The Temper of the Seventeenth Century in English Literature." Wendell's sympathies were naturally with the Cavaliers; he believed —to use his own words—that "rights" were supremely worth preserving because they were the result of normal human traditions and the normal human instinct. and that they could never be replaced by "right" arbitrarily imposed on society by self-constituted interpreters of the divine will. Yet no Roundhead could have more convincingly expounded the Puritan view of life. This fair play, this lucid and forceful presentation of the other side, made his defense of his own position absorbingly interesting both in his books and in his lectures.

The ability to see from the other fellow's point of view, however, never made Wendell vacillating in his own position. This was the result of inheritance, training, surroundings, and independent thinking. He was as truly a product of his own time and place as were Pope and Thackeray of theirs. Some, who disagreed with him, said that he should have lived a century ago, that he was oldfashioned, but this was generally because they found his simple and straightforward philosophy inconveniently difficult to refute. His thinking was robust and he detested weak and watery thinking in others. Sometimes this made him appear an unsympathetic teacher, and it is only fair to say that where he suspected tions." They would have been less fine sham he was unsympathetic. I have seen only because they would have appeared students come from a conference with him

hardly able to hold back their angry tears, but if these students had good stuff in them they reacted as he had intended; they swept the shams from their own mental habitations, thoroughly cleaned house and went to work, as one boy put it "to install bomb-proof furniture."

It would not be true to say that all students liked Professor Wendell as a teacher, yet as a teacher he probably exerted his greatest influence. Young men of flabby intellect generally gained comparatively little from his lectures. Prigs were shocked. A very few never recovered from the first surprise at his high-pitched voice and explosive speech, his nervous manner as he strode heavily up and down the platform, twirling his watch-chain. They chose to consider him affected, thereby missing at the start one of the profoundest realities of the man —his contempt for affectation. I have watched class after class as it became accustomed to him, the first general attention, based on nothing more than interest in the eccentricities of a new teacher, giving place to individual reaction in the various types of student. The plodders took notes with indefatigable zeal, a little bewildered at the paucity of mere book facts and pleasant platitudes such as fill the pages of all too many lecture notebooks. The mentally lazy frankly gave it up, settled themselves as comfortably as possible for an hour, and tried to think about other things. Sometimes they went to sleep. Wendell did not like this. and when it occurred he stopped his lecture abruptly and stared at the offender. When the dead silence at last woke the delinquent, he laughed aloud, the class invariably joining in his mirth, and then the lecture proceeded. But not all boys who sat under him were dull or lazy. It was a joy to watch the others as they sat quietly, their note-books often closed, listening intently, sometimes agreeing, sometimes struggling not to agree, but thinking for themselves, thinking hard and constructively. To such students he was an inspiration; to all but an insignificant few he was a vitalizing influence because he taught them how to use their own brains. He never filled their minds with useless lumber to be checked, filed,

forgotten. On the contrary, he taught them one of the vital facts of educationthat knowledge must be a part of life, that it must be used, wrought into the texture of being and become the source of im-Wendell once left college in the pulse. middle of the winter, and it fell to my lot to complete one of his larger courses. I think that perhaps the humblest moment of my life occurred when a good but plodding and unimaginative student said to me, as the course was nearing its end: "I like your lectures better than Mr. Wendell's. You give us so many more facts." Without doubt this estimable person is now telling other unfortunate and bored students that Alexander Pope was born in 1688, died in 1744, composed the "Essay on Man" and "The Rape of the Lock," and wrote in heroic couplets. I am not sure whether he could have imparted this important information without turning to the Dictionary of National Biography, had the regular lecturer not gone away, but I am quite sure that in his mind there would somehow have remained a very vivid picture of a little. deformed, soured, satirical genius who dominated, in a literary sense, the period of the dowdy and worthy Queen Anne, and the recklessly extravagant period of the German George I; who managed to restore sanity and a sense of values to English literature by reason of his platitudinous but exquisitely expressed com-Wendell tutored the imagmon sense. ination as well as the intellect.

No form of literature, so long as it was truly expressive of life, appeared to him negligible, but he considered of the greatest importance that literature which most deeply affected life. This was the reason that in his teaching such preponderant emphasis was placed on the drama. In the time of Euripides and Sophocles, of Plautus and Terence, of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, of Racine and Molière, even to the much later period of Goethe and Schiller, the drama was perhaps the greatest single force in creating standards of art and morality. It was not merely a mirror of the times; it helped to mould society. Without in any way underestimating the power of the novel and of the daily press Wendell believed that in brought out at examination time and then our modern times the drama might again become a mighty force because its varied time he gave sincerest praise where praise and so successfully taught the technic of of much that has been put into print. play-writing, would be the last to deny. There was no undue pride in author-

appeal so far transcends that of the was due. It was praise that made his printed page. He detested the trash, students glow with satisfaction because sentimental or pernicious or merely silly, they knew he never stooped to flattery. that is supposed to "rest the tired busi- Many a man, years later, when he has ness man," and insisted that this pam- written something that he had to say bepered individual would quickly respond cause he believed it true, and therefore to the appeal of something better. Real worth saying, has read it over with the rest is not caused by anæsthesia of the silent question: "Would Mr. Wendell Believing, therefore, in the think this well done?" If it was honest drama as a potent social force, and in will- work if the language was the medium for ingness on the part of his fellow human the expression of clear thinking, he knew beings to respond cordially to the best the answer would be in the affirmative. that can be given them, he did not con- If, on the contrary, he was candid enough fine study of the drama to the explanation to admit that the language was a veil to of ancient texts, but preached and taught hide shoddy thinking, his knowledge of the upbuilding of a worthy modern dra- Wendell's contemptuous condemnation ma. He believed that even the play in was often sufficiently vivid still to make verse was rather sleeping than dead, and him tear the manuscript in two. I say if his own worthy attempt to revive the this from personal experience, and I have form in "Raleigh in Guiana" was not heard many another make the same adwelcomed by theatrical managers, he still mission. Wendell's book on English lived to see other modern plays in verse composition set new and saner standards: make a success on Broadway. Profes- his influence as a teacher has prevented sor Baker, who has so enthusiastically the publication of much that was mereadopted the idea of dramatic regeneration tricious, and has improved the standard

that his inspiration came originally from ship, for Wendell's modesty extended to his former teacher and senior in the Har-vard faculty. his estimate of his own writing. Only a few weeks before his death he said that In estimating his own achievements no his last splendid book, that finely discrimman was ever more modest than Wendell. inating study of the sources of English I have heard him say that all his years of literature, was bound to be a failure, that effort to teach young men how to write he had lost his grip. He had not then were pure waste. He believed this be- seen the enthusiastic reviews which cause he was acutely conscious of the brought a surprised happiness into the failures and because he sometimes forgot last days of his life. Of his literary work, the mental immaturity of the men under he said that he had tried too many differhim. He said always that a man could ent forms to be completely successful in not write unless he had something to say, any. "If you must write novels," he and forgot that many boys of twenty said to me one day, "stick to novels and literally have nothing to say, because they do not try anything else. You may gain have thought nothing out or else are too the imagination that you lack now and shy to try to express their budding that I lacked when I tried my hand at thoughts. It was often long after these novels. I have let myself be enticed by boys had left Harvard College that the too many subjects." This was perhaps effect of the teaching became evident. fortunate, since he probably would not "The best style," Wendell always said, have become a novelist of the first rank— "is that which most completely expresses at least not one with popular appeal. I the thought." He ruthlessly excised the say this at the risk of being misunderpretty words that were designed to hide stood because, to be the author of a "bestthe poverty of matter, cut down exuber- seller" is not considered in literary circles ance to the bare bones of truth, laughed to be a sign of eminence. Wendell, I his students out of their conceits and their think, took the right view of popularity. attempts at fine writing. At the same He despised the man who "wrote down"

to popular standards, above all the man who sold great numbers of books through a conscious lowering of popular standards by reason of pruriency or false play on the emotions, but at the same time he despised the man who wrote to please himself only, who preferred to cater to a little group of seekers after the unusual rather than say what he had to say to the larger world. He always claimed that, within certain limits, the value of a writer could be estimated by the number of his readers, not inversely to the number of his readers, as is suggested by much literary cant of the day. His own work was too thoughtful to appeal to American readers of novels. It was therefore fortunate that he chose to express his thoughts in other forms, since he thus reached an actually wider and certainly a more intelligent public. Probably not one man in ten, among moderate readers, will admit having read one of Wendell's books, but five out of ten have heard some of his ideas, whether or not they have associated the ideas with his name, have been pleased or irritated but in any case stimulated by his thoughts. The reason for this is that those who have read his books are impelled to talk about them, to discuss what they have to say, with or without reference to the author. The influence of these books has consequently been wider than their author himself realized, far wider than his semiannual royalty checks would have indicated. Most thinking people have been affected consciously or unconsciously by something in "Liberty, Union, and Democracy," or in "The Mystery of Education," or in "The Privileged Classes," and therefore, judged even by the dangerous standard of popularity, their author has succeeded.

As teacher and as author Barrett Wendell made a great place for himself, but it is the man who will live most vividly in the memory of his friends. One had an affection for him that was deep and abiding, that death cannot quench. I could hardly speak or write of him now, so soon after the suffering of the past few years has quietly ended, were it not that more patriotic American. the memories of him are so happy. Many years ago, soon after my college days, a and vividly because so calmly, so also he woman made a sarcastic remark about looked at life. He turned instinctively

him in my hearing. It brought a spontaneous response more vigorous than polite. "Perhaps I was wrong," she said; "a man who can inspire such loyalty must have great good in him." He inspired loyalty because he was himself so superbly loyal. One knew that behind one's back he would never say an unkind word about one. He would discuss people, of course, would admit their faults, but always pointed out their good qualities as well. He had a wide charity. Even a dull man can pick flaws in people, and possibly be rather amusing in so doing. It takes a brilliant man to be equally entertaining in exhibiting the lovable qualities of his fellow human beings. Wendell could paint faults and virtues to perfection, but if he was painting the faults one always knew that his last word would portray the good that waits in every human soul for the discerning eye to find. Even in speaking of Germans—and there was little that appealed to him in the German character—he always lauded their sense of discipline. This was before the war. After 1014 he analyzed more clearly the difference between blind obedience and discipline.

Somebody said of him on the day of his funeral: "He was the last great Tory gentleman." The phrase was true—and We need in America, especially sad. since the war, these great Tory gentlemen to link us with the amenities and the graces of the past, to keep us sane in our mad rush after the novelties, intellectual and moral, of the hurried present. He held fast, in his own personality, to the manners of his forefathers. He reminded one, somehow, of the English gentleman of Georgian times, a little brusque, a little intolerant, careless of his dress, fond of good food and good drink, but at the same time kind, insisting on his right to think as he pleased but never demanding acquiescence in his views, too fine to care how he looked, since the dignity of his character made that of no importance, glad to eat lentils and to drink water with men of his own intellectual stature; and withal there never was a sounder or

As Wendell surveyed literature, greatly

Digitized by Google.

toward that which is beautiful and away from that which is ugly. But he saw the ugly things and described them, as was fit, with ugly words. He called a spade a spade, and thereby sometimes shocked those who live in terror of intellectual as well as of physical nudity. He used the ugly word consciously, because he wanted to bring out the realization of the repulsiveness of the thing. This never meant, as stupid boys sometimes thought at first, any pleasure in playing with mud. Rather was it the counter expression of an exquisite moral fastidiousness. Hating vulgarity, he never mistook casual vulgarity of expression for vulgarity of soul. He recognized in the loose words of college boys the same thoughtless naïveté that an older and more sophisticated world mistakes for pruriency in the abounding vitality of Greek literature. He made vice and vulgarity as ugly as he made virtue and refinement beautiful.

This power of making the nature of things unmistakable grew also out of his wonderful sense of humor. This was no modern wit that delights in jokes. It was deep-lying, a consciousness of the eternal humor in contrasts and similarities; in life, the pageant and the stern reality. The humor was elemental, but it often expressed itself in a delicate play of words and ideas that was worthy of Charles Lamb or of Laurence Sterne-when Sterne was not being consciously dirty. This quality came out best in conversa-In France itself, the home of brilliant talk, there was never more memorable conversation than that at luncheon at the Colonial Club in Cambridge when Wendell and Farlow and Bartlett and Hill—all dead, alas—were at their best. We almost forgot to eat, we little folk; and we spoke only to loose once more that play of wit, that keen discussion of academic or national questions, carried on so lightly, yet, as one looks back on it, so

profoundly. We acquired the virtue then of being good listeners because it was such a joy to listen.

People called Wendell local. A Chicago woman once said to me: "Professor Wendell would never go down in the Middle West." I made the obvious retort that certain people from Chicago would not go down in New England, but that Boston and Chicago were equally American and equally necessary for America. Wendell was local because he was a product of his own time and place, but his New England terminology was used to express fundamental truths. His feet were planted in Boston and the ancestral home in Portsmouth; he spoke the inherited language of New England; his thoughts had the vigor and hardiness that is bred along the rocky shores of Massachusetts Bay; but his vision reached out to include humanity. Ambassador Jusserand said that no American had ever understood the French people as he understood them and explained them in his book, "The France of Today." Yet physically and intellectually Boston and Paris are far apart. It was because he was true to his own traditions that he could appreciate so truly the traditions of others. He was local as all honest men are local; national and international as are those who have high-soaring vision.

In letters and in the hearts of men Barrett Wendell made a lasting place for himself. He was an optimist because he believed unalterably in the good that is in mankind and the sound common sense. He strove to perpetuate in modern days the fine and the beautiful that lies hidden in the past, to hold fast to the principles of evolution as opposed to revolution. He preached justice and charity and reverence and propriety, strove to make progress sane. We who knew him admired him for his courageous insistence on principle; we loved him for the man he was.

TO LET

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

ILLUSTRATION BY C. F. PETERS

PART III

I

OLD JOLYON WALKS



WOFOLD impulse had made Jolyon say to his wife at breakfast: "Let's go up to Lord's!"

"Wanted"—something to abate the anxiety in

which those two had lived during the sixty hours since Jon had brought Fleur down. "Wanted"—too, that which might assuage the pangs of memory in one who knew he might lose them any day!

Fifty-eight years ago Jolyon had been an Eton boy, for old Jolyon's whim had been that he should be canonized at the greatest possible expense. Year after year he had gone to Lord's from Stanhope Gate with a father whose youth in the eighteen-twenties had been passed without polish in the game of cricket. Old Jolyon would speak quite openly of swipes, full tosses, half and three-quarter balls; and young Jolyon with the guileless snobbery of youth had trembled lest his sire should be overheard. Only in this supreme matter of cricket he had been nervous, for his father—in Crimean whiskers then—had ever impressed him as the beau ideal. Though never canonized himself, Old Tolyon's natural fastidiousness and balance had saved him from the errors of the vulgar. How delicious, after howling in a top hat and a sweltering heat, to go home with his father in a hansom cab, bathe, dress, and forth to the "Disunion" Club, to dine off whitebait, cutlets, and a tart, and go-two "swells," old and young, in lavender kid gloves—to the opera or play. And on Sunday, when the match was over, and his top hat duly broken, down with his father in a special hansom to the "Crown and Sceptre,"

golden sixties when the world was simple, dandies glamourous, Democracy not born, and the books of Whyte Melville coming thick and fast.

A generation later, with his own boy Jolly. Harrow-buttonholed with cornflowers—by old Jolyon's whim his grandson had been canonized at a trifle less expense—again Jolyon had experienced the heat and counter-passions of the day, and come back to the cool and the strawberry beds of Robin Hill, and billiards after dinner, his boy making the most heart-breaking flukes and trying to seem languid and grown-up. Those two days each year he and his son had been alone together in the world, one on each side—and Democracy just born!

And so, he had unearthed a grey top hat, borrowed a tiny bit of light-blue ribbon from Irene, and gingerly, keeping cool, by car and train and taxi, had reached Lord's Ground. There, beside her in a lawn-colored frock with narrow black edges, he had watched the game, and felt the old thrill stir within him.

When Soames passed, the day was spoiled. Irene's face was distorted by compression of the lips. No good to go on sitting here with Soames or perhaps his daughter recurring in front of them, like decimals. And he said:

"Well, dear, if you've had enough—

let's go!"

In a top hat and a sweltering heat, to go home with his father in a hansom cab, bathe, dress, and forth to the "Disunion" Club, to dine off whitebait, cutlets, and a club, to dine off whitebait, cutlets, and a club, to dine off whitebait, cutlets, and a compact that he does not be stole off to the little study. He opened the long window for air, and the door, that he might still hear her music drifting in; and, settled in his father's old arm-chair, closed his eyes, with his head against the worn brown leather. Like that passage of the César Franck So-and the terrace above the river—the

divine third movement. And now this business of Jon's—this bad business! Drifted to the edge of consciousness, he hardly knew if it were in sleep that he to see his father in the blackness before his closed eyes. That shape formed, went, and formed again; as if in the very chair where he himself was sitting, he saw his father, black-coated, with knees crossed, glasses balanced between thumb and finger; saw the big white moustaches, and the deep eyes looking up below a dome of forehead and seeming to search his own; seeming to speak. "Are you facing it, Jo? It's for you to decide. She's only a woman!" Ah! how well he knew his father in that phrase; how all the Victorian Age came up with it!— And his answer "No, I've funked it—funked hurting her and Jon and myself. I've got a heart; I've funked it." But the old eyes, so much older, so much younger than his own, kept at it: "It's your wife, your son; your past. Tackle it, my boy!" Was it a message from walking spirit; or but the instinct of his father living on within him? And again came that scent of cigar smoke—from the old saturated leather. Well! he would tackle it, write to Jon, and put the whole thing down in black and white! And suddenly he breathed with difficulty, with a sense of suffocation, as if his heart were swollen. He got up and went out into the air. Orion's Belt was very bright. He passed along the terrace round the corner of the house, till, through the window of the music-room, he could see Irene at the piano, with lamp-light falling on her powdery hair; withdrawn into herself she seemed, her dark eyes staring straight before her, her hands idle. Jolyon saw her raise those hands and clasp them over her breast. 'It's Jon, with her,' he thought; 'all Jon! I'm dying out of her —it's natural!'

And, careful not to be seen, he stole back.

Next day, after a bad night, he sat down to his task. He wrote with difficulty and many erasures.

"My DEAREST BOY,

"You are old enough to understand how very difficult it is for elders to give

themselves away to their young. Especially when—like your mother and myself, though I shall never think of her as anything but young—their hearts are alsmelled the scent of a cigar, and seemed together set on him to whom they must confess. I cannot say we are conscious of having sinned exactly—people in real life very seldom are, I believe—but most persons would say we had, and at all events our conduct, righteous or not, has found us out. The truth is, my dear, we both have pasts, which it is now my task to make known to you, because they so grievously and deeply affect your future. Many, very many years ago, as far back indeed as 1885, when she was only twenty-two, your mother had the great and lasting misfortune to make an unhappy marriage—no, not with me. Jon. Without money of her own, and with only a stepmother—closely related to Jezebel —she was very unhappy in her home life. It was Fleur's father that she married, my cousin Soames Forsyte. He had pursued her very tenaciously and to do him justice was deeply in love with her. Within a week she knew the fearful mistake she had made. It was not his fault: it was her error of judgment—her misfortune."

> So far Jolyon had kept some semblance of irony, but now his subject carried him

> "Jon, I want to explain to you if I can -and it's very hard—how it is that an unhappy marriage such as this can so easily come about. You will of course say: 'If she didn't really love him how could she ever have married him?' You would be quite right if it were not for one or two rather terrible considerations. From this initial mistake of hers all the subsequent trouble, sorrow, and tragedy have come, and so I must make it clear to you if I can. You see, Jon, in those days and even to this day-indeed, I don't see, for all the talk of enlightenment, how it can well be otherwise—most girls are married ignorant of the sexual side of life. Even if they know what it means they have not experienced it. That's the crux. It is this actual lack of experience, whatever verbal knowledge they have, which makes all the difference

marriages—and your mother's was one girls are not and cannot be certain whether they love the man they marry or not; they do not know until after that act of union which makes the reality of marriage. Now, in many, perhaps in most doubtful cases, this act cements and strengthens the attachment, but in other cases, and your mother's was one, it is a revelation of mistake, a destruction of such attraction as there was. There is nothing more tragic in a woman's life than such a revelation, growing daily, nightly clearer. Coarse-grained and unthinking people are apt to laugh at such a mistake, and say 'what a fuss about nothing!' Narrow and self-righteous people, only capable of judging the lives of others by their own, are apt to condemn those who make this tragic error, to condemn them for life to the dungeons they have made for themselves. You know the expression: 'She has made her bed, she must lie on it!' It is a hard-mouthed saving. quite unworthy of a gentleman or lady in the best sense of those words; and I can use no stronger condemnation. I have not been what is called a moral man, but I wish to use no words to you, my dear, which will make you think lightly of ties or contracts into which you enter. Heaven forbid! But with the experience of a life behind me I do say that those who condemn the victims of these tragic mistakes, condemn them and hold out no hands to help them, are inhuman or rather they would be if they had the understanding to know what they are doing. But they haven't! Let them go! They are anathema to me; but then, of course, I'm anathema to them. I have had to say all this, because I am going to put you into a position to judge your mother, and you are very young, without experience of what life is. To go on with the story. After three years of effort to subdue her shrinking—I was going to say her loathing and it's not too strong a word for shrinking soon becomes loathing under

and all the trouble. In a vast number of for her and Fleur's father to live in, a new prison to hold her, in place of the one she inhabited with him in London. Perhaps that fact played some part in what came of it. But in any case she, too, fell in love with him. I know it's not necessary to explain to you that one does not precisely choose with whom one will fall in love. It comes. Very well! It came. I can imagine—though she never said much to me about it—the struggle that then took place in her, because, Jon, she was brought up strictly and was not light in her ideas—not at all. However, this was an overwhelming feeling, and it came to pass that they loved in deed as well as in thought. Then came a fearful tragedy. I must tell you of it because if I don't you will never understand the real situation that you have now to face. The man whom she had married—Soames Forsyte, the father of Fleur-one night, at the height of her passion for this young man, forcibly reasserted his rights over The next day she met her lover and her. told him of it. Whether he committed suicide or whether he was accidentally run over in his distraction, we don't know; but so it was. Think of your mother as she was that evening when she heard of his death. I happened to see her. Your grandfather sent me to help her if I could. I only just saw her, before the door was shut against me by her husband. But I have never forgotten her face, I can see it now. I was not in love with her then, nor for twelve years after, but I have never forgotten. My dear boy—it is not easy to write like this. But you see, I must. Your mother is wrapped up in you, utterly, devotedly. I don't wish to write harshly of Soames Forsyte. I don't think harshly of him. I have long been sorry for him; perhaps I was sorry even then. As the world judges she was in error, he within his rights. He loved her -in his way. She was his property. That is the view he holds of life—of human feelings and hearts—property. It's not his fault—so was he born! To me it such circumstances—three years of what is a view that has always been abhorrent to a sensitive, beauty-loving nature like —so was I born! Knowing you as I do, your mother's, Jon, was torment, she met I feel it cannot be otherwise than abhora young man who fell in love with her. rent to you. Let me go on with the story. He was the architect of this very house Your mother fled from his house that that we live in now, he was building it night; for ten years she lived quietly alone

without companionship of any sort, until, in 1800 her husband—you see, he was still her husband, for he did not attempt to divorce her, and she of course had no right to divorce him, became conscious, it seems, of the want of children, and commenced a long attempt to induce her to go back to him and give him a child. I was her trustee then, under your Grandfather's Will, and I watched this going on. While watching, I became attached to her, devotedly attached. His pressure increased, till one day she came to me here and practically put herself under my protection. Her husband, who was kept informed of all her movements, attempted to force us apart by bringing a divorce suit, or possibly he really meant it, I don't know; but anyway our names were publicly joined. That decided us, and we became united in fact. She was divorced, married me, and you were born. We have lived in perfect happiness, at least I have, and I believe your mother also. Soames, soon after the divorce, married Fleur's mother, and she was born. That is the story, Jon. I have told it you, because by the affection which we see you have formed for this man's daughter you are blindly moving toward what must utterly destroy your mother's happiness, if not your own. I don't wish to speak of myself, because at my age there's no use supposing I shall cumber the ground much longer, besides, what I should suffer would be mainly on her account, and on yours. But what I want you to realize is that feelings of horror and aversion such as those can never be buried or forgotten. They are alive in her to-day. Only yesterday at Lord's we happened to see Soames Forsyte. Her face, if you had seen it, would have convinced you. The idea that you should marry his daughter is a nightmare to her, Jon. I have nothing to say against Fleur save that she is his daughter. But your children, if you married her, would be the grandchildren of Soames, as much as of your mother, of a man who once owned your mother as a man might own a slave. Think what that would mean. By such a marriage you enter the camp which held your mother prisoner and wherein she ate her heart out. You are just on the threshold of life, you have only known this girl two

months, and however deeply you think you love her, I appeal to you to break it off at once. Don't give your mother this rankling pain and humiliation during the rest of her life. Young though she will always seem to me, she is fifty-seven. Except for us two she has no one in the world. She will soon have only you. Pluck up your spirit, Jon, and break away. Don't put this cloud and barrier between you. Don't break her heart! Bless you, my dear boy, and again forgive me for all the pain this letter must bring you—we tried to spare it you, but Spain —it seems—was no good.

Ever your devoted father JOLYON FORSYTE."

Having finished his confession, Jolyon sat with a thin cheek on his hand, rereading. There were things in it which hurt him so much, when he thought of Jon reading them—that he nearly tore the letter up. To speak of such things at all to a boy-his own boy-to speak of them in relation to his own wife and the boy's own mother, seemed dreadful to the reticence of his Forsyte soul. And yet without speaking of them how make Jon understand the reality, the deep cleavage, the ineffaceable scar? Without them. how justify this stifling of the boy's love? He might just as well not write at all!

He folded the confession, and put it in his pocket. It was—thank heaven!—Saturday; he had till Sunday evening to think it over; for even if posted now it could not reach Jon till Monday. He felt a curious relief at this delay, and at the fact that, whether sent or not, it was written.

In the rose garden, which had taken the place of the old fernery, he could see Irene snipping and pruning, with a little basket on her arm. She was never idle, it seemed to him, and he envied her now that he himself was idle nearly all his time. He went down to her. She held up a stained glove and smiled. A piece of lace tied under her chin concealed her hair, and her oval face with its still dark brows looked very young.

"The green fly are awful this year, and yet it's cold. You look tired, Jolyon."

Jolyon took the confession from his

To Let 71

think you ought to see it."

changed, in that instant, becoming almost haggard.

"Yes; the murder's out."

He gave it her, and walked away among the roses. Presently, seeing that she had finished reading and was standing quite still with the sheets of the letter against her skirt, he came back to her.

"Well?"

"It's wonderfully put. I don't see how it could be put better. Thank you, dear."

"Is there anything you would like left

She shook her head.

"No: he must know all, if he's to under-

"That's what I thought, but-oh!-I hate it!"

He had the feeling that he hated it more than she—to him sex was so much easier to mention between man and woman than between man and man; and she had always been more natural and frank, not deeply secretive like his Forsyte self.

"I wonder if he will understand, even now, Jolyon? He's so young; and he

shrinks from the physical."

"He gets that shrinking from my father, he was as fastidious as a girl in all such matters. Would it be better to rewrite the whole thing, and just say you hated Soames?"

Irene shook her head.

"Hate's only a word. It conveys nothing. No, better as it is."

"Very well. It shall go to-morrow." She raised her face to his, and in sight of the big house's many creepered windows, he kissed her.

\mathbf{II}

CONFESSION

LATE that same afternoon, Jolyon had a nap in the old armchair. Face down on his knee was La Rotisserie de la Reine Pedaugue, and just before he fell asleep he had been thinking: "As a people shall we ever really like the French? Will they ever really like us?" He himself had always liked the French, feeling at home with their wit, their taste, their cooking. Irene and he had paid many visits to to me."

pocket. "I've been writing this. I France before the war, when Jon had been at his private school. His romance "To Jon?" Her whole face had with her had begun in Paris—his last and most enduring romance. But the French -no Englishman could like them who could not see them in some sort with a detached æsthetic eye! And with that melancholy conclusion he had nodded off.

When he woke he saw Jon standing between him and the window. The boy had evidently come in from the garden and was waiting for him to wake. Jolyon smiled, still half asleep. How nice the chap looked—sensitive, affectionate, straight! Then his heart gave a nasty jump; and a quaking sensation overcame him. Ion! That confession! He controlled himself with an effort. "Why, Jon, where did you spring from?"

Ion bent over and kissed his forehead. Only then he noticed the look on the

boy's face.

"I came home to tell you something, Dad."

With all his might Jolyon tried to get the better of the jumping, gurgling sensations within his chest.

"Well, sit down, old man. Have you

seen your mother?"

"No." The boy's flushed look gave place to pallor; he sat down on the arm of the old chair, as, in old days, Jolyon himself used to sit beside his own father, installed in its recesses. Right up to the time of the rupture in their relations he had been wont to perch there—had he now reached such a moment with his own son? All his life he had hated scenes like poison, avoided rows, gone on his own way quietly and let others go on theirs. But now—it seemed—at the very end of things, he had a scene before him more painful than any he had avoided. He drew a visor down over his emotion, and waited for his son to speak.

"Father," said Jon slowly, "Fleur and

I are engaged."

'Exactly!' thought Jolyon, breathing

with difficulty.

"I know that you and Mother don't like the idea. Fleur says that Mother was engaged to her father before you married her. Of course I don't know what happened, but it must be ages ago. I'm devoted to her, Dad, and she says she is

laugh, half groan.

"You are nineteen, Jon, and I am seventy-two. How are we to understand each other in a matter like this, eh?"

"You love Mother, Dad; you must know what we feel. It isn't fair to us to let old things spoil our happiness, is it?"

Brought face to face with his confession, Jolyon resolved to do without it if by any means he could. He laid his hand

on the boy's arm.

"Look, Jon! I might put you off with talk about your both being too young and not knowing your own minds, and all that, but you wouldn't listen, besides, it doesn't meet the case-Youth, unfortunately, cures itself. You talk lightly about 'old things like that,' knowing nothing—as you say truly—of what happened. Now, have I ever given you reason to doubt my love for you, or my word?"

At a less anxious moment he might have been amused by the conflict his words aroused—the boy's eager clasp, to reassure him on these points, the dread on his face of what that reassurance would bring forth; but he could only feel grateful for the squeeze.

"Very well, you can believe what I tell If you don't give up this love affair, you will make Mother wretched to the end of her days. Believe me, my dear, the past, whatever it was, can't be buried

—it can't indeed."

Ion got off the arm of the chair.

'The girl-' thought Jolyon-'there she goes—starting up before him—life itself eager, pretty, loving!'

"I can't, Father; how can I—just because you say that? Of course I can't!"

"Jon, if you knew the story you would give this up without hesitation; you would have to! Can't you believe me?"

"How can you tell what I should think? Father, I love her better than anything in the world."

Jolyon's face twitched, and he said with

painful slowness:

"Better than your mother, Jon?"

From the boy's face, and his clenched fists Jolyon realized the stress and struggle he was going through.

"I don't know," he burst out, "I don't know! But to give Fleur up for nothing -for something I don't understand, for me like this!"

Iolyon uttered a queer sound, half something that I don't believe can really matter half so much, will make me-make me-

> "Make you feel us unjust, put a barrier -yes. But that's better than going on with this."

> "I can't. Fleur loves me, and I love her. You want me to trust you; why don't you trust me, Father? We wouldn't want to know anything-we wouldn't let it make any difference. It'll only make us both love you and Mother all the more."

> Jolyon put his hand into his breast pocket, but brought it out again empty, and sat, clucking his tongue against his teeth.

> "Think what your mother's been to you, Jon! She has nothing but you; I shan't last much longer."

"Why not? It isn't fair to— Why

not?"

"Well," said Jolyon, rather coldly, "because the doctors tell me I shan't; that's all."

"Oh! Dad!" cried Jon, and burst into tears.

This downbreak of his son, whom he had not seen cry since he was ten, moved Jolyon terribly. He recognized to the full how fearfully soft the boy's heart was, how much he would suffer in this business, and in life generally. And he reached out his hand helplessly—not wishing, indeed not daring to get up.

"Dear man," he said, "don't-or you'll

make me!"

Ion smothered down his paroxysm, and stood with face averted, very still.

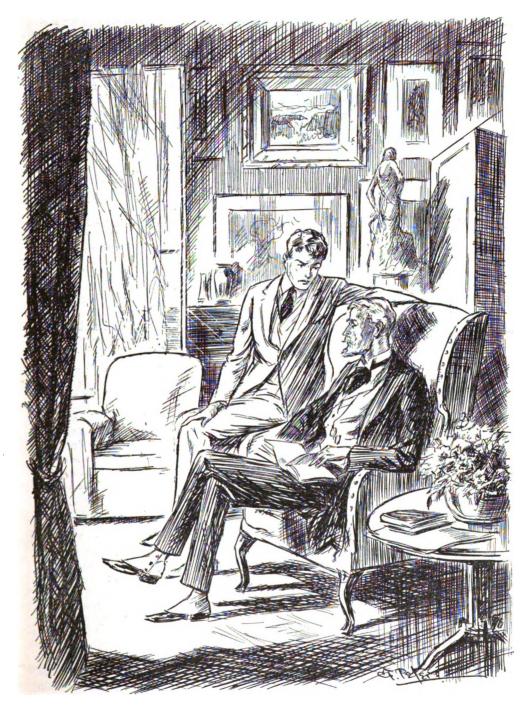
"What now?" thought Jolyon; "what

can I say to move him?"

"By the way, don't speak of that to Mother," he said; "she has enough to frighten her with this affair of yours. I know how you feel. But, Jon, you know her and me well enough to be sure we wouldn't wish to spoil your happiness lightly. Why, my dear boy, we don't care for anything but your happiness—at least, with me it's just yours and Mother's and with her just yours. It's all the future for you both that's at stake."

Jon turned. His face was deadly pale; his eyes, deep in his head, seemed to burn.

"What is it? What is it? Don't keep



Drawn by C. F. Peters.

But now—it seemed—at the very end of things, he had a scene before him more painful than any he had avoided.—Page 71.

thrust his hand again into his breast pocket, and sat for a full minute, breathing with difficulty, his eyes closed. The thought passed through his mind: 'I've had a good long innings—some pretty bitter moments—this is the worst!' Then he brought his hand out with the letter, and said with a sort of fatigue: "Well, Jon, if you hadn't come to-day, I was going to send you this. I wanted to spare you—I wanted to spare your mother and myself, but I see it's no good. Read it, and I think I'll go into the garden." He reached forward to get up.

Jon, who had taken the letter, said quickly: "No, I'll go"; and was gone.

Tolvon sank back in his chair. A bluebottle chose that moment to come buzzing round him with a sort of fury; the sound was homely, better than nothing. . . . Where had the boy gone to read his letter? The wretched letter—the wretched story! A cruel business—cruel to her—to Soames —to those two children—to himself! . . . His heart thumped and pained him. Life -its loves-its work-its beauty-its aching, and—its end! A good time; a fine time in spite of all; until—you regretted that you had ever been born. Life—it wore you down, yet did not make you want to die—that was the cunning evil! Mistake to have a heart! Again the blue-bottle came buzzing—bringing in all the heat and hum and scent of summer ves, even the scent—as of ripe fruits, dried grasses, sappy shrubs, and the vanilla breath of cows. And out there somewhere in the fragrance Ion would be reading that letter, turning and twisting its pages in his trouble, his bewilderment and trouble—breaking his heart about it! The thought made Jolyon acutely miserable. Jon was such a tender-hearted chap, affectionate to his bones, and conscientious, too-it was so unfair, so damned unfair! He remembered Irene saying to him once: "Never was any one born more loving and lovable than Ion." Poor little Jon! His world gone up the spout, all of a summer afternoon! Youth took things so hard! And stirred, tormented by that vision of Youth taking things hard Jolyon got out of his chair, and went to the window. The boy was nowhere visible. And he passed out. If come the world to him. That would have

Jolyon, who knew that he was beaten, one could take any help to him now—one must!

He traversed the shrubbery, glanced into the walled garden—no Jon! Nor where the peaches and the apricots were beginning to swell and color. He passed the Cupressus trees, dark and spiral, into the meadow. Where had the boy got to? Had he rushed down to the coppice—his old hunting-ground? Jolyon crossed the rows of hay. They would cock it on Monday and be carrying the day after, if rain held off. Often they had crossed this field together—hand in hand, when Jon was a little chap. Dash it! The golden age was over by the time one was ten! He came to the pond, where flies and gnats were dancing over a bright reedy surface; and on into the coppice. It was cool there, fragrant of larches. Still no Jon! He called. No answer! On the log seat he sat down, nervous, anxious, forgetting his own physical sensations. He had been wrong to let the boy get away with that letter; he ought to have kept him under his eye from the start! Greatly troubled, he got up to retrace his steps. At the farm-buildings he called again, and looked into the dark cowhouse. There in the cool, and the scent of vanilla and ammonia, away from flies, the three Alderneys were chewing the quiet cud; just milked, waiting for evening, to be turned out again into the lower field. One turned a lazy head, a lustrous eye; Jolyon could see the slobber on its gray lower lip. He saw everything with passionate clearness, in the agitation of his nerves—all that in his time he had adored and tried to paint-wonder of light and shade and color. No wonder the legend put Christ into a manger what more devotional than the eyes and moon-white horns of a chewing cow in the warm dusk! He called again. No answer! And he hurried away out of the coppice, past the pond, up the hill. Oddly ironical—now he came to think of itif Jon had taken the gruel of his discovery down in the coppice where his mother and Bosinney in those old days had made the plunge of acknowledging their love. Where he himself, on the log seat the Sunday morning he came back from Paris, had realized to the full that Irene had be-

been the place for Irony to tear the veil confusion. Leaning against the creepfrom before the eyes of Irene's boy! But he was not here! Where had he got to? One must find the poor chap!

A gleam of sun had come, sharpening to his hurrying senses all the beauty of the afternoon, of the tall trees and lengthening shadows, of the blue, and the white clouds, the scent of the hay, and the cooing of the pigeons; and the flower shapes standing tall. He came to the rosery, and the beauty of the roses in that sudden sunlight seemed to him unearthly. "Rose, you Spaniard!" Wonderful three words! There she had stood by that bush of dark red roses; had stood to read and decide that Jon must know it all! He knew all now! Had she chosen wrong? He bent and sniffed a rose, its petals brushed his nose and trembling lips; nothing so soft as a rose-leaf's velvet, except her neck -Irene! On across the lawn he went, up the slope, to the oak-tree. Its top alone was glistening, the sudden sun was away over the house; the lower shade was thick, blessedly cool-for he was greatly overheated. He paused a minute with his hand on the rope of the swing— Jolly, Holly—Jon! The old swing! And, suddenly, he felt horribly—deadly ill. 'I've overdone it!' he thought: 'by Jove. I've overdone it—after all!' He staggered up toward the terrace, dragged himself up the steps, and fell against the wall of the house. He leaned there gasping, his face buried in the honeysuckle that he and she had taken such trouble with that it might sweeten the air which drifted in. Its fragrance mingled with 'My Love!' he thought; awful pain. 'the boy!' And with a great effort he tottered in through the long window, and sank into old Jolyon's chair. The book was there, a pencil in it; he caught it up, scribbled a word on the open page. . . . His hand dropped. . . . So it was like this—was it?...

There was a great wrench; and darkness. . . .

Ш

IRENE!

in his hand, he ran along the terrace and Overcome by misery too acute for thought round the corner of the house, in fear and or reason, he crept into a dusky corner of

ered wall he tore open the letter. It was long—very long! This added to his fear, and he began reading. When he came to the words: "It was Fleur's father that she married," everything seemed to spin before him. He was close to a window. and entering by it, he passed, through music-room and hall, up to his bedroom. Dipping his face in cold water, he sat on his bed, and went on reading, dropping each finished page on the bed beside him. His father's writing was easy to read—he knew it so well, though he had never had a letter from him one quarter so long. He read with a dull feeling—imagination only half at work. He best grasped, on that first reading, the pain his father must have had in writing such a letter. He let the last sheet fall, and in a sort of mental, moral helplessness began to read the first again. It all seemed to him disgusting —dead and disgusting. Then, suddenly, a hot wave of horrified emotion tingled through him. He buried his face in his hands. His mother! Fleur's father! He took up the letter again, and read on mechanically. And again came the feeling that it was all dead and disgusting; his own love so different! This letter said his mother—and her father! An awful letter!

Property! Could there be men who looked on women as their property? Faces seen in street and countryside came thronging up before him-red, stock-fish faces; hard, dull faces; prim, dry faces; violent faces; hundreds, thousands, of them! How could he know what men who had such faces thought and did? He held his head in his hands and groaned. His mother! He caught up the letter and read on again: "horror and aversion —alive in her to-day . . . your children . . . grandchildren . . . of a man who once owned your mother as a man might own a slave. . . ." He got up from his bed. This cruel shadowy past, lurking there to murder his love and Fleur's, was true, or his father could never have written it. 'Why didn't they tell me the first thing,' he thought, 'the day I first saw Fleur? They knew I'd seen her. They WHEN Jon rushed away with the letter were afraid, and—now—I've—got it!'

the room and sat down on the floor. He sat there, like some unhappy little animal. There was comfort in dusk, and the floor -as if he were back in those days when he played his battles sprawling all over it. He sat there huddled, his hair ruffled, his hands clasped round his knees, for how long he did not know. He was wrenched from his blank wretchedness by the sound of the door opening from his mother's room. The blinds were down over the windows of his room, shut up in his absence, and from where he sat he could only hear a rustle, her footsteps crossing, till over the bed he saw her standing before his dressing-table. She had something in her hand. He hardly breathed. hoping she would not see him, and go away. He saw her touch things on the table as if they had some virtue in them. then face the window—gray from head to foot like a ghost. The least turn of her head, and she must see him! Her lips moved: "Oh! Jon!" She was speaking to herself; the tone of her voice troubled Jon's heart. He saw in her hand a little photograph. She held it toward the light, looking at it—very small. He knew it—one of himself as a tiny boy, which she always kept in her bag. His heart beat fast. And, suddenly, as if she had heard it, she turned her eyes and saw him. At the gasp she gave, and the movement of her hands pressing the photograph against her breast, he said:

"Yes, it's me."

She moved over to the bed, and sat down on it, quite close to him, her hands still clasping her breast, her feet among the sheets of the letter which had slipped to the floor. She saw them, and her hands grasped the edge of the bed. She sat very upright, her dark eyes fixed on him. At last she spoke.

"Well, Jon, you know, I see."

"Yes."

"You've seen Father?"

"Yes."

There was a long silence, till she said:

"Oh! my darling!"

"It's all right." The emotions in him were so violent and so mixed that he dared not move—resentment, despair, and yet a strange yearning for the comfort of her hand on his forehead.

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know."

There was another long silence, then she got up. She stood a moment, very still, made a little movement with her hand, and said: "My darling boy, my most darling boy, don't think of me—think of yourself." And, passing round the foot of the bed, went back into her room.

Jon turned—curled into a sort of ball, as might a hedgehog—into the corner

made by the two walls.

He must have been twenty minutes there before a cry roused him. It came from the terrace below. He got up, scared. Again came the cry: "Jon!" His mother was calling! He ran out and down the stairs, through the empty dining-room into the study. She was kneeling before the old armchair, and his father was lying back quite white, his head on his breast, one of his hands resting on an open book, with a pencil clutched in it—more strangely still than anything he had ever seen. She looked round wildly, and said:

"Oh! Jon-he's dead-he's dead!"

Jon flung himself down, and reaching over the arm of the chair, where he had lately been sitting, put his lips to the fore-head. Icy cold! How could—how could Dad be dead, when only an hour ago— His mother's arms were round the knees; pressing her breast against them. "Why -why wasn't I with him?" he heard her whisper. Then he saw the tottering word "Irene" pencilled on the open page, and broke down himself. It was his first sight of human death, and its unutterable stillness blotted from him all other emotion; all else, then, was but preliminary to this! All love and life, and joy, anxiety, and sorrow, all movement, light and beauty, but a beginning to this terrible white stillness. It made a dreadful mark on him; all seemed suddenly little, futile, short. He mastered himself at last, got up, and raised her.

"Mother! don't cry-Mother!"

Some hours later, when all was done that had to be, and his mother was lying down, he saw his father alone, on the bed, covered with a white sheet. He stood for a long time gazing at that face which had never looked angry—always whimsical, and kind. "To be kind and keep your end up—there's nothing else in

it," he had once heard his father say. How wonderfully Dad had acted up to that philosophy! He understood now that his father had known for a long time past that this would come suddenly known, and not said a word. He gazed with an awed and passionate reverence. The loneliness of it-just to spare his mother and himself! His own trouble seemed small while he was looking at that face. The word scribbled on the page! The farewell word! Now his mother had no one but himself! He went up close to the dead face—not changed at all, and yet completely changed. He had heard his father say once that he did not believe in consciousness surviving death, or that if it did it might be just survival till the natural age-limit of the body had been reached—the natural term of its inherent vitality: so that if the body were broken by accident, excess, violent disease, consciousness might still persist till, in the course of Nature uninterfered with, it would naturally have faded out. It had struck him because he had never heard any one else suggest it. When the heart failed like this—surely it was not quite natural! Perhaps his father's consciousness was in the room with him. Above the bed hung a picture of his father's father. Perhaps his consciousness, too, was still alive; and his brother's—his halfbrother, who had died in the Transvaal. Were they all gathered round this bed? Jon kissed the forehead, and stole back to his own room. The door between it and his mother's was ajar; she had evidently been in—everything was ready for him, even some biscuits and hot milk, and the letter no longer on the floor. He ate and drank, watching the last light fade. He did not try to see into the future—just stared at the dark branches of the oaktree, level with his window, and felt as if life had stopped. Once in the night, turning in his heavy sleep, he was conscious of something white and still, beside his bed, and started up.

His mother's voice said:

"It's only I, Jon dear!" Her hand pressed his forehead gently back; her white figure disappeared.

Alone! He fell heavily asleep again, and dreamed he saw his mother's name crawling on his bed.

IV

SOAMES COGITATES

THE announcement in The Times of his cousin Tolvon's death affected Soames quite simply. So that chap was gone! There had never been a time in their two lives when love had not been lost between them. That quick-blooded sentiment hatred had run its course long since in Soames' heart, and he had refused to allow any recrudescence, but he considered this early decease a piece of poetic justice. For twenty years the fellow had enjoyed the reversion of his wife and house, and —he was dead! The obituary notice. which appeared a little later, paid Jolyon —he thought—too much attention. It spoke of that "diligent and agreeable painter whose work we have come to look on as typical of the best late-Victorian water-color art." Soames, who had almost mechanically preferred Mole, Morpin, and Caswell Baye, and had always sniffed quite audibly when he came to one of his cousin's on the line, turned The Times with a crackle.

He had to go up to Town that morning on Forsyte affairs, and was fully conscious of Gradman's glance sidelong over his spectacles. The old clerk had about him an aura of regretful congratulation. He smelled, as it were, of old days. One could almost hear him thinking: "Mr. Jolyon, ye-es—just my age, and gone—dear, dear! I dare say she feels it. She was a naice-lookin' woman. Flesh is flesh! They've given 'im a notice in the papers. Fancy!" His atmosphere in fact caused Soames to handle certain leases and conversions with exceptional swiftness.

"About that settlement on Miss Fleur, Mr. Soames?"

"I've thought better of that," answered Soames shortly.

"Aoh! I'm glad of that. I thought you were a little hasty. The times do change."

How this death would affect Fleur had begun to trouble Soames. He was not certain that she knew of it—she seldom looked at the paper, never at the births, marriages, and deaths.

He pressed matters on, and made his way to Green Street for lunch. Winifred

was almost doleful. Jack Cardigan had broken a splashboard, as far as he could make out, and would not be "fit" for some time. She could not get used to the idea.

"Did Profond ever get off?" he said

suddenly.

"He got off," replied Winifred, "but

where-I don't know."

Yes, there it was—impossible to tell anything! Not that he wanted to know. Letters from Annette were coming from Dieppe, where she and her mother were staying.

"You saw that fellow's death, I sup-

pose?"

"Yes," said Winifred. "I'm sorry for —for his children. He was very amiable." Soames uttered a rather queer sound. A suspicion of the old deep truth—that men were not judged in this world by what they did, but by what they were—crept and knocked resentfully at the back door of his mind.

"I know there was a superstition to that effect," he muttered.

"One must do him justice now he's

"I should like to have done him justice before," said Soames; "but I never had the chance. Have you got a 'Baronetage' here?"
"Yes; in that bottom row."

Soames took out a fat red book, and

ran over the leaves.

"Mont-Sir Lawrence, 9th. Bt. cr. 1620. e. s. of Geoffrey 8th. Bt. and Lavinia daur, of Sir Charles Muskham Bt. of Muskham Hall, Shrops: marr. 1800 Emily, daur. of Conway Charwell Esq. of Condaford Grange, co. Oxon; 1 son, heir Michael Conway, b. 1895, 2 daurs. Residence: Lippinghall Manor, Folwell, Bucks: Clubs: Snooks: Coffee House: Aeroplane. See Bidlicott."

"H'm!" he said; "did you ever know

a publisher?"

"Uncle Timothy." '

"Alive, I mean."

"Monty knew one at his Club. He brought him here to dinner once. Monty was always thinking of writing a book, you know, about how to make money on the turf. He tried to interest that man."

"Well?"

Two Thousand. We didn't see him meant it for the seat of his descendants,

again. He was rather smart, if I remember."

"Did it win?"

"No; it ran last, I think. You know Monty really was quite clever in his way."

"Was he?" said Soames. "Can you see any connection between a sucking

baronet and publishing?"

"People do all sorts of things nowadays," replied Winifred. "The great stunt seems not to be idle—so different from our time. To do nothing was the thing then. But I suppose it'll come again."

"This young Mont that I'm speaking of is very sweet on Fleur. If it would put an end to that other affair I might en-

courage it."

"Has he got style?" asked Winifred.

"He's no beauty; pleasant enough, with some scattered brains. There's a good deal of land, I believe. He seems genuinely attached. But I don't know."

"No," murmured Winifred; "it's very difficult. I always found it best to do nothing. It is such a bore about Tack; now we shan't get away till after Bank holiday. Well, the people are always amusing, I shall go into the Park and watch them."

"If I were you," said Soames, "I should have a country cottage, and be out of the way of holidays and strikes when you want."

"The country bores me," answered Winifred, "and I found the railway strike quite exciting."

Winifred had always been noted for

sang-froid.

Soames took his leave. All the way down to Reading he debated whether he should tell Fleur of that boy's father's death. It did not alter the situation except that he would be independent now, and only have his mother's opposition to encounter. He would come into a lot of money, no doubt, and perhaps the house —the house built for Irene and himself the house whose architect had wrought his domestic ruin. His daughter-mistress of that house! That would be poetic justice! Soames uttered a little mirthless laugh. He had designed that "He put him on to a horse—for the house to re-establish his failing union, To Let 79

if he could have induced Irene to give him one! Her son and Fleur! Their children would be, in some sort, offspring of the union between himself and her!

The theatricality in that thought was repulsive to his sober sense. And yet it would be the easiest and wealthiest way out of the *impasse*, now that Jolyon was The juncture of two Forsyte fortunes had a kind of conservative charm. And she—Irene—would be linked to him once more. Nonsense! Absurd! He put the notion from his head.

On arriving home he heard the click of billiard-balls; and through the window saw young Mont sprawling over the table. Fleur, with her cue akimbo, was watching with a smile. How pretty she looked! No wonder that young fellow was out of his mind about her. A title—land! There was little enough in land, these days; perhaps less in a title. The old Forsytes had always had a kind of contempt for titles, rather remote and artificial things—not worth the money they cost, and having to do with the Court. They had all had that feeling in differing measure—Soames remembered. Swithin, indeed, in his most expansive days had once attended a Levee. He had come away saying he shouldn't go again—"all that small fry." It was suspected that he had looked too big in knee-breeches. Soames remembered how his own mother had wished to be presented because of the fashionable nature of the performance, and how his father had put his foot down with unwonted decision. What did she want with that peacocking—wasting time and money; there was nothing in it!

The instinct which had made and kept the British Commons the chief power in the State, a feeling that their own world was good enough and a little better than any other because it was their world, had kept the old Forsytes singularly free of "flummery," as Nicholas had been wont to call it when he had the gout. Soames' generation, more self-conscious and ironical, had been saved by a sense of Swithin in knee-breeches. While the third and the fourth generation, as it seemed to him, laughed at everything.

However, there was no harm in the young fellow's being heir to a title and estate—a thing one couldn't help. He

entered quietly, as Mont missed his shot. He noted the young man's eyes, fixed on Fleur bending over in her turn; the adoration in them almost touched him.

She paused with the cue poised on the bridge of her slim hand, and shook her crop of short dark chestnut hair.

"I shall never do it."

"'Nothing venture."

"All right." The cue struck, the ball rolled. "There!"

"Bad luck! Never mind!"

Then they saw him, and Soames said:

"I'll mark for you."

He sat down on the raised seat beneath the marker, trim and tired, furtively studying those two young faces. When the game was over Mont came up to him.

"I've started in, Sir. Rum game, business, isn't it? I suppose you saw a lot of human nature as a solicitor."

"I did."

"Shall I tell you what I've noticed: People are quite on the wrong track in offering less than they can afford to give; they ought to offer more, and work backward."

Soames raised his evebrows.

"Suppose the more is accepted?"

"That doesn't matter a little bit," said Mont; "it's much more paying to abate a price than to increase it. For instance, say we offer an author good terms—he naturally takes them. Then we go into it, find we can't publish at a decent profit and tell him so. He's got confidence in us because we've been generous to him, and he comes down like a lamb, and bears us no malice. But if we offer him poor terms at the start, he doesn't take them, so we have to advance them to get him, and he thinks us damned screws into the bargain."

"Try buying pictures on that system"; said Soames, "an offer accepted is a contract—haven't you learned that?"

Young Mont turned his head to where Fleur was standing in the window.

"No," he said, "I wish I had. Then there's another thing. Always let a man off a bargain if he wants to be let off."

"As advertisement?" said Soames dryly.

"Of course it is; but I meant on prin-

"Does your firm work on those lines?"

"Not yet," said Mont, "but it'll come."

"And they will go."

"No, really, Sir. I'm making any number of observations, and they all confirm my theory. Human nature is consistently underrated in business, people do themselves out of an awful lot of pleasure and profit by that. Of course, you must be perfectly genuine and open, but that's easy if you feel it. The more human and generous you are the better chance you've got in business."

Soames rose.

"Are you a partner?" "Not for six months, yet."

"The rest of the firm had better make away an aspersion. haste and retire."

Mont laughed.

"You'll see," he said. "There's going to be a big change. The possessive principle has got its shutters up."

"What?" said Soames.

"The house is to let! Good-bye, Sir; I'm off now."

Soames watched his daughter give her hand, saw her wince at the squeeze it received, and distinctly heard the young man's sigh as he passed out. Then she came from the window, trailing her finger along the mahogany edge of the billiardtable. Watching her, Soames knew that she was going to ask him something. Her finger felt round the last pocket, and she looked up.

"Have you done anything to stop Jon writing to me, Father?"

Soames shook his head.

"You haven't seen, then?" he said. "His father died just a week ago to-day." "Oh!"

In her startled, frowning face, he saw the instant struggle to apprehend what this would mean.

"Poor Jon! Why didn't you tell me, Father?"

"I never know!" said Soames slowly; "vou don't confide in me."

"I would, if you'd help me, dear."

"Perhaps I shall."

Fleur clasped her hands. "Oh! darling —when one wants a thing fearfully, one doesn't think of other people. Don't be angry with me."

Soames put out his hand, as if pushing

"I'm cogitating," he said. What on earth had made him use a word like that! "Has young Mont been bothering you again?"

Fleur smiled. "Oh! Michael! He's always bothering; but he's an awfully good sort—I don't mind him."

"Well," said Soames, "I'm tired; I shall go and have a nap before dinner."

He went up to his picture-gallery, lay down on the couch there, and closed his eyes. A terrible responsibility this girl of his—whose mother was—ah! what was she? A terrible responsibility! Help her—how could he help her? He could not alter the fact that he was her father. Or that Irene—! What was it young Mont had said—some nonsense about the possessive instinct—shutters up— To let? Silly!

The sultry air, charged with a scent of meadow-sweet, of river and roses, closed on his senses, drowsing them.

(To be continued.)



MY BROTHER THEODORE ROOSEVELT

HOME LIFE IN THE WHITE HOUSE

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

Author of "Service and Sacrifice," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

[SIXTH PAPER]



N writing of my brother in the White House various scenes stand out with special clearness. The first night he spent there comes back with a tender aroma

of his love for his sisters and his loyal

memory of his father.

The deed of the cowardly assassin had done its work; William McKinley was The young Vice-President had made the hazardous flying trip from the heart of the Adirondack Mountains, had taken the solemn oath in Buffalo, had followed the body of his late chief to its final resting-place, and had returned to Washington. From Washington he telegraphed to my husband and myself—with the love and thought which he always showed-and told us that as Mrs. Roosevelt was attending to last important matters at Sagamore Hill she could not be with him the day he was to move into the White House, and that he was very anxious that not only my sister Mrs. Cowles and her husband but that we also should dine with him the first night that he slept in the old mansion. So we went on to Washington and shared with him that first meal in the house for which he had such romantic attachment because it had sheltered the hero of his boyhood and his manhood, Abraham Lincoln. As we sat around the table he turned and said: "Do you realize this is the birthday of our father, September 22? I have realized it, as I signed various papers all day long, and I feel that it is a very good omen that I should begin my duties in this house on this day. I feel as if my father's hand

were on my shoulder, and as if there were a special blessing over the life I am to lead here."

Almost as he finished this sentence the coffee was passed to us, and at that time it was the habit at the White House to pass, with the coffee, a little boutonnière to each gentleman. As the flowers were passed to the President, the one given to him was a yellow saffronia rose for his buttonhole. His face flushed, and he turned again and said: "Is it not strange! This is the rose we all connect with my father." And my sister and I responded eagerly that over and over again in the past we had seen our father pruning the rose-bush of saffronia roses with special He always picked one for his buttonhole from that bush; and whenever we gave him a rose we gave him one of that kind. Again my brother said with a very serious look on his face: "I think there is a blessing connected with this." And surely it did seem as if there were a blessing connected with those years of Theodore Roosevelt in the White House. those merry, happy years of family life, those ardent, loving years of public service, those splendid peaceful years of international amity. A blessing there surely was over that house.

Nothing could have been harder to the temperament of Theodore Roosevelt than to have come "through the cemetery," as Peter Dunne said in his prophetic article, a few months before, to the high position of President of the United States. What he had achieved in the past had been absolutely through his own merits; what he would have wished to achieve in the fu-

Vol. LXX.—6

Digitized by Google

ture would not, with his will, have come to him "through dead men's shoes." During the early years of his occupancy of the White House he strove in every possible way to fulfil the policies of his predecessor, retaining the former's appointees, and working with conscientious loyalty as much as possible along the lines followed by the martyred President. In April, 1903, however, he started upon a great trip, and at that time felt that as the years of his inherited incumbency were drawing to a close he could preach his own gospel.

After that exhausting trip, replete with many thrilling experiences, he returns to Oyster Bay for a little rest, and writes spontaneously in September of the beautiful family life which was always led there. My boy Stewart was with him at the time, and he speaks of him affectionately in connection with his own "Ted," who

was Stewart's intimate friend.

"Stewart, Ted, and I took an hour and a half bareback ride all together this Ted is always longing that morning. Stewart should go off on a hunting trip with him. I should be delighted to have them go now. Although I have no doubt they would get into scrapes, I have also no doubt that they would get out of them. We have had a lovely summer, as lovely a summer as we have ever passed. . . . All the children have enjoyed their various activities, and we have been a great deal with the children, and in addition to that, Edith and I have ridden on horseback much together, and have frequently gone off for a day at a time in our little rowboat, not to speak of the picnics to which everybody went.

"In the intervals I have chopped industriously. I have seen a great many people who came to call upon me on political business. I have had to handle my correspondence of course, and I have had not a few wearing matters of national policy, ranging from the difficulties in Turkey to the scandals in the Post Office. But I have had three months of rest, of holiday, by comparison with what has gone before. Next Monday I go back to Washington, and for the thirteen months following, there will be mighty little letup to the strain. But I enjoy it to the

full.

"What the outcome will be as far as I am personally concerned, I do not know. It looks as if I would be renominated: whether I shall be re-elected I haven't the slightest idea. I know there is bitter opposition to me from many sources. Whether I shall have enough support to overcome this opposition, I cannot tell. I suppose few Presidents can form the slightest idea whether their policies have met with approval or not. Certainly I cannot. But as far as I can see, these policies have been right, and I hope that time will justify them. If it doesn't, why I must abide the fall of the dice, and that is all there is to it.

Ever yours, T. R."

That letter is very characteristic of his attitude. Strain—yes; hard work—yes; but equally "I enjoy it to the full!" Equally also is he willing to abide by the "fall of the dice," having done what he fully believed to have been the right thing for the country.

That December, the day after Christ-

mas, he writes again:

"Darling Sister: I so enjoyed seeing you here, but I have been so worried about you. I am now looking forward to Stewart's coming, and to seeing Helen and Ted. But I do wish you would take a rest

"We had a delightful Christmas yesterday, just such a Christmas as thirty or forty years ago we used to have under Father's and Mother's supervision in 20th St. and then 57th Street. At seven all the children came in to open the big, bulging stockings in our bed; Kermit's terrier, Allan, a most friendly little dog, adding to the children's delight by occupying the middle of the bed. From Alice to Quentin, each child was absorbed in his or her stocking, and Edith certainly managed to get the most wonderul stocking toys. . . . Then after breakfast we all went into the library, where the bigger toys were on separate tables for the children. I wonder whether there ever can come in life a thrill of greater exaltation and rapture than that which comes to us, say between the ages of six and fourteen, when the library doors are thrown open and one walks in to see all the gifts, like



Theodore Roosevelt.

From a painting by Philip de László, in the possession of Lord Lee of Fareham.

a materialized fairvland arrayed on one's memories is my conversation with him on

own special table.

had given a delightful Christmas tree to then I stopped in to see Cabot and Nannie [Senator and Mrs. Lodge]. It was raining so hard that we could not walk or ride with any comfort, so later Roly Fortescue, Ted and I played 'single stick' in the study. All of our connections and all of the Lodge connections were at dinner with us, twenty-two in all. After the dinner we danced in the East Room, closing with the Virginia Reel,— Edith looking as young and as pretty, and dancing as well as ever.

"It is a clear, cold morning, and Edith and I and all the children (save Quentin) and also Bob Ferguson and Cabot are about to start for a ride.

Your loving brother."

Such were all Christmases at the White House; such was the spirit of the White House in those days. During the early years of my brother's presidency, before he and Mrs. Roosevelt bought a small place in Virginia where they then went for Thanksgiving, my husband and I always spent Thanksgiving at the White House, and joined in festivities very much like the Christmas ones, including the gay Virginia reel, which was also always part of the Thanksgiving ceremony.

On October 18 again my brother writes: "Of course I am excited about the election, but there really isn't much I can do about it, and I confine myself chiefly to the regular presidential work. Nobody can tell anything about the outcome. At the present time it looks rather favorable to me." And again to my husband on October 25: "As for the result, the Lord only knows what it will be. Appearances look favorable, but I have a mind steeled for any outcome!"

In spite of his mind steeled against any outcome, the great ambition of Theodore Roosevelt's life was to be at that time his country, and one of my clearest from the condition of nervous excite-

Election Day, 1904, when I met him at "We had a most pleasant lunch at Newark, New Jersey, on his way back Bamie's [our sister Mrs. Cowles]. She from voting at Oyster Bay, and went with him as far as Philadelphia. In his drawthe children the afternoon before; and ing-room on the train he opened his heart to me and told me that he had never wanted anything in his life quite as much as the outward and visible sign of his countrymen's approval of what he had done during the last three and a half years. I honestly do not, in any way, feel that this great desire was because of any overweening ambition, but to the nature of Theodore Roosevelt it had always been especially difficult to have come into the high position which he held through the calamity to another rather than through his own popularity with the people of the United States. His temperament was such that he wished no favor which he had not himself won. Therefore it seemed to him a crucial moment in his life when, on his own merit, he was about to be judged as fit or unfit to be his own successor. Not only for those reasons did he wish to be elected. but for the same reasons as caused his desire to serve a second term as Governor of New York State. He had initiated many reforms, made many appointments, and he wished to carry those reforms through, and to back up those appointments with his own helpfulness and prestige. When we parted in Philadelphia, I to return to my country home in Orange. and he to go on to meet the crucial moment of his career, I remember feeling a poignant anxiety for the result of the election; and it is easy to understand the joy with which, that evening, when the news was overwhelmingly in favor of his re-election, we received a telegram from the White House in answer to our telegram sent earlier in the evening, saying: "Was glad to hear from you. Only wish you were both with us this evening.'

The next morning I received a letter, only a few lines but infinitely characteristic, penned by my brother almost immediately after his arrival at the White on his own merits the choice of the people House, after parting with me at Philaof the United States for President. He delphia. In this letter, written before any longed for the seal of approval on the de- returns of the election had been sent to voted service which he had rendered to him, he describes his sudden reaction ment from which he had suffered all day. He says: "As I went up the White House steps Edith came to meet me at the door, and I suddenly realized that, after all, no matter what the outcome of the Election was, my happiness was assured,—that even though my ambition to have the seal of approval put upon my administration might not be gratified, my happiness was assured,—for my life with Edith and my children constitutes my happiness." This little note posted to me on the eve of his great victory showed more than any other his sense of proportion and his knowledge of true values.

On November 11, 1904, he writes again: "Darling Corinne: I received your letter. I have literally but one moment in which to respond, for I am swamped with letters and telegrams. We have received between eight and ten thousand. I look forward with keen eagerness to see-

ing you and Douglas."

And so the great moment was over, and by a larger majority than had ever before been known, the man of destiny had come into his own, and Theodore Roosevelt, acclaimed by all the people whom he had served so faithfully, was, in his own right, by the choice of the people, President of the United States.

November 12, 1904, he writes to my husband: "If you and Corinne could come on with us to the St. Louis Fair, it would be the greatest possible delight. Now, for Heaven's sake, don't let anything interfere with both of you coming."

Needless to say, we accepted the invitation joyfully, and the trip to the St. Louis Fair was one of our most unique experiences. Coming as it did almost immediately after the great victory of his overwhelming election, wherever the train stopped he received a tremendous ovation, and my memory of him during the transit is one of cheering groups and swarming delegations.

In spite of the noise and general excitement, whenever he had a spare moment of quiet I noticed that he always returned to his own special seat in a corner of the car and became at once will be sorry if you go to bed. I am going to do something that is very interesting. James Ford Rhodes has asked me to recorner of the car and became at once wiew his second and third volumes of the completely absorbed in two large volumes 'History of the United States.' You may have noticed I was reading those volumes on the way from Washington. I feel just haps, talk equally irrelevantly, and the

hours sped past; but my brother, when he was not actually receiving delegations or making an occasional impromptu speech at the rear end of the car to the patient, waiting groups who longed to show him their devotion, always returned to his corner and settled himself in the most detached and focussed manner to the books in which he absorbed himself.

Our two days at St. Louis were the type of days only led by a presidential party at a fair. Before experiencing them I had thought it would be rather grand to be a President's sister accompanying her brother when as President he opened a great fair. "Grand" it certainly was, but the exhaustion outbalanced the grandeur. I ran steadily for forty-eight hours without one moment's intermission. My brother never seemed to walk at all: and my whole memory of the St. Louis Fair is a perpetual jog trot, interrupted only by interminable receptions, presentations of gifts, lengthy luncheons and lengthier evening banquets, and I literally remember no sleep at all. Whether we never went to bed during the time we were at the fair, or exactly what happened to the nights after twelve o'clock. is more than I can say. At the end of the time allotted for the fair, after the last long banquet, we returned to our private car, and I can still see the way in which my sister-in-law (she was not born a Roosevelt) fell into her stateroom. I was about to follow her example (it was midnight) when my brother turned to me in the gayest possible manner and said: "Not going to bed, are you?" "Well," I replied, "I had thought of it." "But, no," he said; "I told my stenographer this morning to rest all day, for I knew that I would need her services to-night, and now she is perfectly rested." I interrupted him: "But, Theodore, you never told me to rest all day. I have been following you all day—" He laughed, but firmly said: "Sit right down here. will be sorry if you go to bed. I am going to do something that is very interesting. James Ford Rhodes has asked me to review his second and third volumes of the 'History of the United States.' You may on the way from Washington. I feel just

rested, and as for you, it will do you a great deal of good, because you don't know as much as you should about American history." Smilingly he put me in a chair and began his dictation.

Lord Morley said, after his visit to the United States, when asked what he thought most interesting in our country, that there were two great things in the country—one was Niagara; the other was Theodore Roosevelt! As I listened to my brother that night I thought of Lord Morley's words, for it seemed as if, for once, the two great things were combined. in one. Such a Niagara as flowed from the lips of Theodore Roosevelt would have surprised even the great English statesman. He never once referred to the books themselves, but he ran through the whole gamut of their story, suggesting here, interpolating there, courteously referring to some slight inaccuracy, taking up occasionally a full page of a chapter (referring to the special page without ever glancing at the book), and finally at 5 A. M., with a satisfied aspect, he turned to me and said: "That is all about Rhodes's history."

I rose feebly to my feet and said: "Good night, Theodore." But not at all. Still gaily, as if he had just begun a day's work instead of having reached the long and littered end of twenty-four hours, he said once more: "Don't go to bed. I must do one other piece of work, and I think you would be specially interested in it. Peter Dunne-'Dooley,' you know—has sent me an article of his on the Irish question, and wants a review on that. I am very fond of Dunne, and really feel I should like to give him my with his in this particular article. I feel like doing this now. Sit down again." He never asked me to do anything with him that I ever refused to do, were it in my power to assent to his suggestion. How I rejoice to think that this was the case, and there was no exception made to my usual rule at 5 A. M. that November morning! I sat down again, and sure enough in a few moments all fatigue with eager interest to his masterly review

tle late, or perhaps one might say a little early, to begin so complicated a subject as the Irish question, and my final memories of his review are confused with the fact that at about 7 A. M. one of the colored porters came in with coffee, and shortly after that I was assisted to my berth in a more or less asphyxiated condition of fatigue, from which I never roused again until our train reached the station at Washington.

That was the way in which Theodore Roosevelt worked. I have often thought that if some of the rest of us always had the book at hand that we wanted to read instead of wasting time in looking for it. always had clearly in our minds the extra job we wanted to do and the tools at hand with which to do it, we, too, might accomplish in some small degree work along the line of the vast numbers of things he accomplished because of preparedness.

As early as December 19, 1904, my sister-in-law wrote me: "Theodore says that he wants you and Douglas under his roof for the Inauguration." I always felt a deep appreciation of the fact that both my brother and his wife made us so welcome at the most interesting moments of their life in the White House.

In January of the next year he came to stay with me in New York to speak at several dinners, and a most trying incident occurred, an incident which he met with his usual sunny and unselfish attitude. We had had a large luncheon for him at my home, and when the time came for him to dress in the evening for the dinner at which he was to speak I suddenly heard a call from the third story, a opinions, as they do not entirely agree pitiful call: "I don't think I have my own dress coat." I ran up-stairs, and sure enough the coat laid out with his evening clothes when he tried to put it on was so tight across his broad shoulders that whenever he moved his hands it rose unexpectedly almost to his ears. I called my butler, who insisted that he had taken the President's coat to brush it and had brought it back again to his room. This, however, proved untrue, for the awful seemed to vanish from me, as I listened fact was soon divulged that the extra waiter engaged for the luncheon, but who of Peter Dunne's opinions on the Irish had already left the house, had apparsituation at that moment. It was a lit- ently confused the President's coat,

which was in the basement to be pressed. with his own and had taken away the President's coat! No one knew, at this man's house, where he had gone. There seemed no method of tracing the coat. We dressed my brother in my husband's coat, but that was even worse, for my husband's coat fell about him in folds, and there seemed nothing for it but to send him to the large public dinner with a coat that unless most cleverly manipulated insisted upon rising unexpectedly above his head. No one but my brother would have taken this catastrophe with such good humor, but he started off apparently perfectly contented, rather than give me a more dejected feeling than I already had about the misfortune. myself was to go later to the dinner to hear from one of the boxes his speech. and I shall never forget my trepidation when as he rose and began to speak I saw the coat slowly rising higher and higher. At the most critical moment, when it seemed about to come over his head. a messenger boy, flurried and flushed with exertion, ran upon the stage with a package in his hand. The recalcitrant waiter had been found by my butler, and the President's coat had been torn from his back! Excusing himself for a moment, with a laughing gesture which brought the coat completely over his head, he retired into the wings of the platform, changed the article in question, and on his return brought down the whole house by his humorous account of the reason for his retirement!

On March 3, 1905, as guests of my cousin Emlen Roosevelt, who took a special car for the occasion, the members of my family, my husband, and myself started for the inauguration of Theodore Roosevelt as President. Memories crowd upon me when I think of those days at the White House. The atmosphere was one of great family gaiety; but combined with that gaiety there was an underlying seriousness on the part of my brother, who fully realized the solemn duties which he was now to assume as the chosen leader of the nation.

What a day it was, that inaugural day! As usual, the "personal" came so Hay sent him a ring with a part of the coward."

lock of Lincoln's hair which he, John Hay, had cut from the martyred President's brow. I have never known my brother to receive a gift for which he cared so deeply. To wear that ring on the day of his own inauguration as President of the United States, elected to the office by the free will of the great American people, was to him, perhaps, the highest fulfilment of his desires. The day dawned sombre and clouded, but with sunlight filtering through the clouds, and the ceremonies were fraught, to those of us who loved him so dearly, with the deepest solemnity. The Vice-President taking his oath in the Senate Chamber, the arrival of the Supreme Court in that chamber, the glittering uniforms of the foreign ambassadors and their suites, the appearance of the President-elect, and our withdrawal to the porch of the Capitol, from which he was to make his inaugural address—all of this remains indelibly impressed upon my mind. His solemn, ardent words as he dedicated himself afresh to the service of the country, the great crowd straining to hear each sentence, the eager attitude of his guard of honor-his beloved Rough Riders—made a poignant picture never to be forgotten. An eye-witness of the scene wrote as follows: "Chief Justice Fuller with his beautiful white hair and his long, judicial gown administered the oath, and Roosevelt repeated it so loudly that he could be heard in spite of the wind. In fact the wind rather added to the impressiveness than otherwise, as it gave the President a chance to throw back his shoulders to resist it, and that gave you a wonderful feeling of strength that went splendidly with the speech it-The speech was short, and was mainly a plea for the 'Peace of Justice' as compared with the 'Peace of the Coward.' It was very stirring. The applause was tremendous."

I would have my readers remember that when Theodore Roosevelt plead for such a peace it was in 1905, nine years before peace was broken by the armies of the Huns, and during those long years he never once failed to preach that doctrine, and to the last moment of his life abmuch into it. The night before, Mr. John horred and denounced "the peace of the

Following quickly on his inaugural speech came a merry luncheon at the White House, at which intimate friends from New York were almost as cordially welcomed as were Bill Sewall's large family from the Maine woods, and Will Merrifield, who, as I have said before. brought the greetings of the State of Montana. After lunch we all went out on the reviewing-stand. The President stood at the front of his box, his hat always off in response to the salutes. The great procession lasted for hours-West Pointers and naval cadets, followed by endless State organizations, governors on horseback, cowboys waving their lassoes and shouting favorite slogans. They even lassoed a couple of men, en passant. Chief Joseph, the grand old man of the Nez Percé tribe, gorgeously caparisoned. his fine head-dress waving in the wind, and a body of Indians following him, only a shade less superb in costume, then a hundred and fifty Harvard fellows in black gowns and caps—and how-they cheered for the President as they passed the stand! Surely never has there before been such an inauguration of any President in Washington. Never has there been such a feeling of personal devotion in so many hearts. Other Presidents have had equal admiration, equal loyalty perhaps, but none has had that loyalty and admiration given by so liberal and varied a number of his fellow countrymen.

It was dark before we left the stand. and soon inside of the White House followed a reception to the Rough Riders. What a happy time the President had with them, recalling bygone adventures, while the Roosevelt and Robinson children ran merrily about listening to the wonderful stories, and feeding the voracious Rough Riders. Later the President went, bareheaded, to the steps under the porte-cochère and received the cowboys, who rode past one after another, leaning from their prancing ponies, and joyfully shaking hands with their old chief, ready with some joke for his special benefit, to which there was always a repartee. was a unique scene as they cheered the incoming magnate under the old portecochère, and one never to be repeated. And then the Harvard men filed past to shake hands.

Needless to say, dinner was rather late,

though very merry, and we were all soon off again, this time to the Inaugural Ball. It was a beautiful sight, the hall enormous, with two rows of arches and pillars, one above the other, along each side. The floor was absolutely crowded with moving people, all with their faces straining up at our box. Ten thousand people bought tickets.

Mr. Matthew Hale, then tutor to my nephew Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., described it as follows: "The whole room was beautifully decorated with lights and wreaths and flowers. As I stood looking down on the great pageant I felt as though I were in some other world—as though these people below there and moving in and out were not real people, but were all part of some great mechanism built for our special benefit. And then my feeling would change to the other extreme when I thought of each one of those men and women as individuals, each one thinking, and feeling and acting according to his own will—that each one just for that one night came together for a common purpose—to see the President. Soon an open place appeared in the throng before us, and the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, and behind them Vice-President and Mrs. Fairbanks walked to the other end of the hall and back, while the people cheered and cheered."

Back to the White House after the ball. and then, best of all, what we used to call "back-hair" talk in Theodore and Edith's bedroom. What fun, in comfortable dishabille, we had as we talked the great day over. A small round bottle of old wine was found somewhere by Mrs. Roosevelt, and the family drank the President's health. And we talked of old times and childhood days, and of the dear ones whose hearts would have glowed so ardently had they lived to see that day. We laughed immoderately over all kinds of incongruous happenings, and we could hardly bear to say good night, for we still felt so gay, so full of life and fun, so invigorated and stimulated by the deeper thoughts and desires, which, however, only took the form that night of increasing hilarity!

Shortly after that March inauguration my daughter Corinne, just eighteen, was asked by her kind aunt to pay a visit at the White House, and I impressed upon

Digitized by Google

her the wonderful opportunity she would have of listening to the great men of the world at the informal luncheons which were a feature of my brother's incumbency. "Do not miss a word," I said to "Uncle Ted brings to my daughter. luncheon all the great men in Washington -almost always several members of the Cabinet, and always any one of interest who is visiting in Washington. Be sure and listen to everything. You will never hear such talk again." When she returned home from that visit I eagerly asked her about the wonderful luncheons at the White House, where I had so frequently sat spellbound. My somewhat irreverent young daughter said: "Mother, I laughed internally all the way through my first luncheon at the White House. Uncle Ted was perfectly lovely to me, and took me by the hand and said: 'Corinny, dear, you are to sit at my right hand today, and you must have the most delightful person in the room on your other side.' With that he glanced at the distinguished company who were surrounding him waiting to be assigned to their seats, and picking out a very elderly gentleman with a long white beard he said with glowing enthusiasm: 'You shall have John Burroughs, the great naturalist.' I confess I had hoped for some secretary in the Cabinet, but, no. Uncle Ted did not think there was any one in the world that compared in thrilling excitement to the wonderful lover of birds. Even so, I thought mother would wish me to learn all about natural history, and I shall hear marvellous ornithological tales, even if politics must be put aside. Even in that ambition, however, I was doomed to disappointment, for at the very beginning of luncheon Uncle Ted leaned across me to Mr. Burroughs and said: 'John, this morning I heard a chippy sparrow, and he sang twee twee right in my ear.' Mr. Burroughs, with a shade of disapproval on his face, said: 'Mr. President, vou must be mistaken. It was not a chippy sparrow if it sang twee, twee. The note of the *chippy* sparrow is twee, twee, twee.' From that moment on the great affairs of our continent, the international crises of all kinds were utterly forgotten, while the President of the United States and his esteemed guest, the

deal of asperity whether that chippy sparrow had said 'twee, twee,' or 'twee, twee, twee.' We rose from the table with the question still unsettled." My brother always loved to hear my daughter tell this story, although his face always assumed a somewhat sheepish expression as she dilated on the difference between her mother's prognostications of what a luncheon at the White House would mean from an intellectual standpoint, and what the realization of the prophecy actually turned out to be.

In spite of my daughter's experience, however. I can say with truth that there never were such luncheons as those luncheons at the White House during my brother's life there. The wonderful knowledge, the pregnant wit, and quiet, brilliant sarcasm of the Secretary of State, Mr. Root, the gay smile of the Secretary of War, Mr. Taft, the charming culture and universal kindliness of that delightful member of the Cabinet, the Attorney-General, Mr. Moody, the intellectual acumen and scholarly erudition of my brother's most intimate friend and constant companion, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, all combined to make these luncheons the most delightful of occasions, and always the most distinguished visitors in Washington from whatever country or from whatever State of our own country would be brought in with informal hospitality and received for the time being by President and Mrs. Roosevelt into the bosom of the family. The whole Cabinet would occasionally adjourn from one of their most important meetings to the lunch-table, and then the President and Mr. Root would cap each other's stories of the way in which this or that question had been discussed during the Cabinet meeting. I doubt if ever there were such cabinet meetings as those held between the years 1901 and 1909.

Mr. Burroughs, with a shade of disapproval on his face, said: 'Mr. President, you must be mistaken. It was not a chippy sparrow if it sang twee, twee. The note of the chippy sparrow is twee, twee.' From that moment on the great affairs of our continent, the international crises of all kinds were utterly forgotten, while the President of the United States and his esteemed guest, the great naturalist, discussed with a good ideal couple as administrators of the beau-

tiful island. After having been with them in the old palace for about a week, and having enjoyed beyond measure all the pleasures so graciously arranged for us, Governor Winthrop came to me and told me that he was much distressed at the behavior of a certain official; that he felt sure that the President would not wish the man to remain in office, did he know that he was actually a disgrace to the "Mrs. Robinson," he United States. said, "will you not go to the President on vour return and tell him that I am quite sure he would not wish to retain this man in office? I know the President likes us to work with the tools which have been given us, and I dislike beyond measure to seem not to be able to do so, but I am convinced that this is no man to represent the United States in this island." "Have you your proofs of his inefficiency, Beekman?" I asked. "I should not be willing to approach my brother with any such criticism without accurate proofs." "I most assuredly have them," he answered, and sure enough he did have them, and I shortly afterward sailed with them back to New York.

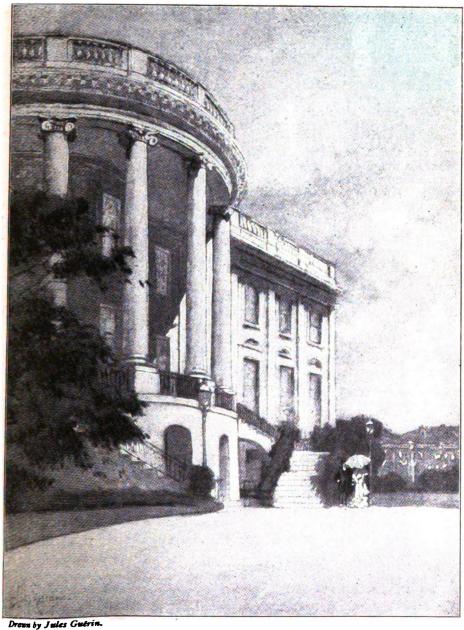
Immediately upon my arrival I telegraphed my brother as follows: "Would like to see you on Porto Rican business. When shall I come?" One of Theodore Roosevelt's most striking characteristics was the rapidity with which he answered letters or telegrams. One literally felt that one had not posted a letter or sent the telegram rushing along the wire before the rapid answer came winging back again, and the answer to this telegram was no exception to the rule. I rather hoped for a week in which to get settled after my trip to Porto Rico, but not so. The rapidfire answer read as follows: "Come tomorrow." Of course there was nothing for me to do but go "to-morrow." It was late in April, and as I drove up to the White House from the station I thought how lovely a city was Washington in the springtime. The yellow forsythias gave a golden glow to the squares, and the white and hanging petals of the fringe trees waved in the soft air. I never drove under the White House portecochère without a romantic feeling of excitement at the realization that it was my brother, lover of America, lover of Lincoln, who lived under that roof which

symbolized all that America meant. As I went up the White House steps he blew out of the door, dressed for his ride on horseback. His horse and that of a companion were waiting for him. He came smilingly toward me, welcomed me, and said, "Edie has had to go to Philadelphia for the night to visit a cousin, so we are all alone," and then he continued: "I have ordered dinner out on the back porch, for it is so warm and lovely and there is a full moon, and I thought we could be so quiet there. I have so much to tell you. All sorts of political things have happened during your absence, and besides that I have learned several new poems of Kipling and Swinburne, and I feel like reciting them to you in the moonlight." "How perfectly lovely!" I replied, "and when shall I see you about Porto Rico?" A slight frown came over his face and he said fiercely: "Certainly not to-night. You have your appointment at nine o'clock to-morrow morning in the office to discuss business matters. Then with a returning smile: "I will be back pretty soon. Good-by." And he jumped on his horse and clattered away toward Rock Creek.

It all came true, although it almost seemed like a fairy-tale. We had that lovely dinner on the portico at the back of the White House looking toward the Washington Monument—that portico which was so beautifully reproduced by Sargent's able brush for Mrs. Roosevelt later—and under the great, soft moon, with the scent of shrub and flower in the air, he recited Kipling and Swinburne, and then, breaking into more serious happenings, gave me a vivid description of some difficulty he had had with Congress, the members of which had refused to receive a certain message which he had sent them, and during the interval between the sending of it and their final decision to receive it how he had shut himself up in his library, glad for a moment of unexpected leisure, and had written an essay which he had long desired to write on the Irish sagas!

The moon had waned and the stars were brighter and deeper before we left the portico. We never *could* go to bed when we were together, and I am so glad that we never did!

The next morning I knocked at his door



We had that lovely dinner on the portico at the back of the White House looking toward the Washington Monument.—Page 90.

at eight, to go down to the early breakfast with the children, which was one of the features, quite as much as were the brilliant lunches, of home life in the White House. He came out of his dressing-room radiant and smiling, ready for the day's work, looking as if he had had eight hours of sleep instead of five, and rippling over with the laughter which he always infused into those family breakfasts. As we passed the table at the head of the staircase, at which later in the day my sisterin-law's secretary wrote her letters, the telephone-bell on the table rang, and with spontaneous simplicity—not ringing a bell for a menial to answer the telephone-call —he picked up the receiver himself as he passed by. His face assumed a listening look, and then a broad smile broke over his features. "No," he said. "No, I am not Archie, I am Archie's father." A minute passed and he laughed aloud and then said: "All right, I will tell him; I won't forget." Hanging up the receiver he turned to me half-sheepishly but very much amused. "That's a good joke on any President," he said. "You may have realized that there was a little boy on the other end of that wire, and he started the conversation by saying, 'Is that you, Archie?' and I replied, 'No, it is Archie's father.' Whereupon he answered with evident disgust: 'Well, you'll do. Be sure and tell Archie to come to supper. Don't forget.' 'How the creatures order one about!'" he quoted from our favorite volume, "Alice in Wonderland," and proceeded to run at full speed down to the breakfast-room. There the children greeted us vociferously, and the usual jolly meal ensued. For that half-hour he always belonged to the children. Questions and answers about their school life, their occupations outside of school, etc., etc., followed in rapid succession, interspersed with various fascinating tales told by him for their special edification.

After the young people had dispersed there was still a short half-hour left before he went to the office at nine o'clock, and whenever I visited the White House (my visits were rather rare, as my husband, being a tied-down business man in New York, could not often break away) that time was always given to me, and we usually walked around the great circle at the back of the White House. It

was his most vigorous moment of the day, that hour from 8.30 to 9. He had not yet met the puzzling defeats and compromises necessitated by the conflicting interests that surrounded him, and he was fresh and vivid, interested in the problems that were to be brought to him for solution that day, and observant of everything around him. I remember that morning as we walked around the circle he was discussing a very serious problem that had to be decided within a few hours, and he held his forefinger straight up and said: "You know my temperament always wants to get there" putting his other forefinger on the apex of the first]. "I naturally wish to reach the goal of my desire, but would I not be very blind and stupid if, because I couldn't get there, I decided to stay here [changing his right forefinger to the base of the left] rather than get here"—finishing his simile by placing the right finger to the third notch of the finger on his other hand.

Just as he was finishing this sentence his eye caught sight of a tiny object on the pathway, so minute a little brown spot that I should never have noticed it; but he stooped, picked up the small object, and held it between his forefinger and thumb, looking at it eagerly, and then muttering somewhat below his breath: "Very early for a fox-sparrow." threw the tiny piece of fluff again upon the path. "How do you know that that was a feather from a fox-sparrow, Theodore?" I said in my usual astonishment at his extraordinary observation and information. "I can understand how you might know it was a sparrow, but how know it belonged to the fox-sparrow rather than to any of the other innumerable little creatures of that species?" He was almost deprecatory in his manner as he said in reply: "Well, you see I have really made a great study of sparrows." And then we were back at the entrance to the White House, and in a moment I leaned out of the dining-room window and watched him walk across the short space between that window and the office, his head thrown back, his shoulders squared to meet the difficulties of the day, and every bit of him alive, alert, and glowing with health and strength and power and mentality.

I myself went up-stairs, put on my

Digitized by Google

"best bib and tucker," and proceeded to have got to be sure of the correctness of go around the other way to the front door of the offices. As I rang the bell the dear old man who always opened the door greeted me warmly and said: "Yes, Mrs. Douglas Robinson, your appointment is at nine. You are just on time." I went into the outer hall, where a number of the appointees of 9.15, 9.30, etc., were already waiting, to be on hand for their appointments, and in a moment or two Mr. Loeb opened the door of the private office of the President and came out into the hall and said in a rather impersonal way, "Mrs. Douglas Robinson's appointment," and I was shown into the room. My brother was seated at a large table, and on it was every imaginable paper marked "Porto Rico." As I entered he poet Frédéric Mistral sent him his poem was still reading one of these papers. Looking up, I almost felt a shock as I met what seemed to be a pair of perfectly opaque blue eyes. I could hardly believe they were the eyes of the brother with whom I had so lately parted, the eyes that had glistened as he recited the great poems of Kipling and Swinburne, the eves that had almost closed to see better the tiny breast fluff of the fox-sparrow. These were rather cold eyes, the eyes of a just judge, eyes that were turned upon his sister as they would have been turned upon any other individual who came to him in connection with a cause to which he must give his most careful attention. He waved me to a chair, finished the paper he was reading, and then, turning to me, his eyes still stern and opaque, he said: "I believe you have come to see me on business connected with Porto Rico. Kindly be as condensed as possible." I decided to meet him on his own ground, and made my eyes as much like his as possible, and was as condensed as possible. Having listened carefully to my short story, he said: "Have you proof of this?"—still rather sternly. Again I decided to answer him with much of his own manner. So I replied: "I should not be here, wasting your time or mine, did I not have adequate proof." With that I handed him the notes made by the governor of Porto Rico, and proceeded to explain them. He became a little less severe after reading them but no less serious, and turning to me more gently,

these statements. A man's whole future hangs upon my decision." For a moment I felt like an executioner, but realizing as I did the shocking and disgraceful behavior of the official in question, I knew that no sentimentality on my part should be allowed to interfere with the important decision to be made, and I briefly backed up all that the governor had written. I can still hear the sound of the President's pen as he took out the paper on which the man's name was inscribed, and with one strong stroke effaced that name from official connection with Porto Rico forever. That was the way that Theodore Roosevelt did business with his sister.

That same year, 1905, the old Provencal called "Mireille," and in acknowledging the book my brother seems to me to express more than in almost any other letter the spirit which permeated his whole life. I close this chapter with this letter, feeling that it shows indisputably that though he had reached the apex of his desires, that though he was now a great President by the free choice of the people of a great country—perhaps the most powerful ruler at the moment of any country—his ideals for that country, just as his ideals for himself and for his own beloved home life, were what they had always been before the sceptre of a ruler had been clasped in his outstretched hand:

> "White House, Washington, December 15, 1904.

"My DEAR M. MISTRAL:

"Mrs. Roosevelt and I were equally pleased with the book and the medal, and none the less because for nearly twenty years we have possessed a copy of Mireille. That copy we shall keep for old association's sake; though this new copy with the personal inscription by you must hereafter occupy the place of honour.

"All success to you and your associates! You are teaching the lesson that none need more to learn than we of the West, we of the eager, restless, wealthseeking nation; the lesson that after a certain not very high level of material well-being has been reached, then the things that really count in life are the things of the spirit. Factories and railsaid: "This is a very serious matter. I ways are good up to a certain point, but courage and endurance, love of wife and child, love of home and country, love of lover for sweetheart, love of beauty in man's work and in nature, love and emulation of daring and of lofty endeavour, the homely work-a-day virtues and the heroic virtues—these are better still, and if they are lacking, no piled-up riches, no roaring, clanging industrialism, no feverish and many-sided activity shall avail

either the individual or the nation. I do not undervalue these things of a nation's body; I only desire that they shall not make us forget that beside the nation's body there is also the nation's soul.

"Again thanking you on behalf of both

of us, believe me,

Faithfully yours,
(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT."
"To M. Frederic Mistral."

PSYCHOLOGY GOLDBRICKS

CHARACTER ANALYSIS—"APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY"

BY HENRY FOSTER ADAMS

Associate Professor of Psychology, University of Michigan

[SECOND PAPER]

Ш

CHARACTER ANALYSIS *



THIRD kind of psychology goldbrick is character analysis. The forms which it has taken have been so numerous that discussion will be limited to character

analysis through the study of physiognomy and phrenology.

Surprisingly enough, the sponsors of these schemes have left untouched the only workable approach—inferring traits of character from actions and from the traces left as results of actions. Consequently, any method of reading character from structural peculiarities is opposed by orthodox psychology.

For instance, we are quite justified in saying that one who is sunburned has been out of doors; that the one who has an upward tilt at the corners of the mouth has either inherited a family peculiarity or has developed that expression through his habit of smiling. This method of approach through actions and through their results is entirely justifiable and may be used with comparative safety. On the other hand, the endeavor to diagnose mental peculiarities as a result of structural

* See "The Mythology and Science of Character Analysis," by the same author in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for May.

signs, i. e., shape of the nose, size of the mouth, etc., has been attended by negligible success.

The hybrid mixture of phrenology and physiognomy appeared very early, an unverified statement places the earliest reference to them in a recently discovered Egyptian papyrus, which dates back to 2000 B. C. Early authentic instances are likewise contained in the Bible apropos of Gideon and his fight against the Midianites, and also in Homer, who is supposed to have written about 800 B.C. The following quotation from the "Iliad," as well as the story of Gideon, show, however, that the earliest examples are based definitely upon the activities of the individual rather than upon his static physical structures.

"For if a coward, his color keeps changing, nor does his spirit restrain him to sit quietly, but he shifts his knees and crouches upon both his feet, and in his breast his heart beats loudly, as he thinks on his doom, and there is a chatter of his teeth; but in the brave man the color changes not, nor is he sorely afraid, when once he sits down in an ambush of heroes, but he prays right quickly to win in the dread struggle."

Here the functional, rather than structural phase of physiognomy is obvious.

Socrates and Aristotle, living in the

Digitized by Google

fourth century B. C., are supposed to have written on the topic. Below is given a quotation from the "Physiognomon-

ica," attributed to Aristotle.

"For minds evidently change greatly under the influence of the affections of the body. And vice versa the body is obviously sympathetic with the affections of the soul in the matter of love, fear, pain, and pleasure. And moreover in the natural happenings one would better see that body and soul are so closely connected that they are each responsible for most of the affections of the other. For there has never been such a living thing as had the form of one animal and the mind of another; but the body and the soul are of the same animal, so that it is necessary that such and such a mind shall accompany such and such a body. And besides, those who are skilled judges of other animals are able to come to conclusions from the appearance, horsemen as to horses, hunters as to dogs. And if this is true it would be possible to practise the art of physiognomy.

2. "Previous physiognomists have attempted to work along three lines, each along one. For some read character from the genera of the living beings, setting down a certain appearance and mind for each genus of being. But others assumed in such matters that one who had a body like the body of another, had a soul like his also, and certain others did the same thing to be sure, but did not form sumption, that bumps on the skull are their judgments from all living beings but from the human race itself, and dividing it by races, as many as differ in appearance and customs, e. g., the Egyptians, the Thracians, and the Scythians, in a similar way they selected the sign. And certain ones took their sign from the characters that appear—what sort of disposition each character follows with, e. g., one who is subject to anger, fear, libidinous passion, and each of the various affections. And it is possible to practise physiognomy by all of these methods and by others also, and to make the selection of signs in a different way."

It will be seen that these latter authors emphasize the structural side. Only in the last few years has there been the tendency to regard ACTION as symbolic of character in disregard of the structure.

infers traits of character from the configuration of the head. A bump is supposed to indicate some well developed trait, whereas a hollow is taken to mean the lack of it. Phrenology, as a definite system, began in the eighteenth century as a direct result of the studies of the physiologist, Gall. He had succeeded in his laboratory in determining certain of the sensory and motor functions of the brain. Generalizing from inadequate findings, he and his disciple Spurzheim attributed definite faculties to the different brain areas. In their effort they divided the brain into tiny rooms, each room being supposed to possess some faculty. As the room became more and more crowded by the development of the particular faculty, expansion was necessary, and the phrenologist inferred that outward force was exerted, displacing the bone of the skull which lay outside and so producing a bump.

There are two objections to this system of phrenology. The first is that it divides the brain into compartments and assigns to each a faculty. More recent study has shown that these faculties do not exist. There is no one specific honesty, but there are rather as many honesties as different

situations call for.

With the abandonment of this structural theory the main claim of the phrenologist to credence was removed.

More ludicrous even is their later asindices of a certain well-developed trait. For surrounding the brain are three, membranes, one of which is comparatively thick and rich in blood-vessels. These structures can usually adopt any change of shape of the brain below, without affecting the outer skull in any particular area.

From the common sense point of view there is no reason for assuming a relationship between any part of the brain and any particular trait of character. Possibly two or three examples will disclose the fundamental fallacy of phrenology better than pages of logical disproof. At the crown of the head there is located, by one system of phrenology, the "faculty" of reverence. Scientific studies of the function of the brain which underlies this portion show that it is concerned with the reception of muscular sensations from the Phrenology is the study whereby one feet and legs. Similarly the phrenologist endows an elevation just back of the ear with the significance of love of life. Actually, the underlying brain region there is given over to the association of auditory impressions from the opposite ear. Why there should be any strong relation between the ability to combine different sounds and the love of life is a question which should puzzle the practical phrenologist. Throughout the problem we find the teachings of phrenology to be out of accord with the demonstrated facts of brain physiology.

Even one of the most plausible of their statements, namely, that a high forehead is a sign of intelligence, has been definitely disproved by the painstaking studies of Karl Pearson. He demonstrated experimentally that the color of the hair, or its straightness or curliness, shows one's intelligence better than does a high forehead, although these are not offered either as good indices. In other words, there has been found no definite relationship between any single peculiarity of the shape of the head and any trait of character.

For many years an Italian criminologist, Lombroso, made a study of criminal structural peculiarities and their relationship to crime. He found well-marked tendencies for criminals to possess certain stigmata or signs, but unfortunately the signs of the criminal were found to be widely prevalent among those whose names had never been upon police blotters. It was his pet scheme to have all individuals who were marked by a peculiar sign watched by his detectives, thus preventing crime instead of merely punishing it after it had been committed. It was entirely impracticable, for the characteristic sign of a murderer was found in altogether too many tenderhearted individuals to make the scheme at all feasible.

All systems of similar nature, in which relationship has been sought between traits of character and peculiarity of the structure, have met about the same fate.

In physiognomy the goal is to find certain landmarks on the face or forehead which shall stand as universal signs of certain definite traits of character. Before venturing on a theoretical discussion it may be illuminating to mention the statement made by a colleague in a recent public lecture. He and his associates

undertook a comparative study of the teachings of ten leading physiognomists. They started to prepare a gigantic graph wherein the relationship between the traits of character and the physical landmarks was shown. But they found so great a disagreement in the teachings of the ten authors that they decided to limit themselves to a study of the nose alone. When the chart was completed they discovered that frequently some structural peculiarity of the nose was assigned as an index to at least ten different traits of character. When experts at reading bumps and noses differ so widely among themselves, how are their poor ignorant fellows to decide anything? The very inconsistencies in the teachings of these ten chosen examples should afford the best possible proof of the futility of physiognomy as a "science."

In any scientific investigation it is absolutely necessary to distinguish between causal and accidental connection. When physiognomy teaches that the jutting jaw is a symptom of a strong will, it should tell us also whether strength of will is the cause of the jutting jaw or vice versa. So far as I have read, physiognomists do not endeavor to do this. One infers, therefore, that for them physical signs are really the cause of mental traits. Yet it would be more plausible, provided there is any causal connection between them, to believe that both were the result of some common cause.

A really scientific procedure for such an experiment would be as follows: Obtain an objective measure of strength of will, an objective measure of protrusion of jaw, then select a number of individuals at random, the more the better, and measure these two traits as possessed by each. The total number with weak will and retreating jaw, weak will and protruding jaw, strong will and retreating jaw, and strong will and protruding jaw would be recorded. The results of such a survey could be grouped in this manner.

	WEAK WILL	STRONG WILL
Retreating Jaw	A	В
Protruding Jaw	С	D

If the majority of entries fall in squares A and D, it would be proof of a causal connection; if the majority appear in B and C, it would prove an inverse relationship; if A and D equal B and C, there would be no relationship at all.

So far as we can infer from the writings of physiognomists they take account of only two, A and D, of the four possible relationships, and look only for correspondence between strong will and strong jaw and weak will and slack jaw. And of course they find many cases which are accidentally, at least, in accord with their theory.

The second important objection to physiognomy is the practical impossibility of agreement upon the definition of a single trait of character. It has been pointed out earlier that with the abandonment of structural psychology and the development of the functional theory we are forced to abandon the idea of separate entities or faculties and are compelled to speak of doing and accomplishing rather than of the THING which does and accomplishes. In other words, we search for a higher unit rather than a lower one. the unit of action rather than the unit of structure. And this multiplies the number of units indefinitely. There is no one will entity, but rather as many different willings as there are different situations in which individuals can select and We may well expect to be above the average in some of these relationships and below in a number of others. When we put them all together, the sum total for a number of individuals will probably not differ very widely. Exactly the same thing is true of honesty, trustworthiness, and a host of kindred qualities.

Another of the many faults of physiognomy is a subtle one, and certainly not at first sight apparent. To show where this inaccuracy lies, we shall make five assumptions, each one of which we believe to be self-evident.

First, all traits of character exist in contrary pairs, as for example, honesty-dishonesty, tenderness-cruelty, verboseness-conciseness, promptness-tardiness. No one is absolutely honest or sympathetic or prompt, so there is always in him some of the opposite trait. Therefore,

If the majority of entries fall in squares you can say anything about a person, A and D, it would be proof of a causal and it will be, to some extent, true.

Second, it follows that if you are looking for a trait in a person you can always find it to some degree.

Third, if you tell a person that he possesses a trait, he will go out of his way to demonstrate the soundness of your judgment by displaying that trait to you in a more than average degree. He will also be convinced that he does possess it to an unusual extent, for he will be watching for it and prompt to note its every manifestation. This is due to the fact that his attention has been directed to focus on it, whereas before, he was more or less unconscious of its presence.

Fourth, both you and the person under consideration are led to believe in and anticipate certain traits because of our traditional physiognomy which has augmented its hold upon popular fancy as a result of stage tradition, descriptions by writers of fiction, and portraits of prominent men.

Fifth, as was shown above, the anticipation or expectation of a trait leads to its being emphasized, for our attention is all set for it and we notice it on every possible occasion. Therefore, physical sign is not the cause of the trait nor the result of it, but is the cause of the expectation of that trait. The expectation, in its turn, is the cause not of the trait but of our finding and exaggerating it.

To illustrate, let us assume that prominent eyes are a sign of linguistic ability. There are obviously varying degrees of this. No normal person is absolutely perfect in this respect nor absolutely defective. Because we have heard the tradition, when we see prominent eyes we look for one who is a language artist. Because that is our anticipation, any well-turned phrase which falls from his lips, or any words of foreign origin which adorn his conversation, lead us to believe that he really is a superior linguist. The ability is emphasized simply because we are looking for it.

Taking up another system which claims a scientific basis, we find that the fundamental assumption does have definite scientific value. Dividing human beings on biological grounds into two classes, blonds and brunettes, and inferring that certain traits are the result of environmental condition is justifiable. William James says that mind and the world have been evolved together, and consequently are something of a mutual fit.

The fallacy involved in this so-called scientific system lies in the lack of consideration of what happens when blonds and brunettes intermarry. If the blond has certain definite physical and mental peculiarities, and the brunette others which are opposed, the offspring of such marriages may show the physical peculiarities of the blond and the mental peculiarities of the blond as well, or the physical and mental peculiarities of the brunette. But also the blond physical and the brunette mental qualities, or the brunette physical, and the blond mental qualities will appear in an equal number of children. The remaining will be mixed. In other words, the chances of accuracy after a considerable period with crossbreeding between blonds and brunettes will be exactly fifty-fifty, and consequently physical traits cannot be justly ascribed to mental characteristics.

It is evident, then, that these systems of character analysis which find relations between physical and mental traits can give at best only chance accuracy. In other words, one who trusts them will be right half the time and wrong half the time. The impressive language and extravagant claims of the theorists mentioned impress only the uninitiated, whose imaginations become an easy victim to such blandishments. As far as practical results are concerned, they get nothing for their money unless it be material for starting a fire.

IV

"APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY"

By far the most subtle and vicious psychology goldbricks are the so-called courses in "applied" psychology. Such courses of study—guaranteed—will teach how to become and remain permanently healthy, how to become and remain permanently happy, and how to gain wealth! Their "psychology" is seventy-five per cent truism and twenty-five per cent truism and twenty-five per cent babble in which the expressions "vibrations," "levitation," "thought transferrence," and "universal consciousness"

rival "suggestion" and "subconscious mind" in frequency of appearance. A sample is the following: "Oh, yes! I can teach you how to cure gall-stones (or any other disease). I go into that in detail in my classes." In this connection it is necessary to differentiate sharply between those which emphasize the mental side and those which emphasize the physical. There is a good deal to be said for the former, but nothing for the latter. Both, however, are culpable because of their gross misrepresentation of what mind is and of what can be accomplished by mental effort. Even though their teachings run in part counter to those of memory systems, will-training systems, and systems for improving and making more attractive one's personality, they are very largely a composite made up of parts of all such systems.

The underlying fallacy of such "applied" psychology largely results from a total misapprehension of the mental possibilities of the individual. It appears to stress the misunderstandings of psychology which have been fostered by sensational newspaper stories, in which the startling is so often preferred to the Both the writers of these accurate. stories and the people who are impressed by them are not quite sure whether psychology is a new fraternal organization, a disease, a patent medicine, or the name of a new play. Some seem to believe that mind and brain are the same. It is doubtful whether they make adequate distinction between mind and body. They never stop to wonder how a psychical or non-material mind can be causally related to the body, nor how the physical body can be related to a nonmaterial mind.

The situation reminds one of the quip which appeared in *Puck* a good many years ago. "What is mind?" "No matter," is the answer. "What is matter?" "Never mind," is again the retort.

Mind is an assumption pure and simple. While each one of us is reasonably sure that he possesses a mind, there is no sure way of telling about the mind of any other person. We infer from his actions that he must have mental processes supposedly like ours, but there is no way of being absolutely sure. All we know about what is going on inside the heads

of other people is derived from their behavior. From this standpoint, the study of psychology is as objective and material as the study of physics or chemistry. It is an actual science based upon the observed behavior of individuals, and whatever laws it has developed are laws of behavior.

In the vast majority of courses in so-called "applied" psychology frequent mention is made of the "subconscious." When this term is used it apparently means a variety of things; in fact, it has become a blanket word used to cover practically all of the situations, and phenomena which the writers are either unable to explain or are too lazy to work out in greater detail. It frequently assumes a mystic guise, and is thereby used to explain such phenomena as ghosts, telepathy, and many of the manifestations of spiritism.

Sometimes the assumption is made that all human beings are possessed of two minds, the objective, which is used in ordinary daily life and the subjective, which is unknown to the possessor but still is capable of guiding his hand on the Ouija-board or of communicating with the dead.

The theory originated in the effort to explain the phenomena of hypnotism and mesmerism. Needless to say, the term subjective mind is an unfortunate term, for all minds are subjective, and basically all of the peculiarities which are attributed to the subjective mind can be shown to be attributes of the ordinary every-day mentality.

The situation is something like this: Whenever we attend to anything, some one idea is rendered more clear and distinct and emphatic in consciousness, and the other ideas which are simultaneously present are correspondingly more indistinct and vague. The result is that mind, as we know it, is largely built up of those impressions to which we have attended, for these produce more permanent and more striking modifications on the pathways of the nervous system. But these impressions, whenever they arise in the focus of consciousness, still leave their effects to a minor extent in the brain substances and, consequently, may be recalled. The likelihood of such recalling is slight as compared with that of the ideas to which we have attended. an emphatic NO!

Still, since mind is in the last analysis a function of all the modifications in the plastic nervous substance, these impressions of which we have never been very definitely aware are still capable of modifying the mental contents. Under normal conditions such vague impressions seldom occur. Under certain unusual situations, however, they may appear, much to the surprise of the individual.

If we make a classification in the accepted terminology of the objective and subjective mind, we find that at any instant of time we are aware of few experiences, probably not more than twenty. and these twenty experiences constitute the objective mind at that particular instant. Succeeding experiences crowd these out, in turn, and we have another manifestation of the objective mind. This during our waking hours is a continuous process. All other experiences which are stored in the brain and which are subject to recall at any time must be said to constitute the subjective mind. We have here exactly the situation which we met in physics in determining the difference between kinetic and potential energy. The objective mind corresponds to the kinetic form of energy and the subjective mind to the potential. The subjective mind becomes objective when the experiences are in actual process of The objective becomes subjecrecall. tive when the recalled experiences fade away from consciousness. There is, obviously, no real mystery here. It is as simple and as capable of explanation as are the laws of physics and chemistry.

There is another very great misunderstanding as to what mind is.

Our physical bodies are three dimensional objects; minds, at first sight, belong to the fourth dimension. For, if one is shut up in a room with drawn curtains, can he not see by projecting his mind's eye, the trees, houses, and automobiles which are outside? Can he not revisit scenes which are physically thousands of miles away? Cannot his mind, plunging through walls, buildings, even mountain ranges, visit at any time any spot in the physical universe? Can it not communicate with other minds encountered upon such journeys?

The answer to all these conjectures is an emphatic NO!

Digitized by Google

Mind is as truly confined in the room as is the body. In such apparent wanderings, mind is simply calling up a series of memory images the source of which is the brain of the individual as affected by his past experiences. No mind can escape the physical boundaries of its own brain, nor can it remember events which have not been somehow stored in that brain, nor can it imagine any new things which are not combined from a store of old memories.

It is impossible to prove that mind controls body, or that body controls mind. Of course, the popular opinion is that mind and body work upon each other, and while there is no fundamental objection to holding that point of view, it must be understood that the only effect of mind upon body is upon the muscles and glands, and the only effect that the body has upon mind is to give us sensations, emotions, sentiments, and the like.

That we can cure ourselves of such physical ailments as gall-stones or pyorrhea by our own thought processes is as absurd as to say that we can bring about such diseases in ourselves or others by wishing some person to become a sufferer. Such belief harks back to the savage conditions of culture when "magic" was rampant, when one thought that he could kill his enemy by obtaining some magic possession of that foe such as putting his thought into a wax-figure resembling the it or burning it.

Any system which claims to be able to cure a structural disease by the use of mental ideas is based upon a misapprehension of what ideas can do. We agree that ideas can cure gall-stones, but these ideas are the surgeon's, and they control his implements, by way of his fingers, while performing the necessary operations.

There is on the other hand good evidence for believing that mind can affect favorably or unfavorably the purely nervous disorders, and through these nerves possibly improve or decrease the bodily efficiency and bodily health. There are stories of pegro medicine-men who can bring about the death of a fellow black by telling him that he is going to

our physicians, as well as our experience. assure us that suggestion may produce certain forms of illness.

When a man is told by one in whom he believes that he is going to die, it produces in him gloomy and unpleasant thoughts. The result of such a situation is, obviously enough, diminished exercise, decreased appetite, falling off of weight, mental depression; and the individual believes that he is in the first stages of decomposition. This fear, in turn, reacts again upon his digestion, for it has been demonstrated in physiological laboratories that in fear, the secretion of the digestive juices is diminished and undernourishment of the whole body follows. When these processes are continued for some time the individual becomes actually ill.

The opposite side of this picture has grounds for developing pleasant habits of thought, for expecting of our organs normal behavior, for disregarding the unpleasant symptoms, and emphasizing agreeable ones. One single train of thought continuously indulged in will, of course, wear down and fatigue that part of the nervous system involved; when one learns to shift his mental gear, using now and then some fresh and unfatigued nerve segment, he will find the disturbing symptoms disappearing, and his ailment will decrease rather than develop.

Psychology alone, however, cannot enemy, and then sticking pins through teach us the secret of happiness. It can teach us only how to form good habits of thought and action, and as we develop such habits of looking for the pleasant, the agreeable, and the pleasing, to that extent we shall be happy. It will teach us how to break our habits of expecting catastrophes and unpleasantnesses, and to substitute for them a more amiable condition of mind.

But nowhere can psychological treatment instil into a person actual doses of the necessary ambition, perseverance, and judgment to make him follow up any of these courses once he has enrolled in it.

For the raw materials of character are found in the heredity and training of the individual. If the necessary traits are not present as bases, no correspondence course in the world can put them into die. Whether or not such stories are to him. For this reason a very large perbe believed we leave to the reader; but centage of those who enroll in such com-

Digitized by GOOGIC

mercialized "applied" courses quit before they finish. One teacher employed in such a school told me recently that the classes which extended for twenty-four weeks usually lost from one-half to twothirds of their membership. If one enrolls in many of these courses he develops habits of quitting, and this practice is bad not only from the standpoint of the pocketbook but from the standpoint of character and volition as well.

Why not save the many disillusionments and unpleasantnesses which come from futile hope and the derision of trained people, by obtaining a text-book on psychology written by some positive authority in this line and not by commercial goldbrickers? Why not compel in the schools and in the home more careful and less superstitious instruction in the fundamentals of memory, volition, character, and, consequently, success? A psychologist of good repute has said that the average individual's memory is only about ten per cent efficient because he wilfully or ignorantly disobeys the very fundamental laws which result in good memory.

At a recent congress of engineers and teachers of engineering it was emphasized that success in the engineering profession depends only one-quarter upon those traits which are capable of being educated in the classroom and three-quarters upon those qualities whose development is more a matter of home training and of discipline received by social friction—a condition more usually known as getting the corners rubbed off.

This judgment places the responsibility for memory, character, and success where it primarily belongs, namely, in the Schools can do no more than take the raw material which is furnished them and finish it in accordance with its Schools can never change limitations. pine into mahogany, nor clay into marble. But, given a certain individual, they can, with his co-operation, turn out a much better product than they began with and one which is more likely to be in demand.

memory is an asset, and increased willpower is indispensable. But there are a certain amount of psychological boottwo difficulties, which at first sight are legging, and the commodity peddled will not apparent. If we could but evolve contain a large percentage of poison.

some theory of character with a few simple laws, obedience to which would make us happy, powerful, rich, healthy, and wise, it would be extremely advantageous and a positive gold-mine to the possessor. That is obvious.

In the first place, as we have pointed out, individuals vary in capacity of attainment in all lines, a fact which is possibly fortunate, because it emphasizes the difference between people and serves as a basis for explaining why no two people have exactly the same tastes.

Second, it is equally obvious that only those who are among the first to take such courses of self-improvement can reap therefrom any practical advantage. For by the time all have improved memories, volitional power, knowledge of people, and knowledge of self, each will be in about the same relative position in which he was originally. This will undoubtedly make for greater effectiveness so far as the world in general is concerned. but will leave each particular individual eventually in the same niche from which he previously struggled by so strenuous an effort.

The tendency to impose upon ignorance, credulity, and the mystic-loving tendencies of humanity is, to say the least, unfortunate. Those who do so knowingly are frauds and fakers. Those who do so innocently have colossal nerve for trying to teach a subject with which they are not familiar. In either case there is no excuse for their "professional" existence. Fortunately for legitimate psychology, this condition has been recognized by the Psychological Division of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and steps are now being taken to compel all people who teach or use applied psychology in any of its forms to have a certificate similar to that granted to physicians, lawyers, and dentists. Without such documents, persons will not be permitted to practise. When this happy condition actually arrives the general public will be less imposed upon by the psychological quacks It has been pointed out that improved and tricksters so commonly reaping fortunes to-day. There may be, of course,

SAHIB

By Jacqueline M. Overton

Author of "The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson for Boys and Girls," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE

"The soul they could not harm goes singing like the lark, Like the incarnate Joy that will not be confined."



HERE is a new patient in Room 134, a Syrian—you will like to know him," the nurse said, as I entered her ward one morning with an armful of books, for as li-

brarian of the big army hospital I made

many visits each day.

Should I have followed her down the corridor quite so calmly and unexpectantly, I wonder, had I foreseen I was about to meet one whose vivid personality will remain with those of us who came to know him to the longest day of our lives?

There were two in bed in the room. One slim, light-haired, and blue-eyed, who gave me a friendly nod and greeting as I pushed open the door. But the other man—or was he only a boy too?—I knew instantly I had met no one just like him Was it the great shining dark eyes, and the low, broad forehead with its sweep of blue-black hair, or his smile that seemed to fill the whole of the room with sunlight, that made the difference, as he held out both strong young hands, saying in his broken English, "How do you Sit down. We are glad to do, Sister? meet you."

I know now that it was more than all of these. I was in the presence of one of those who had been through a lifetime of experience and suffering in a few short months, and had come out sadly broken in body, but gloriously triumphant in spirit.

After this first meeting I saw him almost every day, and we became great friends. He called me Sister as he did the nurses, and to me he was "Sahib" from the first, and I can never think of him by any other name.

Often I would take him a book, something he would enjoy as he toiled away

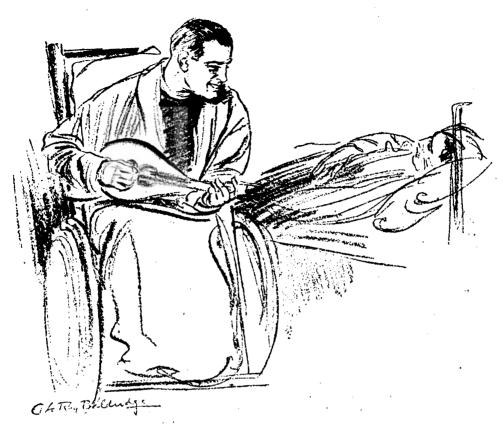
so patiently day after day at "the English." He was seldom idle, usually weaving on a bright mat or bag, with a gay Afghan thrown over his knees. And as his slim fingers flew he would be as gay as the colors he was working on, singing snatches of songs, or joking with the men who dropped in, for he was seldom alone.

But when it came time for "the English," things were different and the black head was bent earnestly over the book, while his fingers traced the words on the page. One tiptoed away then not to disturb him, secretly envying the teacher whose privilege it was to help him over

the roughest places each day.

When there were no books to take, I found myself inventing excuses for a visit (oh, there were many others like me): a picture he would enjoy seeing, or a few flowers to put on the table by the side of his bed, especially if they were red flowers, he loved red so. Or just to tell him about something nice that had happened the day before. But somehow you felt you had very little to bring him, he had so much in himself. You were the one who came away feeling the richer and happier for your visit by his window, which looked out through the tops of the great feathery hemlock-trees across the lawn to the white flagpole with the fluttering Stars and Stripes, and the Red Cross pennant sharply silhouetted against the steely blue wintry sky.

I shall never hear retreat sounded again but I shall be able to close my eyes and remember those afternoons when the first clear notes of the bugle broke forth. Involuntarily we stopped talking then, the work was dropped while Sahib's head was turned toward the window in respectful attention until the flags fluttered down out of sight. He was



He was a born host and story-teller . . . and as he talked, his fingers strummed on the mandolin.

never too sick or too weary to forget this. His love and reverence for the flag of his adopted country were one with his religion and patriotism; there was nothing trained or forced about either, they were bred of an innate love and devotion.

He puzzled some of the men, but you failed to find one who did not admire and respect him. "He's not like any one I ever met before," a big Vermont farmer said one day, in a genuine distress when Sahib was very ill. "I'm a lucky guy, though, to be in the same ward with him, and I wish there was something I could do for him now."

He was a born host and story-teller, and his brothers to leave it simple, direct, and unspoiled as a child, place. They had no choice a to have remained would have re

country where he had spent his boyhood! And as he talked, his fingers strummed on the mandolin that was never far out of reach.

The Holy Lands and Syria had always been magical spots, but never such human, glowing places until I heard about the house on the side of Lebanon Mountain, where the father and mother and little sister Wahadie were now, if the war had spared them. He heard no news, and he dared not think.

He was quite certain he no longer wished to live there, though no lack of love for their native land had caused him and his brothers to leave it in the first place. They had no choice at the time; to have remained would have meant being pressed into the Turkish army to fight against their own, and loss of home or death were preferable to that. But he longed to go back for a visit.

 $\mathsf{Digitized} \ \mathsf{by} \ Google$

"Oh. what a time we will have if you ever come to see us there!" he would say. throwing up his hands. "You will not hurry away; no one does when they visit in my country. How I wish you could have seen my uncle's wedding! They came for miles riding on horseback. For days and days we danced and played games and sang—and the feasting! Oh, la, la! Such feasting! But the weddings in this country," with scorn-"Sister, why do they have to hurry so?"

There was the tale of the trip from Iaffa to Ierusalem, when he was a little lad riding on an Arabian horse and wearing a turban and gay silk shawl; and of the camel-drivers, who rode across the desert at night laden with sacks of coffee, droning strange, weird songs as they rocked back and forth to keep themselves awake.

104

He made you see the women and children in the vineyards crushing out the ripe olives for oil; you felt the confusion and color and noise of the bazaar in the narrow street, and the glory and peace of the sunset as you watched it, in memory with him, from the housetop.

"It truly must be God's country there," I said one day. He was silent for a moment, and then said with a little sigh, "I doan know, Sister; I think as I live older that you can make God's country for yourself wherever you are."

The news that the British had taken Jerusalem filled him with unspeakable joy, and General Allenby was one of his many heroes, and he was never tired of looking at a beautiful photograph in color of the Entry of the British into Jerusalem.

How his eyes glowed and then a faraway expression came over his face the day I repeated for him the lines which had appeared in a magazine shortly before:

"They are coming out of Egypt and they seek the Promised Land

Through the desert and the lions that are standing in the way.

Hark! I hear the Tommies cheering to the music of the band;

'Carry on!' the Captain's calling; 'Carry on!' and 'Clear the way!'

"They have taken Gath and Ashdod and old Ascalon as well,

The places where the Philistines so fondly loved to dwell;

They have got the gates of Gaza and advancing in their wrath They smite the Hun as David smote Goliath

of old Gath.

"They have entered little Bethlehem with joy for Christmas Bay

They are in the Holy City with a prayer no word may say.

God keep you, young Crusaders! away beyond the sea:

He led you through the desert and Jerusalem is free." *

It seems a far cry from Lebanon Mountain to the little town in Pennsylvania where he and his brothers finally made a home, after much trouble and many disappointments, and opened a shop. Yet he was as attached in many ways to this small, out-of-the-way mountain mining town as he had been to the home in Syria; and its inhabitants, many of whom were Scotch, were almost as fascinating to hear about in their way.

"They were such good friends," he said, "and after all, that is what is worth while in your life, your friends! We have very big word for it in my language, but I can't tell it in English.

"Then the war came—I say to my brothers I must go. Everything I have belongs to America, everything I am belongs to my mother and Syria—so I fight for both."

And he did, work and fight with all the strength and fire that were in him. The name soldier stood for something, indeed, very fine and high to him, and he lived up to his ideal to the limit of his endurance, and refused to give up until he was forced to.

Like the majority, he told you very little about his fighting days. They were too horrible to him; there was too much he was trying to forget. It was quite by accident that I came to know he had the Croix de Guerre, but there was something that kept me ever from asking why it was given to him. One thing he mentioned many, many times and that was his love and respect for his captain, Archibald "Coptn Archie's" picture Roosevelt. was cherished in a brown wallet with that of General Allenby, and he wished many times that he might see or hear from him again.

* In Scribner's Magazine, January, 1919, by Andrew F.

Sahib 105

"The nurses had a very hard time in the first evacuation hospital I was taken to," he said one time, "there were so many of us. But lots worse than me, so I could help a little sometimes." It was from a young sergeant who knew him in the hospital at that same time, however, that I heard how Sahib, too helpless to walk, yet suffering less pain than many others, had persuaded the overworked nurse more than once to give him a bowl of water and a sponge and, dragging himself across the floor from one man to another, helped to bathe them.

If he had been a good soldier in the line, he was no less a good soldier now, fighting the hardest battles of all against pain and weariness and discouragement, facing the truth at twenty-three that he might never walk again, and still keeping his faith and courage day after day with a smile and a spirit that was a constant marvel to those who knew him.

Oh, he was very human, and there were hours when his whole soul rose in revolt against life as it was now, and his anger flamed to a white heat ready to break bonds, and his pals fled and left him knowing he must fight it out alone.

And, like all those with high spirits, he had his moments of black despair which threatened to engulf him until he caught a grip on himself and could smile again—a smile often more tragic to see than the tears he had shed. But when his spirits ran high, how he loved to tease! Interspersing his conversation with long Syrian words and phrases, his eyes dancing wickedly while his tongue was ever ready with "You know it is just for fun," fearful that his pranks might be taken too seriously.

The books were generally carried through the wards by the aid of a two-story little red cart vaguely resembling a tea-wagon, and variously dubbed "the Flivver," "the Tank," and "the Little Red Wagon." How well I remember the day it was left out in the corridor while I visited a room, and on returning discovered it was no place to be seen. After searching about for a few moments in vain, I came upon Sahib sitting in his chair near the stairs, assuming a look of such unusual innocence that I demanded

at once, "Sahib, what did you do with it?" Whereupon he doubled up with glee, and after repeatedly protesting with a shrug, "Why should I know?" pointed to a large closet near by where we found the travelling library neatly concealed.

A few moments later the ward surgeon, who had been an accomplice to the crime, told how he had come upon Sahib pushing the ungainly thing ahead of his wheel-chair, vainly trying to run it straight and glancing over his shoulder every few seconds to see if he were going to be caught. "If a man had not stopped you to speak in the doorway, you might have had us both red-handed," he added, laughing.

One day not long before Christmas, I found great preparations going forward at 134 for an expedition. He was to be taken to the town in his wheel-chair by his good friend the Red Cross captain and his particular buddy who had been with him in France. No, they would not tell what they were going to do. "We are going on what you say, a toot?" announced Sahib, his eyes dancing. So away they went, he the gayest of the lot, bundled up to his eyes, striped blanket, overseas cap jauntily atilt, and all.

In a few days I was called in to see the pictures they had had taken together that afternoon, and there was much discussion in regard to where each one should be sent. Sahib had so many friends and relatives to be remembered, and we must decide which one ought to have the "laughing picture," and which the one that looked "more military"; and then there were the inscriptions to be written on each one. This was a very serious matter because, as he explained, "I want them to be lovable at the same time very respectable" (he twisted the English curiously sometimes).

Such fun as we had wrapping them up in white tissue paper, and fastening them down with bright red-and-gold Christmas labels which he insisted on calling "gumstickums." Such frights as we had when we thought we had forgotten some one and the count must be revised.

The "military" picture pleased him best, and I caught him gazing at it longingly several times, and half guessed the back on the pillow, closed his eyes, and to me at first like a fruit and pastry shop. bit his lip. Then I was sure it was the mother whom he had left on Lebanon Mountain, when he began to speak softly, half to himself.

"It's Christmas. If I was sure she was there. But no, perhaps it's better not. She might not understand; it might make her sad, you think, Sister?" And (clinching his fist): "I'm not sad, I did it for her, and I would do it all again. But to walk just one step! When I joined the army I was like a young lion."

It was well toward six o'clock on Christmas Eve before I knocked again on Sahib's door.

The hospital had been in a ferment of holiday preparation all day, and I had been busy since early morning at a variety of things quite remote from books or a Those who were leaving for Christmas furloughs were rushing about getting passes, borrowing travelling-bags, tying up last packages. A noisy, joyous brown crew, but never a one too full of his own anticipations to have a thought for the fellow who was "out of luck" and had to spend Christmas Day in bed.

"Hard luck, Buddy! Never mind, cheer up-remember last Christmas."

"So long, old man; wish you were going with us. Gee!it's tough luck," you heard on all sides.

There were those who were too ill to think much about what to-morrow was going to be, but there were scores of others who, to say the least, were "low in their minds," though they tried to put a good face on it, and hoped for visitors to-morrow or a Christmas box from home. "Though it's hard to be so near and not be able to get there. Last year we were so far away there wasn't any use in thinking much about home."

As I paused in front of room 134, I heard Sahib's mandolin tinkling to one of the camel-drivers' songs, and as I pushed open the door an unusually festive sight met my eyes. The room was brightly lighted and a great bunch of holly hung in the window. He was alone for the moment, sitting up in bed in a new smok-

reason why he suddenly dropped his head morning, and in the midst of what looked Piles of apples, oranges, and nuts and raisins, covered the bureau and windowsill, and on the little table a marvellous concoction of pastry waited to be cut.

He threw down the mandolin as I entered, crying, "Oh, I've been waiting for you. Come on, now we can have a party. You cut my cake—so," unclasping his pocket-knife. "Perhaps you won't like it; it's Syrian cake."

"Why, Sahib," I said, "it seems to

have rained cakes and things."

"Yes," he answered gleefully "isn't it nice? My friend who keeps the shop in the town sent me the fruit, and I sent to the Syrian quarter in New, York for the cake. I say to myself, if you can't have a party with your own people, why" (with a shrug of his shoulders) "have a party with all your friends at the hospital. You like the cake, Sister? Good, try some of these; we ought to have something to drink when we eat. Oh, God bless your heart! you always come at the right time," as the door opened and the nurse entered carrying an enamel mug of egg-nog. "Now we can drink at our party," and nothing would do but we must taste the egg-nog too, passing the mug around loving-cup fashion, wishing one another "Good health and a merry Christmas!" while he clapped his hands like a delighted child.

The room was never empty long and soon it was filled with big fellows munching apples, cracking nuts, and pronouncing the Syrian cake "Swell, whatever else its name is." They drifted out one by one, for every one was too overcharged with Christmas to stay in any spot long. And when we were alone again Sahib peeped into a basket I was carrying with me, asking, "Did you forget the wishing candle?"

The day before, I had been telling him about my candlestick shaped like a Christmas-tree which I had kept year after year and lighted each Christmas Eve, making a wish before the candle burned out. That had pleased him, and I promised to bring it along when I came Christmas Eve.

Many others had wished on it that day and we generally had made a lark of it, ing jacket that had been sent to him that but with Sahib, as he gravely chose a little red candle, I saw it was going to be a serious matter, and for a moment I was sorry I had brought it as I watched him set the gaily painted thing on his knee and regard it silently at arm's length. Perhaps I had done wrong; he might put too much faith in a pretty superstition. Then he asked: "Does the wish have to be for me?"

"No," I answered: "you can wish any-

thing you like."

"Then this candle is for my brother I left in France, I make a wish for him," and he lighted the tiny taper, and we both watched it flicker silently for a moment before he blew it out.

"Now choose another candle," I said, "and make a wish for yourself," but he

shook his head.

"No, I light this one again and make my wish and my brother's on the same candle. We was always such chums."

Christmas morning there were voices to be heard singing, first the strains of "America," then an old carol, then a war song. At the end of the first ward some of the overseas nurses had dressed a tree, and grouped around it, on the floor or in wheel-chairs or leaning against the wall, were men and nurses, officers and doctors, quite forgetful of rank, all one for the time being, and in their midst with his head thrown back sat Sahib singing with the best of them:

> "There's a long, long trail a-winding Into the land of my dreams."

There are many memories bound up in Christmas Day 1918, but none that will remain longer with a few of us, at least, than the recollection of the faces in that while he was there his portrait was group as they sang.

After months of wearying treatments the doctors acknowledged they had done everything in their power, and Sahib must be discharged from the hospital but little better than he had entered it.

He was ready and willing to go, but, much as he longed to see his people again, he was filled with real grief at the thought of finally leaving the army with the friends and associations it had brought him through days of work and fighting and pain.

He had been so proud of his uniform. It meant so much to him, and now he was in no hurry to part with it. He was quite indignant when some one spoke of bringing him a red V to sew on his arm, indicating his discharge. "No," he said, "I go back to my people this way. I love my uniform. I doan want to give it up. I think I am always a soldier.

Every one in the hospital was obliged to admit that room 134 was indeed going to seem blank for a long time. It would have other occupants, of course, but how could every one from the head nurse to the ward master forget the feeling of expectancy they had always had when they knocked and waited to hear that quick, high-pitched "Come"? And it would be a long time before we should get over the habit of looking for a black head at a certain window with a flag in it, three from the end on the second floor, in order to wave as we rounded the drive night and morning.

Happily some of us were to see him a

Close by in the town there was an artist who lived in a quaint, rambling brown house, set far back from the street in a garden. She had done splendid, generous things for the men in the hospital in her very quiet way, and Sahib was one of the many who paid her frequent calls in his wheel-chair, and while she sketched they chatted about the faraway countries they both knew so well.

Now, as a change and a break before undertaking the journey home, which must be tragic at best, she invited him to come and visit in the brown house, and painted by an artist who came from New York—a portrait which shortly afterward played its part in the exhibits

of the great Victory Loan.

Those were rich hours for Sahib. His new friend the portrait-painter was like a great whole-hearted boy, full of splendid enthusiasm, broad-minded, interested in many things besides his art, with a fund of recollections of famous people and places that opened out new vistas to the boy in the wheel-chair as he sat day after day, not posing—it is doubtful if he was ever asked to do that-but mandolin or more often as the portrait gether. shows him, leaning forward, eagerly drinking in every word the friend had to say.

Altogether, what joyous days those were! Sahib instinctively loved beautiful things full of warmth and color, and had missed them sadly during the past months. Now he revelled in the little room with its buff walls, soft hangings, and big latticed French windows that opened out on the garden where the squirrels whisked and chattered, and the birds were beginning to come back with the first faint hint of green over the lilac-bushes.

Often in the evening you would find him there, lying back in his chair close to the window, the yellow lamplight falling on his head, crooning a little song to himself, his eyes half closed. I can hear it now, that faint little song growing clearer as you came up the path.

"The days go too fast," he said one evening with a little sigh. "I want to hold them in my hands—so. When I think I must leave it all, my heart gets

very big inside of me."

There was a little boy at the brown house who came in often to visit with him. Sahib loved children dearly and the child instinctively went to him; they understood each other perfectly. He might puzzle us many times, but he never puzzled the little boy.

One afternoon as I was leaving, the

child came in.

"Ah, now we will show Sister what we have learned, eh?" said Sahib, laughing and handing him his cane.

'Attention!" the little body straight-

laughing, chatting, strumming on his ened up and the small heels clicked to-

"Now, the British salute!" and the chubby hand went up and back with the

true snap.

"The French! Ah, good! Now the American! That's the boy! Now, right about face! Forward march!" and away strode the little boy around the room trying to keep his usually beaming face very sober until the orders came, "Halt! Fall out!" when he ran laughing to his friend, crying: "Let's do it again."

"No, no, drill's over for to-day. You know when I was a little, little boy like you in Syria, my father he use to tell me" -and already the little boy had forgotten about being a soldier, his friend

was going to tell him a story.

So he squatted down on the stool by the side of the wheel-chair, and snuggling up against Sahib's knee began to listen, while his stubby finger slowly traced the gaily colored squares on the Afghan.

I slipped away and closed the door. Sahib's is an unfinished story. It must be like so many others of that great company to which he belonged, now scattered north, south, east, and west, beginning their new lives as best they may, but he has left us much to remember, and live by, and a never-ending debt of gratitude. He and others like him, sons of far-off countries who with our own have given great gifts for us, their best, their strength and manhood—and daily continue to give, a cheerful sacrifice to assure the safety and happiness of innumerable children to come and a future peace and good-will on earth.

MATHEMATICS

By Florance Waterbury

THE throbbing heart in Music's breast; Stern Architecture's soul; The rope that whirls across dark space And lassoes flying stars.

DUETTO: SUMMER

By Maxwell Struthers Burt

Ι

THE wind when the stars awaken,
The place where at dawn you stood;
Here where the stream is shaken
In silver folds through the wood,
All are now as they once were,
Color and cloud and sound:
The iris starts from the ground:
Nothing is new but my heart; O heart!
Nothing is old but my heart.

Noon; and the corn-flower starring
The warm deep green of the grass,
And the shadow of lupin barring
The shadow of clouds that pass.
Day is a drowsy faring,
Purple and rich with bees:
Clover is ripe to my knees:
Nothing is old but my heart; O heart!
Nothing is new but my heart.

High on the hills the aspen
Turn in their luminous arc;
Whisper with dusk and soften
As the moments move to the dark:
Stir in their pinioned running,
Turn in the luminous wind:
The moments turn in my mind:
Nothing is new but my heart; O heart!
Nothing is old but my heart.

II

In all still places, Places in the hills, Small winds ripple, go rippling through the grass, And the shadow of the hours, And the shadow of the flowers, Ripple with the moments as the warm days pass.

In all high countries,
Blue, and valley starred,
Lichened slopes are warm to smell, and juniper and fir;
In the cups between the rocks
Carrots grow on sturdy stalks,
And columbine and Never-Die and fireweed occur.

In all mountain meadows, High above the fields, Noon is filled with silence, infinite and wise; Cool and blessed lapse of sound, Never a murmur, save around Green and hidden hollows where the clear streams rise.

FOOD BY THE OPEN ROAD

ANOTHER CRUISE OF "THE DINGBAT OF ARCADY"

By Marguerite Wilkinson Author of "Bluestone," "New Voices," etc.

"It's a very odd thing-As odd as can be-That whatever Miss T. eats Turns into Miss T.

-Walter de la Mare.



HAT is the strange thing about food, the metamorphosis. Shakespeare was made of flour and green herbs and the flesh of beasts. The greatest living

American may be made of buckwheat pancakes for all that we know to the contrary. Ambrosia eaten by swine would become swine. Though we dine on roses we are not necessarily sweet. The jackin-the-pulpit for supper would not make preachers of us. And yet-

We are changed by our food. some, conventional kinds of food do not freshen us as does the clean, wild, simple food of field and forest. Of course, in every community nowadays are a few dietetic dogmatists who would eat old automobiles if they supposed that the essential calories would be in them in soluble form. There are cultists who despise food because it is matter. If it were not for the stubborn fact of hunger they would not eat. Finally, there are mentally dyspeptic intellectuals who devour Freud (without being able to digest him) when they should be eating apples.

I never have enjoyed camping-trips made with large numbers of people, but when I think of all of these poor souls I am filled with a womanly desire to snatch them up and spirit them away into the woods or into farm country, on such a trip as Jim and I are wont to take together. I would take them where calories, cults, and psychoanalysis are unknown, and where every animal and every person, in all honesty and dignity, is interested in food. After making them all ex-

them the world's finest camp-fire and make lucky stew.

I wish Lamb were alive to write about lucky stew. He could do it justice. But he may have forgotten even roast pig by this time. At any rate, since I am no spiritualist, I cannot expect his assistance. I must describe lucky stew myself, beginning with the recipe.

"Put anything you like in a very deep pail And pour on anything you please; Stir it all up with anything you find Under the anywhere trees.

If anybody comes, asking for dinner, Serve it with anything you wish; But never, never, never, never, never forget To put a four-leaved clover in the dish."

That is a good recipe of the conventional kind, for it leaves out most of the important information. Good recipes never tell the whole story. If they did, cooking would lack romance. As it is, cooking is romantic work.

Consider the demand for a four-leaved clover! Sometimes no four-leaved clover can be found. Jim and I find four-leaved clovers only two or three times in a season, even when we camp all summer, but we have lucky stew nearly every night. Therefore, I have cleverly learned to substitute three white petals from a newly opened daisy, or one long, friendly pineneedle. These have a magic of their own quite as good as the magic of clovers. When good recipes call for something which cannot be had, the wise cook simply substitutes what can be had.

Having found the suitable substitute, the camper is ready to look for "anything you please" and "anything you like." "Anything you like" usually means vegetables for us, when we are travelling in farm country, game or fish in the wilds. In Oregon it meant carrots most of the ceedingly hungry I should like to build for time, for they were plentiful. In the East

it sometimes means scraggly rutabagas, bursting cabbages, pithy radishes, jaundiced cucumbers, bumptious kohlrabis, and ancient beets—the more the kinds, the merrier. At other times it has meant sweet corn, succulent tomatoes, delicate peas. We take chances, always, when we go abroad seeking adventures. But we try to combine the raw materials of lucky stew in ways that show imagination, fine sensibility and delicate intuition. That is the secret of the recipe.

The vegetables, of course, must be cut into pieces that will all be thoroughly cooked at the same moment. Hard and ancient vegetables must be cut small. Young and tender ones should be added after the others have cooked a while. The pail or pot in which they are to boil should be filled with water ("anything you please") to a point just below the top of the vegetables, just so that they do not float. When they have cooked thoroughly a small tin of evaporated milk can be added to the liquid in the pot and thickened. Butter may be used, or olive-oil. Then you have a dish for the great of the earth, mingling many aromas, rich, warm, "filling."

Lucky stew is best, of course, if a surprise can be added to it. A surprise is something found when it is not expected! Once, in southern California, when I was making lucky stew on the beach, I found a giant Pismo clam lying calmly near my foot. I am sure that it was not the fear of evil which gave him over to his fate. Even his big six-inch shell was a quite serene denial of error. Yet I seized him and added him to my pail of onions and potatoes. Perhaps, he was content to perish in a good cause.

At other times I have put in mussels fresh from rocks washed by surf, delightful surprises. Or, when we have been floating down rivers, I have taken soft little river fish, chubs, suckers, and the like, that would be insipid eaten alone, and, after parboiling, skinning, and boning, added them to my stew, making a tolerably good chowder. One last lonely frankfurter discovered in the bottom of the provision-box, one small bit of ham, or a lopsided strip of bacon cut into scraps, will give a surprisingly delightful flayor to almost any stew of mixed vege-

tables. And once I made lucky stew out of a porcupine. He was a bother to skin, but I did not do that. His hind legs were the best and biggest part of him, and tasted very good, like young spring lamb.

"Anything you wish," in the recipe may mean toast in practice, if we have been travelling in regions where bread can be bought. What toast can be made over embers of the fire that cooked lucky stew! It is crisp and tender, and has a perfume that suggests the possible domesticity of the muses. The color of it is a rich, evenly spread, friendly brown like the brown of oak leaves in autumn. Be it said that whosoever has eaten toast and lucky stew in sufficient quantities has dined well,

Yet there is no law against dessert, and for dessert by the open road wild berries are best, small perfect lyrics made by the collaboration of sun and rain and sweet earth. No wild strawberries can be better than those of Maine and New Brunswick. They are borne in abundance on long, fair stems glistening with dew, wearing a flame color unquenched by it. I have slept where I could gather them for my petit dejeuner without rising. I remember an upland fallow in New Hampshire where the blueberries, smoky, mild, uncloying, are cause enough for grace after meat. I have torn hands and hair without regret in thickets on steep and stony hillsides in order to get raspberries, red and black. On the banks of the Tobique I have picked and eaten the rare, winy, and beautiful sand-cherry or beach plum. It is lovely to look at, growing on long, graceful sprays that spring out of the sand and lean to it again, and the flavor is zestful and romantic. I have eaten the small wintergreen berry as one eats an after-dinner mint. But the happiest days of adventure have been associated with blackberries. Once they kept us fed when we could get nothing else for several days.

It was in Oregon, when we were making our trip down the Willamette River in The Dingbat of Arcady, a boat which we had built ourselves in a day and a half. We had left the town of Salem behind without securing any great amount of food there, because we counted on being able to buy from farmers on our way,

but for one reason or another, we did not large, plump with juices from rains recentfind farmers with food to sell, and for a long stretch of river before we reached Newburg we lived on limited rations. Finally, there came a day when we had only tea for breakfast, with sugar and no milk, and one small piece of triscuit each. we were eager to be off toward Newburg and good food.

At about two o'clock that afternoon we saw a farm near the water's edge. I scrambled up the bank, cutting and scratching arms and legs on stones and Then I ran across a small meadow to the house. I was met at the door by a hearty old lady of Scandinavian origin. I asked her if she had any vegetables to sell to two hungry campers.

"I haf a onion," she said; "but I want him for my dinner."

"Have you any fruit?"

"I haf a apple."

She wanted "him" also for her dinner. She explained that her farm was managed for her by her brothers who owned a rising on the hills well away from the neighboring farm farther inland and grew shore, it began to rain. It was late. We all the vegetables and fruit needed for did not want to travel in the rain and get both, giving her a supply of necessaries whenever they drove over to the river. There must have been a hungry glitter in my eyes for she looked at me steadily up onto the beach and tied her. Then, a moment, thinking. Then, with a wrinkly smile, she said:

"You eat blackberry?"

I was almost ready to eat hay and assented eagerly. She pointed across the pasture to a patch of heavy vines hanging in a great clump in full sunlight, twinkling with beady black fruit.

"Eat all you want and take all you Too many here," she said.

I thanked her with an enthusiasm which must have puzzled her. Then I ran down and hallooed to Jim, bidding him bring something in which to carry berries. In a minute he was beside me, carrying a big newspaper in which some of our clothing had been wrapped. Together we ran to the clump of berry vines. We set down the paper and began to eat.

For about fifteen minutes we picked and swallowed without stopping for much conversation. I had never liked blackberries much before, but these were the best I had ever eaten, in prime condition, and spoiled. Then, although sand is a

ly fallen, warm and sugary as a result of several days of hot sunshine. They melted away in our mouths and disappeared silently by tens and dozens.

When we had eaten very nearly as many as possible, quite as many as We broke fast thus lightly at dawn, for seemed wise, we picked a plentiful provision to carry with us. We must have put nearly a peck into that newspaper. Then, with our treasure, we went back to

the Dingbat.

The berries agreed with us very well, which was fortunate, for we got little else to eat for several days. Late that afternoon we did come upon a dairy farm, and bought a quart of rich cream. But we could not persuade the farmer to sell anything else. For dinner we had blackberries swimming in that cream, with plenty of sugar. More elaborate meals

might taste worse. While we were eating thus, poetically, on a stretch of sand in a wild and wonderful curve of the river, with great firs wet just at sundown. Nor were we sure that we could find a better place to camp if we went on. So we pulled the Dingbat since we had no tent and had been dependent on maple leaves for shelter, camping usually in the groves, we were hard put to it for protection. However, we took the strip of ever-useful canvas which had served as a cover for our blankets, strung it over a rope tied between two saplings about two feet above the earth, and pegged out the corners, thereby improvising a small, low tent. It was almost satisfactory. I say almost advisedly. For if our feet were far enough under cover to be dry, our faces had to be out in the night getting wet. If our faces were dry, our feet suffered. But the trees were too far away to be reached This was simply the driest of easily. several wet ways of spending the night. We took half a dozen sticks of wood inside with us, that we might keep them dry and be sure of a fire in the morning. We also took the remainder of our cream under cover that it might not be diluted

test of the camper, when used for a bed, we slept reasonably well.

In the morning we built our fire, made tea, and with our tea ate the rest of our cream and some of our berries. At noon we lunched on berries again, having found no place where we could make purchases. Toward sundown of another day, wearily, and very hungrily, Jim pulled the Dingbat into a little cove near a point where the river widens and where we could see two or three small cottages on the bank. Tim left me to watch our belongings while he went ashore to forage.

Perhaps the ethereal diet of the week just past had fed my spirit. I do not know. But I know that while I sat in the Dingbat and watched the moon rise above dark firs on the other side of the river, while the sky was still blue with day, a mood of wonder and worship came upon me. The lapping of water against my boat, a long, seductive, fascinating rhythm, lulled to rest all bodily longing, all desire for food other than that beauty which feeds the spirit. It was one of the fine moments of realization that come to all of us when speech is impossible unless it is poetry already made and in the mind, stored against the time of need.

It was the fir-grove, or the moon, I think, that made my mood vocal for me, for I remembered Fannie Stearns Davis' "Song of Conn the Fool," and the words came to my lips inevitably.

"I will go up the mountain after the moon, She is caught in a dead fir-tree, Like a great pale apple of silver and pearl, Like a great pale apple is she."

While I was murmuring to myself after the happy manner of poets and lunatics, I looked away from the moon a moment and across the glossy top of the river. There, mysterious as if piloted by an invisible Charon, a huge, flat-bottomed rowboat was coming toward me, propelled by a pair of oars longer than those which Tim used in the *Dingbat*. When it drew nearer I saw that the Charon in charge was a little girl about ten years old. She was attended by several small sisters and brothers. She pulled alongside and stared at me solemnly for a minute or two. I stared solemnly at her. Then, her small brothers and sisters, and to realizing that her appearance had not greet her mother who lived in one of the

spoiled my happy mood, I resolved to share it with her. I found that I could speak to these shy little strangers without losing the sense of wonder that had been large in my mind when they appeared. They had become a part of it.

I asked if they like poetry and they admitted that they did, vaguely, perhaps with misgivings, but politely neverthe-The idea seemed to be that they were willing to like it, though not perfectly sure that they had ever heard any. Then, because I was afraid that they would not ask me to say any poetry for them, I offered to, and with a grave politeness they permitted me to begin.

I repeated "The Song of Conn the Fool," Not a sound broke the music of the lines unless it was the lapping of ripples against the boats. Five small faces looked at me intently, as I pointed to the white moon above the fir-trees. When I had finished the little girl drew a long breath. Her small brother piped:

"Say another."

They had liked it! There was no stopping me then. I said "Souls," after explaining carefully that they are a part of the intellectual anatomy usually discussed in church and Sunday-school, but that they have an independent existence outside of these excellent institutions. Then I repeated "The Cloud," by Sara Teasdale, and many another lyric. My audience remained soberly interested, loquacious only in the intervals between poems.

But time passed and Jim returned with food, eggs and vegetables again, at last. We crossed the river to pitch camp where there were no houses, cooked our dinner, ate it and slept peacefully.

In the morning back we went, eager to secure supplies to enable us to live reasonably well for the next day or two. At the end of a path leading to the cove we met the little girl who had been in charge of the rowboat the night before. She had seen us coming. She had picked a pail of loganberries for us. Then and there I put my hand into the pail and drew it out full of rosy fruit, pungent, refreshing, and fragrant as only loganberries can be.

Together we went up the path to meet

cottages. It was low and weary-looking. that cottage, almost ready to bend its vertical lines together and slump upon the earth. In the door was the mother of the children who had been my audience, a tired, kind-looking woman. She came out to meet us.

"Are you the lady who recited for the children?"

I admitted that I was and wondered whether I was to be scolded.

"They didn't go to sleep till twelve for talking about it," she said. "I couldn't make 'em stop."

"I am afraid you don't like me very much if I have kept your children awake, said I, apologetically, with vivid memories of my own mother's feelings when any of her six would not slumber. But this mother reassured me.

"Would you say the poetry for me?"

she asked wistfully.

What a chance! Of course I would. She sat down on the sloping steps of her porch and gathered her brood around her. I stood in broad sunlight in the path below. My hair was done in a tight, ugly knot. My face and hands were stained with juice of loganberries. I wore a khaki skirt dingy with smoke from many fires, and an old shirt of my husband's with the collar loose at the throat and the sleeves cut off at the elbow. A city audience would have stopped and looked, but it would not have listened. Yet my audience by the river listened with pleasure. And never have I found greater pleasure in speaking the lines of a poem. I said everything that I could remember.

When my programme came to an end the mother went into the house and brought me a thank-offering, a dozen cucumbers, a loaf of fresh bread, a small pat of butter, carrots, and lettuce. She would take no money for them. So, with peace in our hearts, we thanked one another for such gifts as we had been able to give. Then Jim and I got into the Dingbat once more and pushed slowly out into the current. Five little figures stood at the top of the bank to see us off. We waved to them as long as we could. Then the river bent and we passed away from them, probably forever. I have earned my bread, and also my loganberries, in many ways; but never have they tasted

sweeter than then, when I earned them by sharing poetry.

I remember another beautiful gift of

food that came to us after we had crossed the Columbia and entered the little Lewis River. We had pulled up as far as the fork, that day, fishing for salmontrout. But we had caught none. At sundown we dropped down to the mouth again and asked a fisherman who lived in a house-boat scow securely chained to piles in the bank, whether we might camp ashore, but near his residence, for the night. He seemed surprised by the request, for he did not own the land, but he said it would probably be all right. He was glad to have neighbors. He and his wife and his partner, he said, would be at hand if we should need anything.

In a grove at a short distance we built our fire and made lucky stew with plain potatoes. In about half an hour they were ready, and we began to eat. Then we saw our fisherman friend coming toward us, balancing something in each uplifted hand, like a waiter in a cheap restaurant. When he arrived it was evident that he held a pan of hot biscuit in one hand and a hot apple-pie in the

other.

"The wife thought you'd like 'em for

supper," he said.

Did we like them? For weeks we had lived chiefly on lucky stew and triscuit. Those biscuits, that pie vanished quickly. After eating them we went over to the house-boat to thank Mrs. Fisherman. They bade us sit on their pier and talk. We did.

The two men owned and operated a motor fishing-boat on the Columbia. They asked what luck we had had with salmon-trout up the Lewis. We admitted that he had had no luck at all.

"What bait did you use?" they asked. "Worms," we replied innocently.

They laughed heartily.

"You won't get 'em that way. Gotta

use salmon eggs."

Then we learned the complexities of fishing for salmon-trout. They feed on the eggs of the big salmon. First the fisherman takes these eggs and pickles them with granulated sugar. When they are firm and will not spoil easily he puts a mass of them in a small sack with some

baits a long line with two or three salmon eggs, puts on a heavy sinker, throws it in on the down-stream side of the sack, rows back to shore and waits.

That is what we did, and it was not long before we were rewarded for our pains. We pulled in a lovely, leaping silver fish that flashed in and out of the water as we reeled, flickering like money in the sun. He was clear pink, like salmon, under his silver surface, and sweeter than any other trout I ever ate. After that the day that brought us one or two -a good meal—was a red-letter day.

Mr. Fisherman and his wife and partner proved to be friendly, enjoyable human beings, and got up a jolly fishingparty for us. They came to breakfast with us first, under our tree, and we made pancakes for them, and camp coffee, and had a feast. Then we all piled into their motor fishing-boat, and in it crossed the Columbia and went up the sluggish Willamette Slough, a muddy and unlovely branch of a beautiful river. Our friends took us to a muddy backwater where catfish were plentiful—the kind called bullheads in the East. In about an hour we caught sixty-five good ones and thought that would be enough. We ate the luncheon we had carried with us, and went home in triumph. Our friends kept their share and showed Jim how to skin our share. The bullhead, to be good, must be skinned.

We pulled the *Dingbat* up the stream to a camping-place near a farm where we hoped to get milk, water, and vegetables for dinner. I went up to inquire while Jim sat down on the shore to clean our fish. When I returned with my purchases I saw the young farmer who owned the place standing on the bank above Jim. looking down on our catch hungrily.

"Do you like bullheads?" I asked.

"You bet!"

"Have some for your dinner," said Jim

quickly.

The young farmer demurred politely. He hadn't meant anything like that, he said. But we urged him to take some fish, for so many people had given us food that we were eager to do a little giving

stones. He throws this sack overboard in ourselves. Finally, he took some up to the middle of the river just above the the house for his wife. A few minutes place where he expects to fish. Then he later she appeared on the bank, bringing us a few ears of green corn, a handful of tender cucumbers, lettuce, and vinegar to go with it, and a small pitcher of sweet cream. She suggested that I go with her to the berry patch in the pasture and get fruit for dessert. I did, and we had the first real two-course dinner of our trip. After dinner we went up to their cottage and spent the evening in their tiny livingroom, admiring a fine Oregon baby and talking of nothing in particular, which is one of the best things to talk about when one's feelings are social.

When we returned to the Atlantic seaboard, we were told that farmers here would not be as friendly to us as Western farmers had been. But our first adventure in New York State proved that this was all wrong. We were travelling in our funny little Ford this time. Life had dealt hardly with him and his personal appearance showed the effects of stress and strain, but Frankie Ford was far from his end. His radiator was puckered and wrinkled, and he wore his top rakishly. But what a soul—what an engine he had! We went on and on and he en-

ioved it!

It was early in April and we were travelling up the Hudson River on the East shore near Troy when the weather changed. It had been mild and balmy, with willows budding out in the swamp, brush reddening. It turned chilly and began to rain. We crossed the river and turned south on the west side after purchasing a pound of steak in one of the villages, so that we could be sure of something for supper. The thermometer dropped and the rain became sleet. This was food for thought. Our tent would bear any amount of water without leaking, but what about ice? It was made of light waterproofed material. Ice might

We drove on, wondering what to do, following perfect country roads through a drear, gray, chilly drizzle, until we saw a tall, roomy, old-fashioned farmhouse ahead of us, with a big barn near at hand. The place looked hospitable and wholesome. Some homes wear the auras of their owners. And by that time we were

chilled through and wet. It was beginning to be windy. Jim went to the door of the farmhouse and asked permission to

sleep in the barn.

The lady of the house looked us over keenly. Then she invited us to spend the night in her guest-room. But it was against our principles to accept that invitation. Camping is not altogether for pleasure. It is also for discipline. The camper who takes the soft way easily may miss the hard joys of the road. Our camping consciences troubled us even in the thought of the comfort of a barn, but we satisfied ourselves with the thought that we could not afford to spoil our tent. All this we explained to the kind woman in the doorway. She allowed us to spend the night in her barn.

But she would not let us use our primus lamp for cooking. She took us into a lean-to where she had been ironing all afternoon, and where a good fire still There she bade us get warm and cook our supper. It was luxurious! We cooked our pound of steak with some onions and made cocoa. While we were feasting on this already plentiful fare our hostess brought in a can of preserved cherries and offered them to us for dessert. They were carefully pitted, winy, rich, delicious. She also donated a dozen big apples that had come safely through the winter in her cool cellar. We ate our bountiful repast with glee, and, after tidying up the room, went out to the barn.

It was beautifully clean and airy. We took a few forkfuls of hay over into one corner, spread our blankets thereon, and, as we drifted off to sleep, listened to what Hamlin Garland astutely calls "the comfortable sound" of "hosses chawin' hay."

We were treated with as much kindness once in Scotland. We had driven up through Yorkshire and across Westmoreland in a combination cycle and side-car, what we call a "wife-killer" in this dear slangy country of ours. It had rained off and on, chiefly on, for a week or two. We had our tent with us and kept fairly dry at night, camping in lanes and groves. But in the daytime we rolled over wet roads with the heavens open above our was wetter, English rain, or Scotch mist. tea, too, with the daintiest of thin bread

It was late afternoon and we had crossed the border into Scotland when we came upon a small cottage by the road. A grove near it looked like a good place to camp. Jim got out and asked the people who lived in the cottage whether we might have permission to put up a tent there for the night. The little woman who came to the door could not give the permission herself, but sent Jim on to the "big house" to ask, with assurances that it would probably be all right.

For one reason or another I was left standing in the middle of the road, dripping at every crease and angle of my apparel, waiting for Jim to return. My most intimate garments were thoroughly wet and I was cold. I had not been near a fire for three days and nights. Just then a young girl came to the door and called

to me.

"Mother wants you to come in and get warm by our fire."

I went in and sat down to warm my stiff feet at the fender. My clothes began to steam pleasantly. White clouds of steam rose from my coat. I told the pretty, dark-eyed woman that we had come from far-away New York. They thought it was in Canada, near Vancouver. Their knowledge of the United States of America was very limited, but their knowledge of human needs and longings was beautiful and rich. Quietly and charmingly the little mother set the table for tea, talking to me pleasantly all the time. I thought that since it was tea time it might be polite for me to suggest departure, but as I was framing a proper speech, my hostess said:

"Does your husband take an egg to his

They had been getting tea especially for us! They had had their own earlier. Cold and wet as I was, the thought of tea came like a shock of swift delight. The thought of their kindliness, too, made it difficult to say "Thank-you" gracefully enough. They were purely and beautifully hospitable, and would take no money for the tea. And such a tea!

I had had teas in London drawingrooms with Lady This and Lady That, and I had enjoyed meeting the clever and shelterless heads, trying to decide which charming people. It had been very good

and butter. But my Scotch friends, who belonged to one of the oldest and most romantic of the clans, had several kinds of bread and butter, scones, several kinds of cake, and a wonderful rhubarb tart! We might drink as many cups of tea as we wanted, and we did. Then also there was the friendliest talk in the world, talk of monuments and sights to be seen in the road, and we withdrew into the old brown neighborhood.

By the time tea was over the rain had stopped—or the mist had cleared. We took leave feeling warm and jolly and pitched our tent in the grove. In the evening our friends came to see us in camp. They admired our tent, our bedding, our primus lamp for cooking, our funny little car. Then they sat down under the trees to talk with us.

The man of the house, who had not been present at tea time, had come with his wife to see us, and they had brought the two youngest children, a boy about ten years of age and a little girl somewhat younger; lovely, healthy children, shy as young deer. It occurred to me that the man of the house might have a good voice in his big, broad chest. I asked if he could sing and he admitted that he could a bit. Jim, thereupon, agreed to sing an American song for every Scotch song our host would sing. They took it turn about most of the evening. Jim sang "Dixie," "Old Kentucky Home," and "The Star-Spangled Banner," which they had never heard. The braw Scot sang plaintive, sentimental ballads, many of them quite new to us, and quite delightful. One was about a coy maiden who said to her eager lover,

"I canna, winna, mauna buckle to!"

"Buckle to" means "get married." I told them that our American equivalent was "hitch up," which amused them immensely.

When he noticed that we understood the words of his songs, our friend turned and asked us how it happened, since we did not speak their way and came from a long way off. I told him that educated Americans all read Burns, and he was amazed and delighted. Then, when he had sung everything he could think of himself he turned to his son and heir and said, "I canna," and then he said. "I winna." But after much coaxing from his pretty mother, and after a firm command from his sire, Robbie sang, at first shyly, then delightfully, with all the unimpassioned clarity and grace of a boy's soprano.

When they went home down the quiet tent I felt that there was still much blessedness to be told of mankind to mankind. Such kindness has often been shown us on the open road. I hope we have never abused it. I hope no camper ever will.

As a mere poet certain things would be permitted to me which are considered unbecoming in the wife of a teacher. For instance, I seldom curse. But if any camper ever does return evil for such good gifts given to him, then may fire fail him in need, and may springs be tainted in the land where he travels, and may poison-ivy cling to his ankles, and may burrs catch in his hair, and may thorns tear his face, and may snakes sleep in his bed, and may the wood-tick bury itself in his flesh, and may the mosquito and the black-fly buzz near him even unto the end of eternity!

In wild country, where the woodsmen cannot give food all prepared for the guest, they will give information that is the price of many a good meal. The men on the Tobique gave us much information of this kind when we were camping there one summer.

First they told us how to catch the trout and where. Jim got a hundred and thirty-two one afternoon, and shared them with our neighbors. Every camper has his own favorite way of cooking trout. We fry ours in olive-oil. Bacon fat, generally used, is good, but overcomes the delicate flavor of the trout, so that what the camper tastes is bacon. The sweetness of the trout can be savored perfectly when they are fried in olive-oil. First we take each freshly caught aristocrat, clean it, and wash it in clear water. Then we lift it up to let the sunlight bless it. Then with sincere affection we dip it in a mixture of flour, corn-meal, pepper, and salt, and lay it down in a pan in which the oil is already hot. We fry to a mild brown bade him sing for us. At first Robbie and serve with coffee and, if there be any

butter are very good with trout.

Sometimes, as every one knows, trout will not bite. Then the hungry camper is wise if he will fish for eels. The Canadian woodsmen taught us how to do that, too. They built a fire of driftwood near the water's edge. Then we took bits of old meat, or stale fish, and baited our lines. Almost as soon as we had thrown them in, the eels, attracted to the shore by the light, took bait and hook. We hauled them out, each one a writhing, wriggling, twisting, squirming body, marvellously muscular and energetic, tying itself into slippery, oozy knots and loops. It was difficult to get the hooks out of them. Many had to be decapitated. Even then they kept on wriggling.

After we had caught enough the woodsmen showed Jim how to skin them. The skin is worked loose at the neck and then, with just the right kind of a tug, pulled off backward, like a glove. Even while this is going on the dead eel writhes and twists. Then we cut them into pieces three or four inches long, and dropped them into a pail of salted water to stand

until they stiffened.

use plenty of hot fat over a slow fire, to food we are changed.

at hand, with cress or sour-grass. Wild drop in the sections, properly floured, chives cut up between slices of bread and and fry them until we were sure they had been cooked too long; then we cooked them even longer. Eels, to be good eating, must have patient, thorough cooking. When they have been properly cooked they wriggle no more, but are firm, and sweet, and rich.

But the joy of joys is Canadian maplesugar. It has the flavor of a whole forest in it, and sings upon the tongue like many birds. To eat it at the end of a scanty

meal is to swallow fairy-land.

On such food we have lived, Jim and I, when we have left the town behind and gone out on the roads and rivers on adventure. On such food we have thriven. And nothing could induce us, I think, to go camping with the usual luggage train of many tin cans, accompanied by many people who think that camping means beans. Those beans are very good at home. But it is not in that way that we desire to be fed by the open road. For to live clean and hard, to go hungry when it is necessary, to get the clean, sharp savor of wild food in sufficient quantities when we can, or, where there are homes, to be social and neighborly in the breaking of bread, is to have food and drink When frying-time came we learned to most exquisite and satisfying. By such

MY LITTLE HOUSE OF DREAMS

By James B. Carrington

My little house of dreams, I see, Among the far blue hills, Or somewhere near a sea-swept lea Where surf's deep music thrills;

Or by some little winding stream, That mirrors all the trees, Where silent stars at night agleam Puff out with every breeze.

I sit and watch the clouds sail by, Adown the earth's far rim, Like homing birds my thoughts they fly In shadows soft and dim.

I dream all day and in the night My little house I see, I care not where its earthly site, So it be home to me!

ERTAINLY no one can say any longer that old age is not adaptable. If there has been one tradition more firmly established than another, it is the belief in the indissoluble connection between the old lady and the fireside;—plus a pair of knitting-needles. To be sure, the domestic hearth is becoming

a rare and rarer luxury, yet, as one goes about among hotels, large and small, one becomes convinced that the old ladies have not waited for the extinction of its fires before taking themselves elsewhere. The hotels are full of them. They are of all sorts and they come for all reasons: the difficulty of the servant question, the cost of housekeeping, the loneliness of living by oneself, the irksomeness of living as an attachment to a household of young people, which perhaps may mean a more irritating and depressing loneliness than actual solitude. But consider what a change has come when the elderly woman refuses to be an appendage of that sort and makes up her mind that "growing old gracefully" doesn't necessarily mean extinction. She packs her trunks, stores her furniture, or gives it to her children, goes to the kind of hotel she can afford, takes such quarters as she can get, and settles herself. Very rarely she has her own maid. If she can afford a car and a chauffeur, it is so much to the good. If she can afford the car and not the chauffeur, she very likely learns to drive it herself: and if she cannot even have that, she takes the street-cars, thankful for once for the gray hair that gives her a seat while younger women stand. With her club, her church, her books, her game of cards, such handiwork as pleases her, and such friends as time has left her, the days go by only too swiftly.

It has been said that one reason why old people develop queerness is that with advancing age they lose the power of self-control and show peculiarities which hitherto they have held down out of sight. But the old lady in a hotel must not lose her self-control. She cannot let herself go. Life has become for her an everlasting dress parade; and that is, on the whole, good for

her. Life may not hold much for her in the present and the only certain prospect for the future is decline—and brevity. But meantime she must arrange her hair in the most becoming way, must put on presentable clothes—and put them on well—and must come out of her room with a smiling face. If she yields to depression or temper or whims, she will be avoided, and that she could not bear. It is wonderful how almost invariably she rises to the situation. Indeed, she has a gallant soul and one takes off one's hat to her. If, in addition, she has a sense of humor, she can, with her long experience of life, be the most agreeable of companions.

As to gallantry, I know one little old lady who delightfully showed the sporting blood which she inherited from a long line of ancestors. She lived in a small hotel where all the guests knew each other and she had never been seen by any of them without her auburn wig. At length she decided that auburn was no longer becoming and accordingly appeared one evening at dinner with beautiful luxuriant wavy gray hair. There was keen interest at the other tables. "Have you seen Mrs. W.'s new wig?" one said to another. "No, don't look now—wait a minute—now!"

They were discreet. Mrs. W. didn't see them looking, but she knew—and in her eighties she was still a good sport. She finished her dinner and then made the circuit of the tables, asking for congratulations on her new wig. One felt like giving her a round of applause.

But the life sometimes has its trials. The small hotels have their own social circles and in some places—let us hope not in all—the old ladies are dreadfully let alone except by their contemporaries. Now, they hate always to be looking at wrinkled faces. For brief seasons of the toilette they have to look at their own, which they promptly forget, and feel so young that the next time they see themselves in a mirror it gives them a distinct and unpleasant shock. Having passed through all ages, they like people of all ages, both men and women, and feel that life is only interesting when

they can come in touch with its variety. Paris, it seems, is the paradise where old ladies can get their innings in polite society, but only a few of them can live in Paris. In America, alas, old age is not popular. Birds of a feather are expected to flock together; and the farther west you go the worse it gets. I heard some one in a small hotel say: "In this house the women are divided into three sets—the old ladies, the young girls, and the Ladies. Just now the Ladies are having it all their own way."

I think that the very young have more liking for the old than those who are farther along the road. Age is so far from youth that youth can regard it with a stout heart; can amuse and be amused. Of course there are any number of dull old women—the dull young ones grown old—but, on the whole, it always seems to me that there are more amusing old women than old men. Good luck to them all, the clever and the simple, and long may they take their ease in their inn!

A FRIEND of mine, recently returned from a month in New Hampshire, was speaking affectionately of some of the joys of repatriation in his native New England after his first year in our small Southern college town.

On Going for the Mail

I asked him what he considered the greatest felicity of his visit.

"To go to the door in the morning and find a daily paper!" he replied.

He recalled the experience with all the wistfulness of the children of Israel murmuring against Moses and Aaron in the wilderness. For him, at the moment, a prebreakfast paper and a city mail delivery were the flesh-pots of Egypt.

But I find it otherwise. I would not for anything return to the days of the postman's shrill whistle; I will, if you please, carry my own mail as I would wish to carry my own burdens. There has come to be, for me, something effeminate in the feebleness which finds a task in the greatest joy of the day—going for the mail. One who resents getting his own letters, will expect breakfast in bed, is no companion on a tramp and sees in Christmas nothing but a survival of a pagan festival. Even the very errands which the lady who presides inevitably remembers just as I am closing the door on my way out

take on a sort of sanctity from their association with the situal. A yeast-cake or a spool of thread become less terrible purchases, and seem almost as essential to the welfare of the home as the packages which come from the mail-order house—when they are bought on trips for the mail.

And then there are all the neighborly greetings of friends and acquaintances whom one meets on the way. There is a sort of post-office affableness or sincerity. So effectively is one's day brightened by a pilgrimage for his letters that I have seriously thought of passing about among my friends a petition to the government requesting that the office schedule be arranged with the idea of postponing the evening boxing of the mail until the next morning after breakfast. A social-welfare worker might even draw a cunning chart to show just how crimes would decrease, and police-court procedures be dispensed with, could one but start the day by getting his mail in the morning. Expectancy and hopefulness. gratification and disappointment; these are the emotions which one discovers on the faces of his friends about the post-office entrance. Even when one is glum at the failure to receive the baby's photographs, or the plans of the new house from Uncle Bert. the architect; still there is cheerfulness in one's greeting to his friend who has, he hopes, been more fortunate. "Those blueprints will come on the evening train," we say, and there we have the happy conviction that the after-supper trip will be justified.

This geniality of the commoners has its influence on the character of the deities who preside within the post-office. Forget your key, and the god of the general-delivery window will willingly step back to the boxes to spring the lock for you. If you are buying a stamp and find that you must rely on a personal check, Mr. Lynum will cash it for you graciously and deduct your two-cent purchase without a regret. That there are certain hours when the windows are presumably open for business every one knows. but what those hours are no one ever thinks of finding out. When the photographs of the baby do finally come, it is only necessary to present the claim slip and, I believe, Mr. Robin would leave his sundae at the drugstore that you might have them.

My own box is number 592, and is located on the bottom tier of the long, glass-fronted stack. I approach it with a feeling of trepidation. Casting about for an analogy, I can think of nothing equal to it except, perhaps, that of the June afternoon when I gave the gavel to the lady who presides. To secure its charms I must kneel, and what I have found I do not know until I have again stood erect and safely regained my balance. But then I am, and was, rewarded. With what eagerness one sorts pamphlets from letters and family mail from business correspondence! There are, I understand, men who receive such a press of mail that they must needs have clerks to arrange it for them; men who willingly give up to hirelings the pleasure of slitting an envelope with a long, cool letter-opener and forego the joy of the crinkle of good bond paper between their fingers. It is time that something were done to suppress big business.

The mail in hand, if one is a good citizen of Hope Chapel, he will sidle up to the wall or find a seat on the steps and read his personal letters.

"Whoopee! George is coming down for the week-end," shouts seventeen-year old Sally-Louise to Mary Potter across the room.

"Young Kent isn't doing so poorly up at Johns Hopkins," confides Doctor Wilton to the registrar of our own university, who is reading his letters at my shoulder.

"Here's that sample I've been waiting for," says Mrs. Gray, the wife of the undertaker to the young bride of the minister.

And so it goes on any week-day.

But if it is an event to go for the mail six days a week, on Sunday it is a ceremony. It is the boast of the village that among the two hundred families there is not one unhappy marriage, and Sunday afternoon gives color to the statement. All Hope Chapel and his wife, together with the perambulator, make the pilgrimage about five o'clock. Sally-Louise, sedate on the arm of George; Doctor Wilton with his two daughters; Mrs. Gray in a new blue silk, watching her youngest shaking his rattle as her husband, in funereal garb, disappears within the swinging doors: these are the things which make the Sunday going for the mail a ceremony de luxe.

On this day the lady who presides is with me. As I rise from my genuflections before box 592 she is as curious as I to know

AT first thought, nothing would seem more useless to a man than a guide-book to a city he never hopes to visit. The very picture of him gazing at its maps—the maze of streets his feet may never untangle, the buildings whose splendor his eye may never see, the little patches of park whose restful green he may never know—might be taken as the symbol of the ironies which destiny has played upon the human race from before the days of Egypt. Surely, here is the cynic's perfect figure for the life of man.

Yet, for pure joy, for sheer recreation whether or not during the next twenty years you intend to stir a stone's throw from your fireside — I bid you open a guide-book. Never did a writer conjure up a romance more diverting. Never was there a magic carpet of legend that could lift you more swiftly to other lands. I do not mean the kind of guide-books that inspirational travellers write and call "Beautiful Brussels" or "Patagonia, the Land of Out-of-Doors." Take a regular handbook for travellers "with nineteen maps and forty-two plans" and pages and pages of closely printed type that you would never think of reading through (even though you were going there) about first-class hotels and second-class hotels and pensions and cafés and hairdressers and motor-buses and tramways and doctors—the kind that is always so full of information its pages bristle with abbreviations you are never quite sure of.

You scarcely have it open before the spell begins to work. Your very first sensation is of being set down in the midst of a strange city and feeling hopelessly lost. Suddenly, you are homesick—you don't know which way to turn. You think of the familiar corner of Main and Chestnut Streets and, in a moment of weakness, you would relinquish everything to be strolling along the dusty sidewalks you know.

But don't—don't close the book. Every traveller feels that way when he first steps into the foreign din of a strange city. Wander on a few pages—here is a map. Your eye rests upon a path of snaky gray in a wil-

derness of pink—across it runs SEINE FLEUVE; why, of course, that is the river Seine, and in the middle of it here is the *Ile de la Cité* and *Notre Dame* (I didn't know *Notre Dame* was on an island). A dozen streets running together into a roundish white spot draws you to it—*Place de la Bastille*. Now you can begin to "get your bearings."

At last you are in Paris; you may never have dreamed that you would be there, but here you are. If you don't believe me, wander about. No end of adventures are waiting for you. Don't think you can get about too easily if you don't know French, but what would Paris be without it?

Unexpectedly, names which have dangled for years in mid-air in your brain tumble down to earth and fix themselves to perfectly definite places—Pont Neuf, "Boul. Mich.," Champ de Mors. Half an hour—before you know it, you are driving in the Bois, parading down the Champs Elystes, or loitering in the Quartier Latin.

You are curious to see what is inside the buildings. You pick one near the Jardin du Luxembourg, and the index says, page 291:

The *PANTHEON (Pl. R, 19; V) stands on the highest ground on the left bank (the 'Mont de Paris'; 197 ft.) the site of the tomb——

For two pages you hear of its history, its domes, its vaults, and decorations. When you finish, the Pantheon may still be only a bit of red splashed on the pink background of a map in your mind's eye, but it has become every bit as real to you as it was to the crowd of tourists that hurried through its portals this morning—when you meet it again in print, you may have forgotten every word of its description, but you will feel a thrill of recognition—you have been there.

If you should leave France for a little trip across the Channel, do not think the atmosphere of England will be anything like

France just because you are travelling in a guide-book. After the bewildering web of rues and places, the streets and circuses of London with their good old English names seem ridiculously easy to master. Charing Cross, Pall Mall, Hyde Park—having explored Paris, you could conduct a party around London on almost a moment of notice, for English is spoken here and you cannot get lost.

A journalist who won both fame and fortune during the war and has become one of the most respected authorities upon it in America, hinted to me that he was able to make the coup d'état of his career because he had travelled in a guide-book. When the war first burst with the invasion of Belgium, day by day he wrote editorials which amazed all his colleagues because they told with unerring accuracy just the valleys, the villages, almost the cow-paths, through which the German army would pass. Every one wondered where he was getting his uncanny information. The secret was -long ago, in 1907, he had planned a walking tour over the invaded region. He never took the trip except in his guidebook, but every knoll, every depression and stream were familiar to him-with a knowledge of strategy, the rest was easy.

When you come in after a hard day's work, there is something delightfully diverting to learn from the guide-book just the proper way to present a letter of introduction, if you were in England and had one. There is something very comfortable in knowing just how to go about getting a doctor, and what you ought to pay him, if you have the toothache. Before now London may have seemed far away, but the toothache is no mystery and, somehow, connecting the two has made London a nearer reality.

When Mahomet first made his rash remark about the mountain, I am sure he must have been studying guide-books.



HUMOR IN JAPANESE ILLUSTRATION

By Louise Norton Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE AUTHOR'S COLLECTION OF RARE PRINTS

MONG other misconceptions in regard to the Japanese is the belief held by many foreigners that they are a stolid people. One might search the dictionary and not find an adjective less applicable to them. They have, it is true, attained a self-control that deceives superficial observers, but under this restraint is all the fire and emotion and effervescence of the Latin races or the Celts. One expression of this volatile and effervescing spirit is a quick wit and a keen humor. A very slight acquaintance with Japanese art will reveal this quality expressed in many forms—in designs for fabrics, lacquer work, fans, carvings, bronzes, screens, and kakemono, and, last but by no means least, in many of their delightful illustrated books.

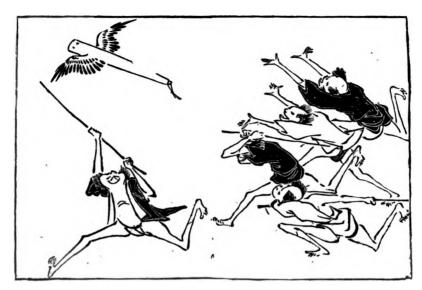
Comic pictorial work probably goes back in Japan to the first immature sketches of her earliest artists, and if the greater part

of this work has been lost in the serious religious art that followed the advent of Buddhism into the country, there are still fragments that indicate the humor which animated even the men of the Yamato-ryu. Among these early examples are some drawings discovered a few years ago on the pedestal of one of the carved wooden figures in the Nara Museum. The work belongs to the Tempyo period (eighth century), and was found when repairs necessitated the removal of the figure from its base. Slight as the drawings are, having been dashed off in a moment of waiting, perhaps, by some old artist-priest—the technic in them is by no means crude or primitive.

The comic drawings of the eleventh-century priest, Toba Sōjō, are known the world over, and since his time all caricatures have gone by the name of *toba-ye* among the Japanese.



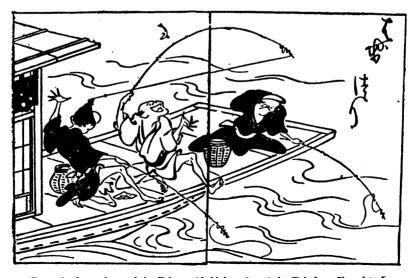
From the Toba-ye Fude Byoski, by Hasegawa Mitsunobu.



A caricature by Oöka Shunboku in the Wakan Meihitsu Ehon Te-kagami (1720).

In the late seventeenth century there arose a galaxy of wits and caricaturists in Osaka. The first of these irrepressible spirits was Hanabusa Itchō, who lived between 1651 and 1724. Although he went to Yedo before his twentieth year, and entered the Kanō school as a pupil of Yasunobu, no amount of classical training could kill his love of fun. This tendency was expressed in caricature once too often, and

after some outrageous drawings of the Shōgun and one of the latter's fair favorites, Itchō was banished to the island of Hachijō, some five hundred miles south of Yokohama—there to repent and grow in wisdom and seriousness. Delightfully humorous sketches are found in the many books containing his drawings—the "Hanabusa Itchō Hyaku-gwa" (5 vols., c. 1760); the "Itchō Gwafu" (3 vols., 1770); the "Gun-



From the first volume of the Toba-ye Akubi-dome (1793), by Takahara Shunchosai.

teristic dash and freedom.

A close contemporary of Itcho's was the Buddhist priest, Meiyo Kokan, who lived between 1653 and 1717. From Koriyama, near Nara, where he had been a priest in followers to carry on his work. He dipped the temple of Saigan-ji, he went to Osaka, into many things in an art way; copying and finally toward the latter part of his life famous old classic paintings by early Chi-

was made Abbot of Hoön-ji in Kyōto. He studied painting under Kano Yeino, and some kakemono of enormous size which he made of mythical subjects became very famous. A delightful painted scroll in sumi from his brush, representing the rebuilding of the Daibutsu-den in Nara is one of the temple treasures of Todai-ji in that city. After Kokan's death a book of very clever caricatures by him was printed by his followers. These

chō Gwayer" (3 vols., 1772), and the rare of Hōgen by the Shōgunate: He was large-"Yeirin Gwakyo" (3 vols., 1773); all con- ly self-taught, and formed his style on close taining, mixed in with the serious work, study of the old Kano work. In early most amusing sketches done with charac- eighteenth-century art in Japan his was an important name, not only locally but throughout the country. In time he headed what came to be known as the Dokuritsu or Independent School, and left numerous



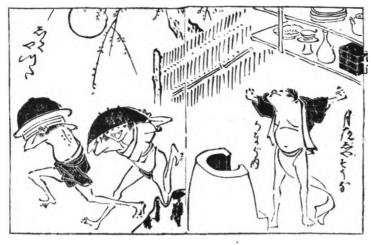
From the Kishi Empu (1803), by Aoi Sōkyū.

"Ruise Sogwa" (3 vols.), in 1724. This early edition was printed on the fine Chinese paper known as toshi, and is excessively rare. In 1735, and again in the Horeki period, these books were reprinted under the title of "Jimbutsu Sogwa," and Kokan's name, as the artist, is given on the title-page. Religious subjects, priests at their devotions, temple scenes, etc., are all caricatured by this rollicking old monk, and the big, dashing technic of the drawings might have come from Paris last year.

Three contemporary artists, Oöka Shunboku, Hasegawa Mitsunobu, and Heizaburo Nichosai, were all working in Osaka toward the middle of the eighteenth century. Shunboku was an aristocrat, Mitsunobu had leanings toward the Ukiyo-ye style, and Nichosai was just frankly of the proletariat and frankly vulgar and funny.

Shunboku (1688-1772) was first of all a great painter, having been given the degree been Shunboku's work. These are the

drawings appeared anonymously in the nese and Japanese masters, illustrating old legends and historical subjects, making drawings of flowers and birds (in the "Meika Jūni-shū"), and producing charming designs for carvers in his "Ramma Dzushiki," a series of three rare books, signed Oöka Haito, and published in 1734. His experiments in color-printing form perhaps the most interesting artistic adventures in his career, for the beautiful and excessively rare "Mincho Seido Gwayen," published in two volumes in Enkyo 3 (1746), is one of the very early examples of full polychrome work in Japan. Shunboku had lighter moments in which dignity was thrown aside, when he indulged in the toba-ye which were just then the rage in the Osaka studios. Three famous sets of books of caricatures, although variously attributed at different times to Hasegawa Mitsunobu and Nichōsai, having appeared anonymously in the original editions, are now known to have



From the first volume of the Keihitsu Toba-guruma (1720), by Oöka Shunboku.

"Keihitsu Toba-guruma" (3 vols., 1720); the "Toba-ye Sango-kushi" ("Comic Sketches of Three Cities"—Spring in Kyōto, Evening in Yedo, and Autumn in Ōsaka—3 vols., 1752); and the "Toba-ye Ōgi-no-Mato" (caricatures of people at different pastimes—3 vols., Hōreki period, and again in 1788 when the earlier books were also republished).

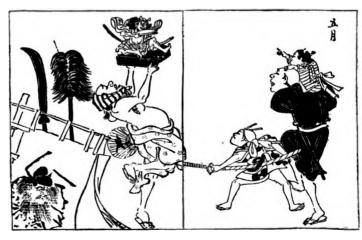
Just why Shunboku allowed these clever books to appear unsigned is not known. Probably his position in the art world of the day and the fact that he was known as a follower of the classic methods, and had been given the rank or degree of Hogen, made it seem beneath his dignity to pro-

duce the laughtercompelling if not over-nice sketches in the above volumes. Even if the secret had not been out, however, when the 1788 editions of these books appeared, naming Shunboku as the artist in their advertising pages, it might easily enough have been guessed by the examples of toba-ve in the last volume of the "Wakan Meihitsu Ehon Te-kagami." This

famous and delightful book, signed Högen Ichio Shunboku. appeared in six folios in 1720, and although chiefly given up to descriptions and copies of classical work, in it the revived popularity of the toba-ye is spoken of, and examples of it are given on the 13th, 14th, and 15th pages of the last volume. The technic in these

drawings is identical with that in the three sets of books of caricatures spoken of, although even now these books are frequently attributed to Mitsunobu and in the "Hayashi Catalogue" were listed as by Nichōsai. This mistake is difficult to understand, because even a superficial comparison of work by the three men reveals such fundamental differences in the style as to prove the drawings to certainly not have been by either Mitsunobu or Nichōsai, whoever else's work they may have been.

Of the life of Hasegawa Mitsunobu almost nothing of any importance is known. He used as other signatures the names Nagaharu, Baiöken, and Hasegawa Shō-



From the Ehon Jugen (1751), reproductions of Hanabusa Itchō's drawings by Ippō.

suiken, and we know that he was working which are extremely rare. His "Ehon in the Kyōhō period, since a well-known Mizuka-Sora" (2 vols., 1780), containing book of caricatures, the "Toba-ye Fude Byōshi" (3 vols.) appeared in the ninth year of that period (1724), and a rare set of books of kimono designs, in which he collaborated with Tachibana Morikuni, followed in 1727. His most interesting book is an undated kubari-hon or gift book, of one hundred poems and toba-ve drawings of artisans, entitled the "Haikai Futawarai"; a printed under the title of "Saiji Mepokai,"

caricatures of actors; the "E-banashi Nichosai" (4 vols., 1782) with its anecdotes and drawings of authors and artists during the four seasons; the "Katsura Kasane" (1 folio, colors, 1803); and the "Ehon Kotsu Dzue" (3 vols., 1805), are practically never to be found now in the original edi-The "Katsura Kasane" was retions. lelightfully humorous folio and excessively but even this reprint is rare. The immense-



From the Yamato Jimbutsu Gwafu, by Yamaguchi Soken (1804).

The "Toba-ye Fude Byōshi" is known chiefly through reprints, the original edition having become practically extinct.

The third member of this Osaka group of caricaturists was Haizaburo Nichōsai,* a sake brewer, who, in his leisure hours, was given to writing novels, reciting Joruri ballads, and drawing caricatures, and who later in life became a dealer in curios. His drawings of actors and wrestlers were almost as popular as his comic sketches, and he, himself, was so well known for his witty stories and queer pranks that he was called by a nickname that might be translated as the "crank of Osaka." Other names used by him in his work were Matsuya Heitazaemon and Matsuhei. There are about a dozen books illustrated by Nichosai, all of

*Sometimes incorrectly spelled and pronounced Jichosai.

ly clever caricatures in this book are beautifully printed in colors on a white ground. It is one of the rarest of the toba-ye books and commands a high price when it comes up for sale. All of these men left followers who produced toba-ye books along with their more serious work.

Takahara Shunchōsai, chiefly known as an illustrator of meisho-ki or guide-books, produced one set of amusing toba-ye books. This is the "Toba-ye Akubi-dome" ("Comical Sketches to Prevent Yawning"), published in three volumes in 1703.

In Kyōto several of the Shijō-Maruyama and Bunjingwa artists produced delightfully amusing drawings done in a dashing style that would seem ultramodern, did not the dates in the books go back to a century and more ago.

pupils, in his two sets of the "Yamato Jimbutsu Gwafu" (3 vols., each 1799 and 1804), produced some very clever work; Nishimura Nantei also; while Aoi Sōkyū, generally known as Kishi Sudo, another follower of the Maruvama School who later lived in Osaka, was guilty of perhaps the most amazing of all the books of caricatures. This excessively rare work, the "Kishi Empu," appeared first in 1803. In the "Gillot Catalogue" the mistake is made of attributing it to Kishi Chikudo. The book is in three volumes and contains grotesque but richly colored double-page plates of the Osaka courtesans. In 1815 the book was reprinted, and in 1003 Yamada of Kyōto reproduced twelve of the plates in a gwajo under the title of "Kakuchu Empu."

Edward Strange, in his "Japanese Colour Prints," says in the chapter devoted to subjects of illustration, that "comic scenes and caricatures are not common, and rarely well executed." This is true to some extent of the prints, but in the old illustrated books—long before the time of Hokusai— West i there is found an immense amount of comic work done in a dashing style that reminds one of Steinlen's, Forain's, and Abel Faivre's cartoons that were daily features of the Paris papers some years ago. That these

Yamaguchi Soken, one of Ökyo's famous books have been favorites is proved by spils, in his two sets of the "Yamato Jimthur extreme rarity and the soiled and gentesu Gwafu" (3 vols., each 1799 and 1804), each 1804), oduced some very clever work; Nishimost invariably found when they do occaura Nantei also; while Aoi Sōkyū, genally known as Kishi Sudo, another foltage.

Comic work is no less popular in modern Tapanese illustration, and the newspapers and magazines are constantly printing extremely clever work done with admirable technic. A number of modern books have also appeared within the last few years containing delightful drawings of this kind. The traveller from the Occident doesn't escape the facile brush of these humorists, and if the foreigners who come to Japan imagine that they impress the Japanese with their superiority, some of these modern books of caricatures depicting their foibles might be distressingly disillusionizing to them. Not having been on the immediate scene and watched the development of our tricks and our manners, the Japanese cartoonist brings. in addition to a perennial sense of fun, a pair of fresh eves to the latest vagaries of the West in hats, clothes, and manners, and in his exquisitely funny drawings gives us a hint as to the manner in which we appear when "others see us."

But foreigners do not often see these books.



From the "Ehon Kotsu Dzue" (3 vols., 1805), by Nichōsai.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 5.



GERMANY'S PAYMENT THE ECONOMIC FUTURE AND

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

A community's sentiment had drifted to belief that nothing was in sight to check the course of reaction and depression, the situation suddenly passed into

A Change in the Situation

a new phase. It was not readily recognized by the markets as an altered situation; it was reflected at the start only

feebly, if at all, even on the Stock Exchange, and it left plenty of grave financial problems behind it. Nevertheless, it did not require any large experience to see that in very large measure the surrounding and controlling circumstances had changed.

A few months ago it was pointed out in these sketches of the financial situation that the economic world had passed, since the armistice, through two distinct chapters of events, each of which had in turn been definitely ended, and that it had subsequently been groping its way through the third chapter, whose end could not clearly be seen at the time by any one. The first period of after-war reaction and declining prices had lasted from November, 1918, to the ensuing spring. The Versailles. One of the payperiod which followed—marked by rising prices, by wild speculation, by rapid enhancement of production costs, including labor, and by world-wide currency inflation-had continued from the spring of 1010 to the spring of 1020. It had been followed by the spectacular fall of prices in every market of the world, by the hard times and the effort at economic readjustment, the date and manner of whose completion had been impossible to predict.

These three economic chapters had closely followed the shifting phases of the political situation, which, first, in the few months following the armistice, had been

T the moment when the financial Central and Western Europe to anarchy of the Bolshevist sort, whose second period had covered the defeat of that undertaking and the period of political recovery, but which, after entering the third period a year ago, had been continuously confronted with the grim problem of settling the terms of peace, enforcing indemnity payments, and effecting the seemingly impossible restoration of normal relationships between the European states. During at least twelve months this problem, like the problem of bringing into a sound position the markets, the international trade and the relations between producers and consumers, had seemed to be insoluble. Within a month it has apparently been solved, and with its solution economic and political conditions have both entered a new chapter.

> IP to the month of May, 1921, Germany had simply refused to conform to the terms of reparation, set forth by the Allied Commission in accordance with the agreement signed by Germany at the

armistice and in the Treaty of ments thus imposed had been fixed for May 1. It was not Payment met. The German Govern-

Germany Refused

ment professed inability to pay the total amount assessed against it. It made counter-proposals on a very much smaller scale, rejected the modified proposals of the Allied premiers, and showed plain signs of having found encouragement, first in such sympathetic denunciation of the treaty as that of Mr. Maynard Keynes, and, second, in what seemed to be Germany's inference that the defeat of President Wilson's candidate at the polls last November meant not only a new United States Government which would reject governed by the struggle for subjection of Mr. Wilson's international policies, but an

American State Department which would in substance take its stand with Germany

against France and England.

For a time it certainly looked as if the of the terms was formally approved. Allies' case against Germany in the reparations matter would go by default. England was reluctant to move aggressively. No one could vet be sure what attitude the Harding administration would take: Senator Knox was pressing his resolution for a separate peace with Germany —a measure whose significance the German people were certain to interpret as a rebuff by the United States Government to its recent Allies and a practical expression of sympathy with Germany. There were not lacking American voices to express outright denunciation of Germany's antagonists and their programme. The declaration in a public speech at London by our new ambassador to England, of dislike to the League established by the Treaty and of warning that America suspected and distrusted it, had not then been made, but it was possible for Germany to find other evidences of American feeling which it was possible to interpret for her own advantage.

HIS was the situation a very few weeks ago. It was entirely changed by two events. The first was the cold refusal of our State Department to give any consideration whatever to the direct ap-

Our Government's peal by Germany for the United States to help in ob-

taining remission of sentence; Attitude a refusal coupled with the statement that, in the opinion of the American Government, Germany should be made to pay to the full extent of her capacity for what her armies had done in France and Belgium. This answer cut off hope of American intercession. The second event was the advance of Marshal Foch and his troops into Germany, with the plain intimation on the part of France that unless the German Government were to make good its engagements by the end of May a further movement of the army would be made into the busy industrial districts of Germany. In the closing ooo, plus an additional sum week of May the German Government suddenly announced its acquiescence. that the Reichstag would repudiate the fore June 1 Germany should pay to the

new ministry upon whose shoulders that decision had been thrown; but on May 10, by a vote of 221 to 175, the acceptance

Even then one continued to hear, not only in Germany but in the Allied countries, that the total payment assessed, amounting to 132,000,000,000 gold marks, or \$31,400,000,000, could never be met. That this amount, huge as it was, would still not cover the wanton and malicious damage done by the German army was indignantly set forth by France. But the question of capacity remained, even when the sum had been carefully fixed by the Reparations Commission, after considering both what ought to be paid by the defeated invader and what the culprit actually could pay. When the terms were finally accepted, the only party to the negotiations that appeared to have no doubt or misgiving in the matter was the German Government; which, in an entirely practical and businesslike way, began to make its historic payment.

A change of high importance from the atmosphere of international rancor, suspicion, and mistrust was foreshadowed in other ways than by Germany's acquiescence. The French premier, facing a Chamber of Deputies which appeared to be determined not to trust the German pledges, declared that "the new German Government has shown good faith and loyalty," that France "owes it to herself and to the world to give Germany a chance to make good its promises," and that, "if the Chamber chooses another policy it must get another chief to lead." This was distinctly striking a new note and opening a new chapter in after-war history. Nevertheless, it remained to be determined whether Germany could make

good.

THE terms of reparation required delivery by Germany of government bonds for the full amount of the indemnity and an annual cash payment, until redemption of those bonds, of 2,000,000,-000 gold marks, or \$476,000,-Terms of amounting to 26 per cent of Reparation the value of Germany's ex-Cable despatches reported for a day or two ports. It was further provided that be-

(Continued on page 51, following)

BEFORE BUYING THE SECURITY OF A COMPANY DO YOU EVER ASK THESE QUESTIONS?

Is the demand for its product or its service such that periods of business depression can have but little effect on its earnings?

Have its dividends always been earned with a margin of safety?

Are the assets behind the company's bonds and stock not only sufficient, but in excess of the requirements for safety?

Upon request we shall be pleased to suggest investments meeting these requirements.

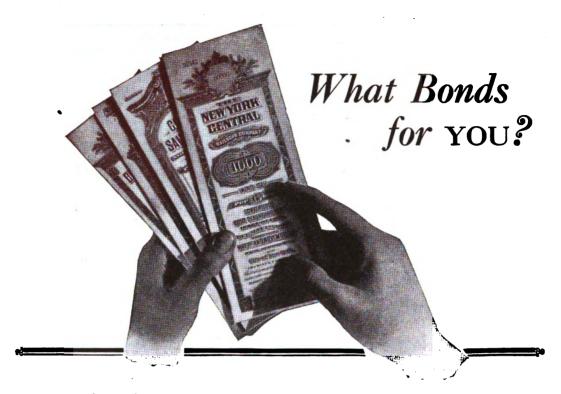
KIDDER, PEABODY & COMPANY

115 DEVONSHIRE STREET BOSTON, MASS.

18 BROAD STREET NEW YORK, N.Y.

CORRESPONDENTS OF

BARING BROTHERS & COMPANY, Ltd., LONDON



THE BOND that you would buy might not be the bond we would suggest to another investor with different plans in view.

Whether you require Long or Short Term Bonds, or Acceptances for temporary investment, care should be taken in their selection.

At our nearest office, we will be glad to put before you a list of high-grade, thoughtfully selected securities which, at present prices, yield a liberal return on the money invested.

Current Purchase Sheet mailed on request for S. B. 165.



The National City Company National City Bank Building, New York

Offices in more than 50 cities

RONDS · SHORT TERM NOTES · ACCEPTANCES

Investors' Guide for July

Prestige developed through two-thirds of a century's investment experience, has firmly established the House of Greenebaum foremost in the minds of thousands of conservative investors in all parts of this country and abroad.

The Greenebaum Standard of Safety is nationally recognized as representing the maximum protection for investors.

Greenebaum First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds meet the safety requirements of the most exacting investor—individual, estate, corporation or institution. They comprise the most attractive form of investment, combining extreme safety of principal with liberal interest return.

For over 66 years, Greenebaum Bonds have successfully stood every test.

Ask for July Investors' Guide No. 107

For Convenience, Use Coupon Below

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company

66 Years' Proven Safety

Correspondents in Many Cities

The stockholders of Greenebaum Sons Investment Company are identical with the stockholders of Greenebaum Sons Bank and Trust Company

Oldest Banking House in Chicago

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company S. E. Cor. La Salle and Madison Sts., Chicago
Send a copy of the Greenebaum Investors' Guide to
NAME
STREET
CITY
STATE

Reparations Commission, in gold or bills of exchange or three-months drafts on the German treasury endorsed by responsible international bankers, the sum of 1,000,000,000 gold marks. This was the first transaction which had to be physically performed. It was only a fraction of the total liability, but it meant in substance the laying down by Germany of \$238,000,000 cash. The question was, how could she do it? It was the first test of the larger question, whether Germany had the physical and financial power to meet the Allied requisitions.

Precisely the same question arose when France in 1871 was called upon to pay the war indemnity of the Franco-Prussian War. Prussian armies were encamped in France, on a scale of occupation never yet practised by the French armies in Germany since the recent war. France had even in those days been invaded and partly devastated by the German armies. The indemnity of 5,000,000,000 francs or \$1,000,000,000 was possibly as large, in relation to the capital resources and accumulated wealth of fifty years ago, as the \$31,000,000,000 German indemnity is to the world's resources of to-day. Only three years were granted to France in which to pay the whole indemnity in cash, as against the thirty-seven years which the present German reparations bonds are allowed to run.

I to the power of any government to make so prodigious a cash payment. That indemnity was paid, however, and in less than the stipulated time. The manner of payment and the results of it were a complete surprise to the financial community The French Indemnity of the day. Out of the actual net of 1871 cash payment, amounting to 4,961,-000,000 francs, only 273,000,000 was paid by actual shipment of gold from Paris to Berlin. Silver was shipped to the extent of 239,000,000 francs, notes of the Bank of France and banknotes of Prussia and Belgium to the extent of 298,000,000. The balance, amounting to 4,151,000,000 francs, or, roughly, \$800,000,000, was paid in bills of exchange, partly drawn on

THE financial world of 1871 was sceptical as

They represented credit balances on those markets owned by France. It was noticed with astonishment by financial writers of the day, not only that these enormous transfers were made without serious disturbance of the international market, but that money rates, which advanced in Germany in connection with

the Prussian market itself but largely, also, on

half a dozen other European markets.

(Financial Situation, continued on page 53)





Pointed Questions for July Investors to Ask

INVESTORS are not likely to go wrong in buying securities if they investigate their dealer and the investments he offers them, on the basis of the following questions:

"Have your clients ever suffered loss? If so, why?

"Have these securities an absolutely clean record? If not, why not?"

We invite these questions from investors, and would be glad to have you inquire in this way of us. And perhaps you would be interested in our July booklet, "Common Sense in Investing Money". Write today and ask for

BOOKLET G-1110

S. W. STRAUS & CO.

INCORPORATED • ESTABLISHED 1882

Straus Building · NEW YORK Straus Building · CHICAGO Crocker Building · SAN FRANCISCO

OFFICES IN FIFTEEN PRINCIPAL CITIES

39 YEARS WITHOUT LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR

Taxes and **Your Income**

N June 15 payment of the second quarter of your income tax should serve as a reminder that next year you will pay tax on this year's income.

Have you paid in taxes this year any considerable sum that might have been saved by a greater investment in tax-exempt Municipal Bonds?

Many investors have found that a careful analysis of their security holdings will indicate that a larger investment in this class of securities will result in a higher net vield.

Besides being exempt from the Federal Income Tax, Municipal Bonds offer the investor the utmost safety combined with most attractive yields.

Write for current offerings. We solicit your correspondence or a personal interview and the opportunity to serve you

I'ACY & BRAUN

New York

Chicago

(Financial Situation, continued from page 51)

the speculative movement following the payment, remained undisturbed at Paris. In the longer sequel it was remembered for many years that, when the reckoning came for the waste of the world's capital as a result of the Franco-Prussian War, it was Germany which was hardest hit in an economic way and France which passed through the crisis of 1873 with the least disturbance.

NO one appeared to know, last May, how Germany would make even the initial pay-There was no reason to suppose that the German Government, like the France of 1871, had credit balances in foreign money cen-

tres on which to draw. The foreign Germany's balances on which France had Plan of drawn to pay the 5,000,000,000 **Payment** francs after 1870 had been created mainly by a loan of 3,500,000,000 francs raised by the government largely in other countries—a loan to which every European market had subscribed, even Prussian investors taking nearly one-seventh of it. But Germany had raised no foreign loan; the \$238,000,000 initial cash payment (not to mention the remaining \$31,178,000,000 bond redemptions) would have to be paid from her own existing resources. The German Reichsbank reported as held in its reserve, when the date for payment arrived, an amount of gold slightly exceeding 1,000,000,000 marks, or the full amount of the instalment due June 1. Foreign financial experts generally predicted that this gold would be used for payment. Germany gave no indication of such purpose.

In the closing week of May the German ambassador at Paris delivered to the Allied Reparations Commission 150,000,000 marks in drafts on banks of Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Spain, Switzerland, Belgium, England, France, and the United States. On May 30 he handed to the Commission German treasury bonds for 850,000,000 marks, maturing in three months, endorsed and their payment guaranteed by the principal German banks.

TWO questions instantly arose—how Germany, after the war-time paralysis of its foreign trade and its financial relations with foreign countries, had obtained even the first

\$35,733,000 of foreign credits, and what would be the effect on the international exchange market when Markets the drafts were presented for pay-

Drawing on Foreign

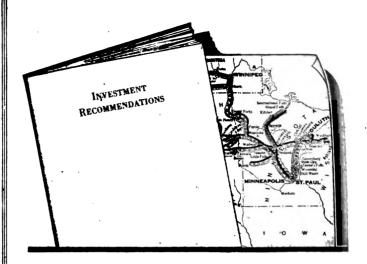
ment. The further question followed, whether

(Financial Situation, continued on page 57)

A Country-Wide Investment Service

NEW YORK 140 Broadway Fifth Ave. & 44th St. Madison Ave. & 60th St. 268 Grand St. ALBANY, N. Y. ATLANTA, GA. BALTIMORE, MD. BOSTON, MASS. BUFFALO, N. Y. CHICAGO, ILL. CINCINNATI, O. CLEVELAND, O. DETROIT, MICH. ERIE, PA. HARRISBURG, PA. HARTFORD, CONN. JAMESTOWN, N. Y. Johnstown, PA. KANSAS CITY, Mo. Los Angeles, Cal. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. PHILADELPHIA, PA. PITTSBURGH, PA. PORTLAND, MAINE PROVIDENCE, R. I. READING, PA. ROCHESTER, N. Y. St. Louis, Mo. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. SCRANTON, PA. SEATTLE, WASH. WASHINGTON, D. C. WILKES-BARRE, PA.

Our nearest Office will serve you promptly



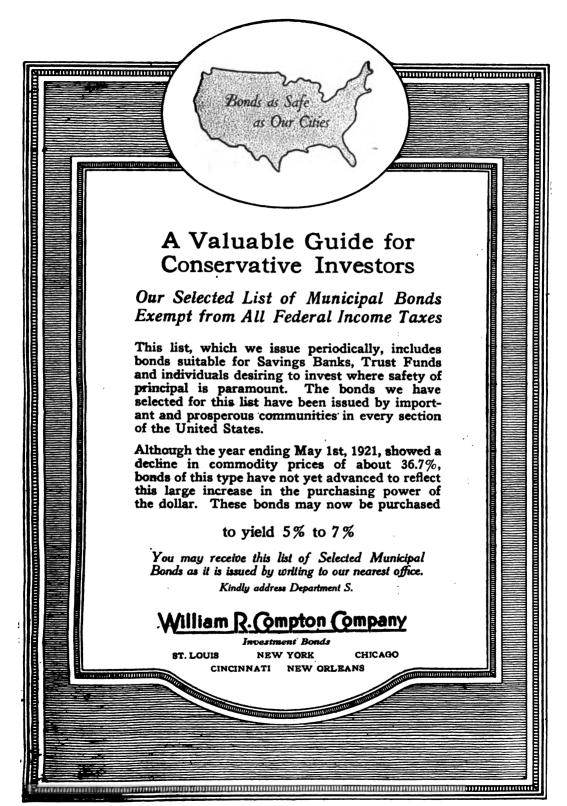
E serves many investors as a guide in their purchase of securities. A request to our nearest office will bring this booklet to you.

Our broad service of financial information and advice is also at your disposal.

If you have any investment problem, or if you wish detailed data on particular issues or types of securities, an inquiry to our nearest office will place at your service the entire range of GUARANTY SERVICE TO INVESTORS.

We shall be pleased to send you a copy of *Investment Recommendations* or to assist you in any other way.

Guaranty Company of New York



The Reinvestment of Funds

MORE than ordinary care and foresight are needed today to insure the proper reinvestment of your funds. The wide experience and helpful co-operation of this company are offered through its Bond Department to all classes of investors—individuals, fiduciaries, institutions and corporations.

The particular requirements of each case are first studied thoroughly and disinterestedly. Counsel is then given in the form of a list of recommended securities which is submitted for your consideration. Your purchases when made, large or small, are thereafter carefully "followed through" by means of an elaborate diary system. Our customers are duly apprised of all important developments pertaining to securities purchased through us.

Our Statistical Department and Financial Library complete the service rendered to investors by the Bond Department. Current information on financial and economic affairs the world over is available at all times. Data of immediate or prospective interest, including market quotations, will be readily supplied whenever requested.

In connection with the investment or reinvestment of funds, a modernly equipped trust company, by virtue of its specialized experience and facilities, is able to render exceptional and often invaluable services. Those of this institution are always at your disposal.

From time to time we publish circulars describing a number of carefully selected and especially attractive issues. May we send you our *July Investment List?* Please address Department S

OLD COLONY TRUST COMPANY BOSTON



Member of the Federal Reserve System



THE NEW WAY OF BUYING BONDS

BUY Bonds as you bought your Liberty Bonds—in partial payments. Our Partial Payment Plan permits purchase of our bonds in payments extending over a ten months' period with interest at 6% on all payments until completed.

Further details are contained in our booklet S. M .- 5

HALSEY, STUART & CO.

Incorporated-Successors to N. W. Halsey & Co., Chicago

CHICAGO DETROIT NEW YORK

PHILADELPHIA MINNEAPOLIS

BOSTON



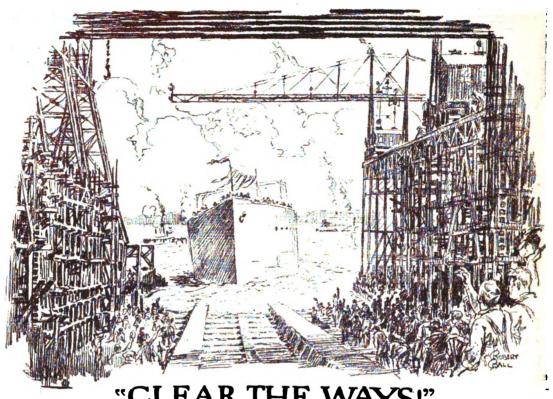
the drafts would be redeemed by transfer of the funds to the chief beneficiaries, France and Belgium, and if so, whether a flow of gold to those countries would begin from England, Holland, Scandinavia, and Germany itself. As to how the German Government acquired the foreign credits, that question is not yet answered. On exchange of merchandise since the armistice, Germany has been a heavy debtor to those countries since the war. Her pre-war credits in the Allied countries have been sequestrated. There is no evident explanation except that stored-up German capital had been transferred in large amounts to foreign markets since the armistice and that the German Government had now got control of it.

Conjecture as to the movement of exchange rates was at once diverted by a remarkable announcement. It was stated in a matter-offact way, when the first instalment was paid over, that the 150,000,000 marks or \$35,733,000 would, by agreement with the Reparations Commission, be used to purchase remittances to America and deposited in New York City. Before June 1, that sum had been placed to the credit of the Commission with the New York Federal Reserve Bank. During the four or five days in which that remarkable transfer was being made, French exchange on London rose violently from 46 1/8 francs per pound sterling to 47½, and the pound sterling at New York declined from \$4 to \$3.85. It was precisely what would have occurred in the case of a mass of capital being shifted from Paris to London for investment, and thence being passed along for similar purposes from England to the United States.

(X/HY was this great credit fund, in which the United States Government had virtually no interest, thus laid down at New York? What would be done with it, when so deposited? These questions must be answered in the light of the very remarkable economic relationships of the na- New York The United States is to-day and the Reparations the central money market of the Fund world. It is the one great market in which the currency and values reckoned in that currency are at par with gold. It is the creditor and the future source of credit for the outside world. It is the producing community from which the supplies and materials for the reconstruction of Europe must in large measure be drawn.

Unquestionably the request of the Reparations Commission that Germany convert her

(Financial Situation, continued on page 59)



"CLEAR THE WAYS!"



HEN a ship is ready to be launched the order goes out to "clear the ways!" and men fall to with their hammers to knock the restraining blocks from beneath the keel.

In the field of business and finance, The Continental and Commercial Banks "clear the ways" for the smooth launching of their customers' enterprises. This strong group of banks has had wide experience "clearing the ways" for American business.

Now that the tides of commerce and industry are returning to their normal flow, we are more than ever prepared to assist in "clearing the ways" for a permanent return to an era of business prosperity, and to place our best banking energies behind the affairs of those in search of a constructive banking connection.

The CONTINENTAL and COMMERCIAL BANKS

CHICAGO Complete Banking Service More than \$55,000,000 Invested Capital

The Easiest Way to Gain a Fortune

THE regular, persistent invest-I ment of small sums is, after all, not only the most certain, but the easiest way to gain an income-paying fortune.

Our new booklet, "Thrift-With a Smile," tells how. Free on request.

An example of present day investment oppor-tunities is found in the 6% Gold Notes of Standard Gas & Electric Company, available at a price to yield an average annual return of 9%.

Ask for Circular S-16

H.M.Byllesby & Co.

CHICAGO 208 S. La Salle St.

NEW YORK 111 Broadway

Boston-Providence-New Haven-Detroit Minneapolis-Madison, Wis.-Oklahoma City

South Dakota School District **Bonds**

F the combination of fundamental security, broad legal protection, income tax exemption, and attractive income appeals to you, then you will be vitally interested in our new booklet outlining the attractive features of South Dakota School District Bonds.

This booklet contains several illuminating charts showing the agricultural progress of the state during the past twenty years. Ask for Booklet "SDS"

Wells-Dickey Company

SURPLUS & CAPITAL \$ 1,300,000 MINNEAPOLIS

billion-mark payment into "dollar credits" was recognition of the fact that the deposit was secure in New York City, that it would not change in value between the opening of the account and the drafts upon it, and that whether the funds were subsequently drawn upon for transfer back to France, Belgium, and England or for payments due in the United States, the interests of the Allied beneficiaries would equally be served. It illustrates the way in which revolutionary changes of the existing order are accepted nowadays as a matter of course, that an event of such character, distinctly a landmark in the history of finance, should have called forth only passing comment.

T is the teaching of all experience that new economic forces shape themselves in a time of reaction and readjustment. The reason is not only that a great upheaval of the sort creates new conditions and relations in the whole financial organism, but that The Afterit brings into the strongest light a

community's actual resources and economic power. No such test is Readjustapplied in a period of speculative ment excitement, when the "business

boom" is engaging the financial community's entire attention. A period of that character is always marked by the overexploiting of ventures which appeal to a highly stimulated imagination. People buy chiefly because of belief that they can sell again at higher prices to other people more excited than themselves.

What we call "hard times," on the other hand, will always serve to prove whether the appearance of economic strength on which the preceding speculation had been based was real or imaginary. But the hard times will accomplish more than that. Through force of necessity, the industrial reaction will develop latent resources; it will show what part of the previous financial and industrial expansion was based on accumulation of real capital and what part on mere inflation of credit. Liquidation of illjudged speculations will release the capital which had been tied up in unprofitable ventures, premature exploitation, or overvalued enterprises. With the speculative illusions shattered, the capital thus released will first be hoarded through an instinct of suspicion toward all investments, but will very soon begin to take the direction pointed out by sober financial judgment, and the selection will be made in the long run on the basis of far-sighted survey of the whole world's financial and industrial movement. Under such circumstances, the visible

(Financial Situation, continued on page 61)



"— and when you reach Paris THE EQUITABLE will be waiting to help you"

WHEN you reach Paris this summer, you will find The Equitable waiting to help you solve many travel difficulties.

We have established in our Paris Office, at 23 Rue de la Paix, a special Travel Service Bureau, in charge of an experienced travel man. He and his assistants will gladly help you in the following ways:

- 1 Arrange your itinerary and assist you in passport matters.
- 2 Purchase your railroad and steamship tickets.
- 3 Secure your hotel accommodations in the towns and cities you will visit.
- 4 Arrange motor, airplane and sightseeing tours.
- 5 Tell you where to find the reliable shops.
- 6 Give you information of all kinds that is required in European travel.

Our Dollar Letter of Credit will be your introduction to our Paris Office and Travel Service Bureau—and it's the safest, most convenient and most economical way to carry your funds.

You can get our Letter of Credit directly from us or through your local bank.

Send today for our booklets, "When You Go Abroad" and "The Traveler's Primer."

THE EQUITABLE TRUST COMPANY

OF NEW YORK

37 WALL STREET

LONDON
3 King William St., B.C.4

TOTAL RESOURCES OVER \$300,000,000

PARIS 23 Rue de la Paix

A Safe and Liberal Income

No one who has ever invested in the Georgia Farm Mortgages recommended by us, has ever lost a dollar of his principal or interest. Five large insurance companies have invested nearly \$20,000,000 of their funds in Čeorgia Farm Mortgage Securities such as we recommend.

Market conditions, industrial unrest, wars, and other economic factors, cannot affect the intrinsic safety of this form of investment.

You can invest through us large or small sums of money or buy on the partial payment plan.

Write for Circular C-10, which will give you full particulars.

GEORGIA LAND & SECURITIES CO.

Savannah, Ga.

ORMAN ARM MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS

Turn to the Right!

Do not turn to the left and invest your savings in speculative securities. Turn to the right and purchase Forman Farm Mortgage Investments neuing 7%.

If you turn to the left and risk your savings in unsafe speculation, you may lose them. If you turn to the right and purchase Formán Farm Mortgage Investments, you will gain comfort and financial independence.

Which shall it be?

Write today for the Forman Gaide to Safe Investments, showing how easy it is to save by our Partial Payment Plan. Ask for Publication S1.

36 Years Without Loss To A Customer

Teorge M. Forman

FARM MORTGAGE BANKERS (ESTABLISHED 1885) 105 W. Monroe St...........Chicago, Ill. (Financial Situation, continued from page 50)

trend of a country's industrial energy and investing power will be brought into new and striking light. In due course, it will become evident what is thereafter to be that country's exact relation to the rest of the economic world.

THAT discovery will sometimes fulfil predictions made before it was possible for the community to fulfil what were reasoned and logical expectations. This was so in the reconstruction period after our own Civil War.

The first part of that period was marked by extravagant speculation in the shares of existing railway and kindred enterprises, mostly in the densely settled communities of

Sequel to Other Hard Times

the East. The collapse of this speculation in the panic of 1873, the fall of prices and the reform of our inflated currency, resulted in an entirely different era of industrial expansion, during which the country's capital, reinforced by that of European investors, engaged on a quite unexampled scale in developing transportation and production in the region beyond the Mississippi. Our export of agricultural products doubled and quadrupled, the United States came to be the new granary of the outside consuming world, and these huge exports not only served to pay off the greater part of our war indebtedness, but were exchanged for rapidly increasing remittances of the European capital which the country needed.

A far more striking instance of the change produced by the test of a period of hard times came after our panic of 1893, when the era of very low prices coincided with collapsing private and public credit, disorganized currency and bankruptcy for a long list of the largest American industrial and railway corporations. Belief that the United States had been overtaken by an economic paralysis, that even its longer financial future was uncertain, prevailed even in Wall Street. Yet that precise period, as the sequel demonstrated, was the occasion for the most rapid accumulation of new capital and the most vigorous revival of economic energy that the country had ever witnessed.

WHEREAS our export trade on the eve of 1893 had failed to balance our imports, throwing the country deeper into debt to a Europe which was then reluctant to lend, our new manufacturing activities had

by 1897 developed on such a scale that our exports of finished goods were competing with European makers in foreign markets, with so

great a resultant surplus of exports that by

(Financial Situation, continued on page 63)

Digitized by Google

Changed

Conditions

After 1803



A \$27,000,000 Corporation

Guarantees payment of

Eight Per Cent!

First Mortgage Real Estate Gold Bonds

The Bonds will be secured by tangible real estate valued at approximately two times the entire bond issue and all the usual safeguards that feature the American Bond & Mortgage Company investments.

In addition there is an additional guarantee of prompt payment of principal and interest by a corporation with net assets of fifteen times the amount of this loan and income sufficient to pay over

twenty times the interest charges.

The wide margin of actual and tangible real estate security, supplemented by the unconditional guarantee of one of the largest corporations in the United States, together with the unusually attractive interest rate and 4% of the Normal Tax paid, combine to make this one of the strongest investment issues we have ever been able to offer the investing public.

Maturities: 1 to 10 Years Denominations: \$100 \$500 \$1000 Price: Par and Accrued Interest, Yielding 8 Per Cent

The above information, while not guaranteed, has been obtained from sources believed to be accurate. Bonds offered subject to prior sale, and when, as, and if issued and received by us.

AMERICAN BOND & MORTGAGE COMPANY

AMERICAN

MONTO ACT

HITTORY

MONTO ACT

MON

American Bond & Mortgage Bldg., 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 562 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Columbus, Ohio

Davenport, Iowa

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Rockford, Illinois

Name......Address.....

Fill out and mailthis coupon for Booklet Q-51 illustrating and describing this investment and the remarkable enterprise which guarantees it



WRITE FOR OUR JULY INVESTMENT LIST

EVERY investor who seeks the maximum in safety and income should have this list of

SAFE-7%

first mortgage INVESTORS' BONDS, the same investments in which funds of the bank under State and Federal supervision, with which we are affiliated, are also placed. By our partial payment plan you can start with \$10. Write for Bookiets No. E-110

The INVESTORS COMPANY

MADISON & KEDZIE STATE BANK CHICAGO Inter-Southern Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

The facts— secured in time—often save losses in investments

Every investor at times needs reliable, unbiassed information regarding securities.

In recognition of this fact, Scribner's Magazine maintains an Investor's Service Bureau, the purpose of which is to analyze securities and supply current news and up-to-date statistics regarding investments.

The personal attention of a conservative investment specialist is given to each inquiry received. For a thorough analysis of an investment a nominal fee is charged amounting to \$3.00 for one stock or bond, and \$2.00 for each additional security analyzed at the same time.

Many of our readers who have utilized this service have commented upon the quality and scope of the information received. If you have an investment problem write to-day. Address inquiries, accompanied by a remittance, to INVESTOR'S SERVICE BUREAU, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

1000 and 1001 the American investing community was drawing on its foreign credit balances to invest in the new loans of England and the Continental governments. At the same time, recapitalization and re-equipment of American industry, with the abundant capital released for such investment from the newly accumulated home supplies, fortified the new position of our manufacturing producers in the world market. The change within half a dozen years in the character of our economic activities, the direction of our investments, the financial relation of the United States to other countries, was as complete as it was spectacu-No financier or manufacturer would have dreamed in 1803 or 1804 of predicting it, unless for the very remote future.

In several respects, the present economic readjustment does not resemble that which occurred in the older periods. It differs from 1873 in that the problem then was how to enable a comparatively poor country, through command of foreign capital, to bring its undeveloped natural resources into action. The situation of to-day is one in which the United States is itself equipped beyond any other nation with a reserve of available capital, and in which, if anything, the facilities of its productive industries had been brought to wholly unprecedented magnitude by the requirements of It differs from 1893, when our economic troubles had been aggravated by the withdrawal of European capital from America, because the present period of reaction came when the huge outstanding loans of American capital to Europe, whether through direct advances to governments or through extension of credit to foreign purchasers of our merchandise, were the controlling economic influence.

T was not surprising that, when what had appeared to be reasonable expectations of better things had successively been so completely disappointed in the early months of 1921, the sense of doubt and obscurity in the whole financial situation should have increased progressively. In Perplexities particular, it began to be asked Moment what the financial and industrial markets had left to rely upon as the basis of recovery. Every experienced business man knew what the influences were which in previous epochs had brought the turn from severe economic depression in America. European buying in our financial and commercial markets was one; in older periods of the sort Europe

had either been untouched by the depression, or else had recovered earlier than the United States and was therefore able to direct her stocks of accumulated capital into our products and securities when American prices seemed to have fallen to an attractive level. The rapid recovery of 1879 and 1880, and the still more spectacular reversal of conditions after 1898, had as their characteristic cause the rush of European consumers into the markets for our products and of European investors into the American stock and bond markets.

No such reliance existed now; Europe's eco-

nomic distress was far greater than ours; if any help to the situation was to come through the international market, it must be through the pouring of American capital and credit into Europe, not through tangible help extended by Europe to America. Even in the matter of our agricultural products, we are confronted now with a situation in which the farmer has been endeavoring to reduce his output, partly in view of the large supplies left in his hands unsold from the harvests of 1920, partly because of the continuing fall of prices.

(Financial Situation, continued on page 65)



THERE'S GOOD IN SAFE INVESTMENT PUBLIC SERVICE

THE PRIVILEGE of having electricity, gas, waterand telephoneservice in your home is the good of safe investment. In rapidly growing communities the extension of this essential service to new homes depends upon your investment in utility bonds.

Properly selected, such bonds are safe. They are readily marketable at all times. They pay an attractive income. They are a good investment for your funds. Cooperation with a reputable investment house insures a proper selection of bonds.

We always have a well-selected list of attractive utility bonds to offer our clients. Our hydro-electric issues are particularly attractive. Ask for Booklet CHS describing them.

BLYTH, WITTER & CO.

61 Breedway

BAN FRANCISCO
Merchants Exchang

LOS ANGELES
Trust & Servings Bldg.

PORTLAND, ORB Yeon Bldg. SEATTLE 812 Second Ave.

Prudence-Bonds

Improved property behind them.
Assured independence ahead.
6% in the meantime.
And safety always.

Send for Booklet No. S.C.-170

Realty Associates
Investment Corporation

31 Nassau St. New York

r

162 Remsen St. Brooklyn

An Investment You May "Forget"

Because our first mortgages on farms in Texas, Louisiana and Mississippi are amply secured, they constitute an investment which you can put away and "forget."

Because they are stable in value, the investor is free from worries over fluctuating prices. Our mortgages pay 7 and 8 per cent.

Detailed information sent on request.

INVESTORS MORTGAGE COMPANY
R. B. BISHOP, President
NEW ORLEANS, LA. FORT WORTH, TEX.

REAL ESTATE 8 LOANS NON-SPECULATIVE

Invest in FIRST MORTGAGES on Atlanta improved real estate or on Georgia FARMS; worth in each case, upon conservative appraisal, at least twice the amount of loan. Georgia's legal interest rate is 8%. During 25 years experience, not a client has lost a dollar invested through us. Without charge to investor, we collect interest, attend to insurance and tax payments and all other necessary protective services.

\$250.00, \$500.00, \$1000.00 FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS Send for booklet on Georgia, current bulletins on bond and mortgage offerings and facsimiles of testimonials.

GREEN, TILSON & MCKINNEY Suite 1701-1710E Hurt Bidg. ATLANTA, GA. (Financial Situation, continued from page 64)

SOME of these seeming anomalies were incidents of the economic reaction and were certain to disappear when financial and industrial readjustment should be effected. The fall in prices could not continue indefinitely at its recent pace. At some point, as in

Future

all previous periods of reaction, consumers would be compelled by

actual necessity to relax the policy of restricted buying, and experience teaches that when prices steady themselves in response to such increased purchases, the buying movement will be further enlarged because of the simple fact that the market seems for the time. at any rate, to have touched bottom. The instinct which leads the average man to buy when the price of goods has been reduced will always be superseded, if such decline is greatly prolonged, by the other instinct which makes him wait for the still lower prices which he comes to look for as a matter of course; but a visible change in the direction of prices will bring this postponed demand very quickly into action. A striking illustration of that principle was presented by the present season's wheat market, when it discovered, after contracts to deliver wheat in May had been sold as low as \$1.19 ½ per bushel, that the supply available for delivery had been greatly overestimated. The price of wheat accordingly rose with the greatest violence to \$1.85. Yet the grain trade reported larger purchases and larger exports on this rapid recovery of prices than on the preceding decline.

Eventually the same phenomenon, though probably in a less degree, is fairly certain to occur in the markets for many other commodities. Every occurrence of the sort will facilitate the marketing of the great stores of goods and produce held against bank loans because of previous inability to sell the goods, except at a disastrous loss, and the consequent release of tied-up credit will be the surest of all influences toward restoring easy money. The inadequate earnings of the railways during the season past were themselves primarily the result of the heavily decreased traffic which has always accompanied trade reaction and depression. They are bound to increase again when business revives, and in the meantime the surplus railway revenues will be getting the advantage of the drastic economies in operating costs, including the 12 per cent reduction in wages allowed by the Railway Labor Board.

To this extent we are dealing simply with the phenomena of an ordinary period of depression. There are, however, other aspects



ANCHOR POST



Fences

for lawns, flower gardens and other places where a serviceable, neat, and economical fence is desired, we recommend our chain link or woven wire fences in all heights from 3½ to 7 feet, complete with electric-weld gates.

Galvanized

Every part of an Anchor Post Wire Fence is heavily galvanized by the hot dip spelter process, the finest rust preventive known.



Interesting Booklets

Write or phone our nearest Sales Office for a copy of our "Residential Class A" book, illustrating and describing all our fences.

Anchor Post Iron Works

Hudson Terminal Bldg.

52 Church St. New York, N. Y.

Sales and Erection Offices

Boston, 79 Milk St. Mineola, L. I., N. Y., Jericho Turnpike Cleveland, Guardian Building Pittsburgh, Jenkins Arcade Richmond, Va., 119 Mutual Building Hartford, Conn., 902 Main St. Philadelphia, Real Estate Trust Building

Chicago, 8 So. Dearborn St.

Rochester, 1906 Main St., E.

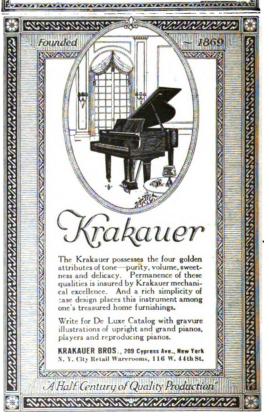
2343-G



Sales Prestige

is no thing of mere accident. The article must be so superlatively good that all peoples of all tongues unanimously agree the manufacturer has placed quality FIRST.

GEORGE FROST CO., BOSTON, Makers of Velvet Grip Hose Supporters for All the Family



Vol. LXX · No. 2

AUGUST 1921

35 CENTS

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE



Fiction Number

<u>Diories</u>										
Nancy: Her Li	fe an	d D	eat	h Mai		¢ Ť			. LOUIS DODGE HARINE HOLLAND BROWN	151 172
To Let Sorial	iu ilie	LIU	ue	IVI A	iu o	гту	16 1	KAII	IOUN CALSWODTHY	172
Matherson and	the S	niri	. W	Vorl	ď	•	•	•	. JOHN GALSWORTHY . SARAH REDINGTON	200
The Sound of a	Voic	ը Իստ		, 01 1	u	•	•	•	. SARAH KEDINGION	214
The Winged Int	erluc	le le	•	•	•	•	•	•	JAMES BOYD ARTHUR TUCKERMAN . J. EDWARD MACY	223
Out of the Hurr	icane		•	•	•	•	•	•	I FOWARD MACV	232
		•	•	•	•	•	;	•	. J. EDWARD MACI	202
Special Artic	cles									
Our Farm .								W.	ILLIAM HENRY SHELTON	132
Four Paintings 1	by th	e M	on	tana	a A	rtist			CHARLES M. RUSSELL	146
									rld LOTHROP STODDARD	161
Isleta	Has a V	Voode	n F1	oor	•	•	W	INIF	RED HAWKRIDGE DIXON	193
The Use of a Ca	ane b	y th	ne l	Blin	d				HENRY M. BINDT	244
Poetry										
Pax Vobiscum									MARY R. S. ANDREWS	131
Montana Poems	.								FRANK B. LINDERMAN	144
Love Songs .									SARA TEASDALE	170
The Unmasking		•							. WILLIAM STRONG	246
Departments										
The Point of Vi	ew		•						toning—On the Impulse to Educate	247
Annotated Adverti	sement									
The Field of At		•	• '	• •	•	•	•	•	. T. H. E. BEMENTS	251
The Financial S			•	•	•	•	•	. A	ALEXANDER DANA NOYES	257

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"

On Time

You buy a watch to tell you accurate time. Nowhere are watches more carefully checked up for accuracy than in railroad service.

We show here Conductor G. W. Valentine and Engineer W. S. Robinson of the Pennsylvania Eastern Lines comparing their Hamiltons. They run the Manhattan Limited between Harrisburg, Pa., and Manhattan Transfer Station—right outside of New York City—an important run. Engineer Robinson recently received the following letter:

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD Eastern Lines

Office of Superintendent Philadelphia Division

Harrisburg, Pa.

Mr. W. S. Robinson, Passenger Engineman

Dear Sir:

I am pleased to note the fact that you have made a perfect record during the month of March, 1920, as all trains you were in charge of made schedule time or better than schedule time, and I desire in this manner to commend you for this excellent performance,

(signed) E. J. Cleave, Superintendent

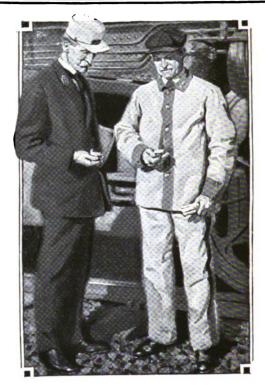
This splendid record was achieved by men who run their trains by the Hamilton Watches they hold in their hands.

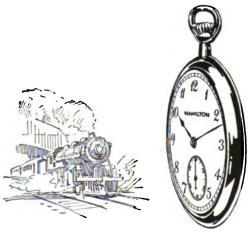
Hamilton Watches are the favorite timekeepers of American railroad men. When you buy, select a watch that has accuracy as well as looks.

For women as well as men, there are many beautiful Hamilton models. Prices range from \$46 to \$200; movements alone, \$22 (in Canada \$25) and up. Send for "The Timekeeper," an interesting booklet about the manufacture and care of fine watches. The different Hamiltons are illustrated, and prices given.

IIAMILTON WATCH COMPANY

Lancaster, Pennsylvania





SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

Contents Fiction Number 1921

A SEEMINGLY ENDLESS VIGIL BESIDE A GREAT FORGE From a drawing by W. J. Enright to illus- trate "The Winged Interlude."	Fronitsj	biece
PAX VOBISCUM. Poem	Many D. C. Androws	
	Mary R. S. Andrews	131
OUR FARM	William Henry Shelton	132
MONTANA POEMS—CABINS—THE TROUT POOL—LUCK—THE OLD CANOE— THE OLD FRONTIER	Frank B. Linderman	144
FOUR PAINTINGS BY THE MONTANA ARTIST,	Charles M. Russell	146
NANCY: HER LIFE AND DEATH—A Story Illustration from a photograph.		151
SOCIAL UNREST AND BOLSHEVISM IN THE ISLAMIC WORLD	Lothrop Stoddard Author of "The Rising Tide of Color."	161
WORDS FOR AN OLD AIR—THE SEA-LOVER—THOSE WHO LOVE Decorations by M. B. L. Chatfield.	Sara Teasdale	170
ARGIVE HELEN AND THE LITTLE MAID OF TYRE—A Story Illustrations by Elenore P. Abbott.	Katharine Holland Brown .	172
TO LET. Serial. Part III, Chapters V-IX. (To be concluded) Illustration by C. F. Peters	John Galsworthy	179
ISLETA—WHY THE CHURCH HAS A WOODEN FLOOR	Winifred Hawkridge Dixon .	193
MATHERSON AND THE SPIRIT WORLD -A Story Illustrations by W. E. Hill.	Sarah Redington Author of "The Parthenon Freeze."	200
THE SOUND OF A VOICE—A Story Illustrations by W. J. Duncan.	James Boyd	214
THE WINGED INTERLUDE—A Story Illustrations by W. J. Enright.	Arthur Tuckerman Author of "Cynthia and the Crooked Streets."	223
OUT OF THE HURRICANE—A Story Illustrations by Oliver Kemp.	J. Edward Macy Author of "Sea Ginger."	232
THE USE OF A CANE BY THE BLIND	Henry M. Bindt	244
THE UNMASKING. A Poem	William Strong	246
THE POINT OF VIEW—Annotated Adve	rtisements; "By Mail"—Buttoning	247
THE FIELD OF ART—Barye's Sketch-Book Illustrations from the original sketches by	M ** ** * .	251
Barye. THE FINANCIAL SITUATION—The Course of Readjustment	Alexander Dana Noyes	257

Copyrighted in 1922 in United States, Canada, and Great Britain, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Printed in New York. All rights reserved. Entered as Second-Class Matter December 2, 1886, at the Post-Office at New York. N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

SCRIBNER'S

for SEPTEMBER

Being a Waitress in a Boardwalk Hotel These are part of her adventures, FOUR YEARS IN THE UNDERBRUSH, by a novelist of note, who went in search of material for a novel, and worked at a variety of tasks with an eye for character. The absurdities and ironies of the rich and near-rich at a summer hotel are keenly portrayed.

The New Pacific

Guy H. Scholefield, author of that authoritative work, "The Pacific," tells how Australia, New Zealand, and the United States are immensely involved in the trade of the Pacific, which has resolved itself into "a struggle between the British and American interests for the control of the copra output."

Katharine Fullerton Gerould "Next to going somewhere yourself is looking up the best way to get there." This is the text for a journey in a guide-book, entitled Change FOR BOKHARA.

Meredith Nicholson

This novelist and essayist contributes a brief paper, THE POOR OLD ENGLISH LANGUAGE, in which he holds that "in these free states we are making no marked headway in the attempt to improve spoken and written English."

Marguerite Wilkinson PEOPLE BY THE WAYSIDE is another cruise of "The Dingbat of Arcady," being strange adventures with characters met in Oregon, New York, England, and Scotland.

John Galsworthy

To Let, the notable serial, and the last of the Forsyte Saga, is concluded in this number.

Japan's New Woman

Emma Sarepta Yule, for eighteen years a resident in the Far East, says that "the new woman is in Japan and there to stay." She is "Loosening the fetters of custom that keep her from living the life of a freeborn individual."

Drift of the River Rat"

E. M. Ashe, the artist, and his wife, Estelle Ashe, with their boy made a wonderful trip in a house-boat from Parkersburg, West Virginia, to Cincinnati. It was a thirty-foot scow, with a cabin twenty by ten, built in the centre. The amusing adventures are told by Mrs. Ashe, and drawn by Mr. Ashe.

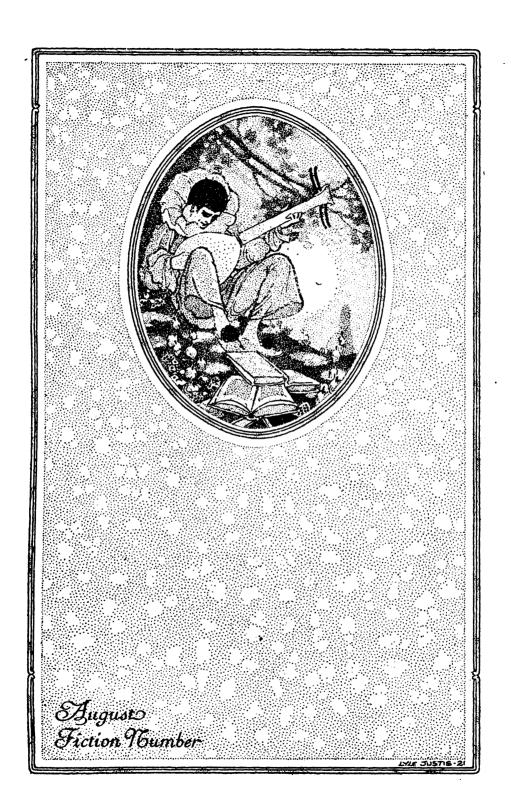
My Grandmother's Table The delights of a farm table nearly eighty years ago are told with real charm by William Henry Shelton, a veteran of the Civil War, a writer of books and a lover of old times.

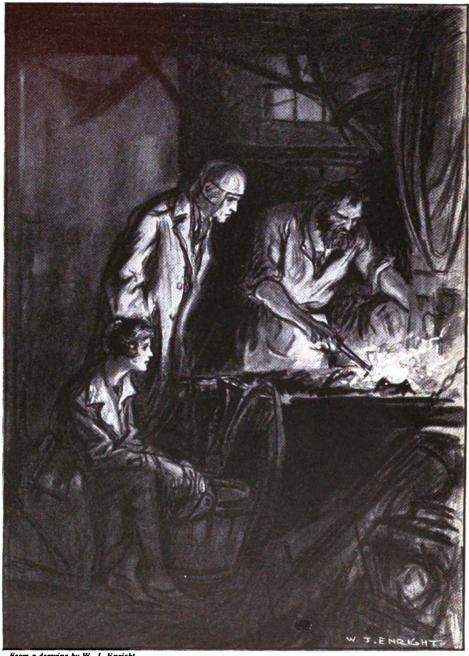
Four Good Short Stories

THE BRIBE, by L. Allen Harker. A STUDY IN SMOKE, by Shane Leslie.
TALISMAN, by A. Carter Goodloe. Doc Jenny, by Ladd Plumley.

The Field of Art

discusses the work of the late Abbott H. Thayer with some notable illustrations; The Point of View, and The Financial Situation by Alexander Dana Noyes complete the number.





From a drawing by W. J. Enright.

A SEEMINGLY ENDLESS VIGIL BESIDE A GREAT FORGE . . . WHILE THE GIANT . . . WORKED WITH AN ALTOGETHER INCREDIBLE LETHARGY.

-"The Winged Interlude," page 239.



SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXX

AUGUST, 1921

NO. 2

PAX VOBISCUM

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Brow out the candles; set the camp door wide; Climb to your bunk; good night; sweet dreams galore. Now all the silver night floods like a tide In through the low camp door.

Through miles and miles of forest, over dark, Hoarse streams that fall to lakes the moonlight spills Down broken glory roads; one human spark Strikes from the endless mystery of the hills;

Where from the guides' camp voices, laughter low Puncture small nicks in the silence's intensity, And through dim window-panes one candle's glow Stands as man's symbol in the night's immensity.

Each of us tiny moths may see above him The glittering million suns of worlds unknown; Lord, what is man that You are mindful of him, Seeing the universes are Your throne?

Blow out the candles; set the camp door wide; A sleepy pulse of waters throbs along the shore. Now all the peace of God floods like a tide In at the low camp door.



Digitized by Google

OUR FARM

By William Henry Shelton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST



O begin with, my grandmother kept geese and my grandfather kept bees. The geese lived under the barn and the bees lived in forty wooden hives in the

My grandmother was very particular about her poultry; when the young turkeys were hatched each tottering fledgling had to swallow a peppercorn. She picked her geese in May in one end of the cow-stable, which was spread with clean wheat straw for the occasion. My grandmother sat in a straight-backed, splintbottomed kitchen chair with a big brass kettle for the feathers. The light came in through three holes in the wall, used for cleaning the stables, and from a trap-door in front of the manger that was behind my grandmother's chair, and through the cracks between the boards.

It was a picturesque interior, with the waiting geese penned in one end of the stable and my tow-headed brother and myself standing hand in hand in the straw at a safe distance as privileged spectators—I in my very first pair of trousers, and my brother in a gingham frock and a pair of pantalets. Our grandmother, who was not more than fifty, seemed very old to us, because she wore a mob-cap over her front hair, which was false—like our other grandmother, who was her mother, and whom we knew to be old. My brother and I had a wholesome fear of the old white gander because he hissed at us in defense of his gray mate, and when my grandmother went into the flock to pick him out as the first victim of the plucking, we clambered over the low rail of the manger and hid in the hay. The rail was worn smooth by the necks of the cows, and the auger-holes, which the ropes from their horns passed through, were worn and enlarged by the tossing of the heads of several generations of cows. We had gone into hiding too soon to see the old gander's head and neck thrust into one of my grandmother's black stockings,

and as soon as she was seated again, with the gander's webbed feet held firmly in her left hand and his neck thrust under her left arm, we peeped out of the hay to see what seemed to be a huge black snake writhing over the manger and hissing, although it was headless. Little Fred began to whimper and, with a courage born of my new trousers with pockets, I boosted him out of the manger, and pushed him back to our original position on the straw.

Before my grandmother had plucked three handfuls of feathers from the breast of the old white gander, there was a great buzzing over the stable. It was the first swarm of my grandfather's bees making for the woods to set up for themselves in a bee-tree. She was on her feet in an instant, and so was the gander, who charged on us in blind headless desperation. We fled in tears through a cloud of feathers and chaff.

My grandmother was always prepared for such an emergency, and as soon as she was out of the stable-door she picked up a milk-pan and a wheel-boy, and began a furious beating that so confused the queen bee that she promptly settled with her restless family on an apple-tree in the orchard. A hive, well washed on the inside with sweetened water, was set on a table-cloth under the tree, and my grandfather, with a veil tied over his head and a pair of gauntlets on his hands, sawed off the limb from a ladder, and gently shook off the young bees upon the cloth at the base of the hive. After supper in the cool of the evening the hive was moved into the bee-house.

The forty hives formed an L in an angle of the garden, and on each hive was a small box for honey, with a stone on top to hold it in place. The dooryard was shaded with locust-trees from whose vellow blossoms, that drugged the air with sweetness, the bees made their best honey, and then they winged their way to the basswood-trees in the woods, and then to



We had gone into hiding too soon to see the old gander's head and neck thrust into one of my grandmother's black stockings.—Page 132.

the fields of white clover, and then they sampled all the flowers until they were driven at last to make buckwheat honey. I sometimes wondered if my grandfather's bees were intelligently handled, for we never seemed to sell any honey, and the entire product of forty hives was a good deal to be devoured by one family, even with the help of the boys that came home from school with my brother and me to eat bread-and-butter and honey.

My father's farm was a quarter-section of ninety acres, and geese and bees went but a short way toward stocking it. It was divided into fields of corn and wheat and oats and pastures and meadows, as the crops rotated, and the wood-lot, which never rotated at all. The years were so

long to us children that the corn-field seemed always to have been the cornfield, and the meadow to have been always the meadow, just as the woods were always the woods.

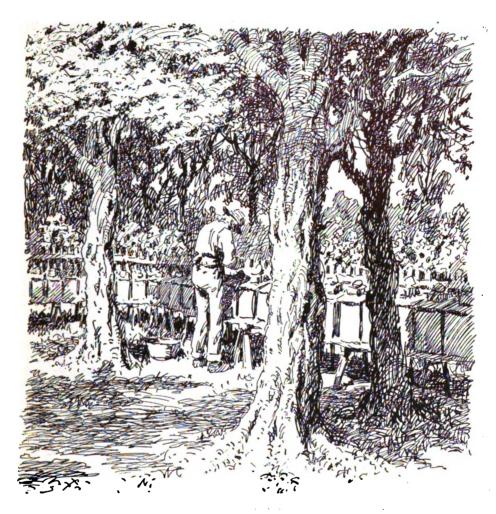
And, oh! the woods! where the mandrakes grew and the squirrels lived; with its endless carpet of moss and leaves through which the snapdragons thrust their heads, with jack-in-the-pulpit, and the skunk's cabbage grew on the edge of the stagnant pool, and the violets, and the buttercups, and the tall phlox, and the puffballs, and the toadstools.

There was always something new to be discovered in this half-explored wilderness, where the acorns and the beechnuts and the walnuts sprouted under the



Drawn by A. B. Frost.

My grandmother was always prepared for such an emergency.—Page 132.



The forty hives formed an L in an angle of the garden.—Page 132.

leaves and grew up into tall trees, and spring freshets, through which only a where the squirrels hid their winter's store of hickory-nuts in pockets under the leaves, which was the grandest discovery of all. And there were so many trees we knew by their smell—the musky odor of the black walnut, and the smell of the slippery-elm when it was peeled, and the resinous smell of the pines, and the smell of the red-cedar chips, and the sour smell of the black-oak logs when they were split into fence-rails. Each tree when it was cut down and rent apart in its green life seemed to exhale its peculiar smell like a living thing dying.

Just at the corner of the woods was a deep gully in the slatestone, cut by many

thread of water trickled in the dry summer days. It was easy to enter by coming up the bed of the stream, but not so easy to leave by reason of its cool, inviting shelter and the fascination of its slabs of slate and its shelving drift of slate-pencils, that formed the sides of the glen. It was an ideal place to play school in, with pools of clear water at hand to wash the slate and everything needed for ciphering except the sponge. For a little way into the neighboring field the soil was of pulverized slate, clear of weeds, cool and moist in the driest weather, and easy to hoe into great dark hills about the green shoots of the corn.

May was a wonderful month for two boys on a farm. It was up before breakfast one morning to see a red calf, born the night before, looking out through his great liquid eyes at the strange world he had fallen into, and trying his clumsy legs on the straw and indulging in two freakish hops of satisfaction, and next day walking half a mile to the back pasture to see a new colt, all legs, with a white face and a curly tail. Finest of all were the ten pigs taking nourishment all in a row, mottled and white pigs curling their tails and grunting and pushing for more. The lambs, already a month old, were getting frisky, and it was time to wash the sheep in the pool below the sawmill dam, and then came the shearing. The big barn floor, between the bay for hay on one side and the granary and the stables under the loft on the other side, was swept clean and blankets were laid for the shearers, who went from one farm to another with a pair of sheep-shears and an apron, for ten shillings a day, and told broad stories which we did not understand. The sheep were crowded into an adjoining stable, where a brawny shearer could pick one out and tuck its head under his arm as easily as my grandmother handled a goose, and when the fleece was off, the naked sheep was haled over to the bucket of tar and stamped JCS and given a dab of tar on his nose for his health. It was before the time of merinos, and these were only Cotswolds, who sheared three or four pounds to the fleece.

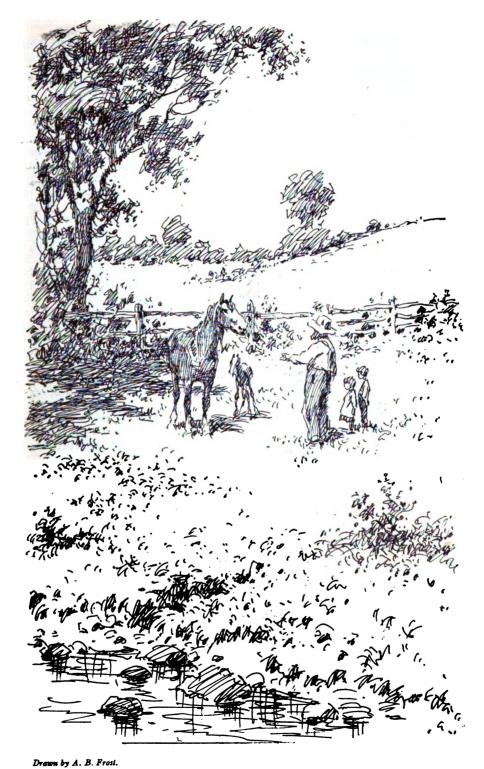
My grandfather's house was built into a hillside, so that the lower story of stone looked out upon the lane bordered with current-bushes and the bell pear-tree and the Jerusalem artichokes, while the second story on the opposite side was on a level with the lawn in front of the orchard and the well. It was built around a great chimney like the house he had left in Connecticut. There were four fireplaces in the chimney—one, the largest one, in the kitchen, one in the cellar on the same level, and above, one in the parlor, and one in my mother's bedroom. The fireplace in the kitchen took in a big back log and long sticks of wood, and burned with a great red flame on winter nights, and the coals were banked under the

ashes, to be opened in the morning. The stairs from the kitchen, which were dark stairs, came up against the great bulk of the chimney, and midway of the flight was a mysterious square receptacle for newspapers and books. On the opposite side of the chimney was a long closet, which was a passageway between my mother's room and the parlor, where the tall loaf of white sugar, wrapped in blue paper, stood on a high shelf. The chimney was the core of the house, like the house in Connecticut, but there the similarity ended, for the old colony house was a salt-box house, with a square vestibule, carrying a light angular staircase (also against the chimney) opposite the entrance, and on the wall below the banisters was a crude picture of a village in black paint done by the colonial decorator, who finished the wall with a vine in the same medium, making dabs for leaves.

In my mother's room the fire blazed behind shining brass andirons, and there was a great bed and an alcove with a small bed, in which my brother and I slept, and I vaguely remember a little flax-wheel, which was not there for ornament, and which soon disappeared to join the spinning-jenny in the corn-house. When we boys were a little older the alcove was added to the hall and we slept up-stairs in a square room, whose floor was painted yellow, and the clothes-press (where I kept a silver half-dollar with a hole in it, strung on a string) made an L around the chimney.

On the parlor floor was another large clothes-press with two doors and a window, where it was a delight to rummage and peep into a little hair trunk filled with folded letters that had once been stamped with sealing-wax and were marked "10 cents" postage. There also were my father's and my uncle's training uniforms, and a bridle fringed with leather, and a cruel bit, and a holster of Londonmade pistols, and cocked hats, and beaver hats with plumes, and leghorn bonnets, and green-ribbed calashes, and sermon books. I am sure there was not a bedstead in the house that was not laced through the rails with ropes that had to be tightened up with a wooden peg and a key.

The great kitchen was my grand-



Half a mile to the back pasture to see a new colt, all legs.—Page 136.

mother's domain, where she allowed my grandfather to sit on the opposite ingleside at night. In the daytime it was no place for idle grown-ups. Here she spun the varn for our woollen stockings. My brother and I used to sit on a stool, openmouthed like two robins, to see her card the Cotswold wool into fleecy rolls and pile them on the bed of the wheel. Then she made a roll fast to the end of the spindle, and whirled the wheel, walking backward and forward so as to draw out the yarn and twist it and pass it onto the spindle. When a finger's length of the roll hung from the spindle my grandmother attached another roll to it, and went through the same delightful circus of dancing and prancing and whirling the wheel.

There was another event that took place once a year in the big kitchen, so much more exciting than spinning that instead of being allowed to sit at liberty, with directions and cautions, we had to be tied to the table legs with a clothesline, or we would have been covered with grease. It was a mysterious proceeding, which began with my grandmother spreading a space on the floor with Albany Journals, and Ontario County Repositories, and Waterbury Americans. Then she stirred the contents of a brass kettle that hung on the crane, and took up the Waterbury Americans, cherished souvenirs of her native town, and replaced them with ordinary Repositories. Next she brought four kitchen chairs and set them on the four corners of the rectangle of newspapers and connected them with two poles. Then she stirred the brass kettle again and looked at the clock. Then she proceeded to bring in a large number of rods, each of which was looped with six twisted wicks, and laid the ends of the rods neatly on the poles. It was then that we were tied up with a little free rope allowed for limited range, before the brass kettle was emptied into the copper boiler.

And now the fun began, when my grandmother dipped the first two rods of wicks into the boiler of melted tallow, and we danced as much as the table legs would permit. It was two rods at a time and then two more, over and over again until the full-grown candles hung in rows, slender at the top and enlarging to a thick pointed end at the bottom. It took some of the joy out of our young lives when the tin moulds came and put an end to candle-

dipping.

When my grandfather gave up the farm he retired to the garden, the entrance to which was through a grapearbor, with seats at the sides that might have encouraged idleness in a less-enthusiastic gardener than my grandfather. The vines bore luscious grapes, but they had long since outgrown the trellis of the little arbor and, year after year, had extended farther and farther over a row of plum-trees that grew along the garden-fence, and had so stunted and strangled the trees that, although they were not quite dead, they bore no fruit, except one might see on a moonlight night occasional bunches of half-grown chickens clinging to the bare limbs as if they had grown there. The fence beneath the trees was moss-grown under the influence of so much shade, and against it stood my grandmother's lyeleech, with a yellow egg floating on the contents of the iron kettle-indicating that the lye was of proper strength—but there was golden sunlight in the garden.

It was an old-fashioned garden with beds of sage for flavoring the sausages, and catnip for tea, and fennel for smelling-salts, and asparagus tops for the harness in fly-time. Midway of the path from the grape-arbor were two clumps of peonies in boxes, and borders of marigolds and asters and pinks and bachelor's-buttons and sweet-williams, tended by my grand-mother in memory of a certain garden in Connecticut.

My grandfather kept Doctor Jaynes's Almanac hanging in the chimney-corner, and bought the best seeds and noted the time for planting. There were other gardens for roots and cabbage, but my grandfather's garden supplied the table with strawberries and raspberries and red currants and marrowfat peas and cucumbers and vegetable oysters.

My mother was the queen bee of a new family, and my grandmother's reign in the big kitchen came to an end when my father built a long addition to the house, that was half a snug apartment for the old people and half a wood-house. There was

a rain-water cistern dug in connection good things to eat. When we were going with this building, and when the work- a whole year without butter, for the sum men struck some dirt that contained of two dollars, we were allowed to eat sparkling particles that were yellow we butter when we went visiting. Grandthought we had found a gold-mine, mother was very indulgent, but she had



The fun began when my grandmother dipped the first two rods of wicks into the boiler of melted tallow.—Page 138.

When the sills were laid for the addition, my brother and I brought mandrakes from the woods and left them to ripen in the sun until they were speckled and vellow and soft, like persimmons, and we olic church and that was not Romish. never liked mandrakes any more.

at one period, when we recited our lessons told me to go out and play. to a cousin, who had wonderful lace balldresses, trimmed with blue ribbons, and the old kitchen when my mother took it was always a convenient place to get possession. The fireplace was closed up

settled opinions on several subjects besides turkeys and geese. She had no use for Freemasons or for a man with hair on his face, and there was but one Cath-When I reminded her that Christ had a Grandmother's room was a schoolroom beard in the pictures in the Bible, she

A great transformation took place in

with a fireboard, which was papered like the rest of the room, and a sheet-iron stove, with an urn on the top, took its place on the hearth. The floor was covered with a new rag-carpet, the rags for which were cut and sewed and wound into balls in the house and sent out to be woven. With the formal instalment of my father's mahogany desk, and the eight-day clock, and the cherry-wood dining-table, and my mother's work-stand with the glass knobs, it became a room with a character. It was a long room with two windows on the end, having deep sills to read in or dream in, and the outside door was at the left-hand corner, and turning that angle the next window was on a level with the lawn, and so was the next one, but it was six feet above the floor and only two feet square.

It was a spacious and comfortable living-room, in which there was a state dinner on Christmas, when my other grandparents came to eat turkey (it was an Episcopal turkey in response to a Presbyterian chicken-pie on Thanksgiving), and there were teas to which certain neighbors were formally invited, as the congressman and the historian and the rector and the gentleman-farmer, and their ladies, when there were raised biscuits, and yellow butter, and chipped beef, and pickled peaches stuck with cloves, and honey in the comb, and cottage-cheese, and sponge-cake, and old Hyson tea from a silver urn (my grandmother, up-stairs, poured tea from a Staffordshire pot), and quiltings and sewing-circles to make aprons for the heathen.

It was from the corner door opening on the clam-shell walk that I used to start for school, crying because I had to wear a cloak, or sulking because I could not go Sometimes I sat with my barefooted. mother in one of the deep windows at twilight, and sometimes my father rolled on the floor with us and tossed us about like rubber balls.

When I was big enough to be of some use on the farm, I rode the horse to plough corn in the field between the barn and the woods, next to the slatestone gully. I had a sheepskin for a saddle, and turned the horse in two rows of potato hills that

from the time when the men dropped three kernels in a hill and flattened it with a hoe until the last load of fodder was drawn in. The scarecrow was rigged on a rude cross, with old clothes stuffed with straw and topped off with a beaver hat. The crows pulled the young shoots just the same, with a wary old sentinel crow on guard, perched on the top of a dead pine.

When husking-time came in the cool October days, my father and the hired man (at ten dollars a month and found) set up the stalks behind them for a windbreaker, and threw the yellow ears into a pile in front. My brother and I, armed with husking-pegs on a leather loop, lent a hand, and built cosey nests in the soft shucks, and basked in the sun and laughed at the wind. Late in the fall, when the stalks were ready for housing, we built a little slaughter-house in the doorvard of clay bricks, dried in the sun, and equipped it with gambrels and poles, as we had seen a shed arranged for butchering sheep. Then we followed the wagon with the old shepherd-dog, whose name was Tinker, and captured the field-mice as each stook was turned over. Tinker delivered the mice dead, and we dressed them and hung them in rows in the slaughter-house, which was not more than a foot in height.

Western New York was a wheat-growing country when there were no big Western farms tilled by machinery. farmer sowed the seed as he appears in the oldest New England almanac, a bushel and a half to the acre. Ten sacks, each containing that amount of wheat, were set at regular intervals along one side of a ten-acre field, and the farmer carried a bag hung from his right shoulder to his left side, which held enough seed to sow across the field and back, and the harrow followed the sower, as may also be seen in the almanac of Benjamin Franklin.

When the wheat was golden ripe in July, its harvesting was equally primitive. Then came the cradlers and the rakers and binders. The cradle was a broad scythe having four parallel fingers of hickory above it, curving like the scythe. When the cradler swung his. had been planted along the fence for that cradle into the tall wheat, the stalks purpose. The corn-field was a delight rested against the fingers, until by an-



The crows pulled the young shoots just the same.—Page 140.

other motion he laid them in a swathe for with a gurgling sound which was the air the binder, and woe to the binder who, escaping from the jug. The service of in spite of Canada thistles and brittle the small boy consisted in bringing the straw, could not keep up with the cradler water, and setting the sheaves up in until the dinner-horn blew. Our men shocks, and turning the grindstone to drank great drafts of sweetened water sharpen the scythes. flavored with ginger or raspberry shrub, and they had a deft way of swinging the wheat was mowed in the great bay up to jug onto the bend of the right arm and the rafters of the barn, and the oats and letting the contents flow into their throats barley were on the opposite scaffolding,

When the harvest was over and the

the thrashing-machine came. It arrived like the circus, with strange men and horses, and was set up the evening before the great day, the thrasher and separator on the barn floor in position to carry the straw to a stack in the barnyard, and in the opposite direction the horse-power was set in the ring of the year before. The proprietor of the show, with a sponge tied over his mouth and nose, fed the grain into the hopper, and the ringmaster drove the four teams on the sweeps from the platform at the centre, and it must have been the clown who oiled the The machine started with a rumble and clatter, and the barn began to smoke with a cloud of dust and thistledown, and the man on the table who cut the bands for the feeder and the men on the mow who pitched down the bundles had to jump for their lives to supply food to the devouring monster. Some farmers reserved a stack of oats to be thrashed with a flail on the barn floor, but that was to keep the hired man busy in the winter.

All the flour and meal for the family and the bran and "shorts" and "middlings" for the stock were ground at the old mill in Gateses Hollow. The mill, which at some time had been red, was brown with age, and the windows, rising story above story into the peak of the roof, were gray with cobwebs and dust. There was a platform from the front door just high enough to receive the sacks or barrels from a wagon. Behind the mill was a great, dripping overshot wheel covered with moss, which was turned by water from the mill-pond flowing in a race past the miller's house around a bend in the hill. When the gate was raised at the pond the current was deep and swift, and the brave miller, going to and coming from his house, crossed the hungry torrent on a single board with a hand-rail, when a misstep would have carried him over the great wheel-it seemed to me.

Sometimes when the teams were busy I was sent to mill with a sack of wheat across the saddle to bring back the flour. The old miller, with the flour in his whiskers and the meal on his boots, emptied the sack into the hopper and dipped out his toll with a square measure. Then he shifted a lever and the great wheels began

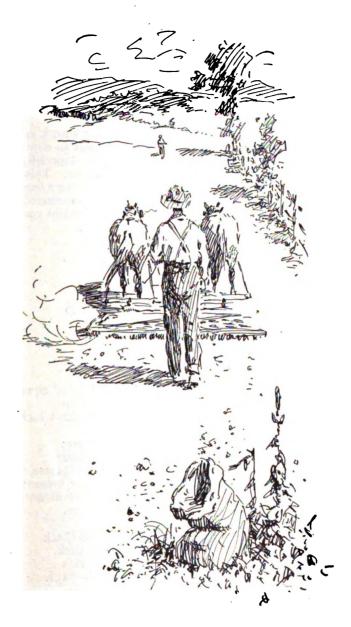
to turn and the windows to rattle, and I climbed the stairs to the highest loft and looked into the long bolt and came down and walked out on the flume and looked down on the great wheel in action.

In the spring the checked-apron boys fished off the bridge below the mill-dam with such rods as we could cut with our jack-knives, and with blue-and-red bobbers standing in the water. Whenever one of the boys, who had red hair and freckles to match, saw his bobber go under, he cried in great excitement, "I've got a cod-eel! I've got a cod-eel!" and it was always a pumpkin-seed. Each boy selected a pool among the stones to keep his catch of bullheads and shiners and horned dace fresh until he strung them on two willow-whips and started for home. In the creek below the dam, that wound its way through the meadows and under the bridges, the men used to come at night and spear great suckers by the light of a tin lantern.

The same fascination of uncertainty that made fishing a delight was equally applicable to the sport of hunting eggs. There were the great straw stack with wonderful holes in it made by the cattle, and the hay-lofts and the mangers and the corn-house and the forests of ragweed that grew in the fence corners and around the lumber piles. For a week before Easter we hid the eggs and brought them in on Poss day, when eggs were cooked in every style, and the hired man ate a dozen.

When we went for the cows we found birds' nests in the pasture, in which there were sometimes young birds and sometimes speckled eggs, and when the killdeer and the robins were away from home, picking up worms after the plough, we would set their nests across the furrow on the ploughed ground. There were long swales that ran across the south fields, where the thick June grass grew from a sod that had never been ploughed, and here the bumblebees made their homes in abandoned mouse-nests. When the mowers came upon one of these there was a great buzzing underground, and we all armed ourselves with clubs of twisted grass and killed the bumblebees and sucked the honey from the little brown sacks.

The geese shed their long wing-feathers as they waddled along and we hunted in



The harrow followed the sower.—Page 140.

the lane and along the brook by the road- to think what would happen to us if the side for quills to be made into pens. We barn should suddenly settle. hunted for goose-quills with the eager expectancy of a miner hunting for nuggets the foals of a brood-mare owned by the of gold along the placer, and the eggs! farmer when he took possession of the they were diamonds rescued at great farm. The first span I remember were peril from the nests under the barn, when "Old Brown" and "Major," her first-we crept farther and farther into the born. Major, who was no longer young, dark space under the great sills, and as it had a sprinkling of gray hairs at the roots

The horses on a farm used to be largely got narrower and narrower we shivered of his tail. There were always several horses with a tin-peddler or a clock-mender who had stopped overnight.

My earliest remembrance of an equestail as she swept into the stable-yard a some older ones.

youngsters in the pasture who had about quarter of a mile away. My pet ambition as much respect for a stake and rail fence was to get a horse after school to ride as a deer might have, who wore pokes on around the square. Sometimes I was their necks, and some of them had to be left on the roadside a mile from home with hobbled with fetters made by the black- the bridle in my hand, and sometimes I My father occasionally traded stuck to my mount. I thought if I was up on a sheepskin with a snaffle-bit and a martingale I was an object for the other boys and girls—especially the girls—to trian disaster was when I was set on the envy and admire. This peculiar halback of a big bay mare who had been lucination of cutting a heroic figure on an ploughing all day. I looked out of the awkward and ill-mannered horse seems to brush-heap to see the flash of her black possess a great many young people and

MONTANA POEMS

By Frank B. Linderman

CABINS

THEY was dirt-roofed, an' homely, an' ramblin', an' squat— Jest logs with mud-daubin'; but I loved 'em a lot. Their latch-strings was out, an' their doors wouldn't lock: Get down an' walk in ('twas politer to knock). Mebby nobody home, but the grub was all there; He'p yerse'f, leave a note, to show you was square; Might be gone for a week; stay as long as you please, You knowed you was welcome as a cool summer breeze; Might be spring 'fore you'd see him, then he'd grin an' declare He'd 'a' give a good hoss if he'd only been there.

But he's gone with his smile, an' the dear little shack With his brand on its door won't never come back. An' his latch-string is hid with the spirit an' ways That gladdened our hearts in them good early days. There wasn't a fence in the world that we knew, For the West an' its people was honest an' new, And the range spread away with the sky for a lid— I'm old, but I'm glad that I lived when I did.

THE TROUT POOL

WATER swirls and eddies deep, Through the brush the pheasants peep From the moss about the pool Into mirrors deep and cool.

Shimmering there in damaskeen, Traced exquisitely in green, Leaves and stems that hide the sky On a sheen of silver lie.

LUCK

OL' man Ogletree is smart (Got a gizzard fer a heart), Sez he don't believe in luck, Calls it sentimental truck.

Ol' man Ogletree, ye see, Owns the "S" an' "Circle-C." Management, he sez, is what Makes the bet an' wins the pot.

Ol' man Ogletree, an' me, In the spring of eighty-three, Rode the grub-line up the trail To the range on Beaver-tail.

Ol' man Ogletree was wild, An' a father's only child, Couldn't ride a wagon-bed, Never had a hand ner head;

Wasn't worth a badger's hide Till his daddy up an' died, Leavin' him, alone, ye see, With the "S" an' "Circle-C."

THE OLD CANOE

EVER shove her out an' let her drift
Down the stream; an' never care
How slow she went, ner where:
Jest snoopin' through the summer air, adrift?

'Round the bend, an' 'round another, let her drift, Watchin' swallers dip an' skim 'Long the river's mossy rim; Jest a-dreamin' of a whim, adrift.

Laziest thing on earth to do, let her drift, Like a buzzard, floatin' 'round 'Mong the clouds, without a sound; Let her strike, an' swing around, an' drift.

Under bushes, 'mong the leaves, let her drift; Now in sunshine, then in shade, Like the records we have made— Last a minute, then they fade, an' drift.

Life is just an old canoe, let her drift Down the river, 'round the bend, Driftin' slowly toward the end; On the currents all depend, an' drift.

THE OLD FRONTIER

And the trail with the buffalo herds And the tribes of the warlike Sioux, Are the round-up ways of cowboy days And the old chuck-wagon, too.

The trapper sleeps, and the packer's gone
With the coach and the bronco team,
And the bunch-grass range is growing strange
To the lonely camp-fire's gleam.

The trails are dimming among the hills; Old wallows on the plain Are levelled now by the nester's plough, And there is no wagon-train.

The bull team by old Time's corralled O'er Custom's sharp divide;
And shades galore of thrilling lore
In its deep'ning thickets hide.

The trooper and the half-breed scout, In a history-making mass, With the pioneer and the old frontier, Have sifted through the pass.

But like echoes of the life we knew, A love that's deep and strange Is camping close to the fading host As it crosses Mem'ry's range.

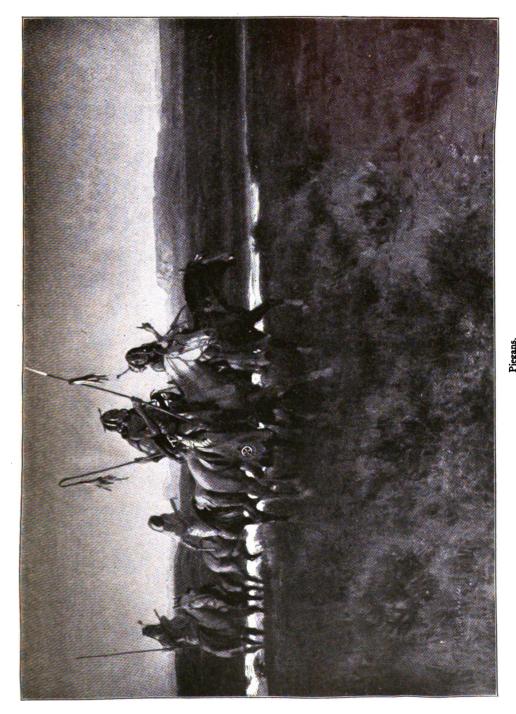
FOUR PAINTINGS BY THE MONTANA ARTIST, CHARLES M. RUSSELL

N speaking of the early days, Mr. Russell says: "Whether white or red, men carried the law in their hands. Even in my time Montana was a lawless land but seldom dangerous. We had outlaws, but they were big like the country they lived in."

Though born in St. Louis, Mr. Russell went while still a boy to Montana to live at the time when it was cow-country and mining-camps. He worked on the cow-ranges with men who were old-timers, and to these old friends he owes much of his knowledge of the West before his time—the days of Hawkins muzzle-loading rifles and when the ranges swarmed with humped-back brown grass-eaters.

Mr. Russell loves the West and will keep alive through his canvases the stories of the old West and his own time. The four story-telling pictures are typical of his

work to-day.



The Blackfeet, at one time the strongest and most dangerous tribe in the Northwest, was composed of three bands, Blackfeet, Bloods, and Piegans. The picture shows a small party of the last, probably the advance-guard of a hunting-party.

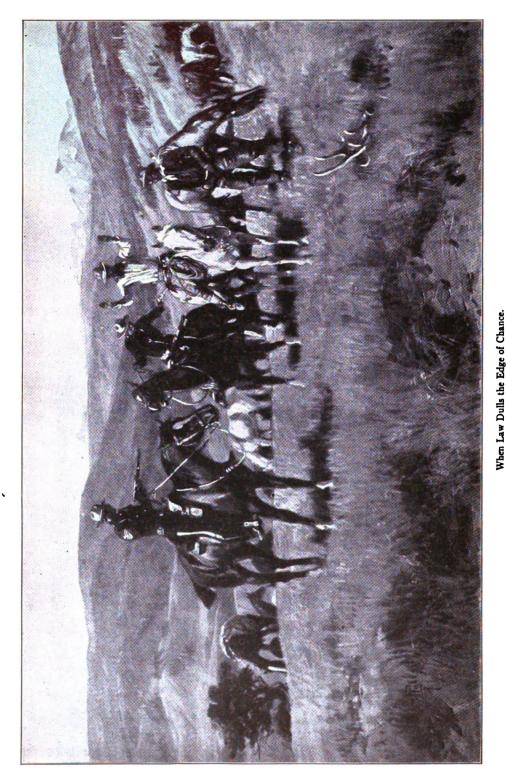
147



Where Shadows Hint Death.

Two plainsmen have suddenly been warned by the shadows of a war-party. The horse, whose ears, eyes, and nose are ever alert, misses few of nature's secrets. He is very apt to call to his plainsmen know this and have dismounted to hold the nostrile of their mounts.

A mountain man has shot an elk. As often happens, the animal has carried the lead some distance, but the hunter has tracked him to where he fell. Where Tracks Spell Meat.



Two Royal Northwest Mounted Police have arrested a pair of borse-thieves and are disarming them. No prisoner is considered safe while wearing a weapon.

NANCY: HER LIFE AND DEATH

By Louis Dodge Author of "Bonnie May," "Tawi Tawi," etc.



HERE is a shadow in the

both our minds. Nancy is dead.

of a little dog could alter things so. Yesterday she was alive and well. To-day she lies in her grave in the garden.

Yesterday was Sunday. Just before nightfall I was out in the garden planning how I should transplant a number of young fruit-trees which are in the wrong places. It was a cold, overcast evening in November. The garden, all its visible life gone for the year, was desolate.

The caretaker came in at the side-gate, Nancy following at his heels. It was our habit—the habit of men much alone—to talk to her as if she were a child. The caretaker said: "Nancy, I think you'd

better go into the basement."

When I am Dolla the Volar of Chame

He wanted to release Si Slocomb from his chain under the porch. Si Slocomb is a larger, younger dog, still very boisterous, though he is two years old, and his antics often worried and even offended Nancy. I was glad to have her go into the basement, which is warm and dry. Indeed, she liked to be there. Yet I observed that when the caretaker opened the door for her she turned her head long enough to give me a swift, troubled glance. Then the eagerly obedient little creature disappeared.

I never saw her alive again.

A neighbor called a moment later and I went into the house. I sat talking for perhaps fifteen minutes. My conscience bothered me a little because it seemed necessary to leave Nancy in the basement; she liked so much to be present when there were visitors. But there seemed no help for this. Of late she had a certain lack of comprehension. Then developed a habit of attacking Rags, the I said: "No, we'll not do it that way. I feeble little old dog who has the run of shall want to help bury her. I shall want the house. It seemed that the sight of to know where she is." his infirmities enraged her.

The caretaker left the house while I house; there is an unwont- was entertaining my visitor, but he soon ed silence. The caretaker returned. I thought he seemed worried. avoids my glance. There I heard him go down into the basement. is a matter which we do not I supposed he did this to look after the speak of, though it is in furnace. Presently he returned and stood in the doorway looking at me oddly. It does not seem possible that the death could see that it was one of those occasions when he needed my countenance and support. "What is it, Jack?" I asked.

> He could scarcely speak for a moment, and then he said in an incredulous tone:

"Nancy is dead!"

I hurried down into the basement. She lay stretched out just at the foot of the steps on the granitoid floor. I touched her; she was warm and limp. I could not believe she was dead. I took her up into my hands. Her head hung, her eyes were unseeing. I held her a moment, almost praying that she might know me, that she might understand I was with her at the last. I think I spoke to her, for the caretaker, standing over me, said gently: "Nancy is dead."

Although she was so dear to me, I put her down in silence. It is not my way to make a fuss. I stood taking in the situation. It seemed to me that perhaps she had tried to come up the stairs, to let me know of her cross, of her dark hour. She had not called to me, I was certain. The floor separating the basement from the rooms above is thin; sounds carry from one place to the other easily. But it was always her way to bear her burdens alone. She was a creature of incredible courage. Still, I wished she could have let me know. It would have comforted me to be with her.

The caretaker said: "Come away. I'll bury her in the morning before you are up. You'll need not know where she is."

I stood looking down at her, still with

Together we buried her in the morning.

Digitized by Google

most raw. Children were moving across the commons on their way to school, following the path which rises and falls. Their bodies were in huddled postures. of lawn. I can look from my window and see where she lies. We lined the grave with paper, and the caretaker found a nice piece of cloth to put over her before we filled the earth in. Last of all the caretaker drove a stake in to mark the exact place. I shall plant a flowering tree there in the spring.

The house is filled with memories of her by day and night. My mind and heart will not let her be. I am writing this in the dining-room because it is lighter than the library, the room which comes next. Between the two rooms there is a wide opening softened by a portière made of cords and tassels. Some of the tassels are mere stubs, their yarn

strands all gone.

Those stubs tell a tale of Nancy's first days in the house. She ran into one of the cords and tassels almost in the first moment of her arrival. Then she began to be at home. She caught the tassel in her mouth and ran with it so impetuously that it swung her off her feet. It seemed to be a new experience. With a flying start she seized another tassel, swinging with it madly. Bits of tassel came off in her mouth.

I had to grapple with a problem in discipline. She mustn't spoil things! Yet what was I to do? I fear I recorded a failure in this matter. I could not bear to punish so little and eager a creature. What, after all, was a mere portière compared with the delight of having a sort of embodied sunbeam in the house?

In her wild misconduct some subtle quality of sex manifested itself. I am now referring not only to the matter of the portière but to the incorrigibility of her entire puppy period. She would have her own way—the last word, so to speak. You could not strike so tiny and exquisite a thing with any object heavy enough to It would have seemed monstrous.

Contemplating her on many an occasion during this period I have thought of an old sailor who once complained to me Then one day the caretaker opened the

It was another lowering day, misty, al- because he could not master his wife. "You can't argue with her," he said, "because she's bound to have the last word. You can't hit her, because she doesn't know how to hit you in return. And it's I helped to dig the grave. We chose a no use putting her out the front door, bespot rather near the house, in a little area cause she'll go right around and come in at the back.

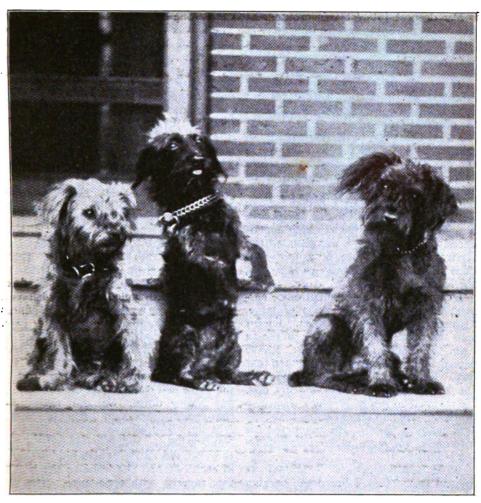
> I doubt if I ever really succeeded in teaching her not to do this thing or that. She simply gave over her irrepressible ways when she grew old enough to settle down.

> During the period of her care-free misconduct Rags used to look at her with wonder, very much as a child will observe stranger children playing a game he cannot enter into.

> She had one alarming adventure when she was two years old.

> There were a few persons toward whom she was either mischievously or savagely disposed. Her mind was a closed book to me in so many ways that it was always a question whether she hated Nick, the mail-carrier, and Billy Tate, the boy in the house across the common, or merely entertained a humorous wish to terrorize them. She used to dash at the door like an enraged lioness when Nick came with the mail. She knew his step. He never put more than his nose inside the door when Nancy had her way. I do not believe she would have bitten him if he had presented an unprotected ankle. I do believe she would have nipped him vigorously—and then raced in triumphant circles all about him. I think she would have ceased to be interested in him if he had permitted her to nip him just once.

> The matter between her and Billy Tate ran rather deeper. Indeed, her experiences with this neighbor-boy led me into unique experiences of my own, which I have related in a bit of fiction called "Say It With Flowers," published not very long ago. Billy Tate did things which tantalized Nancy. He scraped his feet on the sidewalk as he went by. He walked slowly and then with distracting abruptness made a mad dash for it. She viewed this from behind the screen door or from a window or through the palings of the garden fence. She bided her time. Months passed before she got her inning.



Nancy, Rags, and Si Slocomb.

front door to take her out for a walk. She dashed out of the door before he could follow, and then something happened. Billy Tate was just going by. She was at his heels like a flash. She nipped him. Then she raced about him vaingloriously, in an orgy of delight. She seemed to inquire of him: "Do you feel like dragging your feet now?" And "turn about is fair play!" Billy's injury was very slight. I took pains to ascertain that.

But the next day an enormous policeman appeared at my front door. I believe he was the largest policeman I have ever seen. He was making a report, he moving ponderously.

said, and he had called to notify me. Very well, I said. He produced a written report he had prepared (before ever conferring with me!). He read, while perspiration flowed from his red face: A vicious dog in my possession had attacked Billy Tate——

I interrupted him. "I have no vicious dog." I said.

The interruption did not affect him, save that he perspired more freely. "A vicious dog in your possession," he resumed, "has attacked Billy Tate—" and he read other items which I heard with great amazement. Then he went away, moving ponderously.

My deepest interest was aroused. I went about swallowing with difficulty. I thought: If yesterday's hen has laid this egg, what egg may I expect of to-day's hen?

The next day a man came with an official order and a truck with cages and took Nancy away to be held eleven days for observation.

I went to see her, to the dog-pound, ten miles away. I wanted her to know that she was not abandoned, that I was mindful of her. I knew she would understand this. I was not sure I should be permitted to see her, but I hoped for the best. I had never seen the dog-pound, and I was prepared for shocking experiences. The institution was situated not far from the workhouse, on a dreary incline which stretched away to the river, the Mississippi.

I came to it: a very small office surrounded by a formless mass of large, mysterious-appearing buildings. I went into the office prepared to encounter an ogre. I found a man, a brother. I have thought better of all the world since that day. He was a mild, reasonable old man, the keeper. Yes, I might see my dog. He understood instantly why I wished to do this. (He had served at his thankless task many a year!) He conducted me into one of the large, mysterious-appearing buildings.

What a pandemonium let loose! It seemed to me that I heard the barking of a million dogs. I saw a dim vista of cages, tier upon tier, against the walls. The keeper leaned close to me, to make "I don't know your his voice heard. dog," he shouted. "You'll have to find her."

I hurried forward, my heart pounding. And presently I came upon her. She alone of all the dogs in that place was not barking. She was listening. She had heard my voice when I spoke in that outer office. She was in a cage on a level with my face. She had been thinking— I know—"Will he come?"

She was trembling piteously when I came upon her. Ah, Nancy, where was your dauntless spirit then? When I put my hand through the wires into her cage she licked it mutely. She arose to her cage. She wished so to come to me! The keeper stood by, regarding me.

We had to return to the little office to talk: the loud barking had not subsided. I remember it was a Friday. The keeper's first words to me were: "If you'll come down Sunday you may take her awav."

"But the sheriff's order-" I said dubiously. In his place there among the dogs the keeper had learned that there is the letter of the law and the spirit. "Come down Sunday," he repeated.

I did so. Again we went into the place of the wild noises. He deliberately unlocked the door to Nancy's cage. I took her into my hands, into my arms. Oh, the joy that was hers—and mine, too! We went back into the office, where I had left a small crate to put her in. There was a woman there now, to help with the feeding and cleaning. She was work-worn, old, bedraggled; but I wish you could have seen a kind of light of goodness on her brow under her faded gray hair. Life had treated her very ill, no doubt, but it had not made a hard woman of her. She was glad some one had come for Nancy. She would have been glad if some one had come for all those dogs. I put Nancy down. She ran eagerly to that broken old woman, lifting her bright face up. The woman put her hand on Nancy's head. Will any one tell me that they two did not recognize hidden things in each other? She went to the keeper too, eagerly, with confidence. The sun shone into the mean office, gilding the shabby furniture. All was silent. talked together of common things, comrade-wise. We were a little community of friendly creatures together.

Many a time since that day I have prayed: "Lord, give me the eyes of a dog, when I would judge mankind."

Her home-coming was an event. I released her from her crate before we reached our street. We had to pass three houses before we reached home. I wish you might have seen her! The neighbors saw us coming home. They came out of their houses, happy, gratified. Nancy was a creature transformed with joy. She ran up to each porch. She was laughing; this is really true. Her mouth was open, her tongue was quivering, her hind feet, trying to find egress from the eyes were bright. She greeted every one.

She passed on from porch to porch. Then She had been to me The Guilty Wretch for her. That was a meeting, I tell you!

I find that in my next clear perception of her she has become a graver creature. I think it sobered her to know that there are human beings who will not play fair. I have in mind her adventure with Billy Tate. Besides, there were other profound experiences in her life soon afterward. There came a period when she liked to lie on the floor beside my chair and muse. And one day I perceived that an event of great significance was approaching for her.

I recall how, day by day, she found greater difficulty in coming up the basement stairs when I opened the door for her. More and more deliberately she came until she did not come up at all, but only stood with her head held high, gazing at me wistfully. She almost ceased She explored the basement with a new intention. She found new nests which she soon gave up for yet other new ones. I would miss her—when I went to call on her—only to find her curled up in a market basket under the steps, looking at me with a strange new demureness. She made a nest of old newspapers. She found boxes to climb into. However, at the end she went back to the old bed of gunnysacks the caretaker had made for

I think that life, even with its final tragedy, fully justified itself for her on that occasion when I first found her with her puppies about her.

gradually wrought graver changes in her. By some inscrutable process she became nearer to me—yet farther away. I think there is no paradox here. I have known a man and his wife to have that experience: a man and his child too. I wonder if it is not the law of all companionship? We grow asunder by the inexorable perceptions of the mind; but where the intellect puts aside the task of knitting us together, the heart takes up the task quietly and carries it forward.

My devotion to her was no longer demonstrated in the old foolishly fond ways. For example, I gave over applying to her names other than her own.

she made the final rush for home. The for a certain period—the epithet having caretaker had come out and was waiting been suggested by her delectable evasions and headstrong ways, and by a trick she had of looking at me out of the corner of her eye. She had been Nancy Prancy at a time when that name seemed to fit precisely. She had been Nancy-Gal when we first roamed the hills and vales together. She had been the Mother Pup once upon a time. But there came a time when she was just Nancy. Her dignity demanded this, and there was a mysterious development in her which made pet names inappropriate.

I began to perceive that however fond of her I was I was never to know her really. There came a time when she seemed mysteriously aloof, when she drew apart from me in the evenings if we were out in the garden and seemed really to commune with companions who were invisible to me. I have seen her in the dusk wearing an air of secrecy, of deep mystery. I often felt that if I called her I was not in truth her companion—that she had left her true companions there in the dusk.

Is not this in a measure true of all loving hearts that have formed a union?

She became furtive in a kind of wistful and driven way, and this quality grew upon her as she became older. Nothing was plainer than that she reserved something from me. She hid a secret. I never knew what it was. She carried it with her to her grave. I can only suggest what it might have been.

There is the fantastic and perhaps too-The responsibilities of motherhood familiar theory of the transmigration of souls. One speculating over this theory might have suggested that Nancy was the re-embodiment of some splendid and regal personality of long ago, a militant priestess or princess, perhaps a powerful sorceress. She might have been one of the Cæsars.

> Obviously any of these personages (in hidden guise) would have found my simple home very absurd. Among such surroundings as mine how could one of them have recalled without chagrin the old trappings: the togas, the chaplets, the swords and pikes, the diadems, the goblets of gold?

I shall try by the employment of less

extravagant fancies to show what barriers were between us.

She was extraordinarily devoted to me, but in a kind of maternal way, a way which had nothing to do with respect. think perhaps she did not really respect me. I was much too yielding and credulous. If she was once a Cæsar I must have been, at a somewhat later date, a poor chronicler trying to make faultless red letters at the beginnings of paragraphs on parchment. She was scornful of my weaknesses—yet with a feeling of pity which she thought it inadvisable to reveal to me. She conceived me to be dwelling in a realm of towering perils which I was too stupid to perceive.

She was my guardian against these perils, fuming because she received so little help from me. She was always on guard. If she could look out from table or chair or stairway she did so. If she could not look out she would lie and listen. If a neighbor or friend set foot anywhere near the house she was in ecstasy. She rushed to inform me. She said: "We are saved!" If a stranger approached by day or night she became a raging creature. "We are lost!" she seemed to say. She seemed to beg for the privilege of tearing this enemy limb from limb. If the stranger proved to be no stranger to me she went away to watch and listen again. She seemed to say: "Just the same, you can't tell who it may be next!"

Because of her sense of responsibility she led a lonely life. While Rags lay snoring at my feet, caring for nothing but to be there, Nancy was away by herself, watchful lest evil powers destroy our home. She was incredibly intense in this. She was tireless. Poor Rags knows that he is in a world where all is good. He is a perfect Christian Scientist. Nancy was shrewd with scepticism, she was wise with a knowledge of violence. Fierce centurions and gleaming battle-axes were always within her mental picture. When I called her she came obediently, loyally —but she was away quickly, impatiently, to take up her responsibilities again. She seemed to say: "You are a good creature, but you haven't the faintest conception of the world you live in."

body would stiffen. She seemed to say: "Stand behind me, where you will be safe." She fascinated me by her fierceness, she won my heart wholly by her fidelity. She possessed me altogether. She knew me perfectly.

Often I had the impression that she was reading me and perceiving that I was touched with some sort of soft folly. She held in contempt my patient industry, my small philanthropies. If I went quite away she would spring to my desk and disturb my written pages. I have occasionally found the imprint of her paws upon them. She would look at me with a kind of whimsical despair when I spoke a friendly word to the mendicants who came to my door. It was her idea that these persons ought to be sent about their business, that they were impostors.

I used to try to answer—in my own mind—that expression on her face. "Perhaps they can find no work to do," I would argue.

I could conceive her reply to be: "They don't want to work."

"Well, then," I would suggest, "perhaps they're not able to find their own work. We must not be too severe with them for not wanting to do the work of others."

I felt I had her there. Indeed, I think there were moments when I was really superior to her.

Yet if my heart was made lighter by the sight of some poor derelict moving away in the soft spring air or in the unfriendly wind of winter—some outcast whom I had not turned away unaided—I could read in her aloof attitude her condemnation, her scorn. She despaired of saving me. What can one do on a fool's behalf?

And yet she would forgive me these lapses—as a pagan will forgive the shrewd circumspection of a Christian—and serve me again vigilantly, even hopefully. I repeat, she knew me perfectly. That was why I felt, when I took her up dead, that it was not she who was dead, but I. Who was there to know me now? And what is death but to be unknown?

She knew my intentions were good and that I was measurably intelligent about some things. While she did not wish to If she saw a stranger coming down the be caressed, and would stand rigid, rehill her nose would twitch evilly, her fusing to soften her back or incline her head when I petted her, she nevertheless revealed her approval of me during critical periods. This was specially true when her puppies were about her. She was quite willing that I should take them up and admire them. We became almost true companions during these moments. We had something wholly in common in our admiration of her puppies.

I was always sorry when the puppies grew to an independent age and she drew away from me again: when she set me to wondering, as she mused in dusky places, if she were in reality a re-embodied Cleopatra or Hypatia or Helen; when she suggested by her aloofness a world I did not know, for which I was unfitted: perhaps a world of throne-rooms, of barques with silken canopies, of incense-sweet bazaars, of housetops facing the desert.

Her adventures in life were nearly all drawn in minute figures. On average days she had to content herself with barking at the children who went to mass in the gray of early morning, or at other children who went to school on Sundays or week-days. "Ha-human beings!" she seemed to say. I wish you might have seen her nose twitch! I have never hoped to achieve a perfect sneer since first beholding Nancy at the fence, after her return from the dog-pound, when the muscle tense, waiting for me to open. Tate children went stringing across the commons in white cotton hose and absurd little hats. If she caught me regarding her she seemed momentarily discomfited. She seemed to say: "You don't appreciate a real sneer—though that's where vou're wrong again. A sneer has its place just as much as a mile or frown. Of course one wouldn't sneer at old persons, because it isn't nice, and one wouldn't sneer at the preacher, because it isn't—well, customary. But look at those Tate children!"

Some of the moments of her life have left deep impressions on my mind.

There was the night she came home after running away for the first and last time. She had killed Bob, my little blue pigeon, first-born of my pair of homers. The caretaker, running out at my summons, saw and comprehended. He had been very fond of Bob. He seized a stick and whipped Nancy. Then we turned our attention to the dead bird. During that moment Nancy disappeared.

She was gone for hours. I searched the streets and the commons far and near. I could not come upon her; no one had seen her. Just at dusk she crept to me as I sat, disconsolate, on the front porch. It appeared that she had been hiding all afternoon under the porch of a neighbor. She came to me as to a refuge. She was bewildered. I took her up; she was trembling. She continued to tremble and to look over my shoulder. "How about that other fellow?" she seemed to inquire. I took her to the caretaker. He was disposed to renew his anger, but I prevailed upon him not to do this. "She has been punished," I explained. "Now we must forgive her. Take her and show her that she is to have another chance." He did so. Such rapture as she manifested I have rarely seen. That picture of her I shall always remember.

There were the numerous occasions when I used to take her out walking. How she loved those occasions, how she hungered for them when they were deferred! In the winter I made a rattling sound as I took my overcoat from the rack behind the door. She understood what that meant and her intensity was amazing. She could not contain herself. She dashed to the front door, every

I shall retain the picture of her as she used to look up from the foot of the basement stairs when I stood at the head. about to close the door between us. She yearned to come up to me, but I could not always permit this. Her eyes besought me, though with a kind of high resolve. She seemed to say: "I will bear it if I may not come!"

Many a time I closed the door with a pang, though I had only to open it again to see her still looking up at me. Now when I open that door she is not there.

As one whose craft is writing I have the wish to write a kind of panegyric on the life and character of Nancy. But I must not do this. She was too elusive for analysis. I can only refer to her mystery without unveiling it.

She placed herself beyond the reach of human speech by a degree of intensity which I have never seen equalled in any other living creature. There were those moments when I used to approach the door, to take her out into the open, to

stroll across the commons and fields; she was quite astonishing then. She would stare, trembling and whimpering, at the door. But it was not the door she saw. She saw the fields with the sun on them and the wind scurrying across them. She saw again the rabbit she had started from its hiding-place once upon a time, and the crows which amazed her by their gift of flight. She would glance up at me. "Oh, do hurry!" she would say.

She would come back with me triumphantly. "We saw a field!" her bearing announced—as Columbus might have said to Isabella: "I discovered America." Don't you see how wholly justified she was, and that to see a field is to see everything?

Last night I took a walk along a country road near where I live. I turned off the road and found a path. The path wound away among sere grasses, over a knoll, down into a deep hollow where there are a stream, a few forlorn old willows, stretches of rustling cattails.

It was nearly dark. A group of boys had assembled far up the hollow and had built a camp-fire. For the moment they were Indians, or pioneers. I would not approach them too closely. Have you not the feeling that children at play—at least play of their own devising—ought not to be intruded upon? Grown folks have many crosses to bear, and the heaviest of them all is the knowledge that they must sometimes destroy illusions, just by their presence. We cannot share the happiness of children any more than we can share the goodness of angels. Yes, I believe in angels. Who is it but the angels that open the blue cornucopias of the larkspur in my garden of a summer night?

I stood apart, watching the boys in the distance, realizing that the chilly night was closing in rapidly. Far away on the distant hilltop there were street-lamps in a line, their lights glowing and waning in the wind. There were lesser, warmer lights in the windows of houses. Suddenly a weight was laid upon me, a mem-

ory stirred.

The last time I had stood in that place Nancy had been with me. It had been a spring morning. She had found a lark's nest in the grasses while I had been look-

ing at a distant lark crying out in alarm. When she had found the lark's nest, with eggs in it, she glanced up at me, her nose twitching. "Little people live here," she seemed to say. "Queer folk. Maybe I ought to leave them alone?"

"Yes," I replied, and she pattered on

without disturbing the nest.

After all, the nest was not more marvellous than everything else. She thought of something, seemingly. She began to race in a widening circle through the grass. She stopped suddenly and rolled in the grass. This was an enchanting sight. Her sensuous, ecstatic joy was boundless. She whined with delight. She was thankful for earth and sun. I thought to myself: "This is the best that humankind can achieve—to be truly in love with earth and sun. This is all the heaven we know—a perfect marriage of earth and sun. We recognize dull or unhappy persons by their unmindfulness of earth and sun."

She stopped rolling and got up as if she had heard something. She drew apart and mused, standing stock-still. She was thinking of something, but I was shut out from her thoughts. She would not confide in me. When we turned homeward her ears relaxed, her eyes became tranquil. She glanced at me, perfect contentment in her eyes. "We are going home," she said.

Her intensity—that is what comes back to me like a reproach. How incapable I was of sharing it! How blind I was—as she was not—to the fact that everything is a miracle, a stupendous miracle!

I think the angels in heaven must be intense, that heaven is a place where we may be intense without shame or fatigue. What is it to be intense but to be all alive? Children are sometimes intense and their elders chide them for this because—alas!—they are themselves a little dead. We who are no longer young sit with many spectres. The bright light of the living hurts our eyes, disturbs our rest.

Now that the one intensely living creature I knew is gone, I think—"Who hereafter shall show me the sun and the sky and the green grass? Who shall lead me to where the lark has built her nest?"

What has the human race done that it should have lost its birthright of being all

alive, intense? If we had not lost our erence into it. I did not aprove of this: birthright every garden would be to us as Eden was to the first man and woman. We should always discover apples; we should always discover love.

I find myself judging my neighbors by the manner in which they refer to the loss I have sustained. I fared happily with the two ladies who keep the little notion-store on the other side of the Florissant bridge, not far from me. The children always say they are going to "the old maids" when they go to this shop to spend their pennies. The Misses Morgan, they are.

Dropping into the shop for tobacco I confided to one of the Misses Morganthe little, energetic one—that I had lost Nancy. I am informed that she is a bit cross-grained with some persons occasionally; but her gentle soul welled forth in her voice and eyes when she told me how sorry she was. I felt like one who thirsts and who finds a cup pressed to his lips.

One who lives simply and much alone remembers everything. Nancy's life passes before me detail by detail. Reminders of her present themselves to me constantly in ways which I cannot avoid. even if I wished to avoid them.

When I go into the kitchen there is the water-bowl beside the door. I can still see her drinking eagerly and gratefully, her head bobbing up and down, her ears flopping. Long ago I adopted the rule of never passing the water-bowl without changing the water, so that it would always be fresh. Nancy and Rags were quite willing to share the water-bowl: they often drank from it at the same time with perfect comity, though there was an intense jealousy in Nancy's heart in relation to the dish from which she ate her food. Rags might approach that dish only at his peril, though she might not care a straw for the food it contained.

She was very fastidious about her food, sometimes refusing to eat the best of bread-scraps and rich brown gravy. I retain a clear impression of the caretaker trying to induce her to eat. He would pretend to call a cat—though none knew better than Nancy that there was no cat He would call persuasively— "Puss! Puss!"—shaping his big voice She seemed to say: "Have I meant so down to little and putting a note of pref- little to you that you must require me to

it savored of sharp-practice. warmed my heart, too, because of the simple comedy of it and it did no harm. Nancy used to look at him intently. "How transparent!" she seemed to say. "A cat, indeed! Show me a cat!" And she would leave her dinner on its dish.

At night when I go occasionally down to the basement to attend to the firewhen it is late and the house is still—I come upon the chair where she used to sleep. It is now abandoned and shrouded with a sort of mystery. It is very still. Looking at it in the dim light I feel as I might feel if I were benighted on a lonely road and saw in the distance a lighted window in an empty inn.

When Rags comes and sits up before me, making his wishes known, I am reminded of Nancy. She despised tricks. If she had been of humankind I think she would never have employed clever words—to appeal adroitly or to thank in a flattering degree. I am not sure she would have expressed gratitude at all in formal ways. To make little of a generous deed—isn't this, after all, the most tactful acceptance of a generous deed? Is not this to say, with Charles Reade's jester, who had just received a gift from his monarch: "Coming to me, this should be paste; but coming from your majesty it is naturally a diamond"?

I came to know that tricks were beneath her, and this pleased me. And yet on one occasion I was guilty of humiliating her by requesting her to perform something very like a trick. My neighbor, Mr. Woodward, had been in for a game of cards with me and the caretaker and Walter Reed, a friend who drops in often. I wanted to prove that Nancy could understand what I said to her, if I spoke simply. There were five unoccupied chairs in the room. I summoned Nancy and said: "Nancy, will you get up on a chair?" She did so with the utmost eagerness. I said: "another chair, Nancy." She leaped down and up to another chair. I repeated this until she had made the round of all the chairs. I did not look at any of the chairs; I spoke to her without special emphasis. When it was over she looked at me curiously. jump upon chairs?" It was as if John Milton had been required to stand on his head to prove his worth. She went away purposefully to keep watch over me and mine. She was a dog, not a mountebank.

I am reminded of her in the mornings when I wake. That used to be the occasion for a fond little drama. After long troubled years I have come at fifty to a habit of life in which there is much tranquillity and happiness. I need not stir in the mornings until I like, and when I get up and go into the bathroom the sun is often shining brightly into the room, which looks to the east. The whole house is silent. Even in midwinter the upper corridor and the bathroom are cosily warm. The caretaker is an angel in disguise: an impervious disguise to many, though not to me.

Formerly when my footsteps had sounded in the corridor in the morning, coming and going, Rags and Nancy were permitted to come up-stairs. I could hear a door open below and a gust of sound: I could hear the caretaker's voice crying out briskly: "Go and get him!" And then they came! Nancy was up the stairs like a silver streak. I could see her bright head in the dim hallway. There was a flash, a leap, and she was on my knees. She would look back once to observe poor old Rags laboring up one step at a time; she would growl ominously to warn him that she had taken possession. It required a kind of diplomacy to welcome Rags, too, when he arrived.

Then she was off my knees with an impetuous leap. She was looking out at the larger world visible from the upper window, she was exploring the corridor, she was sniffing at closet-doors. This done she was back, importuning me, imploring me to hurry. "Oh, do make haste!" she seemed to say. "Another day has come. Everything is wonderful! Why do you linger in this room, which is like a prison? Do come down-stairs with me. You know how to open the door!"

Now silence prevails in the upper corridor in the mornings. When I open my bedroom door Rags lies in the corridor musing, waiting.

In my secluded way of living I fall into open law ways of thinking which I suppose are for goph often naïve and even absurd. But let me turned h confess that when I think of the lovely an hour.

things of life I do not think of that which is rare or magnificent. I think of little, common things: of drops of rain and dew, of soft winds, of shady spots when the sun beats hot, of the grasses which fade in winter and are strangely and beautifully green almost the very moment the spring winds turn north again. think of red apples and citrons, of bread and salt, of little cakes. I think of the garden in the summer nights when the elm-tree lifts its dark boughs against the moon and there is the odor of roses on the air. I think of the young pigeons out in the loft, sheltered from storm; I think of Si Slocomb's little red house out under the porch, which is cosey and warm when the winter winds blow cold. I think of the fealty of dogs.

My heart is a bed in which I hold, asleep, all I have loved and lost. When my heart ceases to beat there will be a strange stillness, and that stillness shall cause those who sleep to waken again, just as we waken when the night wind at the casement dies away. This is a vague saying. I can only add that it covers something steadfast, though unutterable.

I remember how Nancy used to slip away into the dusk of the garden. She was very still. She seemed to wish to listen. To what? I cannot say. I could see her dimly, perhaps. Perhaps I could not see her at all. But I was in no hurry for her to return. I thought she might have drawn apart because her soul demanded this of her. "The world is too much with us," said Wordsworth. But I knew she was not lost.

It is so with me now, though she has slipped away into a deeper dusk.

This is my farewell to Nancy; but it is more than that. It is Farewell and Hail. Having lost her in her prime, I shall keep her as she was in her prime. Having given her up, strong and beautiful, I shall keep her strong and beautiful while life lasts. I have tried to give her, in this memoir, to others, that I may keep her the more securely for my own.

The date of her death was November 7, 1920. It appeared that during her last walk with the caretaker she passed an open lawn where poison had been placed for gophers. She got some of this and returned home, where she died within half

SOCIAL UNREST AND BOLSHEVISM IN THE ISLAMIC WORLD

By Lothrop Stoddard

Author of "The Rising Tide of Color," "The New World of Islam," etc.



NREST is the natural concomitant of change—particularly sudden change. Every break with the past. however normal and inevitable, implies a necessity

for readjustment to altered conditions which causes a temporary sense of restless disharmony until the required adjustment has been made. Unrest is not an exceptional phenomenon; it is always latent in every human society which has not fallen into complete stagnation, and a slight amount of unrest should be considered a sign of healthy growth rather than a symptom of disease. In fact, the minimum degrees of unrest are usually not called by that name, but are considered mere incidents of normal development. Under normal circumstances, indeed, the social organism functions like the human organism: it is being incessantly destroyed and as incessantly renewed in conformity with the changing conditions of life. These changes are sometimes very considerable, but they are so gradual that they are effected almost without being perceived. A healthy organism, well attuned to its environment, is always plastic. It instinctively senses environmental changes and adapts itself so rapidly that it escapes the injurious consequences of disharmony.

Far different is the character of unrest's acuter manifestations. These are infallible symptoms of sweeping changes, sudden breaks with the past, and profound maladjustments which are not being rapidly rectified. In other words, acute unrest denotes social ill-health and portends the possibility of one of those violent crises known as "revolution."

The history of the Moslem East well exemplifies the above generalizations. nature? In considering this eminently The formative period of Saracenic civili- transition period we must note, not zation was characterized by rapid change merely material changes, but also the pro-

great "Motazelite" movement embraced many shades of thought, its radical wing professing religious, political, and social doctrines of a violent, revolutionary nature. But this changeful period was superficial and brief. Arab vigor and the Islamic spirit proved unable permanently to leaven the vast inertia of the ancient East. Soon the old traditions reasserted themselves—somewhat modified, to be sure, yet basically the same. Saracenic civilization became stereotyped, ossified, and with this ossification changeful unrest died away. Here and there the radical tradition was preserved and secretly handed down by a few obscure sects like the Kharidjites of inner Arabia and the Bektashi dervishes; but these were mere cryptic episodes, of no general significance.

With the Mohammedan revival at the beginning of the nineteenth century, however, symptoms of social unrest appeared once more. Wahabism aimed not merely at a reform of religious abuses, but was also a general protest against the contemporary decadence of Moslem society. In many cases it took the form of a popular revolt against established governments. The same was true of the correlative Babbist movement in Persia. which occurred about the same time.

And of course these nascent stirrings were greatly stimulated by the flood of Western ideas and methods which, as the nineteenth century wore on, increasingly permeated the East. What, indeed, could be more provocative of unrest of every description than the resulting transformation of the Orient-a transformation so sudden, so intense, and necessitating so concentrated a process of adaptation that it was basically revolutionary rather than evolutionary in its nature? In considering this eminently and an intense idealistic ferment. The found disturbance, bewilderment, and

Digitized by Google

suffering affecting all social classes in

greater or less degree.

The essentially revolutionary nature of this transition period, as exemplified by India, is well described by the British economist, Dodwell. What, he asks, could be more anachronistic than the contrast between rural and urban India? "Rural India is primitive or mediæval; city India is modern." In city India you will find every symbol of Western life, from banks and factories down to the very "sandwichmen that you left in the London gutters." Now all this co-exists beside rural India. "And it is surely a fact unique in economic history that they should thus exist side by side. The present condition of India does not correspond with any period of European economic history." Imagine the effect in Europe of setting down together modern and mediæval men with utterly disparate ideas. That has not happened in Europe because "European progress in the economic world has been evolutionary"; a process spread over centuries. In India, on the other hand, this economic transformation has been "revolutionary" in character.

How unevolutionary is India's economic transformation is seen by the condition of rural India. Continues Mr. Dodwell:

Rural India, though chiefly characterized by primitive usage, has been invaded by ideas that are intensely hostile to the old state of things. It is primitive, but not consistently primitive. Competitive wages are paid side by side with customary wages. Prices are sometimes fixed by custom, but sometimes, too, by free economic From the midst of a population deeply rooted in the soil, men are being carried away by the desire of better wages. In short, economic motives have suddenly and partially intruded themselves in the realm of primitive morality. And, if we turn to city India, we see a similar, though inverted, state of things. . . . In neither case has the mixture been harmonious or the fusion complete. Indeed, the two orders are too unrelated, too far apart, to coalesce with ease.

India, then, is in a state of economic revolution throughout all the classes of an enormous and complex society. The only period in which Europe offered even faint analogies to modern India was the industrial revolution, from which even now we have not settled down into comparative stability. We may reckon it as a fortunate circumstance for Europe that the intellectual movement which culminated in the French Revolution did not coincide with the industrial revolution. If it had, it is possible that European

society might have been hopelessly wrecked. But, as it was, even when the French Revolution had spent its force in the conquests of Napoleon, the industrial revolution stirred up enough social and political discontent. When whole classes of people are obliged by economic revolution to change their mode of life, it is inevitable that many should suffer. Discontent is aroused. Political and destructive movements are certain to ensue. Not only the revolutions of '48, but also the birth of the Socialist party sprang from the industrial revolution.

But that revolution was not nearly so sweeping as that which is now in operation in India. invention of machinery and steam-power was, in Europe, but the crowning event of a long series of years in which commerce and industry had been constantly expanding, in which capital had been largely accumulated, in which economic principles had been gradually spreading. No, the Indian economic revolution is vastly greater and more fundamental than our industrial revolution, great as that was. Railways have been built through districts where travel was almost impossible and even roads are unknown. Factories have been built, and filled by men unused to industrial labor. Capital has been poured into the country, which was unprepared for any such development. And what are the consequences? India's social organization is being dissolved. The Brahmins are no longer priests. The ryot is The Brahmins are no longer priests. The ryot is no longer bound to the soil. The banya is no longer the sole purveyor of capital. The handweaver is threatened with extinction, and the brass-worker can no longer ply his craft. Think of the dislocation which this sudden change has brought about, of the many who can no longer follow their ancestral vocations, of the commotion which a less profound change produced in Europe; and you will understand what is the chief motivepower of the political unrest. It is small wonder. The wonder is that the unrest has been no greater than it is. Had India not been an Asiatic country, she would have been in fierce revolution long ago.

The above lines were written in 1910, before the world had been shattered by Armageddon and aggressive social revolution had established itself in semi-Asiatic Russia. Even in the opening years of the twentieth century, however, other students of the Orient besides Mr. Dodwell were predicting social disturbances of increasing gravity. One of the symptoms of social unrest was the way in which the increased difficulty of living conditions, together with the adoption of Western ideas of comfort and kindred higher standards, was engendering friction between the different strata of Oriental populations. In 1911 a British sanitary expert assigned "wretchedness" as the root-cause of India's political unrest. After describing the deplorable living conditions of the Indian masses, he wrote: "It will of course be said at leaders not only launched direct assaults once that these conditions have existed on the West, but also planned flank in India from time immemorial, and are no more likely to cause unrest now than previously; but in my opinion unrest has always existed there in a subterranean form. Moreover, in the old days, the populace could make scarcely any comparison between their own condition and that of more fortunate people; now they can compare their own slums and terrible 'native quarters' with the much better ordered cantonments, stations, and houses of the British officials and even of their own wealthier brethren. So far as I can see, such misery is always the fundamental cause of all popular unrest. Seditious meetings, political chatter, and 'aspirations' of babus and demagogues are only the superficial manifestations of the deeper disturbance."

All this diffused social unrest was centring about two recently emerged elements: the Western-educated intelligentsia, and the industrial proletariat of the factory towns. The revolutionary tendencies of the Oriental intelligentsia, particularly of its half-educated failures, have played a leading part in all the revolutionary disturbances of the modern Orient, from North Africa to China. As for the industrial proletariat, it has not hitherto been a major revolutionary factor, owing to its traditionalism, ignorance, and apathy, and also because of the lack of organic connection between it and the *intelligentsia*, the other factor of social discontent. However, during the last few years, Oriental proletarians seem to have been acquiring something like "class consciousness." They certainly seem to have been influenced by the propaganda of Russian Bolshevism.

The Great War, of course, enormously aggravated Oriental unrest. In many parts of the Near East, especially, acute suffering, balked ambitions, and furious hates combined to reduce society to the verge of chaos. Into this ominous turmoil there now came the sinister influence of Russian Bolshevism, marshalling all this diffused unrest by systematic methods for definite ends. Bolshevism was frankly out for a world revolution and the destruction of Western civilization.

To attain this objective the Bolshevist attacks in Asia and Africa. They believed that if the East could be set on fire, not only would Russian Bolshevism gain vast additional strength but also the economic repercussion on the West, already shaken by the war, would be so terrific that industrial collapse would ensue, thereby throwing Europe open to revolution.

Bolshevism's propagandist efforts were nothing short of universal, both in area and in scope. No part of the world was free from the plottings of its agents; no possible source of discontent was overlooked. Strictly "Red" doctrines like the Dictatorship of the Proletariat were very far from being the only weapons in Bolshevism's armory. Since what was first wanted was the overthrow of the existing world order, any kind of opposition to that order, no matter how remote doctrinally from Bolshevism, was grist to the Bolshevist mill. Accordingly, in every quarter of the globe, in Asia, Africa, Australia, and the Americas, as in Europe, Bolshevik agitators whispered in the ears of the discontented their gospel of hatred and revenge. Every Nationalist aspiration, every political grievance, every social injustice, every racial discrimination was fuel for Bolshevism's incitement to violence and war.

Particularly promising fields for Bolshevist activity were the Near and Middle East. Besides being a prey to profound disturbances of every description, those regions, as traditional objectives of the old Czarist imperialism, had long been carefully studied by Russian agents who had evolved a technic of "pacific penetration" that might easily be adjusted to Bolshevist ends. To stir up political, religious, and racial passions in Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, and India, especially against England, required no original planning by Trotzky or Lenine. Czarism had already done these things for generations, and full information lay both in the Petrograd archives and in the brains of surviving Czarist agents ready to turn their hands as easily to the new work as the old.

In all the elaborate network of Bolshe-

Bolshevism's two objectives: one immediate—the destruction of Western political and economic supremacy; the other ultimate—the Bolshevizing of the Oriental masses and the consequent extirpation of the native upper—and middle—classes, precisely as has been done in Russia and as is planned for the countries of the West. In the first stage, Bolshevism is quite ready to respect Oriental faiths and customs and to back Oriental Nationalist movements. In the second stage, religions like Islam and Nationalists like Mustapha Kemal are to be branded as "bourgeois" and relentlessly destroyed. How Bolshevik diplomacy endeavors to work these two schemes in double harness, we shall presently see.

Russian Bolshevism's Oriental policy was formulated soon after its accession to power at the close of 1917. The year 1918 was a time of busy preparation. An elaborate propaganda organization was built up from various sources. A number of old Czarist agents and diplomats versed in Eastern affairs were cajoled or conscripted into the service. The Russian Mohammedan populations such as the Tartars of South Russia and the Turkomans of Central Asia furnished many recruits. Even more valuable were the exiles who flocked to Russia from Turkey, Persia, India, and elsewhere at the close of the Great War. Practically all the leaders of the Turkish war-government—Enver, Djemal, Talaat, and many more, fled to Moscow for refuge from the vengeance of the victorious Entente Powers. The same was true of the Hindu terrorist leaders who had been in German pay during the war and who now sought service under Lenine. By the end of 1918, Bolshevism's Oriental East respectively. With Bolshevism's

vik propaganda which to-day enmeshes played great zeal, translating tons of the East we must discriminate between Bolshevik literature into the various Oriental languages, training numerous secret agents and propagandists for "field work," and getting in touch with all disaffected or revolutionary elements.

With the opening months of 1919, Bolshevist activity throughout the Near and Middle East became increasingly apparent. The wave of rage and despair caused by the Entente's denial of Near Eastern Nationalist aspirations played splendidly into the Bolshevists' hands. and Moscow vigorously supported Mustapha Kemal and other Nationalist leaders in Turkey, Persia, Egypt, and elsewhere. In the Middle East, also, Bolshevism gained important successes. Not only was Moscow's hand visible in the epidemic of rioting and seditious violence which swept Northern India in the spring of 1919, but an even shrewder blow was struck at Britain in Afghanistan. This land of turbulent mountaineers, which lay like a perpetual thunder-cloud on India's northwest frontier, had kept quiet during the Great War, mainly owing to the Anglophile attitude of its ruler, the Ameer Habibullah Khan. But early 1010 Habibullah was murdered. Whether the Bolsheviki had a hand in the matter is not known, but they certainly reaped the benefit, for power passed to one of Habibullah's sons, Amanullah Khan, who was an avowed enemy of England and who had had dealings with Turco-German agents during the late war. Amanullah at once got in touch with Moscow, and a little later, just when the Punjab was seething with unrest, he declared war on England, and his wild tribesmen, pouring across the border, set the northwest frontier on fire. After some hard fighting the British succeeded in repelling the Afghan invasion, and Amanullah was constrained to make propaganda department was well organ- peace. But Britain obviously dared not ized, divided into three bureaus, for the press Amanullah too hard, for in the peace Islamic countries, India, and the Far treaty the ameer was released from his previous obligation not to maintain diplo-Far Eastern activities this article is not matic relations with other nations than concerned, though the reader should bear British India. Amanullah promptly aired them in mind and should remember the his independence by maintaining ostentaimportant part played by the Chinese in tious relations with Moscow. As a recent Russian history. As for the matter of fact, the Bolsheviki had by this Islamic and Indian bureaus, they dis-time established an important propagandist subcentre in Russian Turkestan, not far from the Afghan border, and this bureau's activities, of course, envisaged not merely Afghanistan but the wider field of India as well.

During 1920, Bolshevik activities became still more pronounced throughout the Near and Middle East. We have already seen how powerfully Bolshevik Russia supported the Turkish and Persian Nationalist movements. In fact, the reckless short-sightedness of Entente policy was driving into Lenine's arms multitudes of Oriental Nationalists to whom the internationalist theories of Moscow were personally uncongenial. For example, the head of the Afghan mission to Moscow thus frankly expressed his reasons for friendship with Soviet Russia in an interview printed by the official Soviet organ, Izvestia: "I am neither Communist nor Socialist, but my political programme so far is the expulsion of the English from Asia. I am an irreconcilable enemy of European capitalism in Asia, the chief representatives of which are the English. On this point I coincide with the Communists, and in this respect we are your natural allies. Afghanistan, like India, does not represent a capitalist state, and it is very unlikely that even a parliamentary régime will take deep root in these countries. It is so far difficult to say how subsequent events will develop. I only know that the renowned address of the Soviet Government to all nations, with its appeal to them to combat capitalists (and for us a capitalist is synonymous with the word foreigner, or, to be more exact, an Englishman), had an enormous effect on us. A still greater effect was produced by Russia's annulment of all the secret treaties enforced by the imperialistic governments, and by the proclaiming of the right of all nations, no matter how small, to determine their own destiny. This act rallied around Soviet Russia all the exploited nationalities of Asia, and all parties, even those very remote from Socialism."

Of course, knowing what we do of Bolshevik propagandist tactics, we cannot be sure that the Afghan diplomat ever said the things which the Izvestia relates. But, even if the interview be a fake, the aganda, of course, continued to assail

words put into his mouth express the feelings of vast numbers of Orientals and explain a prime cause of Bolshevik propagandist successes in Eastern lands.

So successful, indeed, had been the progress of Bolshevik propaganda that the Soviet leaders now began to work openly for their ultimate ends. At first Moscow had posed as the champion of Oriental "peoples" against Western "imperialism"; its appeals had been to peoples," irrespective of class; and it had promised "self-determination," with full respect for native ideas and institutions. For instance: a Bolshevist manifesto to the Turks signed by Lenine and issued toward the close of 1919, read:

Mussulmans of the world, victims of the capitalists, awake! Russia has abandoned the Czar's pernicious policy toward you and offers to help you overthrow English tyranny. She will allow you freedom of religion and self-government. The frontiers existing before the war will be. respected, no Turkish territory will be given to Armenia, the Dardanelles Straits will remain yours, and Constantinople will remain the capital of the Mussulman world. The Mussulmans in Russia will be given self-government. All we ask in exchange is that you fight the reckless capitalists, who would exploit your country and make it a colony.

Even when addressing its own people, the Soviet Government was careful to maintain the same general tone. "Order of the Day" to the Russian troops stationed on the borders of India stated:

Comrades of the Pamir division, you have been given a responsible task. The Soviet Republic sends you to garrison the posts on the Pamir, on the frontiers of the friendly countries of Afghanistan and India. The Pamir tableland divides revolutionary Russia from India, which, with its 300,000,000 inhabitants, is enslaved by a handful of Englishmen. On this table-land the signallers of revolution must hoist the red flag of the army of liberation. May the peoples of India, who fight against their English oppressors, soon know that friendly help is not far off. Make yourselves at home with the liberty-loving tribes of northern India, promote by word and deed their revolutionary progress, refute the mass of calumnies spread about Soviet Russia by agents of the British princes, lords, and bankers. Long live the alliance of the revolutionary peoples of Europe and Asia!

Such was the nature of first-stage Bolshevik propaganda. Presently, however, propaganda of quite a different sort began to appear. This second-stage propWestern "capitalist imperialism." But alongside, or rather intermingled with. these anti-Western fulminations, there now appeared special appeals to the Oriental masses, inciting them against all "capitalists" and "bourgeois," native as well as foreign, and promising the "proletarians" remedies for all their ills. Here is a Bolshevist manifesto to the Turkish masses, published in the summer of 1920. It is very different from the manifestoes of a year before. "The men of toil," says this interesting document, "are now struggling everywhere against the rich people. These people, with the assistance of the aristocracy and their hirelings, are now trying to hold Turkish toilers in their chains. It is the rich people of Europe who have brought suffering to Turkey. Comrades, let us make common cause with the world's toilers. If we do not do so we shall never rise again. Let the heroes of Turkey's revolution join Bolshevism. Long live the Third International! Praise be to Allah!"

And in these new efforts Moscow was not content with words; it was passing to deeds as well. The first practical application of Bolshevism to an Eastern people was in Russian Turkestan. When the Bolsheviki first come to power at the end of 1917, they had granted Turkestan full "self-determination," and the inhabitants had acclaimed their native princes and re-established their old State units. subject to a loose federative tie with Russia. Early in 1920, however, the Soviet Government considered Turkestan ripe for the "social revolution." Accordingly, the native princes were deposed, all political power was transferred to local Soviets (controlled by Russians), the native upper—and middle—classes were despoiled of their property, and sporadic resistance was crushed by mass executions, torture, and other familiar forms of Bolshevist terrorism.

In the Caucasus, also, the social revolution had begun with the Sovietization of Azerbaijan. The Tartar Republic of Azerbaijan was one of the fragments of the former Russian province of Transcaucasia which had declared its independence on the collapse of the Czarist Empire in 1917. Located in eastern

Transcaucasia, about the Caspian Sea, Azerbaijan's capital was the city of Baku, famous for its oil-fields. Oil had transformed Baku into an industrial centre on Western lines, with a large working population of mixed Asiatic and Russian origin. Playing upon the nascent class consciousness of this urban proletariat, the Bolshevik agents made a coup d'état in the spring of 1920, overthrew the Nationalist government, and, with prompt Russian military backing, made Azerbaijan a "Soviet Republic." The usual accompaniments of the social revolution followed: despoiling and massacring of the upper and middle classes, confiscation of property in favor of the town proletarians and agricultural laborers, and ruthless terrorism. With the opening months of 1020, Bolshevism was thus in actual operation in both the Near and Middle East.

Having thus acquired strong footholds in the Orient, Bolshevism now felt strong enough to throw off the mask. In the autumn of 1920, the Soviet Government of Russia held a "Congress of Eastern Peoples" at Baku, the aim of which was not merely liberation of the Orient from Western control, but its Bolshevizing as well. No attempt at concealment of this larger objective was made, and so striking was the language employed that it may well merit our close attention.

In the first place, the call for the Congress, issued by the Third (Moscow) International, was addressed to the "peasants and workers" of the East. The summons read:

Peasants and workers of Persia! The Teheran Government of the Khadjars and its retinue of provincial khans have plundered and exploited you through many centuries. The land, which, according to the laws of the sheriat, was your common property, has been taken possession of more and more by the lackeys of the Teheran Government; they trade it away at their pleasure; they lay what taxes please them upon you; and when, through their mismanagement, they got the country into such a condition that they were unable to squeeze enough juice out of it themselves, they sold Persia last year to English capitalists for 2,000,000 pounds, so that the latter will organize an army in Persia that will oppress you still more than formerly, and so the latter can collect taxes for the khans and the Teheran Government. They have sold the oil-wells in South Persia and thus helped plunder the country.

Peasants of Mesopotamia! The English have declared your country to be independent; but 80,000 English soldiers are stationed in your country, are robbing and plundering, are killing

you and are violating your women.

Peasants of Anatolia! The English, French, and Italian Governments hold Constantinople under the mouths of their cannon. They have made the Sultan their prisoner, they are obliging him to consent to the dismemberment of what is purely Turkish territory, they are forcing him to turn the country's finances over to foreign capitalists in order to make it possible for them better to exploit the Turkish people, already reduced to a beggary by the six-year war. They have occu-pied the coal-mines of Heraclea, they are holding your ports, they are sending their troops into your country and are trampling down your

Peasants and workers of Armenia! Decades ago you became the victims of the intrigues of foreign capital, which launched heavy verbal attacks against the massacres of the Armenians by the Kurds and incited you to fight against the Sultan in order to obtain through your blood new concessions and fresh profits daily from the bloody Sultan. During the war they not only promised you independence, but they incited your merchants, your teachers, and your priests to demand the land of the Turkish peasants in order to keep up an eternal conflict between the Armenian and Turkish peoples, so that they could eternally derive profits out of this conflict; for so long as strife prevails between you and the Turks, just so long will the English, French, and American capitalists be able to hold Turkey in check through the menace of an Armenian uprising and to use the Armenians as cannon-fodder through the menace of a pogrom by Kurds.

Peasants of Syria and Arabia! Independence

was promised you by the English and the French, and now they hold your country occupied by their armies, now the English and the French dictate your laws, and you, who have freed your-selves from the Turkish Sultan, from the Constantinople Government, are now slaves of the Paris and London Governments, which differ from the Sultan's Government merely in being stronger and better able to exploit you.

You all understand this yourselves. The Persian peasants and workers have risen against their traitorous Teheran Government. The peasants in Mesopotamia are in revolt against the English troops. You peasants in Anatolia have rushed to the banner of Kemal Pasha in order to fight against the foreign invasion, but at the same time we hear that you are trying to organize your own party, a genuine peasant's party that will be willing to fight even if the pashas are to make their peace with the Entente exploiters. Syria has no peace, and you, Armenian peasants, whom the Entente, despite its promises, allows to die from hunger in order to keep you under better control, you are understanding more and more that it is silly to hope for salvation by the Entente capitalists. Even your bourgeois government of the Dashnakists, the lackeys of the Entente, is compelled to turn to the Workers' and Peasants' Government of Russia with an appeal for peace and help.

Peasants and workers of the Near East! If you organize yourselves, if you form your own Workers' and Peasants' Government, if you arm yourselves, if you unite with the Red Russian Workers' and Peasants' Army, then you will be able to defy the English, French, and American capitalists, then you will settle accounts with your own native exploiters, then you will find it possible, in a free alliance with the workers' republics of the world, to look after your own interests; then you will know how to exploit the resources of your country in your own interest and in the interest of the working people of the whole world, that will honestly exchange the products of their labor and mutually help each other.

We want to talk over all these questions with you at the congress in Baku. Spare no effort to appear in Baku on September 1, in as large numbers as possible. You march, year in and year out, through the deserts to the holy places where you show your respect for your past and for your God—now march through deserts, over mountains, and across rivers in order to come together to discuss how you can escape from the bonds of slavery, how you can unite as brothers so as to

live as men, free and equal.

From the above summons, the nature of the Baku congress can be imagined. It was, in fact, a social revolutionist far more than a Nationalist assembly. Of its 1900 delegates, nearly 1300 were professed Communists. Turkey, Persia, Armenia, and the Caucasus countries sent the largest delegations, though there were also delegations from Arabia, India, and even the Far East. The Russian Soviet Government was, of course, in control and kept a tight hand on the proceedings. The character of these proceedings was well summarized by the address of the noted Bolshevik leader Zinoviev, President of the Executive Committee of the Third International, who presided. Zinoviev said:

We believe this congress to be one of the greatest events in history, for it proves not only that the progressive workers and working peasants of Europe and America are awakened, but that we have at last seen the day of the awakening, not of a few, but of tens of thousands, of hundreds of thousands, of millions of the laboring class of the peoples of the East. These peoples form the majority of the world's whole population, and they alone, therefore, are able to bring the war between capital and labor to a conclusive de-

The Communist International said from the very first day of its existence: "There are four times as many people living in Asia as live in Europe. We will free all peoples, all who labor."

... We know that the laboring masses of the East are in part retrograde, though not by their own fault; they cannot read or write, are ignorant, are bound in superstition, believe in the evil spirit, are unable to read any newspapers, do not know what is happening in the world, have not the slightest idea of the most elementary laws of hygiene. Comrades, our Moscow International discussed the question whether a socialist revolution could take place in the countries of the East before those countries had passed through the capitalist stage. You know that the view which long prevailed was that every country must first go through the period of capitalism before socialism could become a live question. We now believe that this is no longer true. Russia has done this, and from that moment we are able to say that China, India, Turkey, Persia, Armenia, also can and must make a direct fight to get the Soviet system. These countries can and must prepare themselves to be Soviet Republics.

I say that we give patient aid to groups of persons who do not believe in our ideas, who are even opposed to us on some points. In this way, the Soviet Government supports Kemal in Turkey. Never for one moment do we forget that the movement headed by Kemal is not a Communist movement. We know it. I have here extracts from the verbatim reports of the first session of the Turkish people's government at Angora. Kemal himself says that "the caliph's person is sacred and inviolable." The movement headed by Kemal wants to rescue the caliph's "sacred" person from the hands of the foe. That is the Turkish Nationalists' point of view? No. But is it the Communist point of view? No. We respect the religious convictions of the masses; we know how to re-educate the masses. It will

be the work of years.

We use great caution in approaching the religious convictions of the laboring masses of the East and elsewhere. But at this congress we are bound to tell you that you must not do what the Kemal Government is doing in Turkey; you must not support the power of the Sultan, not even if religious considerations urge you to do so. You must press on, and must not allow yourselves to be pulled back. We believe the Sultan's hour has struck. You must not allow any form of autocratic power to continue; you must destroy, you must annihilate, faith in the Sultan; you must struggle to obtain real Soviet organizations. The Russian peasants also were strong believers in the Czar; but when a true people's revolution broke out there was practically nothing left of his faith in the Czar. The same thing will happen in Turkey and all over the East as soon as a true peasants' revolution shall burst forth over the surface of the black earth. The people will very soon lose faith in their Sultan and in their masters. We say once more, the policy pursued by the present people's government in Turkey is not the policy of the Communist International; it is not our policy; nevertheless, we declare that we are prepared to support any revolutionary fight against the English Government.

Yes, we array ourselves against the English bourgeoisie; we seize the English imperialist by the throat and tread him under foot. It is against English capitalism that the worst, the most fatal blow must be dealt. That is so. But at the same time we must educate the laboring

masses of the East to hatred, to the will to fight the whole of the rich classes indifferently, whoever they be. The great significance of the revolution now starting in the East does not consist in begging the English imperialist to take his feet off the table, for the purpose of then permitting the wealthy Turk to place his feet on it all the more comfortably; no, we will very politely ask all the rich to remove their dirty feet from the table, so that there may be no luxuriousness among us, no boasting, no contempt of the people, no idleness, but that the world may be ruled by the worker's horny hand.

The Baku Congress was the opening gun in Bolshevism's avowed campaign for the immediate Bolshevizing of the East. It was followed by increased Soviet activity and by substantial Soviet successes, especially in the Caucasus, where both Georgia and Armenia were Bolshevized in the spring of 1921.

These very successes, however, awakened growing uneasiness among Soviet Russia's Nationalist protégés. The various Oriental Nationalist parties, who had at first welcomed Moscow's aid so enthusiastically against the Entente Powers, now began to realize that Russian Bolshevism might prove as great a peril as Western imperialism to their patriotic aspirations. Of course, the Nationalist leaders had always recognized Moscow's ultimate goal, but hitherto they had felt themselves strong enough to control the situation and to take Russian aid without paying the price. Now they no longer felt so sure. The numbers of classconscious "proletarians" in the East might be very small. The Communist philosophy might be virtually unintelligible to the Oriental masses. Nevertheless, the very existence of Soviet Russia was a warning not to be disregarded. In Russia an infinitesimal Communist minority, numbering, by its own admission, not much over 600,000, was maintaining an unlimited despotism over 170,000,000 people. Western countries might rely on their diffused education and their stanch traditions of ordered liberty; the East possessed no such bulwarks against Bolshevism. The East was, in fact, much like Russia. There was the same dense ignorance of the masses; the same absence of a large and powerful middle class; the same tradition of despotism; the same popular acquiescence in the rule of ruthless minorities. Finally, there were the

stan and Azerbaijan. In fine, Oriental his own rebellious subjects. Nationalists bethought them of the old needs a long spoon.

Everywhere it has been the same story. In Asia Minor Mustapha Kemal has arrested Bolshevik propaganda agents, while Turkish and Russian troops have more than once clashed on the disputed Caucasus frontiers. In Egypt an amicable arrangement between Lord Milner and the Egyptian Nationalist leaders was facilitated by the latters' fear of the social revolutionary agitators who were inflaming the fellaheen. In India Sir Valentine Chirol noted as far back as the spring of 1018 how Russia's collapse into Bolshevism had had a "sobering effect" on large sections of Indian public opinion. "The more thoughtful Indians," he wrote, "now see how hopeless even the Russian intelligentsia (relatively far more numerous and matured than the Indian intelligentsia) has proved to control the great ignorant masses as soon as the whole fabric of government has been hastily shattered." In Afghanistan, likewise, the ameer was losing his love for his Bolshevist allies. The streams of refugees from Sovietized Turkestan that flowed across his borders for protection, headed by his kinsman, the ameer of Bokhara, made Amanullah Khan do some hard thinking, intensified by a serious mutiny of Afghan troops on the Russian border, the mutineers demanding the right to form "Soldiers' Councils" quite on the Russian pattern. Bolshevist agents might continue to tempt him with the loot of India, but the ameer could see that that would do him little good if he haps centuries.

ominous examples of Sovietized Turke- himself were to be looted and killed by

Thus, as time went on, Oriental Naadage that he who sups with the devil tionalists and conservatives generally tended to close ranks in dislike and apprehension of Bolshevism. Had no other issue been involved, there can be little doubt that Moscow's advances would have been repelled and Bolshevist agents given short shrift.

> Unfortunately, the Eastern Nationalists feel themselves between the Bolshevist devil and the Western imperialist deep sea. The upshot is that they have been trying to play off the one against the other-driven toward Moscow by every Entente aggression; driven toward the West by every Soviet coup of Lenine. Western statesmen should realize this, and should remember that Bolshevism's best propagandist agent is, not Zinoviev orating at Baku, but General Gouraud, with his Senegalese battalions and "strong-arm" methods in Syria and the Arab hinterland.

> Certainly, any extensive spread of Bolshevism in the East would be a hideous misfortune both for the Orient and for the world at large. If the triumph of Bolshevism would mean barbarism in the West, in the East it would spell downright savagery. The sudden release of the ignorant, brutal Oriental masses from their traditional restraints of religion and custom, and the submergence of the relatively small upper and middle classes by the flood of social revolution would mean the destruction of all Oriental civilization and culture, and a plunge into an abyss of anarchy from which the East could emerge only after generations, per-





LOVE SONGS

BY SARA TEASDALE

DECORATIONS BY M. B. L. CHATFIELD

Ι

BLUE STARGRASS

IF we took the old path
In the old field,
The same gate would stand there
That will never yield.

Where the sun warmed us
With a great cloak of gold,
The rain would be falling
And the wind would be cold;

And we would stop to search
In the wind and the rain,
But we would not find the stargrass
By the path again.

H

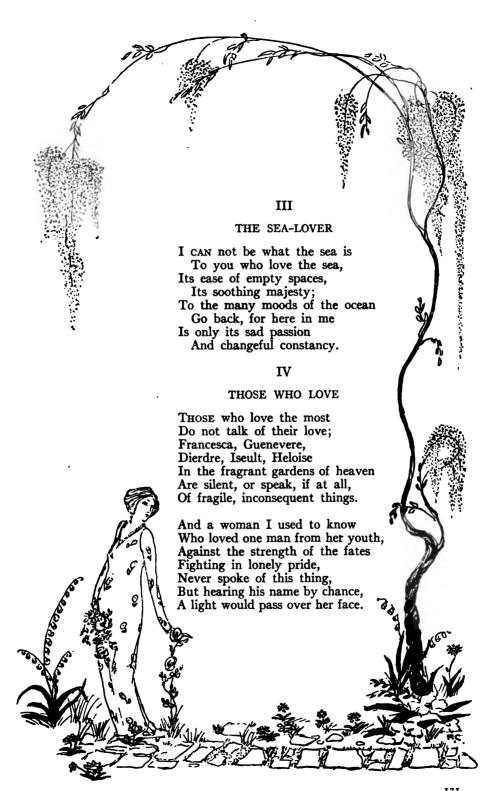
WORDS FOR AN OLD AIR

Your heart is bound tightly, let Beauty beware; It is not hers to set Free from the snare.

Tell her a bleeding hand Bound it and tied it; Tell her the knot will stand Though she deride it.

One who withheld so long
All that you yearned to take,
Has made a snare too strong
For Beauty's self to break.

Digitized by Google



ARGIVE HELEN AND THE LITTLE MAID OF TYRE

By Katharine Holland Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELENORE P. ABBOTT



white-hot glare of noon.

Argive Helen's hands were locked on her lovely knee, her deer-head was flung high, her eyes were dark with anger, her lips were edged with scorn. Sadly at variance she was with the young May world around her! The more sad, this, because Troy town still drowsed in peace: a mocking peace, only too soon to be broken. For, just one year gone, Paris, son of Priam, had snatched fair Helen from King Menelaus, and had carried her across the sea, and set her on the high seat in his father's palace. Even now the Greeks were arming for revenge-ful onslaught. But, to-day, the hapless absurd! Why, Paris, it's half a world city knew naught of its doom. Hence, it lay tranquil, dreaming in the sun. And only Helen, All-Fairest, was stirred, and as a fountain troubled.

"Barely a year since Paris swore to cleave to me forever. And to-daythis!"

Alas! to-day's grievance was nothing new. Merely another quarrel. For a month gone they had chafed and bickered. Monotonous, these quarrels. And all." -unendurable.

hot, her sandalled foot tapped the earth. All Paris's fault. These wrangles were always his fault. Of all the fractious, wayward mortals!

"All men are like that—although Menelaus wasn't nearly so trying. Poor Menelaus, he was always so busy—fighting back the barbarians that menaced our bounds, and putting down revolts inside the kingdom, and tacking up traitors'

RGIVE HELEN sat on a never had time nor energy to quarrel bench of sun-warmed mar- with me. Yet-that's not fair. Meneble, beneath a leafy arbor, laus had a charming disposition. And he thick-starred with small was always around when I wanted him. spicy roses, dim even in the Till that last careless voyage, of course. While Paris! Well, the Gray Sorcerer's Gadfly has of a surety stung him. That's all I can say."

> The scene of the morning drifted before her eyes. A sinister cloud against that crystal dawn: ill-matched, forsooth, against their own young beauty, their fair splendor.

> "I'm going to Ethiopia. With eight ships. Lycaon and Polydorus will be my chief captains. We'll hunt tigers and

> elephants, and parley with the savage tribes, and barter swords and purple cloths for gold and skins and ivory."

> away. Pirates haunt its black coasts. Bearded sea-monsters lurk below its cliffs. Sirens will lure your ships upon the reefs, fierce water-demons will tear the sweet flesh from your bones—"

> "Nonsense, Helen. Who's been telling you such old-wives' tales? To Ethiopia I go. Leodamas the Sidonian, master of all sea-lore, is our pilot. Eight ships, as I told you. Picked crews and able fighters.

"But-the sea-rovers! What chance Helen's cheek of almond-bloom burned have common sailors against those cruel outlaws? Tell me that!"

"True, we may have a few brushes with pirates." Paris's eyes sparkled. "That will only add zest. And, once landed, the coast tribes, who are eaters of human flesh, and adepts at the spear, may give us a little excitement." Paris's lordly head reared; his chest expanded slightly. "Farther south, we must cut our way through the Enchanted Forest, heads on the city gates, to discourage which girdles the rich interior in a great disaffection. Perhaps that's why he pestilent ring. Further, within this forest abide the Flat Yellow Face men, a numerous and unpleasant tribe, who are not above using poisoned arrows. We cannot hope to fight unscathed through that grim wilderness. Some of our brave eyes flashed dangerously. "Not your men, our leaders, even, must die in agony." Paris stroked his chin. He was feeling quite pleased with himself. "Bevond the forest-

"In pity's name, wilt cease to call up horrors!" Helen thrust back her golden goblet with some vim. "Haven't I al-

ready told you-"

"Beyond the forest," Paris went on, bland as the jar of honey of Hymettus at his elbow, "there lies a stretch of desert, where no tribes abide. Nor can any living creature be found there. For that it hath no water, and is burnt as bare as the Rock of Salamis. Howbeit, we do carry sufficient filled goatskins, we can hope to traverse it-by seven days' hard riding, if the gods are kind. At last across its seared and deathly bounds, we will reach the grand plateau, our goal. There. unless the travellers' mouths are crammed with lies, we shall find noble hunting. Deer, wild boar, lions-

"You'll find no noble hunting, if I have anything to say. And I think I have." Helen stood up. In her straight robe of ivory, gold-broidered, like saffron clouds above Mount Ida's snows, she was of a beauty to snatch a man's heart from his breast. But little beauty, alas! was in her blazing eyes, her stinging tongue. · "You know well that, sooner or later, the Greek warriors, led by Menelaus, will come to search for me. You know that Father Priam dreads their onslaught

every hour."

"Oh, come, Helen. Aren't you pulling

rather a long bow?"

"A long bow, indeed! When our spies tell that all Lacedæmon is one frenzy of toil! All gravers of spears, makers of armor, work night and day. From every harbor rises the clash of hammers. Swifter than magic do the Greeks build their black ships. The clang of the forge resounds in twilight villages. At night, by pitch-pine fires, the smiths thunder on the brazen shields."

famine have drawn the Spartan belt too mortal soul, had he known that he pos-

will labor two years, haply three, before their granaries are filled, their army fed and upbuilt to a fighting edge.

"You know not Sparta." Helen's soft Trojan courtiers, they. Menelaus and his men will fight upon a crust!"

"Yes, they will." Paris laughed, flung up one arm to clasp her slim unyielding body. "Cease thy jangling, beauty bright. I go to Ethiopia. The die is cast."

"The die is not cast. You shall not

"Oh, hush thy beauteous mouth, my Paris, always lazily good-humored, was getting bored. Quite bored. "I am thy husband and thy man. But not thy bondsman, to be chid and flouted."

"But you're so mean—so cruel— "Cruel? I? When for your own fair pleasure I would make this voyage? When I go on purpose to bring you all treasures that my hands can seize? Tusks of unflawed ivory for your household gear, plumes for your head, furs, nard, spices. Pearls for that white throat, a queen's own strand-

"Hark you, Paris." Now Helen stood before him, ablaze. "Bribes, flattery, naught shall avail. You shall not go."

"Shall not, eh? Pretty talk from my wife!" Paris was no longer bored. He was shaking with an anger that whirled in his veins, and misted furious red before his eyes. "After what fashion would you hold me back?"

"After this fashion. Go, if you will. But think not to return, and find me, meek-browed, awaiting you! When you have had your fill of adventure, then come back—to an empty cage, ashes on a

forgotten hearth!"

Now, since time immemorial, there arrives a certain crisis in such disputes. Reaching this extremity, any human husband will do one of two things. Either he will seize his heart's treasure by her white shoulders and shake some sense into her, or he will leave the room. as befitted a prince and a gentleman, set his teeth, balled his fists, and started for "Ah, folly! Three years of blight and the door. He would have given his imtight for warfare. Menelaus and his men sessed one, for the chance to kick the cat.

The cat, however, being one of an orangetawny breed whose grandmother had fawned at Medea's knee, had much of foresight. With the first gust she had prudently departed to the slave-kitchens below. There remained nothing to kick save a heap of scrolls, piled on the floor; tax-gatherers' reports, set for Paris's perusal.

Paris gave that heap one baleful glance. It was not what his rage desired, but it would serve. Twoscore brittle papyrus scrolls, scattered by a vigorous foot, would make quite a mess to pick up.

Unhappily, the servant who had brought the scrolls was a tidy Achæan, and he had propped the heap neatly with an inscribed clay tablet. A heavy and a

solid clay tablet.

With a stifled howl and one explosive monosyllable, Paris left the room. One might almost say that he shot from the room. Helen, utterly uncomprehending, drew herself to her glorious height, gazed after him with darkling eyes.

"Insolent, to dare question my right! And why, forsooth, have a wife's rights, if you cannot enforce? Why rule, the princess of your day, if you cannot make

your own lover feel the curb?"

So had she spoken; so, wrathfully, did she vow again to her own self, as she sat beneath the roses, small hands clinched, her fair breast heaving. Yet with her anger mingled a strange bewilderment. Paris was talking nonsense. Hadn't he risked his life, risked more than life, to snatch her away from Menelaus? How could he so quickly weary of her face?

"Only a year to-morrow! He can't be wishful of escape! Yet to hear him prate of pirates and of savages, to see that hungry gleam of adventure light his in her lovely eyes veered to misty laugheyes— But he won't go! He shall not! ter.

Yet—

Upon her stormy musings there broke a sound: two voices mingled. A girl's, all breezy laughter, a boy's, defiant and grim. She glanced down the path. Half hid by the rose-wall, they stood. A very small, sparkling, apple-cheeked girl, in hand-maid garb of coarse gray wool and withe sandals; beside her—very close beside her—the boy; a big, sulky, two-fisted youngster of nineteen, wearing

the rough blouse and scarlet head-cloth of a sailor.

"One of the crew of a Phœnician merchantman," thought Helen idly. "The girl is Phylo, Hecuba's little maid from Tyre. How deft she twirls the distaff in those small brown hands! Is it that she twirls the heart of that big bumptious lout with each swift fling? And what is that song she sings?"

Cool and serene above the boy's cross grumble, the small maid's voice fluted,

clear:

"Turn thy wheel, O Potter wise. Turn thy seasons, golden skies. Swerve thy tides, O Wine-dark Sea, Guide my true-love far from me."

"Aw, you know I didn't mean it that way." The boy's voice, worried and fretful, broke on her sunny chant.

"You didn't mean what, which way?" sweet-throated as April larks, she ques-

tioned back.

"What you're singing."

Phylo considered this, brows bent, her

child-face innocent, perplexed.

"What has my idle song to do with you, Clytus? Or with your voyages, either?"

Clytus scowled, reddened.

"You know well enough. Of course you don't care a straw whether I sail away to the far dangerous Western seas or not. But-you might be mannerly enough to wish I'd stay at home."

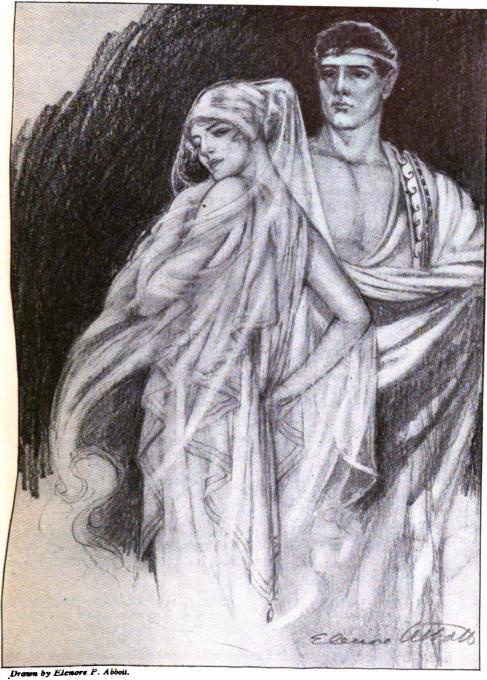
"Oh." Phylo shone on him, sweetly. Too sweetly. "But you have always longed, above all things, to go forth and see all the wonders of strange worlds. Why should I cross your sovereign will?"

Helen listened shamelessly. The worry

"More is here than meets the eve. Glad I am that I chose this hidden bench!"

"Nor will you miss me. Not for one hour."

"Why, Clytus, dear! Of course I'll miss you. Dreadfully. Think how good you have ever been to me! The fillet of silver that you made for my birthday gift; the white fox-skins you tanned for me to wear against the cold; the great piece of honeycomb, wrapped in vine-



"I am thy husband and thy man. But not thy bondsman to be chid and flouted."—Page 173.

leaf, that you brought me only yester- even in the tempest, I shall come back eve! Be sure I'll miss vou."

Helen chuckled.

"Sleek, small gray kitten," she whispered, "play on with thy mouse!"

"Other fellows will bring you furs and honeycomb."

"Maybe so."

"Will they? Well!" The boy's fists "Just you wait till I get clinched. back."

"Wait? For you?" Her voice coaxed, plaintive. "Why should I wait a sailor's With a sweetheart in every

"That saw was old when Neptune was young." The boy glowered down at her.

His fists were iron now.

"No scrolls here to kick, poor youth," Helen murmured, her own eyes dancing.

"Though there are lovers enow for thee, fickle one. Tithonius, and Lucian the smith, and that snooper Orus, forever hanging around-

"Orus is a very nice boy. All three will keep me from being lonely while

vou're awav."

"Will they!" the boy gasped, furious. "Let me catch 'em at it, that's all."

"Goodness, Clytus, how you talk! You would desert me willingly. Yet you wish me to have no friends, no inno-

cent joys-

"Listen to me." Clytus took a deep breath, swallowed hard. "I've got to go on this voyage. My word is passed. My vow is given. But—but, Phylo, I'll promise you I'll never go adventuring again, if-if you-"

"If I what?"

"If you'll send Tithonius and those other chaps packing, and—

"And-

"And give me your promise—your promise and your heart!"

Phylo's distaff fell to the earth. Phylo's apple-face turned very white.

"Clytus! You mean—

"I mean that I love you. That I want you for my wife." Clytus's big arms were close around her now, his sunburnt cheek pressed to hers. "I mean, if you'll only promise me-then I'll promise you, never to sail away after this one cruise. "Aye, so." In her prown hands the For, dear as are sea and adventure, you shuttle flew. "That wisdom was whis-

to vou. Beloved! Beloved!"

Then Helen saw Phylo's round arms lift to clasp his neck. Her own eyes teardimmed, Helen turned her face away.

And presently the boy went striding gloriously away, and the small girl, demure but no less triumphant, came tripping down the archway, and ran squarely upon Helen.

"Heaven-descended! Forgive!" drew back, blushing, frightened.

Helen smiled.

"Sit at my feet, child, and spin thy wool. And sing again that chant I heard."

Docile, wondering, Phylo sang it clear.

"Turn thy wheel, O Potter wise. Turn thy seasons, golden skies. Swerve thy tides, O Wine-dark Sea, Guide my true-love home to me."

"Ah. Why do you change two words?"

Phylo started. Then she looked up. Woman to woman, their eyes met in swift understanding, wistful mirth.

"Wise child to force that promise!"

Helen sighed through her laughter.

"My lady knows well that I shall never hold him to his word."

"Not hold him to it?"

"Never. What wise woman would lift a finger to draw her man back, when he longs to be away?"

"W-whv-

"And when again he hungers for far shores, I shall send him away willingly. Willingly? Aye, eagerly!"

"Why eagerly, infant sage?"

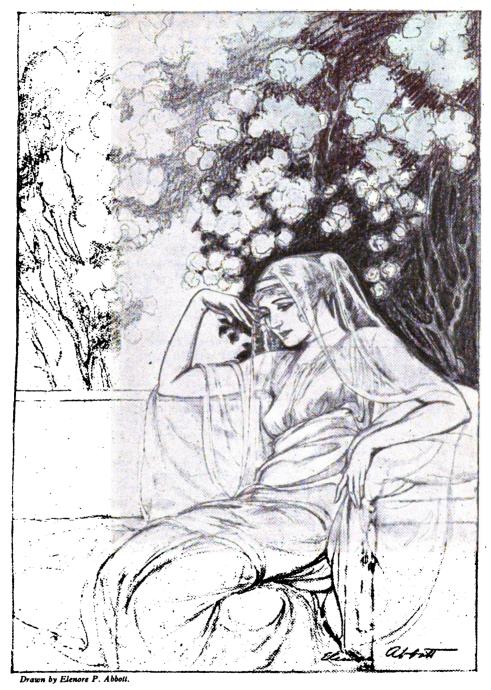
"Because"—imp sparks awoke beneath long lashes—"because, as my lady well knows, it is needful to keep them-wondering."

"Oh."

"Surely, my mistress. For of all graces, none is so precious to the eyes of man as that one grace which is not of our flesh nor of our spirit, but a web fashioned of our love and guile. Our magic cloak. Our mystery."

"Indeed."

are dearer. And true as the compass, pered in my ear by my mother, told to



"Only a year to-morrow! He can't be wishful of escape!"—Page 174.

Vog. LXX.—12

me, my lady, it is my belief that our First Mother read that secret in her own Man's restless glance, and that, with cunning pleas, she sent him forth on long strange journeyings—that, while he was well away, she could reweave her own magic cloak, worn thin by the rasp of their days and months together."

"I see."

Helen picked at the crocuses traced on her rosy mantle. Droll chagrin touched her most lovely lips.

"It would appear," she reflected, "that Zeus's own daughter had somewhat still to learn. Even from the mouth of a small mortal like this."

"It is our one sure charm," that young person chattered on. "Yet, truly, our blackest torment! For to us the familiar is dear. Our own roof-tree, our own small certain days. But to men, always the far places, the magic and the dream."

"I've noticed that. As soon as they

tire of us-

"Ah, they do not tire. But we grow humdrum. A hearth-fire, we. they-would follow a star!"

Helen's lip quivered.

"So the wise woman cries 'Follow.' Knowing that he will come the more swiftly back to her. For stars are very far. And very cold."

"But, child, a wife has rights.

can demand-

"Never the wise wife! For if there's one thing they simply won't stand, it's to feel the rein tighten, the gyve hold!"

Helen flinched at that. Then she Ethiopia, and leaving you forlorn—

laughed out ruefully.

"Out of the mouths of babes—

A queen, she rose, and smiled down at the little maid's obeisance. A queen of queens, she drifted away, across the sunlit lawns.

Up toward the eastern gates did she descry her lord. Paris, attended by half a dozen courtiers, was hurling the discus, and enjoying himself tremendously. His face was afire, his hyacinth locks very moist with plebeian sweat, his voice hoarse with delighted shouting. when he glimpsed Helen's approach, he flung down the discus and drew aside, head up, eyes bleakly condescending on always was, and evermore shall be.

her by her own mother's lips. If you ask the players around him. And at this absurd small-boy performance, Helen swallowed both a smile and a glimmer of scorn. Although one must own that the scorn went down hard.

"Ah, Paris! I was searching for you."

"Huh."

"Yes. I've been thinking over our I was horribly unreasonable at talk. breakfast."

"Hey?"

"And you're to sail for Ethiopia, dearest. Right away. And bring home all the ivory there is. Pearls, too. Quantities of pearls."

"Weathercock! Straw i' the wind!" Paris's eyes were popping out of his head. "This is adorable of you, Helen. But

how--whv-

"And take your time, beloved. You need a good, long vacation."

"Um. But what about you? Won't you be lonesome?"

"I? Did you ever know me to be lonesome?"

Paris received this wifely assurance When with a slight gulp.

"I'll go to Thebes, and visit Alcandra. She always has a houseful of guests. Such interesting guests, too. Sorcerers, and sea-captains, merchants from Cyprus, bold travellers, to tell us their weird She tales-

> "Say, listen." Paris's jaw set. Set till it jutted slightly. His hands gripped her fair shoulders. His eyes bored into hers. "Any day you see me dandering off to

"But my ivory! My pearls! You

promised!"

"We'll let the other fellows bring home the ivory," said Paris, very briefly, in-"Pull that lace thing over your deed. Just because I've got the most face. beautiful wife in the world is no reason for letting her get freckled. And I don't want that bunch of discus-throwers gaping at you, either. Understand me?"

"Heart of my heart," sighed Helen, and humbly veiled the triumph in her

eyes, "I do."

And as it was with man and wife in the days of Argive Helen, so it is to-day, and

TO LET

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

ILLUSTRATION BY C. F. PETERS

PART III—Continued

THE FIXED IDEA



HE fixed idea," which has outrun more constables than any other form of humore speed and stamina than when it takes the avid

guise of love. To hedges and ditches, and doors, to humans without ideas fixed or otherwise, to perambulators and the confixed idea of love pays no attention. It runs with eyes turned inward to its own light, oblivious of all other stars. Those with the fixed ideas that human happiness depends on their art, on vivisecting dogs, But Jon—she felt—had forgiven that. on hating foreigners, on paying supertax, It was what he said of his mother which on remaining Ministers, on making wheels caused the fluttering in her heart and the go round, on preventing their neighbors from being divorced, on conscientious objection, Greek roots, Church dogma, paradox and superiority to everybody else, with other forms of ego-mania—all are unstable compared with him or her whose fixed idea is the possession of some her or him. And though Fleur, those chilly summer days, pursued the scattered life of a little Forsyte whose frocks are paid for, and whose business is pleasure, she was—as Winifred would have said in the latest fashion of speech -'honest-to-God' indifferent to it all. She wished and wished for the moon. which sailed in cold skies above the river or the Green Park when she went to Town. She even kept Jon's letters covered with pink silk, on her heart, than which in days when corsets were so low, sentiment so despised, and chests so out of fashion, there could, perhaps, have been almost deceived by this careless gaiety. no greater proof of the fixity of her idea.

wrote to Jon, and received his answer three days later on her return from a river picnic. It was his first letter since their meeting at Tune's. She opened it with misgiving, and read it with dismay.

"Since I saw you I've heard everything man disorder, has never about the past. I won't tell it you—I think you knew when we met at June's. She says you did. If you did, Fleur, you ought to have told me. I expect you only heard your father's side of it. I have heard my mother's. It's dreadful. tents sucking their fixed ideas, even to the Now that she's so sad I can't do anything other sufferers from this fast malady—the to hurt her more. Of course, I long for you all day, but I don't believe now that we shall ever come together-there's something too strong pulling us apart."

> So! Her deception had found her out. weak sensation in her legs.

> Her first impulse was to reply—her second, not to reply. These impulses were constantly renewed in the days which followed, while desperation grew within her. She was not her father's child for nothing. The tenacity, which had at once made and undone Soames, was her backbone, too, frilled and embroidered by French grace and quickness. Instinctively she conjugated the verb "to have" always with the pronoun "I." She concealed, however, all signs of her growing desperation, and pursued such river pleasures as the winds and rain of a disagreeable July permitted, as if she had no care in the world; nor did any "sucking baronet" ever neglect the business of a publisher more consistently than her attendant spirit, Michael Mont.

To Soames she was a puzzle. He was Almost-because he did not fail to mark After hearing of his father's death, she her eyes often fixed on nothing, and the

film of light shining from her bedroom She would go to Robin Hill and see himwindow late at night. What was she thinking and brooding over into small hours when she ought to have been asleep? But he dared not ask what was in her mind; and, since that one little talk in the billiard room, she said nothing to him.

In this taciturn condition of affairs it chanced that Winifred invited them to lunch and to go afterward to "a most amusing little play, 'The Beggar's Opera'" and would they bring a man to make four? Soames, whose attitude toward theatres was to go to nothing, accepted, because Fleur's attitude was to go to everything. They motored up, taking Michael Mont, who, being in his seventh heaven, was found by Winifred "very amusing." "The Beggar's Opera" puzzled Soames. The people were very unpleasant, the whole thing very cynical. Winifred was "intrigued"—by the dresses. The music too did not displease her. At the Opera, the night before, she had arrived too early for the Russian Ballet, and found the stage occupied by singers, for a whole hour pale or apoplectic from terror lest by some dreadful inadvertence they might drop into a tune. Michael Mont was enraptured with the whole thing. And all three wondered what Fleur was thinking of it. But Fleur was not thinking of it. Her fixed idea stood on the stage and sang with Polly Peachum, mimed with Filch, danced with Jenny Diver, postured with Lucy Lockit, kissed, trolled, and cuddled with it's an instinct." Macheath. Her lips might smile, her hands applaud, but the comic old masterpiece made no more impression on her than if it had been pathetic, like a modern "Revue." When they embarked in the car to return, she ached because Jon was not sitting next her instead of Michael "If not," added young Mont, "there'll Mont. When, at some jolt, the young be blood." man's arm touched hers as if by accident, she only thought: 'If that were Jon's arm!' When his cheerful voice, tempered by her proximity, murmured above the sound of the car's progress, she smiled and answered, thinking: 'If that were Jon's voice!' and when once he said: "Well, look at me! I'm heir "Fleur, you look a bang-up angel in that tailed estate. I don't want to dress!" she answered: "Oh, do you like I'd cut the entail to-morrow." it?" thinking: 'If only Jon could see it!'

alone; she would take the car, without word beforehand to him or to her father. It was nine days since his letter, and she could wait no longer. On Monday she would go! The decision made her well disposed toward young Mont. With something to look forward to she could afford to tolerate and respond. He might stay to dinner; propose to her as usual; dance with her, press her hand, sigh—do what he liked. He was only a nuisance when he interfered with her fixed idea. She was even sorry for him so far as it was possible to be sorry for anybody but herself just now. At dinner he seemed to talk more wildly than usual about what he called 'the death of the close borough'—she paid little attention, but her father seemed paying a good deal, with the smile on his face which meant opposition, if not anger.

"The younger generation doesn't think as you do, Sir; does it, Fleur?"

Fleur shrugged her shoulders—the younger generation was just Jon, and she did not know what he was thinking.

"Young people will think as I do when they're my age, Mr. Mont. Human nature doesn't change."

"I admit that, Sir; but the forms of thought change with the times. The pursuit of self-interest is a form of thought that's going out."

"Indeed! To mind one's own business is not a form of thought, Mr. Mont,

Yes, when Jon was the business!

"But what is one's business, Sir? That's the point. Everybody's business is going to be one's business. Isn't it, Fleur?

Fleur only smiled.

"People have talked like that from time immemorial."

"But you'll admit, Sir, that the sense of property is dying out?"

"I should say increasing among those who have none."

"Well, look at me! I'm heir to an entailed estate. I don't want the thing;

"You're not married, and you don't During this drive she took a resolution. know what you're talking about."

Fleur saw the young man's eyes turn rather piteously upon her.

"Do you really mean that marriage-?"

he began.

"Society is built on marriage," came from between her father's close lips; "marriage and its consequences. Do you want to do away with it?"

Young Mont made a distracted gesture. Silence brooded over the dinner table, covered with spoons bearing the Forsyte crest—a pheasant proper—under the electric light in an alabaster globe. And outside, the river evening darkened, charged with heavy moisture and sweet scents.

'Monday,' thought Fleur; 'Monday!'

VI

DESPERATE

THE weeks which followed the death of his father were sad and empty to the only Jolyon Forsyte left. The necessary forms and ceremonies—the reading of the Will, valuation of the estate, distribution of the legacies—were enacted over the head, as it were, of one not yet of age. Jolyon was cremated. By his special wish no one attended that ceremony, or wore black for him. The succession of his property, controlled to some extent by old Jolyon's Will, left his widow in possession of Robin Hill, with two thousand five hundred pounds a year for life. Apart from this the two Wills worked together in some complicated way to insure that each of Jolyon's three children should have an equal share in their grandfather's and father's property in the future as in the present, save only that Jon, by virtue of his sex, would have control of his capital when he was twenty-one, while June and Holly would only have the spirit of theirs, in order that their children might have the body after them. If they had no children, it would all come to Jon if he outlived them; and since June was fifty, and Holly nearly forty, it was considered in Lincoln's Inn Fields that but for the cruelty of income tax, young Jon would be as warm a man as his grandfather when he died. All this was nothing to Jon, and little enough to his mother. It was June who did everything needful for one who had left his affairs in perfect order. When she had gone, and those two were

alone again in the great house, alone with death drawing them together, and love driving them apart, Jon passed very painful days secretly disgusted and disappointed with himself. His mother would look at him with such a patient sadness which yet had in it an instinctive pride, as if she were reserving her defence. If she smiled he was angry that his answering smile should be so grudging and unnatural. He did not judge or condemn her: that was all too remote-indeed, the idea of doing so had never come to him. No! he was grudging and unnatural because he couldn't have what he wanted because of her. There was one alleviation—much to do in connection with his father's career, which could not be safely intrusted to June, though she had offered to undertake it. Both Jon and his mother had felt that if she took his portfolios, unexhibited drawings and unfinished matter, away with her, the work would encounter such icy blasts from Paul Post and other frequenters of her studio, that it would soon be frozen out even of her warm heart. On its oldfashioned plane and of its kind the work was good, and they could not bear the thought of its subjection to ridicule. one-man exhibition of his work was the least testimony they could pay to one they had loved; and on preparation for this they spent many hours together. Ion came to have a curiously increased respect for his father. The quiet tenacity with which he had converted a mediocre talent into something really individual was disclosed by these researches. There was a great mass of work with a rare continuity of growth in depth and reach of vision. Nothing certainly went very deep, or reached very high—but such as the work was, it was thorough, conscientious, and complete. And, remembering his father's utter absence of "side" or self-assertion, the chaffing humility with which he had always spoken of his own efforts, ever calling himself "an amateur," Jon could not help feeling that he had never really known his father. To take himself seriously, yet never bore others by letting them know that he did so, seemed to have been his ruling principle. There was something in this which appealed to the boy, and made him heartily indorse

his mother's comment: "He had true refinement; he couldn't help thinking of others, whatever he did. And when he took a resolution which went counter, he did it with the minimum of defiance—not like the Age, is it? Twice in his life he had to go against everything; and yet it never made him bitter." Jon saw tears running down her face, which she at once turned away from him. She was so quiet about her loss that sometimes he had thought she didn't feel it much. Now, as he looked at her, he felt how far he fell short of the reserve power and dignity in both his father and his mother. And, stealing up to her, he put his arm round her waist. She kissed him swiftly, but showed me up here. But I can go away with a sort of passion, and went out of the

The studio, where they had been sorting and labelling, had once been Holly's schoolroom, devoted to her silkworms, dried lavender, music, and other forms of instruction. Now, at the end of July, despite its northern and eastern aspects, a warm and slumberous air came in between the long-faded lilac linen curtains. To redeem a little the departed glory, as of a field that is golden and gone, clinging to a room which its master has left, Irene had placed on the paint-stained table a bowl of red roses. This, and Jolyon's favorite cat, who still clung to the deserted habitat, were the pleasant spots in that dishevelled, sad workroom. Jon, at the north window, sniffing air mysteriously scented with warm strawberries, heard a car drive up. The lawyers again about some nonsense! Why did that scent so make one ache? And where did it come from—there were no strawberry beds on this side of the house. Instinctively he took a crumpled sheet of paper from his pocket, and wrote down some broken words. A warmth began spreading in his chest; he rubbed the palms of his hands together. Presently he had jotted this:

"If I could make a summer song-A summer song to soothe my heart! I'd make it all of little things-The splash of water, rub of wings, The puffing-off of dandie's crown, The hiss of raindrop spilling down, The purr of cat, the trill of bird, And ev'ry whispering I've heard From willy wind in leaves and grass. And all the distant drones that pass. I'd make it fine, I'd make it rare, Until it drove away despair! Oh! I would make it brave as Spring-Then let it fly, and sing!"

He was still muttering it over to himself at the window, when he heard his name called, and, turning round, saw Fleur. At that amazing apparition, he made at first no movement and no sound. while her clear vivid glance ravished his heart. Then he went forward to the table, saying: "How nice of you to come!" and saw her flinch as if he had thrown something at her.

"I asked for you," she said, "and they

again."

Jon clutched the paint-stained table. Her face and figure in its frilly frock, photographed itself with such startling vividness upon his eyes, that if she had sunk through the floor he must still have seen

"I know I told you a lie," she said. "But I told it out of love."

"Yes, oh! yes! That's nothing!"

"I didn't answer your letter. was the use—there wasn't anything to answer. I wanted to see you instead." She held out both her hands, and Jon grasped them across the table. He tried to say something, but he couldn't; all his attention was given to trying not to hurt her hands. His own felt so hard and hers so soft—he could have squeezed them to death. At last she said almost defiantly:

"That old story—was it so very dread-

ful, Jon?"

"Yes, it was." In his voice, too, there was a note of defiance.

She dragged her hands away. didn't think in these days boys were tied to their mothers' apron-strings."

Jon's chin went up as if he had been

struck.

"Oh! I didn't mean it, Jon. What a horrible thing to say!" And swiftly she came close to him. "Jon dear; I didn't mean it."

Jon said dully: "All right."

She had put her two hands on his shoulder, and her forehead down on them; the brim of her hat touched his neck, he felt it quivering. But, in a sort of paraly-



"That old story—was it so very dreadful, Jon?"—Page 182.

his shoulder and drew away.

"Well, I'll go, if you don't want me. But I never thought you'd have given

"I haven't," cried Jon, coming suddenly to life. "I can't. I'll try again."

Her eyes gleamed, she swayed toward him. "Jon-I love you! Don't give me up! If you do, I don't know what—I feel so desperate. What does it matter all that past—compared with this?"

She clung to him. He kissed her eves. her cheeks, her lips. But while he kissed her he saw the sheets of that letter fallen down on the floor of his bedroom-his father's white dead face—his mother kneeling before it. Fleur's whisper: "Make her! Promise! Oh! Jon, try!" seemed childish in his ear. He felt curiously old.

"Only, "I promise!" he muttered.

you don't understand."

"She wants to spoil our lives," cried Fleur, "just because-

"Yes, of what?"

Again that challenge in his voice, and she did not answer. Her arms tightened round him, and he returned her kisses; but even while he yielded, the poison worked in him, the poison of the letter. Fleur did not know, she did not understand—she misjudged his mother; she came from the enemy's camp! So lovely, he loved her so-and yet, even in her embrace, he could not help the memory of Holly's words: "I think she has a 'having' nature," and his mother's: "My darling boy; don't think of me-think of yourself."

When she was gone—she could not stay forever, kissing him and afraid to speak lest she might undo the effect of her kisses —gone like a passionate dream, leaving her image on his eyes, her kisses on his lips, such an ache in his heart, Jon leaned in the window, listening to the car bearing her away. Still the scent as of warm strawberries, still the little summer sounds that should make his song; still all the promise of youth and happiness in sighing, floating, fluttering July—and his heart torn; yearning strong in him; hope high in him, yet with its eyes cast down, as if ashamed. The miserable task be-

sis, he made no response. She let go of he—watching the poplars sway in the wind, the white clouds passing, the sun-

light on the grass.

He waited till evening, till after their almost silent dinner, till his mother had played to him—and still he waited, feeling that she knew what he was waiting to say. She kissed him and went upstairs, and still he lingered, watching the moonlight and the moths, and that unreality of coloring which steals along and stains a summer night. And he would have given anything to be back again in the past—barely three months back; or away forward, years, in the future. The present, with this stark cruelty of its decision, one way or the other, seemed impossible. He realized now so much more keenly what his mother felt than he had at first; as if the story in that letter had been a poisonous germ producing a kind of fever of partisanship, so that he really felt there were two camps, his mother's and his—Fleur's and her father's. It might be a dead thing, that old tragic ownership and enmity, but dead things were poisonous till Time had cleaned them away. Even his love felt tainted, less illusioned, more of the earth, and with a treacherous lurking doubt lest Fleur, like her father, might want to own: not articulate, just a stealing haunt, horribly unworthy, which crept in and about the ardor of his memories, touched with its tarnishing breath the vividness and grace of that charmed face and figure—a doubt, not real enough to convince him of its presence, just real enough to deflower a perfect faith. And perfect faith, to Jon, not yet twenty, was essential. He still had Youth's eagerness to give with both hands, to take with neither—to give lovingly to one who had his own impulsive generosity. Surely she had! He got up from the window-seat and roamed in the big room grey and ghostly, whose walls were hung with silvered canvas. This house—his father said in that death-bed letter—had been built for his mother to live in—with Fleur's father! He put out his hand in the half-dark, as if to grasp the shadowy hand of the dead. He clenched, trying to feel the thin vanished fingers of his father; to squeeze them, and reassure him that he—he was on his fore him! If Fleur was desperate, so was father's side. Tears, prisoned within

To Let 185

him, made his eyes feel dry and hot. He went back to the window. It was warmer, not so eerie, more comforting outside, where the moon hung golden, three days off full; the freedom of the night was comforting. If only Fleur and he had met on some desert island without a past—and Nature for their house! Jon had still his high regard for desert islands, where breadfruit grew, and the water.was blue above the coral. The night was deep, was free -there was enticement in it; a lure, a promise, a refuge from entanglement, and love! Milksop tied to his mother's—! His cheeks burned. He shut the window, drew curtains over it, switched off the lighted sconce, and went up-stairs.

The door of his room was open, the light turned up; his mother, still in her evening gown, was standing at the win-

dow. She turned, and said:

"Sit down, Jon; let's talk." She sat down on the window-seat, Jon on his bed. She had her profile turned to him, and the beauty and grace of her figure, the delicate line of the brow, the nose, the neck, the strange and as it were remote refinement of her, moved him. His mother never belonged to her surroundings. She came into them from somewhere—as it were! What was she going hands over his. to say to him, who had in his heart such things to say to her?

"I know Fleur came to-day. I'm not surprised." It was as though she had added: "She is her father's daughter!" And Jon's heart hardened. Irene went

on quietly:

"I have Father's letter. I picked it up that night and kept it. Would you like it back, dear?"

Ion shook his head.

"I had read it, of course, before he gave it to you. It didn't do quite justice to my criminality."

"Mother!" burst from Jon's lips.

"He put it very sweetly, but I know that in marrying Fleur's father without love I did a dreadful thing. An unhappy marriage, Jon, can play such havoc with other lives besides one's own. You are fearfully young, my darling, and fearfully loving. Do you think you can possibly be happy with this girl?"

Staring at her dark eyes, darker now

from pain, Jon answered:

"Yes; oh! yes—if you could be." Irene smiled.

"Admiration of beauty, and longing for possession are not love. If yours were another case like mine, Jon-where the deepest things are stifled; the flesh joined, and the spirit at war!"

"Why should it, Mother? You think she must be like her father, but she's not.

I've seen him."

Again the smile came on Irene's lips. and in Jon something wavered; there was such irony and experience in that smile.

"You are a giver, Jon; she is a taker." That unworthy doubt, that haunting uncertainty again! He said with vehemence:

"I'm not-she isn't. It's only because I can't bear to make you unhappy, Mother, now that Father—" He thrust his fists against his forehead.

Irene got up.

"I told you that night, dear, not to mind me. I meant it. Think of yourself and your own happiness! I can stand what's left-I've brought it on myself."

Again the word: "Mother!" burst from

Jon's lips.

She came over to him and put her

"Do you feel your head, darling?"

Jon shook it. What he felt was in his chest-a sort of tearing asunder of the tissue there, by the two loves.

"I shall always love you the same, Jon, whatever you do. You won't lose anything." She smoothed his hair gently,

and walked away.

He heard the door shut; and, rolling over on the bed, lay, stifling his breath, with an awful held-up feeling within him.

VII

EMBASSY

Enouring for her at tea time Soames learned that Fleur had been out in the car since two. Three hours! Where had she gone? Up to London without a word to him? He had never become quite reconciled with cars. He had embraced them in principle—like the born empiricist, or Forsyte, that he was-adopting each symptom of progress as it came along with: "Well, we couldn't do without them now." ing, great, smelly things. Obliged by with a flying kiss, she ran up-stairs. Annette to have one—a Rollhard with pearl-grey cushions, electric light, little To Robin Hill! What did that portend? mirrors, trays for the ashes of cigarettes, used to regard his brother-in-law, Monaware of it himself. Pace and progress pleased him less and less; there was an fellow Sims had driven over the only vested interest of a working man. Soames had not forgotten the behaviour of its master, when not many people would have stopped to put up with it. He had been sorry for the dog, and quite prepared to take its part against the car, if that ruffian hadn't been so outrageous. With four hours fast becoming five, and still no Fleur, all the old car-wise feelings he had experienced in person and by proxy balled within him, and sinking sensations troubled the pit of his stomach. At seven he telephoned to Winifred by trunk call. No! Fleur had not been to Green Street. Then where was she? Visions of his beloved daughter rolled up in her pretty frills, all blood-and-dust-stained, in some hideous catastrophe, began to haunt him. He went to her room and spied among her things. She had taken nothing—no dressing-case, no jewellery. And this, a relief in one sense, increased his fears of an accident. Terrible to be helpless when his loved one was missing, especially when he couldn't bear fuss or publicity of any kind! What should he do, if she were not back by nightfall?

At a quarter to eight he heard the car. A great weight lifted from off his heart; he hurried down. She was getting out pale and tired-looking, but nothing wrong. He met her in the hall.

"You've frightened me. Where have you been?"

But in fact he found them tear- had to go; I'll tell you afterward." And,

Soames waited in the drawing-room.

It was not a subject they could discuss flower vases—all smelling of petrol and at dinner—consecrated to the susceptistephanotis—he regarded it much as he bilities of the butler. The agony of nerves Soames had been through, the retague Dartie. The thing typified all that lief he felt at her safety, softened his was fast, insecure, and subcutaneously power to condemn what she had done, or oily in modern life. As modern life be- resist what she was going to do; he waited came faster, looser, younger, Soames was in a relaxed stupor for her revelation. becoming older, slower, tighter, more and Life was a queer business. There he was more in thought and language like his at sixty-five and no more in command of father James before him. He was almost things than if he had not spent forty years in building up security—always something one couldn't get on terms with! ostentation, too, about a car which he In the pocket of his dinner-jacket was a considered provocative in the prevailing letter from Annette. She was coming mood of Labor. On one occasion that back in a fortnight. He knew nothing of what she had been doing out there. And he was glad that he did not. Her absence had been a relief. Out of sight was out of mind! And now she was coming back. Another worry! And the Bolderby Old Crome was gone—Dumetrius had got it—all because that anonymous letter had put it out of his thoughts. He furtively remarked the strained look on his daughter's face, as if she too were gazing at a picture that she couldn't buy. He almost wished the war back. Worries didn't seem, then, quite so worrying. From the caress in her voice, the look on her face, he became certain that she wanted something from him, uncertain whether it would be wise of him to give it her. He pushed his savory away uneaten, and even joined her in a cigarette.

After dinner she set the electric pianoplayer going. And he augured the worst when she sat down on a cushion footstool at his knee, and put her hand on his.

"Darling, be nice to me. I had to see Jon—he wrote to me. He's going to try what he can do with his mother. I've been thinking. It's really in your hands. Father. If you'd persuade her that it doesn't mean renewing the past in any way! That I shall stay yours, and Jon will stay hers; that you need never see him or her, and she need never see you or me! Only you could persuade her, dear, because only you could promise. One can't promise for other people. "To Robin Hill. I'm sorry, dear. I Surely it wouldn't be too awkward for you

To Let 187

to see her just this once—now that Jon's well," he said, "I'll think it over, and do father is dead?"

"Too awkward?" Soames repeated. "The whole thing's preposterous."

"You know," said Fleur, without looking up, "you wouldn't mind seeing her, really.

Soames was silent. Her words had expressed a truth too deep for him to admit. She slipped her fingers between his own —hot, slim, eager, they clung there. This child of his would corkscrew her way into a brick wall!

"What am I to do, if you won't,

Father?" she said very softly.

"I'll do anything for your happiness," said Soames; "but this isn't for your happiness."

"Oh! it is: it is!"

"It'll only stir things up," he said

"But they are stirred up. The thing is to quiet them. To make her feel that this is just our lives, and has nothing to do with yours or hers. You can do it, Father, I know you can."

"You know a great deal, then," was

Soames' glum answer.

"If you will, Jon and I will wait a year

-two years if you like."

"It seems to me," murmured Soames, "that you care nothing about what I

Fleur pressed his hand against her cheek.

"I do, darling. But you wouldn't like me to be awfully miserable." How she wheedled to get her ends! And trying with all his might to think she really cared for him—he was not sure—not sure. All she cared for was this boy! Why should he help her to get this boy, who was killing her affection for himself? Why should he? By the laws of the Forsytes it was foolish! There was nothing to be had out of it—nothing! To give her to that boy! To pass her into the enemy's camp, under the influence of the woman who had injured him so deeply! Slowly-inevitably—he would lose this flower of his life! And suddenly he was conscious that his hand was wet. His heart gave a little painful jump. He couldn't bear her to cry. He put his other hand quickly ing fashions, such a "Here to-day and over hers, and a tear dropped on that, too.

what I can. Come, come!" If she must have it for her happiness-she must; he couldn't refuse to help her. And lest she should begin to thank him he got out of his chair and went up to the piano-player -making that noise! It ran down, as he reached it, with a faint buzz. That musical box of his nursery days: "The Harmonious Blacksmith," "Glorious Port" —the thing had always made him miserable when his mother set it going on Sunday afternoons. Here it was again the same thing, only larger, more expensive, and now it played: "The Wild Wild Women," and "The Policeman's Holiday," and he was no longer in black velvet with a sky blue collar. 'Profond's right,' he thought, 'there's nothing in it! We're all progressing to the grave!' And with that surprising mental comment he walked out.

He did not see Fleur again that night. But, at breakfast, her eyes followed him about with an appeal he could not escape —not that he intended to try. No! He had made up his mind to the nerve-racking business. He would go to Robin Hill —to that house of memories. Pleasant memory—the last! Of going down to keep that boy's father and Irene apart by threatening divorce. He had often thought, since, that it had clinched their union. And, now, he was going to clinch the union of that boy with his girl. 'I don't know what I've done,' he thought, 'to have such things thrust on me!' He went up by train and down by train, and from the station walked by the long rising lane, still very much as he remembered it over thirty years ago. Funny—so near London! Some one evidently was holding on to the land there. This speculation soothed him, moving between the high hedges slowly, so as not to get overheated, though the day was chill enough. After all was said and done there was something real about land, it didn't shift. Land, and good pictures! The values might fluctuate a bit, but on the whole they were always going up-worth holding on to, in a world where there was such a lot of unreality, cheap building, changgone to-morrow" spirit. The French He couldn't go on like this! "Well, were right, perhaps, with their peasant proprietorship, though he had no opinion of the French. One's bit of land! Something solid in it! He had heard peasantproprietors described as a pig-headed lot; had heard young Mont call his father a pig-headed Morning Poster—disrespectful young devil. Well, there were worse things than being pig-headed or reading The Morning Post. There was Profond and his tribe, and all these Labor chaps, and loud-mouthed politicians, and 'wild, wild women'! A lot of worse things! And, suddenly, Soames became conscious of feeling weak, and hot, and shaky. Sheer nerves at the meeting before him! As Aunt Juley might have said—quoting "Superior Dosset"—his nerves were "in a proper fantigue." He could see the house now among its trees, the house he had watched being built, intending it for himself and this woman, who, by such strange fate, had lived in it with another after all! He began to think of Dumetrius, Local Loans, and other forms of investment. He could not afford to meet her with his nerves all shaking; he who represented the Day of Judgment for her on earth as it was in heaven; he, legal ownership, personified, meeting lawless beauty, incarnate. His dignity demanded impassivity during this embassy designed to link their offspring, who, if she had behaved herself, would have been brother and sister. That wretched tune: "The Wild Wild Women" kept running in his head, perversely, for tunes did not run there as a rule. Passing the poplars in front of the house, he thought: 'How they've grown: I had them planted!'

A maid answered his ring.

"Will you say—Mr. Forsyte, on very

special business."

If she realized who he was, quite probably she would not see him. "By George!" he thought, hardening as the tug came: "It's a topsy-turvy business."

The maid came back. "Would the gentleman state his business, please?"

"Say it concerns Mr. Jon," said Soames. And once more he was alone in that hall with the pool of grey-white marble designed by her first lover. Ah! she had been a bad lot—had loved two men, and not himself! He must remember that when he came face to face with her once more. And suddenly he saw her in the

opening chink between the long heavy purple curtains, swaying, as if in hesitation; the old perfect poise and line, the old startled dark-eyed gravity, the old calm defensive voice: "Will you come in, please?"

He passed through that opening. As in the picture-gallery and the confectioner's shop, she seemed to him still beautiful. And this was the first time—the very first—since he married her five and thirty years ago, that he was speaking to her without the legal right to call her his. She was not wearing black—one of that fellow's radical notions, he supposed.

"I apologize for coming," he said glumly; "but this business must be settled one

way or the other."

"Won't you sit down?"

"No, thank you."

Anger at his false position, impatience of ceremony between them, mastered him, and words came tumbling out:

"It's an infernal mischance; I've done my best to discourage it. I consider my daughter crazy, but I've got into the habit of indulging her; that's why I'm here. I suppose you're fond of your son."

"Devotedly."

"Well?"

"It rests with him."

He had a sense of being met and baffled. Always—always she had baffled him, even in those old first married days.

"It's a mad notion," he said.

"It is."

"If you had only—! Well—they might have been—" he did not finish that sentence "brother and sister and all this saved," but he saw her shudder as if he had, and stung by the sight, he crossed over to the window. Out there the trees had not grown—they couldn't, they were old!

"So far as I'm concerned," he said, "you may make your mind easy. I desire to see neither you nor your son if this marriage comes about. Young people in these days are—are unaccountable. But I can't bear to see my daughter unhappy. What am I to say to her when I go back?"

"Please say to her, as I said to you, that it rests with Jon."

"You don't oppose it?"

"With all my heart; not with my lips."

To Let 189

Soames stood, biting his finger.

"I remember an evening—" he said suddenly; and was silent. What was there—what was there in this woman that would not fit into the four corners of his hate or condemnation? "Where is he—your son?"

"Up in his father's studio, I think."
"Perhaps you'd have him down."

He watched her ring the bell, he watched the maid come in.

"Please tell Mr. Jon that I want him."

"If it rests with him," said Soames hurriedly, when the maid was gone, "I suppose I may take it for granted that this unnatural marriage will take place; in that case there'll be formalities. Whom do I deal with—Herring's?"

Irene nodded.

"You don't propose to live with them?"

Irene shook her head.

"What happens to this house?"

"It will be as Jon wishes."

"This house," said Soames suddenly: "I had hopes when I began it. If they live in it—their children! They say there's such a thing as Nemesis. Do you believe in it?"

"Yes."

"Oh! You do!"

He had come back from the window, and was standing close to her, who, in the curve of her grand piano, was, as it were,

embayed.

"I'm not likely to see you again," he said slowly: "Will you shake hands," his lip quivered, the words came out jerkily, "and let the past die." He held out his hand. Her pale face grew paler, her eyes so dark, rested immovably on his, her hands remained clasped in front of her. He heard a sound and turned. That boy was standing in the opening of the curtains. Very queer he looked, hardly recognizable as the young fellow he had seen in the Gallery off Cork Street-very queer; much older, no youth in the face at all—haggard, rigid, his hair ruffled, his eyes deep in his head. Soames made an effort, and said with a lift of his lip, not quite a smile nor quite a sneer:

"Well, young man! I'm here for my daughter; it rests with you, it seems—this matter. Your mother leaves it in your

hands."

The boy continued staring at his mother's face, and made no answer.

"For my daughter's sake I've brought myself to come," said Soames. "What am I to say to her when I go back?"

Still looking at his mother, the boy

said, quietly:

"Tell Fleur that it's no good, please; I must do as my father wished before he died."

"Jon!"

"It's all right, Mother."

In a kind of stupefaction Soames looked from one to the other; then, taking up hat and umbrella which he had put down on a chair, he walked toward the curtains. The boy stood aside for him to go by. He passed through and heard the grate of the rings as the curtains were drawn behind him. The sound liberated something in his chest.

"So that's that!" he thought, and

passed out of the front door.

VIII

THE DARK TUNE

As Soames walked away from the house at Robin Hill the sun broke through the grey of that chill afternoon, in smoky radiance. So absorbed in landscapepainting that he seldom looked seriously for effects of Nature out of doors, he was struck by that moody effulgence—it mourned with a triumph suited to his own feeling. Victory in defeat! His embassy had come to naught. But he was rid of those people, had regained his daughter at the expense of-her happiness. What would Fleur say to him? Would she believe he had done his best? And under that sunlight flaring on the elms, hazels, hollies of the lane and those unexploited fields, Soames felt dread. She would be terribly upset! He must appeal to her pride. That boy had given her up, declared part and lot with the woman who so long ago had given her father up! Soames clenched his hands. Given him up, and why? What had been wrong with him? And once more he felt the malaise of one who contemplates himself as seen by another—like a dog who chances on his reflection in a mirror, and is intrigued and anxious at the unseizable thing,

Not in a hurry to get home, he dined in town at the Connoisseurs. While eating a pear it suddenly occurred to him that, if he had not gone down to Robin Hill, the boy might not have so decided. He remembered the expression on his face while his mother was refusing the hand he had held out. A strange, an awkward thought! Had Fleur cooked her own goose by trying to make too sure?

He reached home at half-past nine. While the car was passing in at one drive gate he heard the grinding sputter of a motorcycle passing out by the other. Young Mont, no doubt, so Fleur had not been lonely. But he went in with a sinking heart. In the white-panelled drawing-room she was sitting with her elbows on her knees, and her chin on her clasped hands, in front of a white camellia plant which filled the fireplace. That glance at her before she saw him renewed his dread. What was she seeing among those white camellias?

"Well, Father!"

Soames shook his head. His tongue failed him. This was murderous work! He saw her eyes dilate, her lips quivering. "What? What? Quick, Father!"

"My dear," said Soames, "I—I did my best, but—" And again he shook his head. Fleur ran to him and put a hand on

each of his shoulders.

"She?"

"No," muttered Soames; "he. I was to tell you that it was no use; he must do what his father wished before he died." He caught her by the waist. "Come, child, don't let them hurt you. They're not worth your little finger."

Fleur tore herself from his grasp.

"You didn't—you couldn't have tried. You—you betrayed me, Father!"

Bitterly wounded, Soames gazed at her passionate figure writhing there in front of him.

"You didn't try—you didn't—I was a fool—I won't believe he could—he ever could! Only yesterday he—! Oh! why did I ask you?"

"Yes," said Soames, quietly, "why did you? I swallowed my feelings; I did my best for you, against my judgment—and this is my reward. Good night!"

With every nerve in his body twitching

he went toward the door.

Fleur darted after him.

"He gives me up? You mean that? Father!"

Soames turned and forced himself to answer:

"Yes."

"Oh!" cried Fleur. "What did you—what could you have done in those old days?"

The breathless sense of really monstrous injustice cut the power of speech in Soames' throat. What had he done! What had they done to him! And with quite unconscious dignity he put his hand on his breast, and looked at her.

"It's a shame!" cried Fleur passion-

ately.

Soames went out. He mounted, slow and icy, to his picture-gallery, and paced among his treasures. Outrageous! Oh! Outrageous! She was spoiled! Ah!and who had spoiled her? He stood still before the Goya copy. Accustomed to her own way in everything— Flower of his life! And now that she couldn't have it! He turned to the window for some air. Daylight was dying, the moon rising, gold behind the poplars! What sound was that? Why! That piano thing! A dark tune, with a thrum and a throb! She had set it going-what comfort could she get from that? His eves caught movement down there beyond the lawn, under the trellis of rambler roses and young acacia-trees, where the moonlight fell. There she was, roaming up and down. His heart gave a little sickening jump. What would she do under this blow? How could he tell? What did he know of her—he had only loved her all his life-looked on her as the apple of his eye! He knew nothing-had no notion. There she was—and that dark tune—and the river gleaming in the moonlight!

'I must go out,' he thought.

He hastened down to the drawingroom, lighted just as he had left it, with the piano thrumming out that waltz, or fox-trot, or whatever they called it in these days, and passed through on to the verandah.

Where could he watch, without her seeing him? And he stole down through the fruit garden to the boat-house. He was between her and the river now, and his

heart felt lighter. She was his daughter, and Annette's—she wouldn't do anything foolish; but there it was—he didn't know! From the boat-house window he could see when she turned in her restless march. That tune had run down at last—thank goodness! He crossed the floor and looked through the farther window at the water slow-flowing past the lilies. It made little bubbles against them, bright where a moon-streak fell. He remembered suddenly that early morning when he had slept in this boat-house after his father died, and she had just been born nearly nineteen years ago! Even now he recalled the unaccustomed world when he under the acacias. had been to him! And all the soreness and sense of outrage left him. If he could make her happy again, he didn't care! that—the face was too vivid, too naked, An owl flew, queeking, queeking; a bat flitted by; the moonlight brightened and broadened on the water. How long was she going to roam about like this! He went back to the window, and suddenly saw her coming down to the bank. She stood quite close, on the landing-stage. And Soames watched, clenching his hands. Should he speak to her? His excitement was intense. The stillness of her figure, its youth, its absorption in despair, in longing, in—itself. He would always remember it, moonlit like that; and the faint sweet reek of the river and the shivering of the willow leaves. She had everything in the world that he could give her, except the one thing that she could not have because of him! The perversity of things hurt him at that moment, as might a fishbone in his throat.

Then, with an infinite relief, he saw her turn back toward the house. What could he give her to make amends? Pearls, travel, horses, other young men-anything she wanted—that he might lose the memory of her young figure lonely by the water! There! She had set that tune going again! Why—it was a mania! Dark, thrumming, faint, travelling from the house. It was as though she had said: "If I can't have something to keep me going. I shall die of this!" Soames dah kept the moonlight out; and at first

dimly understood. Well, if it helped her. let her keep it thrumming on all night! And, mousing back through the fruit garden, he regained the verandah. Though the last acacia and the spin of her skirt he meant to go in and speak to her now. he still hesitated, not knowing what to say, trying hard to recall how it felt to be thwarted in love. He ought to know. ought to remember—and he could not! Gone—all real recollection; except that it had hurt him horribly. -In this blankness he stood passing his handkerchief over hands and lips, which were very dry. By craning his head he could just see Fleur, standing with her back to that piano still grinding out its tune, her arms tight crossed on her breast, a lighted cigarette woke up, the strange feeling it had given between her lips, whose smoke half veiled him. That day the second passion of his her face. The expression on it was life began—for this girl of his, roaming strange to Soames, the eyes shone and What a comfort she stared, and every feature was alive with a sort of wretched scorn and anger. Once or twice he had seen Annette look like not his daughter's at that moment. And he dared not go in, realizing the futility of any attempt at consolation. He sat down in the shadow of the ingle-nook.

> Monstrous trick, that Fate had played him! Nemesis! That old unhappy marriage! And in God's name—why? How was he to know, when he wanted Irene so violently, and she consented to be his. that she would never love him? The tune died and was renewed, and died again, and still Soames sat in the shadow, waiting for he knew not what. The fag of Fleur's cigarette, flung through the window, fell on the grass; he watched it glowing, burning itself out. The moon had freed herself above the poplars, and poured her unreality on the garden. Comfortless light, mysterious, withdrawn —like the beauty of that woman who had never loved him—dappling the nemesias and the stocks with a vesture not of earth. Flowers! And his flower so unhappy! Why could one not put happiness into Local Loans, gild its edges, insure it against going down?

> Light had ceased to flow out now from the drawing-room window. All was silent and dark in there. Had she gone up? He rose, and, tiptoeing, peered in. It seemed so! He entered. The veran

he could see nothing but the outlines of fool to think his feelings mattered much hand hovered. Did she want his conof crushed frills and hair and graceful he touched her hair, and said:

make it up to you, somehow." How fatuous! But what could he have said?

. IX

UNDER THE OAK-TREE

When their visitor had disappeared Ion and his mother stood without speaking, till he said suddenly:

"I ought to have seen him out."

But Soames was already walking down the drive, and Ion went up-stairs to his father's studio, not trusting himself to go back.

The expression on his mother's face confronting the man she had once been married to, had sealed the resolution growing within him ever since she left. him the night before. It had put the finishing touch of reality. To marry Fleur would be to hit his mother in the face; to betray his dead father! It was no good! Jon had the least resentful of natures. He bore his parents no grudge in this hour of his distress. For one so young there was a rather strange power in him of seeing things in some sort of proportion. It was worse for Fleur, worse for his mother even, than it was for him. Harder than to give up was to be given up, or to be the cause of some one you loved giving up for you. He must not, would not behave grudgingly! While he stood watching the tardy sunlight, he had again that sudden vision of the world which had come to him the night before. Sea on sea, country on country, millions on millions of people, all with their own lives, energies, joys, griefs, and suffering—all with things they had to give up, and separate struggles for existence. Even though he might be willing to give up all else for the one thing he couldn't have, he would be a for the opening of Father's show."

furniture, blacker than the darkness. in so vast a world, and to behave like a He groped toward the farther window to cry-baby or a cad. He pictured the peoshut it. His foot struck a chair, and he ple who had nothing—the millions who heard a gasp. There she was, curled and had given up life in the war, the millions crushed into the corner of the sofa! His whom the war had left with life and little else: the hungry children he had read of. solation? He stood, gazing at that ball the shattered men; people in prison, every kind of unfortunate. And—they did not youth, trying to burrow its way out of help him much. If one had to miss a sorrow. How leave her there? At last meal, what comfort in the knowledge that many others had to miss it too? There "Come, darling, better go to bed. I'll was more distraction in the thought of getting away out into this vast world of which he knew nothing yet. He could not go on staying here, walled in and sheltered, with everything so slick and comfortable, and nothing to do but brood and think what might have been. He could not go back to Wansdon, and the memories of Fleur. If he saw her again he could not trust himself; and if he stayed here or went back there, he would surely see her. While they were within reach of each other that must happen. To go far away and quickly, was the only thing to do. But, however much he loved his mother, he did not want to go away with her. Then, feeling that was brutal, he made up his mind desperately to propose that they should go to Italy. For two hours in that melancholy room he tried to master himself; then dressed solemnly for dinner.

His mother had done the same. They ate little, at some length, and talked of his father's catalogue. The Show was arranged for October, and beyond clerical detail there was nothing more to do.

After dinner she put on a cloak and they went out; walked a little, talked a little, till they were standing silent at last beneath the oak-tree. Ruled by the thought: 'If I show anything, I show all,' Jon put his arm through hers and said quite casually:

"Mother, let's go to Italy."

Irene pressed his arm, and said as casually:

"It would be very nice; but I've been thinking you ought to see and do more than you would if I were with you."

"But then you'd be alone."

"I was once alone for twelve years nearly. Besides, I should like to be here

he was not deceived.

"You couldn't stay here all by your-

self; it's too big."

I might go to Paris, after the show opens. You ought to have a year at least, Jon, and see the world.".

"Yes, I'd like to see the world and rough it. But I don't want to leave you

all alone."

"My dear, I owe you that at least. If it's for your good, it'll be for mine. Why not start to-morrow? You've got your passport."

once. Only-Mother-if-if I wanted let.

Jon's grip tightened round her arm; to stay out somewhere—America or anywhere, would you mind coming presently?"

"Wherever and whenever you send for "Not here, perhaps. In London, and me. But don't send until you really

want me."

Ion drew a deep breath. "I feel England's choky."

They stood a few minutes longer under the oak-tree—looking out to where the grand stand at Epsom was veiled in evening. The branches kept the moonlight from them, so that it only fell everywhere else—over the fields and far away. and on the windows of the creepered "Yes: if I'm going it had better be at house behind, which soon would be to

(To be concluded.)

ISLETA

WHY THE CHURCH HAS A WOODEN FLOOR

By Winifred Hawkridge Dixon

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROLLIN LESTER DIXON



E had trailed spring up from Texas toward Arizona, timing our progress so cleverly that it seemed as if we had only to turn our radiator's nose down a

desert path for blue lupin and golden poppies to blaze up before us. At last we reached the meeting of the Rockies with the Rio Grande in New Mexico, led by the devious route, sometimes a concrete avenue, but oftener a mere track in the sand, of the old Spanish highway. El Camino Real is the imposing name it bears, suggesting ancient caravans of colonial grandees, and pack-trains bearing treasure from Mexico City to the provincial trading-post of Santa Fé. Even to-day what sign-posts the road displays bear the letters K T, which from Mexico to Canada stand for King's Trail. The name gave us a little thrill, to be still extant in a government which had supposedly repudiated kings this century and a half.

From San Anton' on, as we left behind to the old, winding stream. Because its

Vol. LXX.-13

us the big mushroom cities of Texas, the country became more and more sparsely settled. The few people we met, mostly small farmers ploughing their fields primitively, bade us a courteous good day in Spanish, for in this country Mexico spills untidily into the United States. We soon forgot altogether that we were in the States. First we came upon a desert country, vast and lonely, with golden sand in place of grass, spiny, stiff-limbed cactus for trees, and strangely colored cliffs of lemon and orange and livid white. After days of this desolation we emerged upon the valley of the Rio Grande where its many tributaries rib the desert as they run from snowy peaks to join its muddy red waters. The air here is crystal keen, warmed by intense sun, cooled by mountain winds, and sweetened by millions of piñons dotting the red hillsides. Lilac and blue mountains ring the valley on both sides, and from them emerald fields of alfalfa, sparkling in the sun, slope down

Digitized by Google

silt is so fertile, one race has succeeded tenderfeet as to fear violence, scalping, or another here—cliff-dwellers, Indian, Spanish, Mexican, and American—and a remnant of each, save the earliest, has clung where living is easy. So all along the Rio Grande for a hundred miles we came to little groups of towns, each allotted to a different race keeping itself to itself, Mexican, American, and Indian.

It was under the deep-blue night sky that we saw our first pueblo town. Out of the plains it came surprisingly upon us. Solitary meadows with bands of horses grazing upon them, a gleam of light from an adobe inn at a crossroad, a stretch of darkness, strange to our desert-accustomed senses because of the damp breath from the river and snow-capped peaks beyond,—then the barking and yelping of many mongrel dogs, and we were at once precipitated into the winding, barnyardcluttered alleys of Isleta, feeling our way through blind twists and turns, blocked by square, squat gray walls of incredible repose and antiquity, caught in the mesh sense, though no light was struck nor any voice heard through the darkness, of Isleta awake and alert, quickening to our invasion.

We were already a little awed by our encounter with the Rio Grande. Since twilight and quickly falling night came on, we had crossed and recrossed the sullen brown waters many times, feeling its menacing power, like a great sluggish reptile biding its time, not the less because the suspension bridges above it creaked and swung and rattled under our weight. The mystery of driving after dark in an unfamiliar country sharpened our susceptibilities to outside impressions. We felt the river waiting for us, like a watchful crocodile; a sudden misturn in the shadows, or a missing plank from a bridge, and our vague sensation of halffear, half-delight, might at any moment be crystallized by disaster. It was a night when something dramatic might fittingly happen, when the stage-setting kept us on the sharp edge of suspense.

The Pueblo Indian, we had heard, differed from other Indians, being gentler and more peaceably inclined than the Northern races. We were not such ty and simplicity. Lastly, Isleta has a

sudden war-whoops from ochre-smeared savages. But it was our first experience with Indians in our lives, save with those tamed nomads who peddle sweet-grass baskets and predict handsome husbands along the New England beaches. We were a little expectant, a little keyed to apprehension. We knew, as if we had been told, that a hundred or more of this alien race had waked from their sleep, and lay with tightened muscles waiting for the next sound. Increased yelping from the mongrel pack might bring them swarming about our car, and we had no experience in dealing with them; no knowledge of their prejudices or language to trade with. In our haste we circled through the town twice, threading corrals and back yards. Suddenly, the town still tensely silent, we emerged into a shallow plaza. Crossing directly before our lights came a young man, tall and supple, his straight short locks bound with a scarlet fillet, his profile clear and patrician, and over his shoulders a scarlet robe, covering his of a sleeping town. Instantly we had a white cotton trousers. As he passed us, unmoved and stolid, he spoke one word of salutation, and continued on his way across the silent plaza.

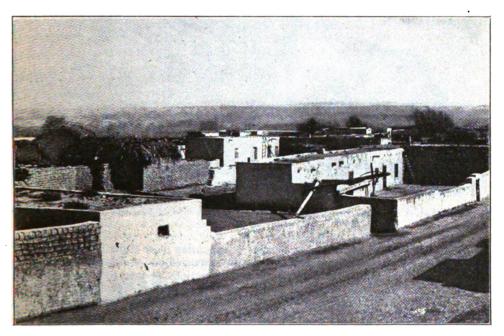
Simple as was the incident, the flash of scarlet against the blue-black sky, the dignity and silence of the Indian, made the climax we had been awaiting. Nothing else happened. But it had been a night whose setting was so sharply defined, its premonitions so vibrantly tense with drama, that only that little was needed to carve it on our memory.

We saw the town later, in broad daylight, swept by an unclean sand-storm, pitilessly stripped of romantic atmosphere. But the romance was obscured, not obliterated, for its roots are sunk deep in the past. Isleta has one of the finest built-up estufas of the pueblo towns. It has a thousand inhabitants, whose proximity to the railroad gives them the blessing or curse of the white man's civilization. It has a church, whose ancient adobe flanks have been topped by two wooden bird-cages for steeples, for when the Indian adopts our ideas, his taste is rococo; when he clings to his own art, he shows a native digni-

by a cardinal, an archbishop, a governor, and other dignitaries, to say nothing of Juan Pancho, a man who does not lie. It is probably the oldest ghost in the United with Coronado at their head, seeking States.

About the time of the first Spanish penetration into the Southwest, a friar made his way to the Pueblo country the secret was closely guarded by the Inthrough the hostile tribes to the East. dians. Perhaps the monk had been made

ghost, well authenticated, and attested to Almost forgetting his alien blood, they had made him one of themselves on the day, twenty years later, when news came of the approach of armed conquistadores, plunder and the treasures of Cibola the legendary. Whether such treasure existed has never been known. If it did,

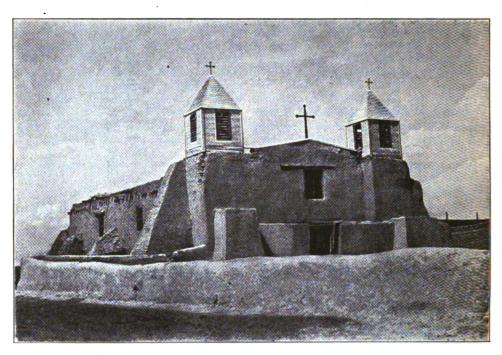


We saw the town later in broad daylight.-Page 104.

In one of the towns north of Santa Fé, probably Tesuque, he found shelter and a home. The friendly Indians, although keeping him half-prisoner, treated him He seems to have been a gentle and tactful creature, who won his way by the humane Christianity of his daily life. He had a knowledge of medicine which he applied to their physical needs, and as a priest administered to their spiritual natures without giving offense to the Pueblos' own beliefs. Gradually, as they became better acquainted with him, they admitted him to the inner circle of village life, even to the sacred ceremonies and underground rituals of the kiva. He was taught the significance of their medicine and of their tribal and religious symbols.

their confidant. At any rate, he knew enough to make certain factions in the tribe regard him as an element of danger, when he should again meet with men of his own race, hostile to the people of his adoption. Would he remain true, thus tempted? It was a question of race against individual loyalty, and one Indian, more fanatic and suspicious than his brothers, cut the Gordian knot of the difficulty with a dagger, planted squarely in the back of the God-fearing friar.

The gentle Pueblos, horrified by this act of personal treachery, which they regarded not only as a violation of their sacred laws of hospitality but as a crime against a medicine-man with powerful if strange gods, were in terror lest the ap-



A church, whose ancient adobe flanks have been topped by two wooden bird-cages for steeples.—Page 194.

proaching Spaniards should hear of the monk's fate and avenge the double crime against their race and religion on the entire village. What the Spaniard could do on such occasions was only too well known to the Pueblo tribes. At nightfall the chiefs of the village placed the body, wrapped only in a sheet, on a litter, which four swift runners carried seventy miles south to Isleta.

There under the dirt floor of the old church, which has since been destroyed and replaced by the present structure, they placed the padre without preparing his body for burial or his soul for resurrection. If they had only said a prayer for him, they might have spared much trouble to their descendants. But they were in a hurry. They buried the corpse deep, six feet before the altar and a little to one side of it, and pressed down the dirt as it had been. The Spaniards came and went, and never learned of the murder.

This prelude to the story came from Juan Pancho, one of the leading citizens of Isleta whom we had met before in Santa Fé. The sand-storm which had

of becoming more threatening, and a flat tire, incurred as we stopped at his house for directions, seemed to make it the part of wisdom to stop overnight in the little When we inquired about hotels, he offered us a room in his spotless adobe house, with the hospitality that is instinctive in that part of the country. We found him an unusual man with a keen and beautifully intellectual face. In his youth, he told us, he was graduated from one or two colleges, and then completed his education by setting type for an encyclopædia, after which he returned to his native village and customs. He can speak four languages—Spanish, English, baseball slang, and the Isleta dialect which is his native tongue. When he came home after his sojourn with the white man, he discarded their styles in clothing, and adopted the fine blue broadcloth trousers, closely fitting, the ruffled and pleated white linen shirt which the Indian had adopted from the Spaniard as the dress of civilized ceremony. On his feet he wore henna-stained moccasins. fastened with buttons of Navajo silver. turned the sky a dingy yellow gave signs He took pride in his long black hair, as do most Pueblo Indians, and though he wore it in a chonga knot during business hours, in the relaxation of his comfortable adobe home he loosened it, and delighted in letting it flow free.

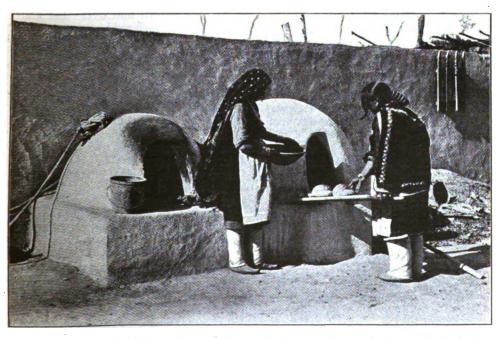
His house Mrs. Juan kept neat as wax. They ate from flowered china, with knife and fork, though her bread was baked, delicious and crusty, in the round outdoor ovens her grandmothers used as far back as B. C. or so. She had not shared Juan's experience with the white man's world, except as it motored to the doors of her husband's store to purchase ginger ale or wrought-silver hatbands. But she had her delight, as did Juan, in showing the outside world she could put on or leave off their trappings at whim. She was a good wife, and how she loved Juan! She hung on his every word, and ministered to his taste in cookery, and missed him when he went away to his farms—just like a white woman.

Juan's ranch is near the new church, which has stood above the foundations of the older church only a century and a half or less. It befits his rank as one of the leading citizens of the village that his property should have a prominent loca-

tion on the bare and sand-swept little plaza. He loves his home and the life he has returned to.

"I have tried them both—you see I know English? I can talk books with you, and slang with the drummers that come to the trading-store. I have ridden in your trains and your motor-cars, and eaten at white men's tables, and bathed in his white bathtubs. I have tried it all. I have read your religious books, and know about your good man, Jesus. Now I have come back to the ways of my Well! You know me well people. enough to know I have my reasons. What is there in your ways for me? I have tried them all, and now I come back to Great Isleta, where are none of those things your white men must have and life is full as before. I have what is inside me—the same in Isleta as anywhere else."

He fastened his piercing eyes on us, a trick he has when he is much in earnest. Those eyes see a little more than some people's eyes. To him the aura that is hidden to most of us is a commonplace. He allows himself to be guided by psychic manifestations to an extent a white man



Her bread was baked, delicious and crusty, in the round outdoor ovens her grandmothers used as far back as B. C. or so.

might not understand. I heard him say of two men, strangers, who came to his ranch: "When they came in, I saw a light about the head of one. All was white and shining, and I knew I could trust him. But the other had no light. It was black around him. The first man can be my friend—but the other, never! I do not trust him."

Moonshine? But the odd thing is that Tuan's judgment, so curiously formed, became fully justified by later events. The second man is not yet in jail, but there are people who know enough about him to put him there, if they cared to take the trouble. This trick of seeing the color of a man's soul is not unique with Juan. Many Pueblo Indians share it, as a matter of course, but it is a thing which they take for granted among themselves, and seldom mention.

Mrs. Juan had cleared away the supper dishes, and sat by a corner of the fireside. She had removed from her legs voluminous wrappings of white doeskin, symbol of her high financial rating, and sat openly and complacently admiring her silkstockinged feet, coquettishly adorned with scarlet Turkish slippers, which she balanced on her toes. Pancho eyed the byplay with affectionate indulgence, and sent a long, slow wink in our direction at this harmless evidence of the eternal feminine. The talk had drifted to tales of wonder, to which we contributed our share as best we could, and now it was Juan's turn. He leaned forward earnestly, his black eyes sombre and intense.

"You know me for an honest man? You know people say that Juan Pancho does not lie? You know that when Juan says he will do a thing he does it, if it

ruins him?"

We nodded. The reputation of Juan Pancho was a proverb in Great Isleta.

"Good! Because now I am going to tell you something that will test your credulity. You will need to remember all you know of my honesty to believe what I tell you now."

We drew forward, and listened while he narrated the story of the good monk of the time of Coronado, as I have told it in condensed form.

six feet from the altar, and a little to one side. Most Indian churches have a dirt floor, but the church of Great Isleta has a plank floor, very heavy. Now I will

tell you why.

"The Spaniards came and went, without learning of the padre who slept with the knife wound in his back, under Isleta church. Five years went by, and one day one of our old men who took care of the church went within, and saw a bulge in the earth, near the altar. It was of the size of a man's body. The bulge stayed there, right over the spot where they had buried the padre, and day after day it grew more noticeable. A year went by, and a crack appeared, the length of a man's body. Two years, three years and the crack had widened and gaped. It was no use to fill it, to stamp down the dirt—that crack would remain open. Then, twelve years maybe from the death of the padre, the Isletans come into the church one morning, and there on the floor, face up, lies the padre. There is no sign of a crack in the earth—he lies on solid ground, looking as if he had died yesterday. They feel his flesh—it is soft, and gives to the touch of the finger, like the flesh of one whose breath has just flown. They turn him over—the knife wound is fresh, with red blood clotting it. Twelve years he has been dead!

"Well, they called in the elders, and talked it over, and they bury him, and give him another chance to rest in peace. But he does not stay buried. A few years more and the crack shows again, and at the end of twelve years, as before, there he lies on the ground, his body as free from the corruption of natural decay as They bury him again, and after twelve years he is up. All around him lie the bones of Isletans who have died after him. The soil he lies in is the same soil which has turned their flesh to dust

and their bones to powder.

"So it goes on, until my own time. I have seen him, twice. There are old men in our village who have seen him half a dozen times, and have helped to bury him. They don't tell of it—it is a thing to keep to oneself—but they know of it. The whole village knows of it, but they "Well, then! You've been in that don't talk. But the last time he came church where they buried the monk— up we talked it over, and we decided we

had enough. This time, if possible, we would make him stay down.

"I saw him-in 1010 or '11 it wasand so did many others. The priest of Isleta saw him. We sent for the governor, and he came and saw. And the archbishop of Santa Fé came, and with him a cardinal who was visiting from Rome itself; they all came. What is more, they drew up a paper, and made two copies, testifying to what they had seen, and signed it. Then they took one copy and placed it with the long-dead padre in a heavy oak coffin, and nailed it down. And the other copy the visiting cardinal took back to Rome to give to the pope. My signature was on it. Then we buried the coffin, deep, and packed the earth hard about it and stamped it down. Then we took planks, two-inch planks, and laid a floor over the entire church. and nailed it down with huge nails. We were resolved that if he came up, he would at least have to work his passage."

"I suppose you've heard the last of him, then?"

Juan leaned forward. His eyes sparkled.

"We hope so. We hope so. But——" He stood up and faced us.

"You are good enough to say you believe the word of Juan Pancho. But I will not test your credulity too far."

Juan took a lantern from a nail, and lighted it.

"Come and judge for yourselves!"

We followed him across the deserted plaza, whose squat houses showed dimly gray under a windy, blue-black sky. He unlocked the heavy door with a great key, and entered the church. Feeling our way in the dark, bare interior, we advanced to within six feet of the altar, and he placed the lantern on the floor, where it shed a circle of yellow light among the black shadows. We knelt. and touched the nails. The heads were free of the floor. On them were no toolmarks. No hammer had loosened them. We knelt, and laying our heads aslant the planks, sighted. In the lantern light, we discerned a slight but unmistakable warp in the timbers, the length and width of a man's body.

We lost no time returning to Juan's warm, lighted living-room, where Mrs. Juan still sat by the fire admiring her red slippers.

If it is humanly possible, I intend to be in Great Isleta about the year 1923.



Squat houses showed dimly gray under a windy, blue-black sky.

MATHERSON AND THE SPIRIT WORLD

By Sarah Redington

Author of "The Parthenon Freeze," "Au Bonheur des Co-Eds," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. E. HILL



UST the same, there is isn't a fake. I was talking to Sid Hale something in it," Mather-the other day—" son persisted. "Every-"Now, that's just the trouble, dearie,

messages if there wasn't, and those fellers who're writing books about it, they ain't fakes, they're the real thing. Bet you anything you like, Adele, if I brought home one of those ouija boards you'd be teasing me to teach you how to use it." He looked at his wife with a smile that was half defiant, half appealing.

"Not as long as I go out waiting at

ghost tea-parties and spook lunches," young Mrs. Matherson answered, her voice pitched high over the hiss and rush of the running water—it was dish-washing time. "Why, Ed Matherson, if you saw as much of that kind of nonsense as I do, every time I take an engagement as waitress, you'd be ashamed of yourself for talking about it as if it was a religion. Grown-up people huddling round parlor tables waiting for 'em to rock, and spell out messages, or playing with those ouija board contraptions for all the world like Sister with her blocks!" She laughed scornfully, as she shook up a panful of suds. "That's some idea, Ed; guess I'll take those alphabet blocks she plays with up to Mrs. Hyde's to-morrow afternoon, and tell all the plush horses that it's the

bet blocks famous." "But look at all the brainy people who believe in it," Matherson persisted, polishing a plate with unnecessary vigor,

latest thing from the spirit world, and

that they'll get a message if they paw 'em

over with concentration. They'd fall

for it, all right! You run and ask Sister

for the loan of 'em, Ed. You'd be real

proud of me if I got into some highbrow

magazine as the woman who made alpha-

"Now, that's just the trouble, dearie, body wouldn't be sitting you've been talking a lot too much to Sid around waiting for spirit Hale. Listen, I'm not saying anything against him" (as her husband interrupted with an indignant "Whatcher got against old Sid?"), "he's a good friend of both of us, I know that just as well as you do. but he's gone clean off his head with all this spirit stuff. I guess he's got that artistic temperament you hear about—he couldn't hold down his painting job with the Mammoth Movies if he wasn't artistic —and painting sets for 'When the Pearly Gates Swing Wide' has been just a little too much for his balance. Why, Ed, the Sunday we all went down to the Blonde Girls' Carnival at Venice, the poor boy told me that he was doing a Heavenly City set and sort of bothered because he couldn't decide whether he'd put sidewalks on the golden streets, and he asked ouija and she referred him to the Bible. to the *Bible*, mind you—

"I know, he told me too. But see here, Adele, if the Bible don't tell about those

kind of things, what does?"

"I don't like to see the Bible get all mixed up with ouija boards and movies, and you don't either, when you take your head out of the clouds and act sensible." Adele answered shortly. She cleaned out her dishpan with a vigorous swish of clear water, wiped and up-ended it, hung her sink towel on the steel rod by the stove. Then, as she turned to see her husband standing preoccupied by his pile of dishes, his blonde brows puckered with thought. her pleasant young face softened, and she put an affectionate arm around his shoulder, saying contritely: "I didn't mean to snap your head off, dearie! I know there's something in it—if you go at it the right way. That sermon Mr. Davis and the books they write that prove it preached last Sunday made me feel . . .

right! And that bit about our soldier to her! Ed, tell me, have you ever—" dead! Those sort of things are real, and She didn't finish her question, but there some of the books are real; we'd be down- was no need, he understood.

right childish to say we didn't believe them. But just because it's such a big thing, we oughtn't to do cheap stunts with it. That's what I mean. Ed! Here, those plates don't go on that shelf, that's where I keep the canned things." She took the pile from his hands, giving him a jocose shove toward the door of the tiny dining-room. "You're still in the spirit world, Ed; get along with you and put a good jazz on the machine. That'll wake you up! I'll join you in just a second."

He obeyed to the extent of leaving her to finish the last rites in the kitchen by herself, but when she came into the living-room five minutes later, the new jazz records lay untouched, a dusty baseball mask on top of them, just as it had been since the fivevear-old son of the house had tossed it there before supper. Matherson was lying on the couch, his arms behind his head, staring wistfully at the faded service flag on the opposite wall, the flag that had hung in the picture-window for him all the months that had seen him overseas. Adele was quick to recognize the look; it was the one his mobile young face always wore when he was thinking of Jim Bronson and "Skinny" Hunt, those boyhood friends who had marched away with him, but whose service flags

bore gold stars to-day. She knelt down beside him, leaning her soft cheek against his rampant crest of blonde hair. "Ed, if you hadn't come back safe-" she whispered, and, as his arms tightened about laugh, that fool way he useter, it was just her, "Ed, I know they can get messages as if he was next me in the trenches. I over, I didn't mean to say they couldn't. thought it was a dream at first, but it was

well, I can't explain, but it, it got me all sometimes—and it's the greatest comfort



"I don't like to see the Bible get all mixed up with ouija boards and movies."—Page 200.

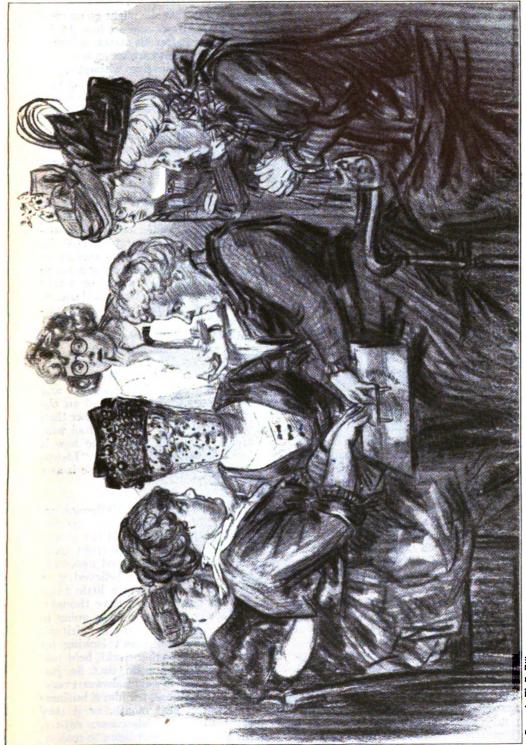
"Yes," he said huskily. "Lots of times. Last night—I was going to tell you about it when we got to talking at the supper-table—I heard old Skinny Gertie told me Jim was just as near her too real. It was just as if he was trying to say, 'I'm not dead, you boob, I'm just as alive as you are!' Oh, Adele, there is something in it, there must be—"

When America got tired of talking of "Reconstruction" and "The Problem of the Returned Soldier," she took a long breath and tried "The Spirit World" and "The National Unrest." Ed Matherson, being a simple soul all unused to introspection, didn't realize that both of the latter novelties were what ailed him. Both, of course, were the natural reaction to his experience overseas. There, he had jostled elbows with Death, had seen some of his best friends killed, had suddenly realized how thin was the veil between this world and the next, a realization that had never come to him before the war. In the old days, a man died and immediately was as far removed from earth and earthly ties as if he had been changed into a remote, twinkling star—but now? Skinny and Iim and all the rest of the fellows who had gone West were just around the corner. In the early days of his return, Matherson's thoughts didn't dwell overmuch on this strange state of affairs; he was too busy establishing his new business venture. But some nine or ten months after Au Bonheur des Co-Eds had introduced itself to the public as The Store Where Pennies Were Always Welcome, when day after day the books told an encouraging story of increased sales, and the co-eds whose patronage the Mathersons sought were showing them in the most gratifying way that they appreciated the tidy little shop where it really was possible to save money on purchases—then it was that our returned soldier had time to think, and his thoughts were long, long thoughts. The "national unrest" caught him; it was in the air, not to be escaped. And with the restlessness that had lain in wait for him, came the talk of the moment, the gossip of spiritism and controls, of ouija boards and automatic writing, talk that had taken a long time to get to this little town in Southern California where the Spanish tradition that this world is a place to be happy in made life a thing of serene, carefree days. But when Orangeville got the message, it got it hard. The "ghost tea-

roused Adele's scorn entirely supplanted bridge and musicales. Everybody bought ouija boards, everybody studied spirit writing. Scenario experts in the near-by film city pigeon-holed dramas of reconstruction to search the Scriptures for word pictures of the New Jerusalem, or to gallop through the pages of "Patience Worth" and "Raymond" in the hope that these classics would "film." Sid Hale, puzzling over the width of those sidewalks in the heavenly city that was to make "When the Pearly Gates Swing Wide" the envy of the movie world, talked to his friends the Mathersons of his perplexities, and of how ouise had come to his rescue. Adele's reaction to this confession was, as we have seen, decidedly unsympathetic, but her husband listened and was impressed. The day after he heard the story, he bought a ouija board. He had not as yet told Adele of his purchase.

It was on a Friday night that they had that talk about messages from the dead, and of how he had felt Skinny's presence so near him; they both understood each other a great deal better when he had got through with his confession, and she had said her comforting words. They had sat up very late, talking it all over, much too late, really, with a full day of hard work ahead of them. Business was always extra good on Saturday, when the light housekeepers of the neighborhood "stocked up" for over Sunday, and, as so often happened these days, Adele would be away from the cashier's desk at the rush hours in the late afternoon. She was coining money, going out as waitress-by-the-hour when the first families of Orangeville entertained, and as long as Matherson and the willing little saleslady didn't mind working extra hard in her absence, it seemed good business to take advantage of the fact that, to quote Adele's expressive idiom, local domestics were as scarce as hen's teeth.

and automatic writing, talk that had taken a long time to get to this little town in Southern California where the Spanish tradition that this world is a place to be happy in made life a thing of serene, carefree days. But when Orangeville got the message, it got it hard. The "ghost teaparties" and "spook lunches" that so talk of the Orangeville smart set. (Who



The ouija board had told Mrs Brownell that her daughter would make the XYZ sorority.-Page 204.

Drewn by W. E. Bill.

on earth were William and Mary, anyway? Grand Rapids designers? When she got round to it, Adele intended to look that up, in the World Almanac.) As she folded her immaculate, shoulder-strapped apron into the elegant shopping-bag Ed had given her last Christmas, she found herself hoping that it would be bridge this afternoon, or just plain tea; it seemed to her as if she couldn't stand overhearing any more gabble about how the ouija board had told Mrs. Brownell that her daughter would make the XYZ sorority, or any silly whisperings as to whether that really was a message from Mrs. Black's son that had just been rapped out on the library table. When she got back to the store, Ed would be sure to ask her all about the party, he was so interested in her new kind of work, and she didn't want to have another evening of discussing the spirit world. He had been thinking a lot about Jim and Skinny lately, more than was good for him. She would make him take her to a Charlie Chaplin film after supper; what he really needed was a good laugh.

But it was such a big afternoon at the store that nightfall found Matherson too tired for movies; whereupon the tactful Adele admitted to aching feet after her activities at the spook tea, and they went to bed early. Next morning they woke to a gray, drenched world, and, being good Californians, rejoiced accordingly. Even Buster, loudly mourning a promised trip to the Chutes, could show a proper, Native Son reaction to his mother's re-"I should think you'd be proving: ashamed, a great big boy almost six years old, to act such a cry baby, instead of being real glad we've got this nice storm at last. You don't want a dry season, do you? Yes, that's mother's good boy blow your nose now, and come into the sitting-room. Maybe if you're real good, daddy will let you play all the funny records."

With this musical diversion, and an excursion into the realms of art, as demonstrated in the Sunday paper's comic supplement, the chilly, wet morning passed blithely for the Mathersons, old and young. In the early afternoon, Adele announced that, rain or no rain, she was going to run over to Mrs. Miller's for the

promised, and that she might go on from there to Mrs. Day's and see how Junior was getting on after his attack of croup. "I guess I won't get back for an hour, but you can amuse yourselves without me all right," she said briskly, with an approving glance at father and son, both intent on the pictorial adventures of the Los Angeles Globe's new heroine, Flossie Flivousine. "Buster, you've been in the house long enough, and mother'd like to see you get some fresh air. Put on your sweater, and go out on the porch for a while with your velocipede; the rain isn't driving in from that side now the way it was this morning." She glanced around the little room, adding, as she automatically punched up the limp pillows on the couch, after the immemorial custom of the home-maker, "What are you going to do, Ed-read, or take a nap or what? Better laze all you can, it's a grand chance for you to get rested up after yester-

Matherson didn't answer for a minute. Then he got up suddenly and went over to the little bookcase, removed the six ornate volumes of "The World's Best Short Stories" from the top shelf, and produced from the space behind an object that seemed to be a game rather than a book. "I'm going to kinder fool with this for a little—Sid showed me how it worked." he said shamefacedly. "Listen. Adele, it's all right if you just use it as a kind of a game-

What made him sore, Matherson reflected angrily to himself as he watched his wife pick her way around the gleaming puddles that dotted the front path, was that Adele was so darned unreasonable. He wouldn't have believed it of her, getting so upset over a little thing like a ouija board—you'd have thought, to hear her go on, that he was going to take a correspondence course in spiritual-She knew he wasn't looking for messages from the other world, he'd told her over and over again that he just wanted to see if it would answer everyday kind of questions, tell him if business would be good next month, or if they ought to enlarge the delicatessen department. But she wouldn't listen to reason! And she had ended by crying (Adele arv-Dutch rompers pattern she had been ing—what do you know about that!) and then of course he'd had to promise the world outside his introspection that that he would let the thing alone, not when Sister woke from her nap, she had even touch it. And then she had gone to turn her cheerful, crooning call of out, saying over her shoulder, "No in- "mama!" into an indignant wail before

deed I won't put it away or throw it in he heard and heeded. Full of remorse, he



"Listen, Adele, it's all right if you just use it as a kind of a game—."—Page 204.

the fire. Ed: you've given me your prom- carried her into the sitting-room, hushing ise, and I know I can trust you." It had sounded just like something in a book, and made him feel like a darn fool. He any diversion in his power, by way of was mad, clear through, the more he apology and amends. "How about thought about it.

The monotonous sound of Buster's velocipede thundering up and down the on the cover of which highly colored little porch punctuated these profitable beasts flanked the legend, "Animal reflections, but he hardly heard it, he was Alphabet Blocks for Little Folks." so full of his grievance. So deaf was he to "Want to build a nice house for dada?"

her heart-broken sobs with all the love words in his vocabulary, and suggesting blocks, Sister?" he inquired anxiously, groping under the couch for the big box As she approved this programme with a satisfied nod that spilled the last trace of tears from her curling lashes, Matherson, his own grievance quite forgotten, sprawled his long length on the rug beside her, thinking as he watched her chubby baby hands busy with the gay colored squares that she certainly was far and away the smartest kid of her age in all Southern California. Just look at erate between a red "G" and a vellow "O," her curly head cocked on one side and her button of a mouth puckered with concentration, there leaped into his mind his wife's scornful indictment of the fine ladies who played with ouija boards. "Guess I'll take those alphabet blocks up to Mrs. Hyde's, and tell all the plush horses that it's the latest thing from the spirit world, and that they'll get a message if they paw 'em over with concentration." Wasn't that exactly what Sister was doing? Some joke on Adele! He burst out laughing, all his sunny good nature restored to him, and pushed a heap of blocks closer to the busy baby hands. "Guess I'll ask some fool question and see what kind of an answer she dopes out from the spirit world," he chuckled. "Say, Sister, ask the spooks how I ought to invest that thousand dollars mama and dada were talking about this morning? Pull out three blocks" (it flashed across his mind that three was a lucky number). "and let's see what the letters spell." He watched her, fascinated, as she worked over the pile: if she really had been a professional medium she could not have been more deliberate or earnest. At last, three blocks were pushed aside from the main pile, and Matherson was free to read a message from the highly embossed letters. He first made out L-O-I, a perfectly meaningless combination. His second grouping produced O-L-I; it sounded like a Swede in a comic paper, but it didn't suggest any gilt-edged investment. Idly he shifted the two last letters, and lo! Plain as a pikestaff the message stared him in the face: OIL.

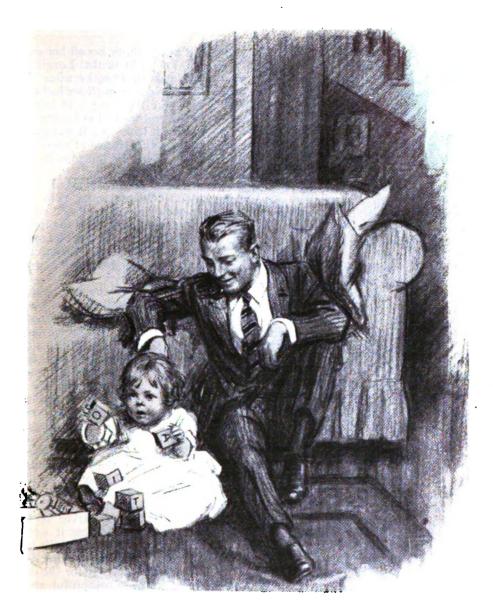
Oil—and all that literature from the Burro Perdido Company tucked into the farthest pigeonhole of his desk! Those

alluring circulars with their pictures of wells and derricks, their glib allusions to gilt-edged stock and double dividends! He had felt from the first that this might be a good thing—oil-wells had proved as profitable as gold-mines in many a California locality—and if he only could have convinced Adele he would have looked into the investment. And now came this message from the spirit world to reassure the way she handled the things—the cute him! But even as the thought flashed little tad! Just as careful as if she were a through his brain, he laughed at himself stone mason, not a bit like most kids. for a darn fool. Sister couldn't pull that And suddenly, as he watched her delib- 'trick off twice—if she could, there might be something in it. but— He hesitated. then jumbled together a pile of the scattered blocks, and pushed them toward his daughter with a hurried, "Try again, honey-kid, we'll give it another chance." The baby received the consignment approvingly, and, grunting and chuckling to herself, again selected three, after many pawings and much deliberation. "Dere!" she triumphed, as Matherson eagerly snatched them from her hands, automatically shuffling them into the desired combination. And again he read: OIL.

> Presently he came out of his daze to hear the infant medium saying something in a monotonous sing-song, and he was not in the least surprised to find that the burden of her song was something that sounded like "aw-ull, aw-ull!" wrinkled up her tiny nose as she made this prophetic statement, and did curious things with her eyes; evidently this was concentration, for she was not a baby addicted to meaningless grimaces. she made some cryptic remarks accompanied by strange gestures, and wound up the entertainment by again chanting "aw-ull, aw-ull!" As a phonetic rendering of "oil," this version left something to be desired, but, after all, she was barely two years old, and the English language was still an adventure in adorably stammered mispronouncements. was quite satisfactory to Matherson. Presently he fenced her into her pen for safekeeping in his absence, and went into the dining-room, where his desk stood. The next thing on the programme was to look up the Los Angeles office of the Burro Perdido Oil Company.

When Matherson took the Los Angeles





If she really had been a professional medium she could not have been more deliberate or earnest.—Page 206.

trolley at three o'clock next afternoon, it was with the fervent hope that he could have a quiet trip, unaccosted by chatty acquaintances, for he wanted to do a lot of hard thinking. For the first time in his married life, he was going to make a business move without consulting Adele, and he knew instinctively that she would flying past, but there was no solution of not approve of this investment. How to his problem in the endless vistas of tell her about it without bringing in the smoky-green trees. "Gee whilikins!" he not approve of this investment. How to

was the problem. The plain, unvarnished statement that he meant to buy oil stock would certainly make her think he had lost his mind, but to plead that it must be a good thing because the baby's alphabet blocks had said so-! He stared out of the car-window at the olive groves tale of Sister in the new rôle of medium said to himself with a rueful grin, as he settled back on the slippery, mattingcovered seat, "guess I'll have to consult the blocks again to see if they can dope out some kind of a yarn to tell Adele!"

At this moment, the train stopped with a purposeful jerk to take on two passengers, a pale, harassed-looking young woman in shabby mourning and a child of seven or eight, a thin, nervous little girl who seemed to be all arms and legs. As they settled themselves in the seat in front of Matherson, he recognized them and sent up a fervent unspoken prayer that they had not seen him. The next moment, however, he had thrust his newspaper aside and was standing in the aisle beside the young widow—it was up to him at least to say, "Well, how are you?" instead of pretending he had never her shoulder, she glanced up, startled, then her worn young face shone with a smile that made her look like another per-"Well, if it isn't Mr. Matherson! I didn't know you were within twenty miles of me. Come right into this seat and visit with us for a while—Dorothy can sit on my lap like this. Dorothy, aren't you going to shake hands with Sister's papa and say how d'ye do like a lady?" She added in a breathy aside, as the child shyly put out a thin little hand: "I called you that because I knew 'Mr. Matherson' wouldn't mean half as much to her; she always talks of you and Adele as 'Sister's papa and mama.' She's just simply crazy about that baby. I never saw a child who played so nice with children younger than herself. Isn't she just the image of George? She grows more like him every day.

"George?" Matherson asked, perplexed. Then he remembered; poor old Skinny used to tell him it made Mae awfully sore to hear his nickname. The nice sundae when you do get out?" trouble was, nobody but the little wife ever said "George," and for the moment, Matherson had actually forgotten that fortably that all this kind of gloomy talk Skinny had been christened by that dignified name. "Sure, she's a ringer for morale; as the tale of woe had flowed on, him; Adele and I always say so," he agreed. "When are you going to bring her round to play with the kids again, Mrs. Hunt? Can't you both come to dinner next Sunday?"

eagerly, while Dorothy gave an ecstatic drink on me, Mrs. Hunt? And as I can't

wiggle that nearly threw her off her seat. "but listen, I don't know that I ought to make any dates for Dorothy while the weather's so unsettled; with her bad ear, she mustn't take that long, cold trip in the rain. I'm real worried at having her out to-day, for it looks as if it was going to pour again, but it cleared at noon and I had told the doctor I'd bring her in this afternoon for treatment-

"Treatment?" Matherson asked sym-"What's wrong with the pathetically. kid—she's got a fine color. You'll never make her fat, you know, she's too much like Skin—like George. So don't let some doctor scare you into thinking she's sickly just because she ain't built like a kew-

pie."

"Oh, it isn't that—I wouldn't be that seen her before. At his light touch on foolish," the mother answered, her voice taking on a dejected, hopeless note. "But it's real sickness that we've been up against, Mr. Matherson. Just after Thanksgiving—I guess that was the last time I saw you, when we had that good dinner at your house—she complained of her ear hurting her-" She poured out her story of sudden illness and threatened operation averted for the time being by regular, watchful treatment, saying dejectedly as she fumbled for her handkerchief: "This going to the doctor all the time will probably cost more in the long run than an operation, but I guess I'm a wicked woman to say that—if this nervous child had to be carved up for mastoid trouble, well, I guess it would just about finish her! Treatment's bad enough, as it is. When I told her this morning that it was the day for the doctor, she cried so it was real pitiful, and I expect by the time I get her out of his office-

"Say, how about some ice-cream or a Matherson interrupted, feeling in his pocket for change. It struck him uncomwas not the best thing for Dorothy's her little face had taken on an expression of fear and rebellion that argued badly for a satisfactory half-hour with the aurist. He found a handful of dimes, and pressed them hurriedly into the child's "Oh, I'd love to," Skinny's widow said hand. "You won't mind her having a join you, I guess this is the only way we broken her! He would hardly have can arrange for it."

erson," Mrs. Hunt said gratefully, while the pleasure pavilions when all "the

known her for the jolly, fun-loving girl "You're real good and kind, Mr. Math- Skinny had married, the best dancer at



The train stopped with a purposeful jerk to take on two passengers.—Page 208.

fought for self-control-how sorrow had with a wave of passionate affection for the

Dorothy mumbled self-conscious thanks. crowd" went out to the beaches for an "I guess we'll make it a cone, and eat it evening's fun, the easy winner of first on the train going home, for I've got some prize for fancy skating at the Hispania business to attend to after we're finished Rink not three years ago. How it would with Doctor Kilburn." She suddenly got hurt poor old Skinny if he could see her very red, then pale, and the easy tears now, tear-stained, terrified of what life suffused her big, dark eyes. Matherson held in store for her and her child! And looked away with a stab of pity in his suddenly, a big resolve to do somethingheart for the poor little woman, as she anything, for Skinny's girl came over him

Digitized by Google

man whom he had known as a red-haired, freckled bean-pole of a boy, the friend who was lying under that little wooden cross on the French hillside. . . . came out of his revery with a startwhat was she asking him? He must have lost the first part of the sentence, for this was an apologetic clause:

"—and I know men hate to have women bother them about business, and I've bothered you enough, I guess, with all this worry about Dorothy. I oughtn't to say another word, but you were such a good friend of George's that I kinder feel I can ask your advice, and goodness knows I ought to have somebody to consult." And as Matherson turned to her with an eager, "why, I'd do anything I could for you, Mrs. Hunt—what is it?" she plunged into her subject at last: "Listen, Mr. Matherson, is it all right to borrow money from those firms that advertise? Because I don't believe I ought to ask the bank for another loan."

The one thought that occupied Matherson's mind for the next few days, sleeping or waking, was, how long before Adele would bring up the subject of the thousand dollars they had put aside to invest? As the week wore on, and she said nothing about it, he grew more and more to dread the question, though he had his answer all ready, and he fully intended there should be no argument. Sunday came round again, another day of storm, just as Mrs. Hunt had predicted. As he stood looking out of the sitting-room window at the cold, persistent downpour, he found himself wondering what they were doing with themselves at the lonely little ranch, what kind of amusement the dreary day could hold out to the wistful, delicate little girl who couldn't go out in the rain. Buster, in the new slicker and sou'-wester that had been purchased for him the day before, by way of celebrating the fact that the week of storms had proved this winter was no dreaded "dry season," came bounding into the room at this moment, to announce gleefully that mother had himself. Naw, he wouldn't get wet—

wet path, and again his thoughts went back to delicate little Dorothy, Skinny's baby girl— She had never been as cute a kid as Sister, of course, but Skinny had been just crazy about her. What was it he used to call her, after he had bought the little ranch and Mrs. Hunt had turned her out with her father in blue overalls that made her look like Skinny as a kid? "Farmerette"-no, "rancherette," that was it! Skinny had been dippy about that little ranch—he used to talk about it over there in France, and kick himself for not knowing French so that he could tell old Père Maurel that the California way of farming had theirs all beaten to a frazzle. And suddenly Matherson found himself saying aloud, and with an earnestness that shook him: "I'm glad I did it. darned glad!" Then he stopped short with a guilty glance toward the diningroom where Adele was watering the Boston fern in the window—had she heard him? It was reprieve to have her call out: "Speaking to me, Ed? I didn't get it wait till I come in." But he knew instinctively that, whether she had heard him or not, she was going to ask the question that day. When she joined him presently, it was with no surprise that he heard her saving briskly: "Listen, Ed, let's talk business this rainy morning. Have you thought how we'd better invest that thousand dollars?"

There was a light in the sitting-room as Matherson clicked the gate behind him while the town clock boomed six deliberate times, and he wondered why Adele had lit up so early. As a rule, the front part of the bungalow was shrouded in darkness on winter evenings until after supper was over and the dishes put away. Adele must have a caller—some one who didn't have the sense to know she ought to go home and let the lady of the house get at her cooking. He stole round the corner of the porch with a twofold purpose in his mind: first, to avoid the caller, and second, to let himself in by the kitchen door, to start the kettle and do said he could go to Sunday-school all by, other supper chores. But he had not reckoned on Buster's coaster, right in this ole rain wasn't anything when a the middle of the path. As he picked feller had a slicker and a rubber hat just himself up and brushed the dirt from his like the postman! Matherson watched knees, the front door opened, and Adele the sturdy little figure splash down the stood silhouetted against the bright elec-

tric light. "That you, Ed? I've been pay for the improvements poor Skinny waiting for you," she called out, and Matherson knew something had happened to reinstate him. It was her old voice of love and comradeship, the tones that he hadn't heard since that morning they had quarrelled about the investment, centuries ago. (Four days are as many centuries when two people who care for each other drift apart in anger and misunderstanding.)

She ran down the steps to meet him, and then her arms were around his neck, and she was sobbing between kisses that he was the best man in the world and that she'd never forgive herself for having been so horrid—never! Presently they were in the sitting-room, both of them in "Well, you've the big Morris chair. guessed that Mae Hunt has been here," she said with a quivering little smile. "She and Dorothy came just after you went out. She told me the whole thing about her meeting you in the trolley, and telling you all her troubles and you making good with the loan of that money she was at her wit's ends to know how to raise. And what she thinks of you, Ed my! If I was a wife in a movie, I couldn't have heard her through. Actually, it wasn't respectable, the way she praised vou!" Adele's affectionate smile didn't match the apparent jealousy of her "Ed Matherson," she added, with a comically sudden change of tone, "it was noble of you, that's what I think about it. And I don't care who knows it!"

"Gosh, Adele, can that line of talk!" Matherson squirmed with embarrass-"What's so noble in helping Skinny's girl out of a hole?—he'd have done it for you if things had turned out that way for him and me. Only it's just one of those kind of things a feller don't talk about much; that's why I didn't tell you." And, as Adele's hand tightened on his, he added hastily: "It was a good investment, anyway; she's going to pay me interest-

"Yes, nine or ten per cent, of course, like those sharks you headed her off from," Adele interrupted with loving "No, Ed, don't pretend you sarcasm. weren't a mighty good friend to that girl. She feels it, all right; she says if she'd lost the ranch through not being able to late supper is. I've got something I want

put in, the last year of his life, it would just about have killed her. Oh. Ed. to think that I've sulked for four days, just because all you'd say about that money was 'I've put it into land.' I-well. I deserve to be-there's the telephone!" she interrupted her contrite outpourings with disconcerting suddenness. "I'll answer it, dearie, I think it's from Mrs. Professor Judson, to tell me what time she wants me to come and cut her sandwiches for the tea to-morrow." She hurried out into the tiny back hall.

When she came back, she was radiant, transfigured—her husband thought as he looked at her starry eyes and flushed cheeks that he had never seen her look prettier. "Ed, what do you think? you'd never guess in the world—" and indeed he had hard work to follow her story, for she was too excited to tell it coherently. But at last he got it—most of it, anyway -and could rejoice with her in Mae Hunt's stroke of luck. "That leaves her nine acres, just about enough for her to manage," Matherson said approvingly. "Well, I told her to keep a stiff upper lip, and she'd sell the piece Skinny put on the market, if she'd just hold out for a good price. She got it, too—I'm mighty glad. Now she'll be on Easy street-

"Oh, and she told me to be sure and tell you she'd pay back your loan right. away," Adele interrupted. "I said I was sure you wouldn't want to hurry her—" ("Well, I guess not," Matherson put in gruffly)—"but she said she'd rather you had it just as soon as she got the money for the sale, for she supposed you'd want to invest it, or put it in the savings-bank. So I guess she'll send you a check pretty soon." Adele glanced at the clock, and sprang to her feet. "Mercy! I had no idea it was so late. I'll go for the children this minute, and get that off my chest; then we must get supper, if we want to eat before midnight. They're over at Mrs. Kelly's—I forgot to tell you, I guess —for I didn't want them all over the place while I was having my talk with you. wanted you all to myself, dearie, while I 'fessed up!" She gave her husband a last contrite kiss and started for the door, but he put out a restraining hand. "No, wait a minute, Adele—I don't care how

fess. "Listen, Adele, I ought to tell you funny about?" what I was going to do with that thousand dollars before I met Mae Hunt. I had an investment in mind that I knew you wouldn't approve of, so I didn't tell you, but I guess you ought to know. It was like this-

But she stopped him, then and there. "Don't tell me, Ed," she said earnestly. "At least, not to-night. If it was something foolish, first thing I know I'd be blaming you, and the way I feel now, after the kind of idiot I've been, is that I want to be the one that's to blame in that quarrel of ours. Don't you tell me one single word! Oh, goodness!" as the doorbell pealed loudly, "that must be Mrs. Kelly with the children. The idea of her having had to bring them back." She hurried to the door, the confession unheard.

As she took her daughter on her lap a few minutes later to pull off the pink sweater and the absurd round cap that matched, Adele suddenly burst into delighted laughter. "Ed, I almost forgot to tell you, Sister's going into vaudeville some day, instead of the movies," with a twinkle that begged him to see this was a sprightly joke. "That little Dorothy Hunt, that time they came out for Thanksgiving dinner, taught her the cutest trick with those animal blocks well, you'll just die when you see what she does. And if you'll believe me, that baby remembered, soon as she saw Dorothy again; she did it all, to-day, just as if she'd been rehearsing ever since! Smart's no word for her, I never saw anything like it. Here, I'll show you, if she isn't too sleepy to do it." Adele dived under the couch, to reappear with the box of blocks. She set Sister down on the floor, and shook the contents of the box out at the pudgy, sandalled feet. "Now find the funnies, baby-girl—watch her, Ed, don't lose a trick! She picks out three animals that she thinks a real joke, and acts like 'em. Dorothy says she taught her in about half an hour, and she never makes a mistake. Dorothy's just crazy to have her go through the whole

to say to you." He cleared his throat how much she'd learn. Why what's the desperately; it was awfully hard to con- matter, Ed? What are you looking so

> Matherson swallowed several times. then he found his voice—or a portion of "Three, did you say?" he asked it. huskily. "She picks out just three blocks by herself? Which ones?"

"She'll show you—look, she's got 'em all. That's an ibex, on the I block, and she'll put her arms over her head for the horns, she's doing it now. Isn't it killing? She can't say ibex very well, but she does llama—that's the L block she's picked up now-just fine. And the owl's the cutest of all."

"Does she screw up her nose and blink her eyes, and say something that sounds like 'aw-ull'?" Matherson asked in a feeble voice. Adele looked at him with surprise. "Yes, have you seen her do it? When? I never seem to have time to watch her."

"She gave me a special performance one Sunday," the father of the vaudeville artist said dryly, picking up the three magic blocks and shifting them into a familiar combination. And as he once more read, OIL, his lips began to twitch, and the mighty laugh that is a life-saver in a tense situation rocked him from head to heels. The baby giggled, to match his merry mood, and after a moment of staring bewilderment, Buster and Adele joined in too. Helplessly, they all stood and shouted, until Adele pulled herself together with a gasping, "well, this isn't getting supper, and it's almost the children's bedtime. Ed Matherson, what's possessed you-have you taken a foolish powder!" She drove her family into the kitchen with determined speed, and lit the gas-stove. "Ed, you get busy before you feel another attack coming on. Run over to the store, will you, for a package of wheat pufflets? There's nothing in the house for the children's supper. And hurry, it's awfully late."

As he let himself into the store and switched on the light, Matherson, disregarding the injunction to hurry, leaned against the counter and looked around him with appraising and approving eyes. His little shop, his darling business venalphabet, so I said next time Mrs. Hunt ture—what a fool he had been ever to brought her out, they could spend the have thought that he wanted to do anywhole afternoon with the blocks and see thing with his savings but put them back into Au Bonheur des Co-eds! What a excitement. "For heaven's sake, Ed, place they could make of it, if they would spend money wisely on enlarging and improving it, and getting in all the novelties. Just as soon as Mae Hunt had paid back the loan, he would go in to Los Angeles and have a long talk with Joe Greenway, who had been so many years with Agnews and Pierce that he knew the grocery business from A to Z. Joe's advice was what he wanted, instead of messages from ouija boards and that kind of truck. He was through with that, all right! As to the baby's blocks—but this line of retrospect made him remember suddenly that Buster and Sister were waiting for their supper, and he hurried over to get the wheat pufflets from the cereal shelf.

On the counter just in front of it was an interesting row of attractive bottleswhat were they? He couldn't remember what Adele had "featured" that afternoon in his absence. He picked up a bottle, and looked closely at the label. It displayed an alluring picture of an olive branch, bearing fruit that was purply, plumply ripe. . . .

Adele looked up wonderingly from the eggs she was scrambling, as he came Hale would say there's something in that

what's the matter now?"

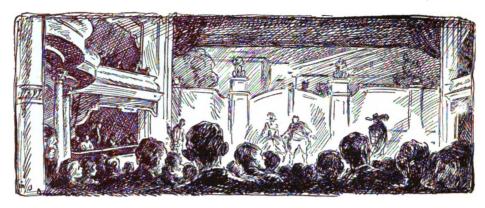
"That part of the ranch that Mae Hunt's sold—is it the part Skinny put out in olives?" he demanded breathlessly. "Is the fellow that bought it going to sell ripe olives—or what?"

"No, didn't I tell you? He's going to make oil. He's a kind of a crank, Mae says, and he's got a notion that pure olive-oil is the finest thing in the world. He only bought the ranch because it had such good bearing trees— Good gracious, Ed, there you go again, laughing like a crazy thing. I do wish you'd tell me what's the joke."

"Oh, it's a joke on me, or Sister, or both of us," and that was all she could get out of him. Presently a saucepan boiled over, and she was so busy attending to it that she never heard him say under his breath, "oil, just exactly what the kid doped out. Can you beat it?" And then, with an odd little smile that meant anything you could read into it, he picked up his daughter, who had just toddled into the kitchen, and whispered into her ear:

"Say, Sister, I'd like to bet you Sid charging into the kitchen, panting with block stunt of yours, after all!"





The play was precisely the kind that Roger Pender hated.

THE SOUND OF A VOICE

By James Boyd

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. J. DUNCAN



HE play was precisely the kind that Roger Pender hated, an historical drama, in which cheap, old theatrical devices had been clothed in new and expen-

sive sets by a palpably incompetent hand. Pender was more or less of an artist; he deplored the galloping hoofs off stage and the spent messenger on a sleek hackney flecked with whipped cream. There were a dozen such big scenes. But what so exasperated the young man sitting there alone in the black, tense house was the fact that these same thimble-rigged tableaux thrilled him too.

He loved the theatre well enough to prefer going by himself. A newcomer to the city, he had no trouble doing this all he pleased. His shyness concealed a dry Western wit, and neither the one nor the other made friends for him very fast among the more majestic Beaux-Arts men in the architect's office. So he prowled around, conversing with lunchcounter neighbors, night-watchmen, and others with whom he felt at ease. In the restaurants he drew sketches of the diners on the white enamel table-top until his waiter, previously so oblivious, transfixed him with a beady eye.

little shiver which chased each piece of bathos up his spine and drove it home to an outraged intelligence. The Old Lodge Keeper had just recognized the muffled figure as the Marquis, his master, and was making the gesture immemorially assigned to ancient servitors on such occasions. As he performed his doddering evolutions, Pender started fumbling for his hat. He would stand no more. He would go to a café he knew. He could find reality there at least. Or, if some of the patrons were artificial, their affectations were of their own design, not the hired conventions of an ancient servitor. He had his hat now and started to leave, trying in the darkness to see what sort of people could be enthralled by such a play. He was convinced that all were persons of defective mentality. Then he recalled how nearly he himself had been ensnared by one or two scenes.

As he neared the lobby he felt a stir in the house—another thriller, no doubt. He did not condescend to turn his head, but marched on stolidly. Then far behind him, on the stage, he heard a woman's voice. One word only was spoken; spoken softly. Silence followed, but the tone still seemed to linger shyly in the dark recesses. Pender turned around Now he sat deprecating with a grin the and made for his seat, the single word,

ears.

A slim girl with a sweet, humorous face and a bright blue eye was standing beside the Lodge Keeper. She was evidently observed. He considered lighting a cigasupposed to be his daughter. Waiting to hear her speak again, Roger grew impatient. Her part had obviously been written because in an historical play it is time-honored for a Lodge Keeper to have a daughter, and because one must show how delicately yet charmingly a heroic Marquis can modify his bearing toward a woman socially beneath him. So Pender had to wait. But when at last her line came, it seemed to him as though her voice set countless tiny bells ringing, infinitely faintly, everywhere. She appeared only three times, but she imparted character and freshness to a purely formal part. It was obvious that to do more would be to make the Marquis look absurd.

The final curtain went down on a living picture of that nobleman triumphant, and Pender, in a dream state, bolted for the street, and found himself searching earnestly for the stage door. His first venture proved to be a bootblack's establishment, his second the family-entrance to a saloon. He had never tried anything of the sort before; he was much too shy. But now his reticence had vanished before a fanatical intensity that he did not understand. A moment later he recognized the proper door and came face to face with Cerberus. Disregarding the portent of that dignitary's eye, he blurted out:

"How do you think I could manage to see Miss Darragh?"

Nothing could have been more fatal to his chance. For Cerberus, whatever his moral convictions, had in fifteen years at his post acquired an enormous respect for the pursuit of night life as a craft. The bungling antics of the novice moved him to sullen exasperation. He fixed on Pender a glance so baleful that the adventurer recoiled, convinced that Cerberus, solicitous for the personal sanctity of the company, imputed to him some sinister design. The implication was unjust but, as long as the custodian maintained silence, he himself could not explain. He retreated to the sidewalk.

He stood there, laboriously revolving

so trivial, yet so lovely, ringing in his his watch in his vest pocket, studying Cerberus around the angle of the door. The footsteps of a policeman approached and he fancied he was being narrowly rette to indicate his freedom from embarrassment, but, fearing the lady might appear at any moment, he whistled a few notes instead.

Two white shirt-fronts descended from a car and passed through the door. The face of Cerberus was cracked by a titanic upheaval into a leer of recognition. How had they managed so to establish themselves? He saw himself in a tail coat and high hat; with a stick and spats—no, not spats, of course—but white gloves and a gardenia. He saw himself in all these things, overwhelming Cerberus with his jaunty assurance. But when Cerberus, turned penitent, accorded him abject recognition would he return his obsequious greeting? Pender squared his shoulders; not much. He began moving up and down in a lithe yet stately manner, patting the top of his head as if he were giving the final tap to a top hat, then taking a few steps with both elbows slightly crooked. Imposingly he wheeled to return. There stood the lady of his adventure.

She was looking at him with some slight curiosity. He felt his magnificence leaking out with every other quality he ever had. He was conscious only of floundering toward the slim figure in a small brown hat and a small brown fur. Then, in a voice so husky and repellent that he could hardly believe it his, he heard himself sav:

"Is this Miss Darragh?" "What do you want?"

Her voice was now level, on one low There was not a gleam of encouragement, but neither was there any conscious rectitude. Groping for the best answer to her question, Roger heard as if at a distance his own words:

"I heard you in the show just now." "And thought you'd like to get acquainted? Do you always try it this way?"

"I've never tried it before. why I'm so rotten. Then Cerberus there—"

He waved a hand toward the implac-

able visage. The gesture gave him confidence.

"You came out unexpectedly while I was practising—perhaps you noticed?" "Yes, I noticed."



He fixed on Pender a glance so baleful that the adventurer recoiled.—Page 215

him."

"Yes, but you were—patting your head?'

"That was my high silk hat."

She summed him up in a glance, smiling not unkindly, and observed in a firm tone:

"Well, I must be going."

"I suppose you think there's something wrong about me?"

"No, I don't, honestly. You must be straight or you couldn't be so ridiculous.

> But when you're on the stage the only way you can keep them from talking about you is not to do this sort of thing at all. I'll have to say good night."

> "You'd be perfectly right if it weren't for one thing."

"What's that?"

"The Fifth Avenue busthe greatest civilizing influence in this city. But the people here don't know how to use it."

"That's silly—I always

go home on one."

"The worst thing anybody can do with a bus. A bus—a bus is the one thing left in life that you can get away from home on -from home and the whole world. Why, I knew a man -but that's too long-"

"I know," she inter-sed hastily. "And I posed hastily.

really must go.'

"All right; we will meet here on Sunday afternoon for the purpose of discussing busses and riding on one.

"Think of it! I'd just started feeling sorry for you because you were so shy."

"Is two o'clock convenient?"

He was there before two. As far as eye could see the street lay shrouded in the Sabbath, dust-covered as though abandoned years before. Near by a dishev-

"Well, I was preparing to overwhelm elled yellow cat arched his back against the leg of a chaotic waiter who peered down the street, flapping a limp and dingy napkin. Pender wondered whether the waiter was acquainted with Cerberus. What an appalling pair! Suddenly he saw her coming toward him with outstretched hand. "How are you, philosopher of busses?"

Digitized by Google

she asked. "Can you tell me why I am doing this?"

"Very easily; on a bus. He bowed. This way."

green monster, and Pender began to talk of the inner meaning of busses. He felt singularly keen and diverting in the · presence of her silent intelligence. All the time he was longing to hear her voice. Yet he did not want to break through her reticence. He threw himself into the great Bus Philosophy.

He spoke of the oppressions of city life, only tolerable because unrealized, of the glorious freedom in swaying above the scuttling futile hordes. He recalled the Irish lady of uncertain age and alcoholic content who at every stop for fifty blocks had risen to address the public on the emancipation of the human spirit.

He spoke of the sun on the distant palisades, of the strange Afric climes of the Harlem. He spoke of journeying interminably through wholesaleclothing jungles to burst triumphantly into Washington Square; of coasting silently down star-strewn ways on rainy nights.

He pointed out the admirable temper of all who drive busses or collect fares, and quoted the remark of Peter Donohue when the fat lady's ball of yarn rolled down the stairs and far back along the street, unwinding all the way.

She laughed at that, and the laugh started her talking.

"There were some Donohues lived near my father in

County Sligo. He used to tell me about them. Maybe they were the same family. They made jokes out of everything—especially the English. But the English got the better of them in the end and they had to come away, over here, the same as us. Though I wasn't born then."

They rode on without talking for some time. The park was gay with the vivid dresses of countless children picnicking that Sunday afternoon. There seemed They lurched into a seat on top of the to be no end to the brightly colored little



"I suppose you think there's something wrong about me?"-Page 216.

groups, gathering around bulging picnicbaskets or playing games beneath the solemn gaze of enthroned babies.

"I'm convinced," he said, "that so many children can't possibly be contemporaneous. I believe there are a great many other children here, who only come back to play on Sunday afternoons in spring."

She smiled at him warmly. "You would like my little brother, I expect."

He nodded dubiously. "I don't get on with them very fast. I've too much respect for their individuality to take possession of them the way the people who are supposed to be good with children do. But if you will give us time, I have several little accomplishments—"

"Oh, he doesn't live here. It's too expensive. I've got mother to let me try the stage. It wasn't that I wanted a good time. I didn't expect one and I haven't had it. I just wanted to act."

He admitted then that he was an artist himself, and could see when other artists were making a study of their craft.

were making a study of their craft.
"Thanks. I think you mean that.
It's the one thing I want—to be respected as an artist. What do you do?"

He told her, and by the way her face lighted up he felt that there they had struck hands across the gulfs of solitude. From then on they talked flowingly of Truth and Beauty with high hearts and the fervent dogmatism of youth.

Long shadows lay across the avenue as they came back, and down each cross street a golden haze was slanting. They got off at their corner and walked silently back to their rendezvous.

"Next Sunday?" she asked frankly.
"Naturally," he replied, and raised his hat.

It came to be every Sunday after that, and in the week Pender went often to see her play. But he did not again attempt the stage door. He longed to, and wondered sometimes on the way home whether he was too clever or too chivalrous to tempt fate a second time. In a few weeks the historic drama was taken off, but she had the good fortune to get a better part in a play that was just going into rehearsal. The Sunday rides kept on.

Those were the days that made the golden age seem real. He felt unknown and distant corners of his heart stirring with new power. He saw new beauty and touching absurdities in all his dull routine. His sympathies, reaching out to incredible lengths, embraced, secretly

of course, even the majestic Beaux-Arts men. His reserved and whimsical spirit was exalted by a love, fantastic yet profound, of all of life and her.

One Sunday evening they were saying

good-by at their meeting-place.

"What is your name?" he asked as he took her hand.

"Darragh is my real name," she said, and added softly: "But my first name is Eile."

"Eile, Eile," he murmured, and at that she broke away and ran down the street. At the corner she turned and he saw her small, white-gloved hand waving goodby.

She told him one afternoon about the

new play.

"It's French. I'm supposed to be married to a man who is going insane."

"I am delighted that you are having an opportunity to accustom yourself to the situation."

"In the big scene," she continued, "he has to take a lighted lamp and crash it down on the floor."

"That sounds dangerous—and expensive. But I suppose they can get a man to take the part very cheap—just for the fun of doing it."

"And I suppose," she observed to a lion in front of the Public Library, "that this gentleman is trying to be funny. This is our street."

They walked back to their meetingplace.

"Sundays," he said, "don't seem to come as often as they used to."

"Now you're getting silly. Goodby."

She walked away. But at the corner she turned again and waved.

"Next Sunday," he kept saying to himself all that week; then "Eile," and the drawing-board before him would blur and fade away and a white-gloved hand would flash a shy farewell through the mist that veiled his eyes. Next Sunday would be a great day for him, he knew.

He was there beforehand, filled with tense, dangerous happiness. He noted with satisfaction the absence of the yellow cat. An animal of low ideals; it would have been a discordant element. Better the empty street. She was late and he composed a little joke about it to

greet her with. Half an hour late—the when all down the street the tide of darklittle joke grew stale and flat. An hour ness began slowly creeping up the house late—he was tramping up and down, walls. He stood still in the gathering smoking furiously.

over his heart, fell the dreadful convic- lingering on the topmost cornices. There,

dusk tightly clasping his hands together. Suddenly, like a dull, unsuspected blow Then he raised his eyes to the light still



He threw himself into the great Bus Philosophy.—Page 217.

tion that she was not coming. His mind too, at length it faded, and the struggling turned dark, and in its chaos he heard the drumming of an old refrain:

"He will not come," she said-She wept, "I am aweary, aweary. O God, that I were dead."

Over and over he repeated the words with no thought of their fitness. And as he walked through the endless afternoon other bitter fragments of that most bitter poem struck at him heavily.

flicker of hope in his heart went out with the last beam in the west.

For weeks he sought her everywhere. She had chosen to be swallowed up in the teeming millions. She was irrevocably gone. Still he kept haunting their old corner, interminably, insanely, as if the very potency of its memories could call her back. At last he excited a gruff but not unkind inquiry from the policeman on the beat, the same whose footsteps had He had been there uncounted ages once so perturbed him. Now in his loneliness he told him the story. The ruddy,

broad face grew thoughtful.

"Don't you worry, son. If she's wrong, it's God's mercy, and I ought to know. And if she's right, she'll come back, never fear."

How easy must life be, thought Pender, for a policeman with so simple and infallible a philosophy. But the words cheered him by their friendly intention. And after that they always passed the time of day.

This they did often, for Pender had now formed the habit of dining at the near-by restaurant of the dolorous waiter. Even this functionary's foreboding countenance had taken on some sanctity by virtue of association. He used to gaze at the solemn bird-like figure. If it and the yellow cat could be persuaded to reenact their dismal pantomime, would not she (ah, Eile, Eile!) miraculously reappear?

The summer and fall passed slowly by. He never saw a figure like hers that he did not hurry his step. He never heard a voice that, however faintly, echoed her tones, without turning his head. He haunted the theatres and became well known for his eccentricity. For he always left as soon as the last character in

the cast had appeared.

By late autumn he had visited them all, even the most distant. The last atom of resiliency left his heavily settling heart. The only marvel left in a life that might have been so full of marvels was that he went on living and working when all the real Pender, all that God must have intended when he created Pender, had long since died. And yet no one in the office, for instance, noticed the gruesome occurrence. He wondered whether in his cheerful, confident youth he himself had associated, oblivious, with men who should have been buried months, perhaps years, before.

Without hope now, he still wandered disconsolately from one to another of the theatres which packed so closely that part of town. Sometimes he would enter; sometimes he would pause outside, searching restlessly among the passing throngs; and sometimes, when the sense of his loss, rushing upon him in a sudden fierce return, stabbed deep into a heart he had thought was numb, he did not

stop nor turn aside but walked in blind and hopeless haste through crowds which thinned as the night passed, then through dead, empty streets, till at last he felt a small, soft breeze from the wan light in the east. Weakly he would creep home to bed.

One rainy November night he was hurrying down a side street when on a lighted sign-board he saw: "The Marionettes. Colombine, A Fantasy."

Marionettes—he had never seen any, though he had been one long enough. He grinned and went in. In the lobby he stopped to gaze at the scene through the high glass partition that shut off the house from outside noises. He was late and the little stage was set. In its foreground lay a tiny fairy ring of grass within the faint outlines of an ancient Roman camp. Beech-trees bent their cool, trim branches overhead, and, beyond, the rolling South Downs stretched away in the evening light to a silver streak on the distant sea.

Inside the ring stood an old farmer in a smock with a face as gnarled and whiskered as a clump of furze, and Colombine, slight and fair, unreal herself and gently surprised at life's reality. Pender could not hear them from where he stood, but their movements attracted him strangely. He watched her floating impalpably across the stage, making her precise, demure little gestures. He watched the old man raising his hands and bending backward in senile surprise. A country boy with fresh, grave face joined them, and the Ancient drifted out. The two, left alone, sat down side by side with a slightly rigid inclination, like a ceremonial bow. They were absurdly human, Pender thought, delicately grotesque. They had, too, an air of painful and touching limitation, ironically significant. Without the words their actions were futile and meaningless. Had his own frantic wanderings so appeared to the deity who watched the world from some celestial lobby; assuming, of course, that they were observed at all? He wanted to hear them speak, and, entering, slipped quietly into his seat. The boy was saying:

"Though somehow, now I sits and talks to you, I keeps remembering things I never knew.

Just as though somebody slammed a door,

When you was going where you'd been before; Leaving you in the lonely dusk to bide, Wondering at what was happening inside, Whether the folk you knew was there or not, Whether you really knew and had forgot; Whether you'd been there once when you was

Or whether you was never there at all-'Tis plaguey awkerd, wondering, that it be. And now I must be off-I wants my tea."

"'Tis plaguey awkerd, wondering"—

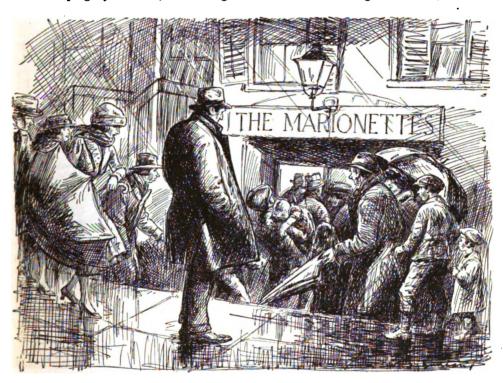
water, all the strength flowed out of him till he was drained clean, and then came surging back in a drumming torrent.

"Good-by," she said. "And think

sometimes of me-

Think sometimes of her-think sometimes—he laughed with a catch in his throat as he ran up the aisle.

He passed any Cerberus there might be and all other things till he reached the



Marionettes-he had never seen any, though he had been one long enough.-Page 220.

how well Pender knew. The little figure on the stage rose with the slightest stiffness to go, and he marvelled how a single moment could so have attached him to this manikin of wood and strings. He hoped the country boy would come back again.

Colombine still sat amid her crinoline, cast down in thought at the shepherd's words. Then, as he reached the edge of the beech-trees, she raised her head and said:

"Good-bv."

like the opening of a water-gate, and, like its music he became again all that he

back of the stage. There she was on the bridge, her slim figure swaying gently as she played her little Colombine on the stage below. Her face was hidden, but at the sight of her a great weakness and content came over him and he sat down on a box, trembling.

The manner of his entrance had convinced the company that he was a notable and he sat there undisturbed. He was, in fact, a notable, if only for an hour. For, as the play went on, her voice, like the sound of fairy horns, filled him with There was a click in Pender's brain undreamed hopes and powers. Through



A great weakness and content came over him and he sat down on a box, trembling.—Page 221.

ever longed to be and more. His past seemed full of an unguessed beauty and meaning for the future. Her voice from the bridge above him lifted him, filled his glowing heart with memories of her words and gestures, the little precious movements of her head.

The property-man was busy lashing the strings of the puppets that were no longer needed and thrusting them unceremoniously into bags. The play was coming to an end.

"I am knocking at the door, Pierrot, Knocking and waiting there For the sound of a step on the stair. Will you open to me, Pierrot?" The patter of hands from beyond told him that the curtain had fallen. He saw her raise her puppet to the bridge and sprang toward her. She gave him one wild look and covered her face with her hands.

"Eile," he said, "Eile."

"Go away, go away," she whispered,

and began to cry.

He reached up and took her gently by the wrists—and saw. Across one cheek stretched a deep wound in a broad white line.

With a quick movement he swung her off the bridge into his arms. He shook his head once at her as if she were a wayward child, then kissed her on the scar.

THE WINGED INTERLUDE

By Arthur Tuckerman

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY W. J. ENRIGHT

. One crowded hour of glorious life Is worth an age without a name.

-Old Mortality.



20MANCE and adventure played but negligible parts in the life of Albert Edward Harker; and vet, in spite of the remorselessly prosaic existence which he

realized he was doomed to lead, he was prone at times to suffer from utterly unreasonable and rather beautiful little flights of fancy—indescribable, elusive yearnings which had the effect, somehow, of making him vaguely discontented with the narrow groove of life into which Fate

had unmercifully flung him.

Albert Edward taught mathematics; it was, apparently, his duty to God and mankind to elucidate the mysteries of First and Second Year Algebra to endless batches of apple-cheeked, dull-witted The worst of it all was that schoolboys. each yearly quota of pupils at the Deal Academy for Young Gentlemen seemed a little duller and a little more resentful than the last. It was obvious that they regarded quadratic equations in the light of a refined torture which Albert Edward had invented purely for his personal amusement. He had-to use his own vernacular-stuck it out at the Academy for five years, ever since he obtained the position at twenty-two, and those five years seemed more like fifty. Even the annual stipend of one hundred and twenty pounds did not prevent him from sometimes daring to think that he had, perhaps, been born for greater things—but there he was. . . .

He was an essentially commonplace young man to look at—tall and weedy, with slightly drooping shoulders and delicate, quite uninteresting features. His large brown eyes were candid and credulous. No one ever suspected him of possessing a romantic imagination, but in the privacy of his bedroom he devoured the

works of Anthony Hope and Stanley Weyman, under trembling gaslight, until the dim, pale hours of the morning, and secretly longed to set out upon an open road, pack upon his back, in search of some amazing and quixotic quest.

Once a month during spring term Albert Edward, to ease the chafings of a restless spirit, would undertake a weekend trip along the Kentish coast in the Little Devil. These jaunts into temporary freedom were, of course, made with the kind permission of Mr. Merryweather. the Head, who secretly thought Albert Edward a most peculiar young man, but worth humoring because he hadn't yet

dared to ask for a raise of salary.

The Little Devil—as Albert Edward had affectionately and aptly christened it was an automobile of rare vintage; it had been bequeathed to him by a remote but well-meaning uncle. It was very high and very short, and the passing of years had given its lustreless coat of brown paint a certain dignified mellowness. When Albert Edward started off in the Little Devil he invariably stupefied chance spectators by cranking it somewhere in the middle of its waist-line; he steered it by means of a treacherous-looking tiller. On account of the inherent fickleness of its two cylinders he gradually acquired a supreme knowledge of how an internal combustion motor ought to work.

On the green-and-white May morning which Albert Edward chose to start out upon his fourth excursion, the Head came waddling on to the schoolhouse steps to witness his departure. He was a colossal, purple-faced individual, this Mr. Merryweather, with a certain intermittent spark of humor, of which-like many men of his vocation—he was preposterously proud.

"Now, Mr. Harker," he admonished, wagging a fat finger, "mind you're back by Monday-seven-thirty sharp, as per

: . .

from his task of inflating a rear tire.

"I'm counting on reaching Eastbourne this time," he volunteered, not without a touch of pride. "Better than Margate where I usually go. More style, if you ask me."

Mr. Merryweather nodded, and surveyed with evident approval the long, cream-colored dust-coat Albert Edward was wearing.

"Out to conquer the ladies?" he suggested, with engaging facetiousness, and then laughed the gurgling subterranean laugh of a fat man.

Albert Edward flushed becomingly as he prepared to crank the Little Devil.

me," he murmured modestly.

A sudden and violent explosion, a spurt and-white screen of May-blossoms. of pungent blue smoke, and he glided majestically from view.

Not many miles beyond the red roofs of Hythe, where the chalk ribbon of a road commences to wander aimlessly in and out of the sand-dunes, Albert Edward halted the Little Devil by the roadside, dismounted, and strolled leisurely toward the sea. The salt tang of the breeze gave him a new-born sense of exhilaration, sisted in lingering there; the luxurious gave him a sensuous little thrill of pleasure. He climbed to the crest of a dune ing expanse of bluish silver, so pitilessly vivid that it stabbed his eyes to look upon it. He halted and flung wide his arms in an impulsive, epic gesture of joy. It is lucky that no peering eyes saw him; perhaps they would not have understood...

On the flickering horizon, bright as a knife's blade, he could just discern the faintly white cliffs of France. France! To Albert Edward the word had the exotic sound of some mysterious, unattainable land.

As he gazed seaward he became conscious of an insistent humming in the air, a sound not unlike the distant drone of some gigantic bee. As he listened it

Albert Edward glanced up hurriedly grew louder-rapidly-until it merged into a brisk, metallic roar. He turned round hurriedly to discover a great white aeroplane swooping over the Kentish downs toward the sea, its propeller flashing a silver cascade in the morning sun-shine.

> Aeroplanes were, of course, a common sight to Albert Edward; almost daily a dozen or more of them droned over the coast-line, on their way to and from Paris. Even the pupils at the Academy had long since given up a lurking hope of seizing five minutes' relief from quadratics on the pretext of a passing mail plane. He dismissed this one with a casual glance and hurried back to the Little Devil.

He began to chug decorously down the "Women never so much as looked at road toward Dymchurch, where a squat Norman tower rose grayly above a pinkaeroplane came whirring over his head, casting a swift grotesque shadow upon the white road. Presently it veered westward and disappeared beyond the church tower.

> He passed through Dymchurch at a respectful gait and emerged once more into the countryside. Two miles farther on he rounded a sharp curve—and nearly ran over a girl.

She was standing in the middle of the brushed from his weary mind the last of road, feet planted firmly apart, waving the algebraical cobwebs that had per- her arms aloft. Albert Edward applied his brakes, and descended from the crunch of the soft sand beneath his feet heights of the Little Devil with grave dignity. He found himself face to face with a small, vital, feminine creature, clad and the waters of the Channel came sud- in a double-breasted leather coat, khaki denly into view—an exquisite, scintillat- breeches, and puttees—and, quite naturally, he was speechless. He was not at all used to being accosted in public highways by damsels in breeches.

> He could not help noticing two little strands of burnished gold which her leather helmet had failed to imprison completely; they fluttered in a helpless, fascinating way about her ears.

> "What do you know," began this strange young person abruptly, "about ignition trouble?"

> His heart seemed to give a little jump at that. What did he know about ignition? (It was as if the damsel had met Hall Caine upon the highroad and asked him what he knew about the soul of Woman.)

"We've all had our troubles with ignition," he said, nodding proudly at the battered hood of the Little Devil. happen to know quite a bit about such things."

She clapped her hands gayly.

"Oh, goody! "Oh, goody!" she cried.

Then you can help me!"

He looked at her in momentary surprise. That word "goody"—he had never heard it before. She must be an American, then. All Americans talked queerly—more or less.

"My plane," she went on to explain, "is over in that field yonder. The motor stalled—and I nearly gummed the whole works, making a forced landing."

Albert Edward was now firmly convinced that she was an American—a Yank.

She took off the goggles she had been wearing then and he gave an involuntary, sharp little intake of breath. She was without doubt the prettiest thing he had ever seen.

"Listen!" she said breathlessly. "I'm in an awful fix. My name is Jane Lawford, and I'm competing in the Edinburgh-Rome race-

"Rome," he interposed dazedly, "is in Italy—if I remember my classics."

"Exactly. But please don't interrupt. I and four other aviators started from Scotland before dawn this morning; they and nurse that ignition at every control!" flew single-seaters, but I carried a mechanic with me, for safety's sake; I could afford to, because my motor was a good deal more powerful than any of theirs. At the London control two of them had given up, and I was leading the Frenchman, Leduc, by nineteen minutes. Near London my mechanic was taken desperately ill, and I had to drop him there. Now, can you help me?"

"I'll do my level best," he assured her,

grinning.

"You're an angel!" said the damsel in breeches, and forthwith plunged through a hedge, beckoning him to follow.

To Albert Edward the great white bird looked strangely forlorn, standing there in that silent, empty field. He hurried to the nose of it while she, on tiptoe, opened the hood for him. The twelvecylinder motor stood revealed to him, a compact mass of gleaming metal.

"O-o-h!" he said, "what a beauty!"

Vol. LXX.-15

He threw off his coat and fell to work. He called peremptorily for tools, and the girl brought them to him from the cockpit of the aeroplane. Ten minutes later he turned to her, perspiring and frowning.

"It's your wiring," he explained. "It's weak—in pretty poor shape. Bound to give you trouble sooner or later. If I may ask it—how do you happen to be flying without a knowledge of ignition?"

She tossed her head indignantly.

"The magneto's an entirely new type to me—that dual ignition system; I got it specially for the race. I was relying on my mechanic in case of trouble—and London hadn't another man ready to take his place. You see, I couldn't afford to wait."

"It's my opinion," he insisted, "that this is bound to go back on you for good —sooner or later. Unless you nurse it at every place you stop."

She stamped her foot.

"But I can't waste time at the controls -sending for French mechanics who wouldn't understand an English motor. You say if I was to take care of it there's a chance of it holding out?"

"A chance," he admitted glumly. And then, suddenly, she turned to him,

a challenge in her keen blue eyes.

"Then you must come along with me, "Me!"

He dropped the tools that were in his

"Me!—with you—to Rome? Oh, cricky!"

Her hands went to his lean shoulders, and she was looking straight into his eyes.

"Aren't you the kind of a man who'll take a chance? I've just got to win; it means the realization of all my ambitions. There's a prize of ten thousand pounds, too, and you'll get well paid for your services."

She hurried to the cockpit of the aeroplane and came back to him an instant later with a leather coat and a pair of

"Here!" she cried. "These belonged to my mechanic. You'll need them. Slip them on-quick!"

For an instant he gazed wildly up at the blue sky, the scudding banks of opaque white clouds. He looked then at

the girl, and saw her firm red lips drawn taut with anxiety. . . . Adventure! Adventure at last!

"I'll go!" he shouted magnificently.

It was really like a dream, a rather beautiful dream from which he dreaded to awaken. Far, far below him lay the Straits of Dover, intensely blue and astonishingly flat—a pool of indigo upon an artist's palette. Here and there a brown smudge of smoke marked a steamer crawling down to the Atlantic. Looking back he could see England, a mere patchwork of light and dark green that sheered off abruptly into a shimmering, colorless haze. He was not conscious of any appreciable sense of motion; he seemed, rather, to be floating, pendulous, in an infinite blue void. . . . Only the roar of the motor and the keen lash of the wind against his cheeks reminded him that he was travelling at a great speed. Now and then the plane swayed gently from side to side as it encountered some aerial cross-current.

Ahead of him he could see the girl crouching low over her controls, bending forward now and then to peer at the row of dials on the dashboard before her dials where tiny needles trembled and shifted, each pregnant with some meaning of vast import. He was conscious, at first, of a laughable feeling of superiority over the crawling world beneath themrestfulness. . . .

They sped over the coast-line of France. He saw the girl glance hurriedly at the roller-mounted map before her, saw her give the control stick a slight twist to the left. Between his own knees, which he had cautiously spread apart, a duplicate control moved uncannily to the left—in unison with its mate: he watched for the effect of it with a fascinated stare. The plane heeled sharply over on its left wing and veered southward—so swiftly that he found himself clutching his seat and muttering a tense, fervid prayer. At his feet a duplicate rudder bar shifted gently to the left.

They passed over Le Touquet with its summer villas straggling along the edge of a sombre forest—and then Etaples, but a sprawling patch of gray in the midst of 1?"

pallid salt marshes. Presently Albert Edward drifted into an almost comatose state of perfect contentment. His mind was static; he didn't want to think about anything; he only wanted to live—and enjoy living. . . .

Minutes turned into hours, and still they flew. The country below them was very different from Albert Edward's beloved England, a country of endless, undulating fields, of straight white roads bordered by dignified rows of poplars, of isolated red-roofed villages. Now and then the gleaming ribbon of a railway line or the sluggish curve of a placid, colorless river.

The sun dropped lower in the sky, but seemed to gain intensity; it became a crimson ball of fire, and its oblique rays shone into his eyes and dazzled him. Late in the day they approached a region of vineyard-covered hills and deep, narrow valleys. And then, as they droned over a ridge of scarped peaks, there appeared miraculously a great city of spires and towers, and old, old houses whose windows glittered like rubies in the red rays of the sun.

The control between his knees suddenly slipped forward. The motor ceased to roar; the wind sang a strange, sweet pean through the bracing wires between the wings. He saw the earth shooting up toward him, whirling in a blurred kaleidoscope of color as it came. A wide green and then, gradually, a serene sense of field, a swaying black line of human-

> They touched the earth lightly, as a bird comes to rest.

> "Dijon!" announced the girl, taking off her goggles and smiling at him. "The capital of Burgundy. Does the name suggest anything to you?"

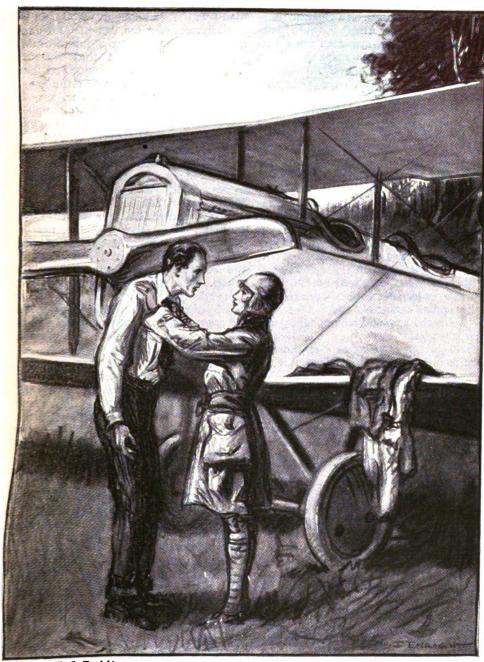
And Albert Edward, for once, revealed a little of the poetry that was within him.

"It makes me think," he mused, "of dukes in shining armor; of white horses and banners. . . . And also it makes me think of cobwebbed bottles of thick, dark wine."

"Why!" she exclaimed, "you're quite poetic, aren't you?"

He flushed.

"Hardly that, miss. Hardly that. I'd better be looking over the motor, hadn't



Drawn by W. J. Enright.

"Aren't you the kind of man who'll take a chance?"—Page 225.

She hurried to the control booth through a surging, cheering crowd, and scribbled her signature on a gigantic timesheet. Meanwhile Albert Edward, hatless and perspiring, inspected the capricious motor. Mechanics appeared, but he waved them aside grandly.

"We're well ahead!" the girl cried exultantly, when she had rejoined him. "Leduc was delayed at Abbeville for two hours with motor trouble. We've got a good chance of winning. And now, I think, we'd better have something to

eat."

She led the way through the crowd toward a wooden structure that looked like a kind of club-house. It was hot, insufferably hot, and Albert Edward felt strangely dizzy. Presently they were on a cool, shady terrace filled with many little white tables.

"We've got ten minutes," said the girl briskly. "What shall we have?"

"You order, miss," he suggested, in polite embarrassment.

"Cold chicken and champagne—will that suit you?"

then, it must be all a dream!

Night, and they had been flying many hours. A virginal moon, playing hideand-seek behind the scudding clouds, shed a fitful light that made Albert Edward feel vaguely uncomfortable. Once he ventured to peer over the side of the plane into a purple abyss, and discerned a gleaming patch of snow far, far beneath him—and he drew back, shuddering. The night air, with a new and icy tinge to it, stung his face like the lash of a whip. He was conscious of a nervousness that he had not known before; he found himself thinking, over and over again, of what would happen if the motor should suddenly cease its work—if they should plunge down, down into that dreadful inky void. . .

He saw the girl lean forward swiftly and switch on the dashboard light, to illuminate the altimeter and its companion dials. . . . Fifteen thousand feet. . . . His hands and feet were numb with cold. The feeble yellow ray of the diminutive globe gave him a ridiculous sense of comfort.

His thoughts turned to the girl. He was frankly puzzled. What kind of woman was this, he thought, who faced the triple terrors of speed, height, and darkness without so much as a qualm of misgiving? He discovered that she had completely upset his preconceived ideas of her sex. He had, to tell the truth, looked upon women from afar, as soft, rather pleasant little bundles of humanity; if you came to like one of them particularly you married her—and she took care of the house, and cooked, and brought up the children. . . . An elementary creed, perhaps, but not peculiar to Albert Edward by any means. . . . But this girl! Maybe it was because she was an American that she was so—well, different; they were queer, noisy people, he knew, who lived on the other side of the Atlantic; shouted a good deal, and sometimes accomplished tremendous things. Of course, that accounted for her!

He was roused abruptly from his musings by the stopping of the motor; it did not cease to fire in the curt, incisive manner he had grown accustomed to—it gave, Cold chicken and champagne! Surely, instead, several wheezing gasps, and presently died out altogether with a sputter. They began to slide downward steeply, giddily—just as he had dreaded they might do. For an eternity, it seemed, they dropped through sheer space . . . there was a fierce, insistent ringing in his ears. . . . The moon, suddenly deserting the last of the drifting cloud-banks, came out to flood the sky with a silvery light, and Albert Edward thanked God when he saw that they were over a valley, that the mountain peaks were behind them. Like some great eagle seeking a resting-place, they wheeled and circled under the moon until—at last—there seemed to be undulating fields below them. The altimeter needle had fallen to fifteen hundred feet. . . . He saw the girl lean forward and touch some hidden lever; a moment later a stream of blinding white light drifted down from the plane toward the earth, spreading out cone-like as it fell, until the field below was bathed in its circular glare.

The needle slid to six hundred feet, and the girl released another parachute flare . . . three hundred feet, two hundred—

one hundred.

They struck the earth rather heavily, and Albert Edward stood up, gasping for breath, realizing that only the girl's great skill had saved them.

"Gas pressure dropped to nothing all of a sudden," she explained breathlessly, "and then the emergency tank wouldn't work! Get that electric lamp from under your seat, will you, and we'll find out what's the matter."

After a clumsy search he found it, and its white beam was very welcome. He hurried forward to the motor, lifted up the hood. Presently he displayed to her a short section of copper tubing.

"Split at one of the joints," he explained tersely. "Vibration, probably. No wonder your pressure dropped to

nothing."

She gave a little moan of despair.

"It could be soldered," he murmured tentatively, "if we could find a place-

Her old enthusiasm seemed to return at that.

"There were lights over yonder, in a hollow. I saw them when we were coming down."

His memories of what followed during those hectic hours upon the Alpine slopes are, at best, vague. He recalls a long, stumbling walk through the moonlight to a sleeping village, knocking at the doors of white, silent houses—at last, a blacksmith's shop and a genial bearded giant whose buttonless shirt revealed a hirsute chest. Conversation by means of ridiculous signs and gestures. . . . Again—a seemingly endless vigil beside a great forge that flared up into the night and made the sky suddenly crimson, while the giant pottered about among his implements, and worked with an altogether incredible lethargy. After that, two hours of sweating work in the field under the feeble glow of an oil lamp, to replace the mended feed pipe. The girl, pale and nervous, at his side, murmuring constantly to herself:

"We must go—we must. There's a time limit. . . . We've got to reach

Rome-by dawn."

when the task was completed. The blacksmith trudged away, well paid for his work; Albert Edward and the girl were position. And then, with a great sigh of

alone again. He looked at her, and saw the deep violet shadows under her eves.

"You're tired!" he blurted out. "Dogtired!"

She nodded.

"I've had no sleep since dawn. The longest flight I ever made before was six hours. But we can't give up—now."

Ten minutes later they were again hur-

tling up into the darkness.

Albert Edward became drowsy after that. The song of the motor, the steady rush of the keen night wind presently lulled him into a fitful slumber. . . .

He awoke to find a primrose sheen in the sky and the top of a red sun stealing above the eastern horizon. They were flying over a flat country; he could distinguish certain objects on the wide purple plains below them-olive-groves, white-walled farmhouses, geometrical patches of well-cultivated land. The sky changed slowly to a rich carmine; from carmine to a gorgeous blend of pale blue and gold. And then, away in the distance, Albert Edward saw Rome, a silhouette of towers and domes, black against the flaming horizon.

He became suddenly aware of a curious sensation; they were flying steadily enough—but it was different; he knew instinctively that something was radically wrong. Terrified, he peered forward through the brightening gloom, and saw that the nose of the plane was tilted downward; they were descending, with the motor roaring at full speed; the girl was sitting motionless in her seat, her head nodding queerly over one shoulder—and Albert Edward knew instantly that she had fainted, probably from sheer exhaus-

They were falling earthward so quickly that he couldn't think; he clung giddily to his seat as the plane heeled over on its left wing-tip, at a forty-five degree angle. The control stick, unsteadied by human hands, had slipped forward. . . . His mind was in a whirl; vague, incoherent thoughts crowded each other for space within his brain; he couldn't think—he couldn't think.... It must have been after one o'clock. Hardly conscious of what he was doing he stretched forth a trembling hand and drew back the control stick to the central relief, he felt the craft right itself, saw the nose of it glide up to its normal position. He slid his feet forward until they rested lightly upon the rudder control bar; for a moment fear was driven from his mind by a sudden, wild exultation; he, Albert Edward, was an aviator!

He began to wonder how you descend-Did you cut off the power before you started to go down, or after? He prayed fervently that he might remember these things. He had watched the controls out of sheer curiosity all the previous afternoon. Only yesterday—and it seemed zeons ago! . . . The city was rushing toward him; already he was passing over a forest of slender factory chimneys, a tangled network of railway lines that shone through a saffron haze of smoke. Houses now, hundreds of them, sprawling against each other in a blurred, horrible The air-speed indicator regmass. . . . istered one hundred and fifteen miles an hour. . .

And then, beyond the curving bank of a wide yellow river, he saw for the first time a placid stretch of green meadow, and in the centre of the meadow was a white cross—just such a cross as he had seen when they landed at Dijon. He realized that this was his goal, the first real goal that had ever been given him to attain; he knew that he must try to reach it—that he must not fail.

"Rome—by dawn," he said to himself. And then, almost hysterically, as a warm ray of sun fell upon his chilled shoulders:

"Icarus had wings, long ago . . . but when the sun came out they melted, and he fell . . ."

He laughed aloud, like a man gone silly. He decided to cut off the motor and swing the control stick forward—of this much he was sure. Once again he heard that shrill, plaintive moan of the wind through the bracing wires as the earth came reeling up to meet him. With a sudden sense of almost physical sickness he realized that he was not going to land anywhere near the meadow—it was away off to the right, beyond the river; he dared not attempt a turn, because he didn't know how. . . . The river, of a sudden, loomed up very near and menacing—a swirling, foaming torrent; he must escape it—he must . . . what could he do?

It was then that he spied a friendly little patch of earth almost directly ahead of him, squeezed between two groups of closely huddled houses; it seemed, somehow, to be actually waiting to receive him—as if God had put it there, he thought... He swung the control back abruptly in a desperate effort to "flatten out" as he had seen the girl do, time and again. Perhaps he did it too soon—or too late; he could not tell. All he knew was that they were falling in a new and peculiar way, with the plane in an almost normal, horizontal position; it was grotesque, laughable. . . .

After that the whole world came crashing blackly about his head. . . .

If any one chances to meet Albert Edward to-day and asks him to describe the chaotic happenings which followed his arrival at Rome he becomes helplessly inarticulate. In his mind he retains but a series of confused pictures, unconnected, yet almost cinematic in their vividness. He remembers first opening his eyes to find himself in a gold-and-white bedroom, a place of sunlight and buzzing voices. Doctors at his bedside, whispering.

"Nothing serious . . . a scalp wound. He'll be up and about in a day."

He sat up in bed and tried to ask for the girl, but his voice was strangely weak, a hoarse whisper. In a moment she was at his side, and he saw that she was pale but unhurt.

He next recalls riding beside her in a luxurious motor-car through wide city streets, where the cheering, flag-waving crowds surged about them, leaving an aisle scarcely wide enough for them to pass through. A long white banquet table in a stately marble hall; two endless rows of dignified, gray-bearded gentlemen in evening dress. Speeches, impassioned. but incomprehensible. Some one rose and presented him with a check—a consolation prize for himself and the girl. He had broken the rules, it seemed, by piloting the plane for her! He remembers bowing and grinning his thanks to a sea of blurred pink faces, the roar of a thousand handclaps. . .

After that he and the girl were dined and fêted at many houses. For some reason he found himself a hero, and he was too simple and natural not to enjoy it—for a time. The girl at his side was gay and joyous, and very, very beautiful—a fascinating creature, clad in soft feminine garments now; he found her utterly and puzzlingly different from the stern-lipped young person who had piloted an aeroplane over Alpine peaks in those bleak, black hours before dawn. Of course they talked together of many things: he told her detached little details of his life at Merryweather's, of the boys, of the Little Devil—things that seemed far, far off, almost as if they were part of some one else's life and not his own.

And then that last picture, as they stood together on the crowded, dimly lighted platform of the station, just before the Calais express was due to leave—to take him home. She had come to see him off, and all the way to the station he had talked to her fluently, gayly; but now, at the last moment, his tongue had suddenly left him. For the first time in his life, perhaps, he was a victim of deliberate self-analysis; he knew that he was intensely happy and intensely miserable at the same time—happy because of the fleeting present, miserable because of the swift-approaching future.

He glanced at the girl beside him in furtive admiration; she wore a soft, silken thing, wrapped closely about her slim figure; her white neck gleamed under the flickering rays of a station lamp. He noticed, too, the tiny silvery tips of her slippers. Pretty things like that . . . she deserved them; they had been her birthright. Albert Edward realized, all at once, how infinitely removed she really was from him. . . . He felt, suddenly, a queer little stab within him.

The train was due to leave in three minutes.

"Well—it's good-by, I suppose," he said lamely, and drew a deep breath. "It's been more—wonderful than I can explain——"

He averted his eyes from her.

"Perhaps," he added—and it seemed to be some one else speaking, not himself —"perhaps it's better, after all—that I'm going. If I stayed on, you see, it would begin to—hurt."

He gave a mirthless little laugh. Her eyes widened.

"Begin to hurt? I—I don't think I understand."

He shrugged his shoulders in a little gesture of bitterness.

"You wouldn't—of course. Anything hurts that you begin—to want, and know you can't possibly have."

For a long moment she looked up at him in silence.

"I think," she said softly, "that you're a very brave, but very silly boy."

And then she utterly bewildered him by suddenly standing on tiptoe and touching her lips to his; a gentle, gauzy kiss, like the touch of a butterfly's wings. . . . She had understood.

As the train rattled northward through the purple darkness of the Campagna Albert Edward fell into deep thought. For many minutes he sat motionless, staring unseeingly out of the carriage window. Funny, wasn't it, how people came into your life all of a sudden and went out of it after a while, like—like birds alighting on your window-sill for a brief moment, and then winging their way onward, the Lord knows where. . . .

A schoolroom in England. A tall, weedy young man in shabby clothes was standing before a blackboard. He closed the book in his hand abruptly.

"That will be all for to-day," he announced wearily.

The pupils swayed and jostled toward the door, frantic to reach the sunlit playground—all but one small boy who lingered behind.

"Mr. Harker," he asked shrilly, "how did you get that funny scar on your fore-head?"

The young man's eyes became incredibly wistful.

"Trying to reach Rome—by dawn," he said. And added cryptically:

"It's the best thing about me, laddie—the only thing, in fact, that really counts."

OUT OF THE HURRICANE

By I. Edward Macy Author of "Sea Ginger"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY OLIVER KEMP



HE steam-yacht Juanita, homeward bound from Funchal, Madeira, after touching at Port Hamilton in the Bermudas, was skim-

a dolphin, with those slumberous isles some three hundred miles astern. About her the night floating on the silvered ocean was gentle and soothing as a nun's blessing. In the nearer waters stars glimmered like submerged candles burning; but the stars on high shone with a fixed lustre like holes pricked through to heaven. I was standing at the rail dreamily watching the jets and dashes of phosphorescence that flashed seethingly by, when I became aware that Alice Dorn was standing at my elbow.

Presently she spoke, softly, musingly: "What shall we name it? Silence? An infinity of silence? And what makes it so appalling? Is it the reserve of strength that seems to lie in its deep quietude? And do you men of the sea get your silence from it, and your reserve of strength, too? There is an old saving that 'silence is wisdom and gets a man friends."

This was a bit too much for me; I could only push back my visored cap and wait for more.

She looked at me and I knew she was smiling to herself. "You must be wise as Solomon, Mr. First Officer," she breathed with mock gravity.

"And the friends?" I queried. "Will

you be the Queen of Sheba?"

Surprised, she laughed slightly. Well might she laugh, being some years my senior, and having once sipped the cup of matrimony to find it wormwood. Then, too, she was a guest and sister of Prescott Alden, the Crossus who owned the yacht.

"You're much more gallant than the captain if only a little less taciturn," she went on in her faintly preoccupied way.

"He must be appallingly wise, your skipper—wise as an oracle. But I'm afraid he doesn't want me among the friends. I tried to cultivate him this afternoon, and he almost dropped his ming the shadowy sea like pipe in his hurry to get away."

Poor Brand! It was a new experience for both of us—this hobnobbing with the plutocrats, after eight or ten years at raw

sailoring.

"He's so different from Mr. Alden's usual captains," she went on, still a little absently.

Viewing her beautiful, haughty profile, I debated. Assuredly Brand was different; his value as a novelty was what had led Alden to engage him. But I wouldn't hear him slurred, if that were meant. "Being more silent, he probably has more friends," I suggested shortly.

She looked up quickly. Slowly withdrawing her pearly arms from the rail and turning, she murmured: "How loyal you men are to each other!" Then she strolled across to where the thirteen-yearold Adria Alden and the fourteen-yearold brother Melvin, with the help of the governess, were scanning the stars.

That parting comment had been shaped by her own trouble. It contrasted the loyalty of women; it betrayed her deep resentment toward Mrs. Alden for what was now marring the voyage. Just before we hove anchor at Port Hamilton, there had come springing over the side a fine specimen of the dark, temperamental type of man, with a face made strong by slanting patrician mustaches and by the shadows and lines of sensitiveness. The Aldens had called him Harry and introduced him as Mr. Dorn, and from the children's prattle we knew that he was, or had been, Alice Dorn's husband. But what a muddle he had brought! Despite their efforts to lessen it in the eyes of Major Blakely, a friend met at Funchal whom Mr. Alden—as I had overheard him explaining to his wife—"simply had to invite to sail home with them": despite their efforts to keep the skeleton in the closet from all of us; the tension for the good old wind-jammer again!" could be felt everywhere. Mrs. Dorn, after the first white heat at finding herself afloat with her cast-off spouse, had turned almost as cold toward Mrs. Alden, if not toward her own brother, as toward Dorn himself, whom she snubbed and avoided without mercy. Marvelling that such a snarl could occur among such well-ordered lives, I let my gaze pass from her white figure joining the star-gazers to the dim form of the interloper pacing forlornly to and fro at the port quarter, with his cigar glowing intermittently like a revolving red light.

A moment later Captain Dick Brand joined me. The silent oracle was a little above thirty, a raw-boned, young Abe Lincoln kind of fellow, save that his features were bolder and his frame heavier, and as thorough a Yankee as the New England shores have bred. His pipe sparked ruddily in the starlight as he leaned back against the rail beside me. I turned, and for a time we were comrades in wisdom, viewing the brisk, shadowy deck-scene in silence.

The level deck was continuous from stem to stern. The two rakish masts forward and aft and the jaunty stack just abaft the pilot-house swayed gracefully against the constellations above. The hum of engines, the slam of a fireroom door below, the swirl of waters in the gloom overside, gave the sense of warm and comfortable speed that only the fast steamer inspires.

Presently Brand drawled an observation in his humorous way: "Nice little play-boat, ain't she?"

I grunted an assent. "We've had a good trip, too," I added reflectively.

"Aye, it's been fair-weather sailoring so far. But down home they'd say ye'd better be knockin' on wood." He turned, rapped the rail with his gnarly knuckles, and stood watching the dark swell heaving in from abeam.

"Glass still falling?" I asked.

"Going down like a shot in a hammock. Not a catspaw of wind, though,

When he resumed his former posture,

a slow sigh escaped his big lungs. be glad when it's over and done with," was his muttered confession. "Then hooray

He smoked awhile musingly. When he took his pipe from his lips, his tone was a whimsical growl. "You and me scraping and bowing and smirking round in these here monkey-jackets like some one was turning the crank for us, with our brass buttons and our white caps! Why, last night in my watch on deck I peeled off this dum coat and furled up my shirtsleeves, just to see how 'twould feel to get my elbows bare again."

I chuckled, and again he smoked.

Eventually-"They're nice folks, Sturgis," he said absently. "They're the salt of the earth. But we're the salt of the sea, and the two don't mix well, somehow-ruther. At least I find it so. And the more I see o' shore life the more contented I am with my lot."

Thoughtfully I observed that shore life held advantages, that of home and family for instance. This, as I might have expected, only nudged his dogged bachelorhood to rear its head.

"Mebbe, mebbe," he doubted. guess likely they all enjoy it!" His eyes came to rest on the interloper's pacing figure. "But the more I see of it, the more I say they're welcome. Give me the freedom and the vigor of this good old salt pond. Marrying, and family squabbles, and sickness, and property mix-ups!"

We had talked little of the disagreement among our passengers, though the shadow of it had often darkened our conversation in this implied way. But I was growing curious. "How do you account for the Aldens' inviting Dorn aboard at Port Hamilton? They must have known the relations between the couple."

"Well, thar's little to go by; but according to my reckoning the Aldens have kind o' sided with Dorn in whatever little falling out they've had and they thought mebbe the lady had weathered the storm of her feelings and would make up with him if they could bring them together--compulsory-like, and they got up this little conspiracy to test the notion. Looks like they didn't know Mrs. Dorn, don't it?"

This seemed the solution. The husband himself had probably been a party to the plot, for his manner toward Mrs. he had quickly abandoned it. As was plain a four hours' sleep. to be seen, he had a bit of pride of his own.
"No, sirree!" Brand was muttering,

"None o' half to me, half to himself. this marrying and giving in marriage for me. It's like the mince pies I used to eat when I was a lad-lots of fun but too much risk of trouble afterward."

Before my second chuckle subsided. the two children came fluttering across the deck to us, followed by the governess. "Is that Aldebaran, !Captain Brand?" asked Melvin-"that big star above those three bright ones, over there? I thought it was, but Miss Prest and Adria say it isn't."

Brand gave his pipe one more puff before dousing it in respect for the lady, and peered across at the star. "That feller over there?" he said. "No, that's old Beetlejuice. Aldebaran's that big bright chap just a step and a straddle to the nawthard of him."

"Oh, come and tell us some more!" cried Adria, tugging at his hand. He was

worshipped by the children.

"Yes, do come, Captain," seconded Miss Prest. "They are much too full of questions for me to-night." Her hair was a misty light turban in the dimness, but her glowing cheeks and the dark eyes that looked up at him seemed as vivid and exuberantly alive as ever. She was a Vermont country girl who had served as nurse to the children, until their attachment to her had induced the Aldens to keep her under a new title, adopted in deference to Master Melvin's pride of growth. Since leaving Madeira she had been the pole star of Major Blakely's firmament. Laughingly they hauled my friend across the deck. With them at least he felt in place.

Soon afterward came a sudden lurch of the vessel, followed by a heavy rolling that bespoke a series of larger swells coursing up from the southward. Across the deck Brand straightened and looked about. The southerly stars were waning hazily, but the slow-heaving water was still unruffled by wind. "Thar's two things at sea that never lie," Brand was

wont to say. "One's a dead sailor; t'other's the barometer."

I had the watch till midnight, then Dorn had been almost supplicating. But Brand relieved me and I went below for

п

That sleep was barbarously shattered. At first I thought my crown had been hit with a marlinespike; then, coming to my senses, knew that I had been catapulted against the headboard of the bunk by a shock from which the vessel still quivered like a wounded deer. The screw was turning, but the hull was swaying far over to port and the noise of passing water had come to an ominous stop.

A leap out of the bunk, a lightning wriggle into clothes, a race into the alley and up the companion-ladder—ignoring Adria's wail of fright and the calls from the other rooms—and I was on deck. The night was much darker; in the south the stars were gone. The vessel's long dip to port had been countered by a deep floundering pitch to starboard, from which she seemed helpless to rise. the jingle of the enunciator-bell the engines stopped. Up forward a voice was bawling for all hands. A white-clad seaman came dashing toward me.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"Don't know, sir, but we've struck something. The captain says to tell you to rig and man the deck-pumps, and I'm to turn out the passengers right lively. Engine-room's flooding already, sir." He vanished down the companionway.

Even while he was speaking, I observed the growing slant of the deck toward the bow. The yacht rose and sank to the swell, but heavily, with sodden lifelessness, as though water-logged. She was foundering by the head.

With four men who came scampering aft I started the great levers of the handpump, though a dull throbbing proved the steam-pumps at work. three minutes had passed when a muffled shock occurred below, followed by a hiss and roar; a bulkhead had given way and the craft was filling; at the same time the bow seemed actually to have dropped under water, so steep was the new cant of the deck.

From down near the pilot-house Brand was hailing: "Aft there! Mr. Sturgis!"
"Ave. ave. sir."

"All hands clear away the after boats!

Stand by to abandon ship!"

I repeated the order. But men had been trapped below decks, others had been caught by the sea that washed over the forecastle when she plunged; only three seamen and the steward with his sack of biscuit and butt of water appeared at the port boat; two more could be seen struggling with the davit-falls of the starboard. As the Aldens and the others, fairly clad, flocked about me—the women horrified but contained, the children crying and wailing—Brand's form leaped out of the darkness, bareheaded and coatless, climbing the rise toward us as one springs up a steep hill.

In an underbreath he muffled his swift words from the others: "She'll slip under any minute, Sturgis. Hold fast that port boat; the weather 'll be too heavy for it later even if you can lower it on this slant; instead, get 'em all into the sailing-launch; I'll see what can be done with the other boat." He was off again, looming fantastically for a moment like a man crossing the slant of a barn roof.

For an instant I stared after him. The "sailing-launch" was nothing more nor less than a sizable whale-boat stowed on the deck—an accessory picked up at Ponta Del Gada and carpentered with stern side-seats and a centreboard, to provide the children with a trusty boat to be sailed about in, at home and abroad. How possibly could it be hoisted over the side now? Then I comprehended. A call to my men fussing with the boat-gripes, a quick slash at the lashings and a casting off of the cover, a frantic pounding out of chocks, and the big boat was clear.

The footing was rapidly growing slippery. "Get in!" I told them. "Get in—

lively please!"

The gunwales were high. Mr. Alden and the major helped over Mrs. Alden, the children, Miss Prest, the maid; then turned to Mrs. Dorn.

"Come, Alice!" urged her brother.

"Be quick, dear! get in!" implored Harry Dorn anxiously. The tide of peril had swept away all but the rock of his past tenderness.

She stiffened and glanced disdainfully at him, her face tensely pale above a brown cape she had snatched and wrapped herself in. It was the hauteur of a great resentment rising above the crisis of externals; it prefaced the deadliest slight I ever saw administered by man or woman.

She peered around: "Isn't there another boat I can take?" she inquired with

an affectation of composure.

"Why, Alice!" exclaimed Alden.

Dorn stepped back. "I'll take the other boat, Alice," he said quietly. "You get in here."

"For God's sake, man, come back!" I called after him; but he was gone.

It had all happened in a flash. But now a sudden lift of the deck sent a chill through our veins. Alden and Major Blakely scrambled aboard just as the boat began to move. Two seamen on one side and I on the other, setting our puny strength against the probability of her fouling, ran down with her, and with a mighty shove as her bow took the rising water, leaped aboard. Luck sheered us clear of the stays and floated us out into the blackness of heaving seas, where I worked her farther with an oar. Looking back we saw the *Juanita* rise to her doom. Against the northern stars the silhouette of the yacht's stern lifted with the slow stateliness of colossal things to a poise nearly perpendicular, then dived noiselessly out of sight.

As the waters closed over her there rose a cry and a faint scream or two. Then a great maelstrom caught us, whirled us around, and fought furiously to suck down the smaller craft after her departed sister. This quieted; we began rising and falling steadily with the sea. I stood in the stern-sheets anxiously peering about.

There was nothing visible but a sombre waste of starlit ocean. In the bow the sailors were helping a rescued seaman, identified by the pale sheen of his white ducks, over the gunwales. I scanned the nearer waters. Distinctly I saw a hand grope toward the boat and sink back. With the steering-oar—and it now appeared that this was the only oar we had —I wore the stern around and grabbed the hand. Alden helped me haul the man in. It was Captain Dick, almost drowned

by the suction of the wreck and badly dazed by a blow on the head received in falling.

WITHOUT oars, without enough wind to fill the sail were it hoisted, we floated helplessly. Though I managed to scull a bit with the steering-oar and we shouted to attract possible swimmers, we made no further rescues, and soon settled down to wait for day and what day might bring.

The cheerlessness of it was ineffable. The gloom of the waters was only slightly less appalling under the ghostly gray of faint starlight than it grew when even that dull light faded and the waves darkened into alert black shadows leaping and groping upward. The shaded desolation of the Styx became the muffled jet of a subterranean sea.

There was little speech. Blakely passed his coat aft for Bertha Prest's shoulders, and I shed mine for little Adria's. Toward morning, Alden raised his head from his hands and asked Brand dismally: "What did she strike?"

"Was it a reef, Captain Brand? Was it a big rock?" pressed Melvin's high

There was no answer; on my right I sensed, rather than saw, Brand staring vacantly before him like one stricken.

The young major's disgusted voice sounded from amidships: "Didn't they keep any lookout on the ship?" The question was aimed at Brand, of course, but silence again followed.

Capfuls of breeze began to blow from the northeast, and the pale forelight of dawn found us lifting and dropping on broad and ever mounting swells. The wind steadied and rose, twirling up the swift crests and flinging them back in spume. The sun crawled up in a feverish crimson, as though drugged. The south was piled high with jagged black clouds flashing lightning. From horizon to horizon we were the only floating object visible; and for us, considering the approaching tempest, there seemed but short respite. No mariner could meet the impending weather in a vessel's boat and expect to live.

two rows of white faces, I looked down As both were rising it appeared but a

on Captain Dick's bowed head at my right and tried to think. Next him sat Bertha Prest, in a blue kimono, her misty hair hastily knotted, still tendering a wet handkerchief to his leathery brow; for after stanching the blood from his scalp-wound he had been feverish. Dully he raised his small turquoise eyes to mine, and stirred as though forcing himself to consciousness.

Leaning nearer, he spoke to my ear. "The wind's rising and steadying to the nawtheastard; the swell's veering a mite to the eastard. Hoist sail now and keep her on the starbud tack, full and by."

I gave the orders. The seamen stepped the mast, flung down the sail, and passed the sheet aft. The steward, on the afterthwart, took the rope and changed seats with Alden, at my left, to tend it. Another moment and we had begun what seemed a bootless splashing through a watery gehenna.

"But aren't we going to look around for the others?" Mrs. Alden demurred, "Mightn't there be some one floating on

a plank or in a life-preserver?"

The only reply came from her husband, who had cruised enough to be something of a seaman. "It would be quite useless, Edith. Even if we could tell just where the spot is, no one could have outlasted the night in a life-preserver, and there was nothing loose on the boat to float on. And besides, we lay right on the spot for a time and our shouts would have at least raised a hail."

"And if our trying to run away from what's coming is of any use at all." I declared, "the waste of an hour might

mean life or death to us."

But Major Blakely, stroking his tiny mustache ponderingly, immaculate in his creamy silk shirt, wondered why we didn't put back toward the Bermudas. He shifted to the next thwart aft and began arguing to the heavy round-faced Alden, gesturing with his hands.

"But mother, where's Uncle Harry?"

whined Adria.

"Sh! He's drowned," Melvin undertoned to her, with a nudge.

Brand's order had set a trying course, running neither before the wind nor be-Standing at the long oar, between the fore the sea but obliquely across both.

table. At the end of an hour spray was dashing upon us, seas were thumping against the gunwales and slopping ominously over them, and the hands were baling actively. The sky was heavily overcast, and the mist and spindrift extremely hard. If we die, that piece of whipped up by the wind began to obscure distances like a fog.

Although hard driven to keep the helm steady. I glanced often at the others. To rough sea-dogs all this was merely ill luck come too soon; but to these happy, gentle shore-folks it was horror and tragedy. Bravely they strove to smile and to keep up one another's spirits, but as time passed and distress and peril grew, they sat resignedly still, save Adria's crying and Melvin's sudden frightened whimpers, and the clatter and thump of Save also Mrs. Alden's baling cans. words with Alice Dorn, which I could not help but overhear. The latter was sitting beside her on my left, a statue of queenly womanhood.

"Must old friends die with ill will between them, Alice?" asked the gentler woman, strengthening her voice to stem the gale. "Won't you forgive me for arranging with Harry to meet us? We all thought that if we could only bring you together—" A sob checked her.

"I forgive you, Edith," was the cleartoned response. "But you might have known it was of no use. I would never have divorced Harry if my love for him weren't dead-and worse than dead."

Mrs. Alden looked at her. "Can you still feel bitter against him, even in such an hour—and he gone?"

"He struck me, Edith!"

"In your quarrel you angered himangered him deliberately with your proud way—beyond the strength of a proud and sensitive man to bear."

But the regal one lifted her wet, white chin and gazed off at the foamy turmoil, disdaining reply.

Another hour passed. To ease the tension Alden doled out hard-bread from the steward's bag. It was a cold, wet luncheon, munched with shivering lips. Straining warmly against the oar, I pitied their drenched inactivity.

Alice Dorn refused the food. Presently she turned to her friend and re- starboard bow pressed a gale that pounced

scared attempt to flee from the inevi- newed the discussion. "You mention ill feeling, Edith; but what about you? I suppose you're hating me horribly for sending him away from our boat—to his death.

> "No, Alice, I only think your nature cruelty will have made little difference; if we are saved, your conscience will be your judge."

> "But you judge me; you've always judged me, Edith; you've always sided with Harry."

"No; but I've been sorry for him."

"He struck me."

"To forgive is divine."

"Listen, Edith. Secrecy matters so little now that I'm going to tell you something you've never dreamed. I was ready to forgive Harry after a year. I went to his apartment. The elevator boy said he was out, but his rooms were unlocked and I went in to wait for him-to surprise him, Edith! It was I who was surprised. Adjoining his chamber was another—a woman's! And to make the sting worse it was furnished with some of my old things! I left instantly. Now you know the true reason why I divorced Harry for striking me."

Edith Alden looked at her aghast. As I swept the long oar over, my face moved close to theirs, but they were as unaware of me as of the cataract of spray which at that moment dashed over us.

But now the helm took all my care and strength. To keep the craft from broaching to, and being swamped by a beam sea, was becoming no easy trick. The storm was overtaking us. None but this large, staunch type of boat, with its high pointed ends, could have kept affoat an hour. And to any sailor it was clear that our peculiar course made both hardship and hazard greater. To fall off and run more before the weather would have been much easier. As it was, the crisscross of wind and wave soon became terrific. Slantwise from the starboard quarter charged huge ridges of green brine, with boiling sides and steaming tops, that loomed above us for a gasping second, then flung us high into the air, only to drop us lurching and yawing to meet the next; slantwise from off the

on us as a savage cat mauls a hurt and skittering bird, tearing at our sail and often pressing the lee gunwale breathlessly under. It was as though the elements were competing, the wind striving to capsize us before the sea could whelm us. Now a great splash over the bow, now a deluge over the lee gunwale, now a great swash over the quarter from one of those pursuing monsters. Spray and spindrift were like an endless stinging shower-bath; water swirled about our feet. Several times I failed with the oar, and once she luffed badly, shipping a sea over the quarter for punishment.

It was then that Major Blakely rose angrily and bawled above the tumult to Captain Dick. "How long are you going to keep this up! Why don't you either let her run before it or lie to? What sort of a sea-captain are you, anyway?"

Brand and Bertha had taken Adria between them, trying to shelter her with their bodies; Brand was looking stronger; but he merely eyed the mutineer silently and his silence was enraging.

Blakely staggered over the after thwart, clinging with one hand to the side, looking as drenched and angry as an Adonis under a pump, and shook his finger. "Are you a mummy?" he shouted. "If you don't show some competency soon I'll take charge of this boat myself."

That prodded the young skipper to speech. In his clear voice that could pierce the roar of a tempest like an arrow, he hailed one of the seamen. "Hagan. Take that water-butt, stave in the head on the stem-post, and give it to the major thar to bale with."

Then he looked at me from under the bandage Bertha had swathed his head in and said quietly: "I'll spell ye soon, Sturgis."

The military man was calmed into resuming his seat by Alden's sympathetic though deprecating gestures. The empty water-butt was flung to his feet, where it rolled and thumped idly.

Another hour passed. With the feeling of exhaustion creeping upon me grew a sense of wonder that the storm was not overtaking us more swiftly. At length the steward sang out to me from near my elbow. He was a sallow, weak-voiced English chap in a blue jersey. I thought

something must be ailing the sheet; but no, bending my knees I caught the surprising words: "Mr. Dorn was a good man, sir!"

Startled, I wondered whether the fellow's mind was gone.

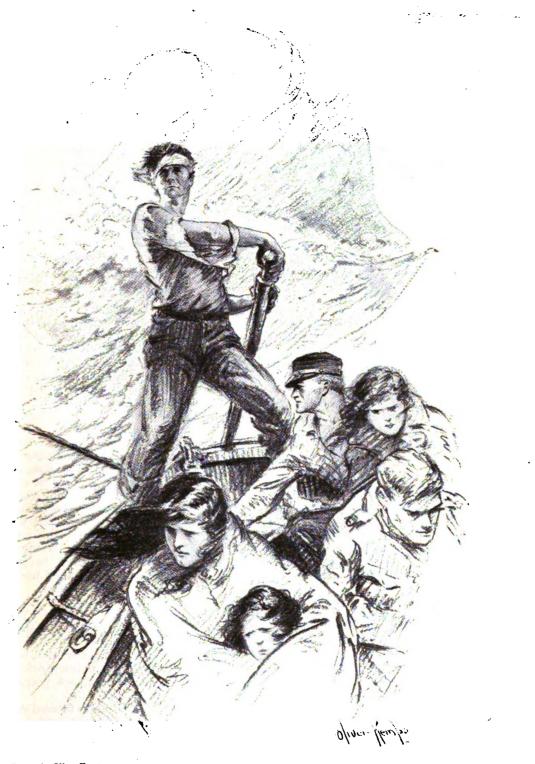
"He was queer, though, sir," he shouted on. "Had queer notions, sentimental. I used to be his valet, you know; 'twas him got me this 'ere job with Mr. Alden."

Seizing a moment I turned my head and peered down at him. What was he driving at? Surely he knew that the lady next him had been Dorn's wife. But a self-conscious yielding of his eyes enlightened me. He knew who she was; he had heard the discussion between the two women; he was shouting for their ears.

After a nervous laugh—"Sentimental, sir!" he repeated. "Some woman he'd known! Kept a room all fixed up with her things as though she lived there. Used to spend hours sitting in there alone mooning. Heard him call it to himself once 'Alice's room.' His orders was always to keep it dusted and ready in case she came. Sentimental man, sir, was Mr. Dorn."

Again I was striving with the oar, but out of the tail of my eye I saw Alice Dorn slowly sit erect and stiffen, staring into Edith Alden's eyes. When I caught her figure again she seemed to have sagged and fainted.

And now I pitied her from the bottom of my heart. She was a good sort. What a discovery for a woman to make in the face of death! The husband whom she had first goaded into giving her a bitter grievance, then when he craved forgiveness scorned as an immoral cad, and lastly in the hour of fate wounded and mortified with the sharpest cruelty, had been not only perfectly true to his profession of love, but unbelievably, almost fantastically, devoted to her memory. The very circumstance which she with a proud woman's jealousy had seized on as proving his perfidy, had been turned by a shout in a storm into evidence of the most touching loyalty. And she had spurned him in that last moment together. There was no chance now to set it right. And if by a miracle she should be saved, what a memory to live with! And how her friends would scorn her!



Drawn by Oliver Kemp.

He had saved his strength and skill for the rougher weather that now bore down upon us.—Page 240.

Perhaps this distraction had kept me

up longer, but now I was spent.

"I'll take the helm," called Captain Dick. With a smile of approval he relieved me and I flopped into his seat. There had been wisdom indeed behind his stolid silence. Having used a whaleboat more than I, he had saved his strength and skill for the rougher weather that now bore down upon us.

A picture he made, standing with knees flexed, brown arms and brown throat bare, his swelling muscles ruling the oar, his clear eyes peering into the storm from under the blood-stained bandage, his soaked linen shirt fluttering against his skin. A king of the sea; a captain of men; master of ten thousand Blakelys and a legion of Aldens, fine

though they were.

Another hour advanced our trial to its crisis. The murkiness of thick weather hastened on the darkness of coming night. Numb, the women exhausted by exposure, the children wailing unheard, endlessly chilled by splash and spray and the wash about our legs, we began to wish it over and done with. How Brand kept us afloat was a marvel. Again and again the boat filled to the point of swamping, and time and again we renewed our baling frantically. The major was now plying the keg with a will.

Amidst it all Alice Dorn sat immobile, calmly waiting. Her face was the face of one to whom death was unimportant; of one so humbled as to be unresistant in mind or body. Set off by her damp hair gathered back into a single night-braid, it was the wet face of a girl convert softened and spiritualized by immersion.

All at once a greater sea deluged us all. The sail luffed. The water swirled about our knees. Screams and cries rent the misty dusk. Though I grabbed the keg and bellowed to the men to go on with the baling, the final moment seemed at hand. Yet we floated. Again the sail filled away.

Then came Blakely and Alden wading aft, followed by Hagan the big seaman, clinging to thwarts and gunwales against the heaving of the boat, shouting and gesticulating wildly.

"You fool!" stormed the major. "You

ignoramus!"

"Make a sea-anchor and lie to," bawled our employer.

"Shame!" Bertha cried at them, so sharply that I glanced at her. The girl's face was a vision of white anger, under her hood of damp light hair.

But Brand was looking off down the wind, ignoring them. "Slack off your sheet," he ordered the steward; and we lay flapping perilously with our stem held to the sea by Brand's herculean management of the oar.

Faintly through the hubbub came the long dull moan of a whistle, and almost immediately loomed hazily above us the black thrashing bows of a steamer.

IV

If human capacity for delight is a work of the elements themselves, wrought by contrasts of treatment—by first massaging the primordial protoplasm into growth, then chilling, slapping, warming, and easing its progeny into excitability our rapture upon finding our dripping selves on the deck of a vessel was the scheme's supreme triumph. She was the U. S. coast cutter Marigold. In her swaying wardroom we collected, while swift preparations were made among the officers' rooms—opening from each side of the passageway that joined this common room with the cabin—to receive the weaker. Then in those blessed little abodes the almost torpid children were dosed and put to bed, Mrs. Alden and Mrs. Dorn were undressed by the unconquerable Bertha and helped between warm blankets, and the almost unconscious maid was treated similarly. We men were stowed temporarily in the cabin and lent officers' outfits. Coffee was brought; but our rescuer, Captain Eaton, advised every one to lie still and if possible sleep for an hour at least, while the women's clothes were being dried in the ovens, and while the cook prepared the repast of our lives.

Inklings of circumstances filtered down to us. The cutter had been sent out to break up a reported derelict. She had come upon it in the morning watch while putting back to elude the storm. Its floating hulk was submerged to the rails except for the peak of the bow, and on



Dearna by Oliver Kemb.

For a moment they stood thus.—Page 242.

this they had found a man—one of the host, and the serving was begun by two Juanita's engineers it appeared—with his left wrist made fast by a loop of his belt to a ring-bolt. He was almost drowned by the wash, but revived quickly and told of the yacht's abrupt foundering, gored to the vitals by a projecting anchorfluke, and of the whale-boat's escape. The man was now up forward among the petty officers. But we were too drowsy and weak to talk much.

At last, thrilling with the bliss of warmth, hungry as sharks, we assembled round the wardroom mess-table; Alden, him so you may identify him and we can Blakely, Brand, and I, with Mrs. Alden get the log right." and Bertha. The children and the maid were unequal to it, as was Alice Dorn, who was reported in collapse. "She just cries and cries," whispered Edith to her

glowing spouse.

"I want to shake the hand of that skipper of yours," declared Captain Eaton, entering the room. He was brown and lean, with clipped black mustache. alert dark eyes, and a direct, sea-dog, speak-as-you-think way of approach.

"I want to do the same," approved his

first lieutenant.

Brand, who was still standing, received their compliments in smiling, modest taciturnity.

"But wasn't it luck that you should chance on us!" said Blakely fervently.

"It was the luck of a lifetime."

"Luck?" questioned Eaton, turning.
"You owe little to luck, sir. You owe your lives first to the resourcefulness that thought of launching that stout whaleboat down the deck, and second to the seamanship that could tell a tropic snifter when it hove in sight, and knew enough to sail away lively on the starboard tack and keep out on the edge of its whirl. Stuck to his course, too, I'll wager, through merry hell. I figured he'd try it if he was any sort of heavy-weather man, so I followed and searched after

"By Jove!" murmured the Crossus.

"I think we'd better all shake his hand," said his wife.

We all did. And Blakely's apology was so sincere and manful that Brand

was visibly moved.

We took our seats, Captain Eaton sitting at the table-head for company and

colored stewards.

But the late master of the Juanita was still puzzling over one point. "This engineer you picked up, Captain," he mused; 'I wonder which one it was and how he managed to get clear of the wreck-

"Queer fellow," Eaton chuckled. "At first he wouldn't give any account of himself; acted quite the aristocrat; but when we sighted you he owned up he was only an engineer and asked to go forward where he belonged. I've sent for

As he finished, his executive officer reentered from the companionway with a man clad in borrowed dungarees. The

man was Harry Dorn.

The surprise was complete. We all sprang to our feet to greet him, the Aldens rushed upon him in a transport of glee; then Mrs. Alden burst into tears. For the next few minutes verbal chaos reigned; after which our fellow survivor was plied with questions. Brand, innocently enough, asked him whether he had heard our shouting and why he hadn't sung out. Dorn gave no answer.

Suddenly the door of a stateroom opened and a flutter sounded in the passageway. Alice Dorn, white-gowned, wild-eyed, and ivory pale, her loose brown hair a flying cloud, sprang toward us. "Oh, Edith!" she cried, "I keep hearing his voice! I'm going mad! It was his

voice, Edith!"

Her friend hastened to meet her. "There, there, Alice," she soothed, embracing her. "It was Harry's voice, dear. He's here. He was rescued."

Slowly the bloodless face—no longer haughty and cold, but crushed as a penitent virgin's—was lifted. Then the deep shining eyes peered over her shoulder and saw Dorn standing at his chair eying her. In his face the strong sensitive lines were set in an unrecognizing mask. For a moment they stood thus, then the woman dropped her head, turned, wept, and was led back to her room.

But here I could not control myself. Jumping from my chair, I caught Dorn's sleeve and drew him aside. At my first words he bridled as at a stranger's presumption, but before I had finished his

"Go in to her, man," I urged. Alden was at my elbow. "Go in to her, Harry, old man," he seconded. We led him to the door and pressed him in as Edith came out.

Leaving the Aldens whispering together delightedly, I turned back toward the others. Blakely was muttering some explanation to Captain Eaton. On the Bertha Prest were standing together.

I stopped and stared like a ninny. They were holding hands; they were wistful, searching smile with which mat- anent his mother's mince pies." ing souls are wont to blend.

mindful of the whirlwind and the sway- leather. "Wise folks change their ing deck without as playing children are minds," he said complacently.

eyes brightened and his mask melted. of the world's woes. Before long Dorn brought Alice out, walking slowly with head laid on his shoulder.

> She sat beside me, and as she gained strength began to talk a little. Once she whispered to me: "It seems that your oracle was as wise as he was silent, Mr. First Officer."

To her surprise I answered loudly far side of the table, Captain Dick and enough for Captain Dick to hear. "But he's not always such an ocean of judgment. One of the foolishest breaches of both silence and wisdom I ever heard a gazing into each other's eyes, smiling that man make was one he made last night

The oracle's keen eyes fixed upon me. Soon we were dining gloriously, as un- They shone like twin turquoises set in



THE USE OF A CANE BY THE

By Henry M. Bindt



totally blind, have been told I should carry a cane in going around alone. Recently this admonition was made so often that I re-

solved to write my reply.

The outstanding feature about those who make this admonition is, they are invariably persons who do not know me intimately, and, I confidently assert, do not intimately know a single blind person. They argue that a cane would facilitate my going about, and that it would enable others to perceive that I am blind; then they would take more care to avoid any accident. Whenever any one thinks my feelings are growing ruffled under his advice, he retreats behind the argument that a great many men carry canes all the time, so that there would be nothing conspicuous in it.

In support of the first point, these people say that a cane would enable me to know when to step up or down, or when there might be a hole in front of me. The average cane is quite incapable of giving sufficient warning of any step, especially down, unless the person carrying it will reach way out in front of him, which is wholly unnecessary. After a little thorough experience a blind person learns to know pretty well when he approaches a step. This is possible by listening to one's footsteps, by noticing slopes and the width of streets, and by taking into account the presence of big objects, which one can detect through a subtle sense of feeling. In fact, I believe that if there is any real compensation for the loss of sight, it is in the development of this sense, which has not yet been adequately explained by science and of whose existence the vast majority of people are wholly unaware. I am convinced that it is the manifestation of this sense which perplexes so many who observe the actions of a blind man.

REQUENTLY I, who am giving any warning of trees and poles, but since it is possible to detect such things at a distance of several feet. I can find no reason for carrying a cane to locate them. Helped by this strange sense, I have even found it comparatively easy to board street-cars nearly every day without the assistance of a cane. Indeed, one would be a distinct hindrance, for I am always glad to have both hands free. On the strength of my own personal experience, which has now continued for six years, I am convinced that a cane fails utterly to warn one of objects with which he is liable to collide, and that it is intimidating. He who forms the habit is afraid to take a single step unless he first puts out his cane to assure himself he will tread on solid ground. Instead, one should strive to walk freely and fearlessly, which he can do by having faith in himself and by being observant.

As I understand the second argument, it is presumed that if any one saw me approaching with a cane he would perceive that I am blind and would take more care than usual to avoid a collision. I vividly remember one occasion when, as I walked rapidly and inattentively down a street, my forehead suddenly struck a protruding fire-alarm box with such violence that the blow nearly sent me backward. If I had had any intimation of its presence. I know that I could not have deliberately walked on as fast as I was going until my forehead struck that metallic box. think the same principle applies to people meeting me on the street. I cannot believe there is a single person who could see me and walk directly toward me until we collided, whether or not I showed any sign of getting out of his path. cordingly, I would infer that if a person saw me at all he would step aside before walking straight into me, and I am convinced that if any one could not see a man approaching, there is little possibility that that person would see him any Then, too, a cane is utterly incapable of better when the man carried a cane, which visible. There is but one conclusion to known. draw-a cane is useless.

may often overtake people going in the as possible normal men and women. same direction, and may often have to I came in personal contact with approxipass people, silently standing with their backs toward him. A cane would not help him to pass these people, and they would not see him approaching. By training one's ears to catch the sounds of footsteps and voices, and by learning to use one's sense of feeling, one can pass them easily, as a normal person would.

I think that any fear of danger from vehicles can be dismissed just as quickly. In suburban or country districts one may often have occasion to follow muchtravelled roads. Then there is only one thing to do—it is to keep well on the right-hand side of the road. There is little danger that an automobile will come over on the right-hand side of the road to run over a man, especially when he is well on the side and has the right of way. In a city, almost the only time one need fear passing vehicles is in crossing streets, and here again there is only one choice. A person can do positively nothing but wait until the street is quiet, and then cross. If there is an unusual amount of traffic, it saves time simply to ask somebody to assist one across the street. If, in either country or city, an automobile suddenly comes upon one, the driver is not likely to let his machine run over any pedestrian whom he sees; and again I think that if the driver cannot see a man, he could hardly be expected to see him any quicker when the man carries a cane. Here again there is but one conclusion to draw—a cane is useless. In fact, I believe that if one depended on a cane to help him and warn others of his handicap he would take less care to be on the side of the road, trusting the driver would look out for him, and thus would be unnecessarily endangered.

Following the loss of my sight, I was placed in the California School for the Blind, which I attended for upward of six years. During this period there was not one student who used a cane. In fact, they derisively called blind people who did "Cane-ites." I shall always remember those boys as the finest, brav-

might be very slender and only partly est, most independent lot I have ever

The one recognized object of the school In reality it is an impediment. A man was to train the students to be as nearly mately thirty teachers, matrons, supervisors, and other officers, not one of whom. from the superintendent himself to the trained nurse in the hospital, ever suggested the use of a cane. Three of these teachers were totally blind and two partially, yet none of them used or ever advised a single student to use a cane. Indeed, the matron in my dormitory building once sharply reproved me for using a cane on account of a sprained ankle. When I made my explanation, she tersely ordered me to the hospital and to "put away that cane." One teacher has now worked with the blind for nearly forty years, another twenty-five; and the matron of whom I have spoken has held her

position for twenty-four years.

While at the school, I observed that the very small boys played freely and happily with no thought of ever using a cane. As they grew in years and experience they gained more ability in moving about. To have put canes in their hands at any time would have been simply to restrict them; and it is evident the school has no idea of imposing any such restriction. It has a large swimming-tank in which all the students are expected to go, and even taught to swim. The boys are also required to attend regular gymnasium classes. The instructor has always encouraged apparatus work, such as jumping over booms and bucks, climbing ladders and swinging in rings, swinging on a trapeze and using parallel bars. He is also in the habit of taking the class out on the athletic field, where he divides it into two teams, matching them in a game of push-ball. Sometimes his exercises consist of running. If on the athletic field, the boys run in pairs, one who can see a little with one who cannot, because they must run in a circle. But sometimes the instructor takes them on the cement sidewalk just outside the school wall. Here they run singly, successfully avoiding each other and all accidents. All this can only preclude any dependence on a cane.

There is a certain deadly symbolism

it is this that I at present most de- more desirable by far to walk without The general public invariably thinks of a blind man as carrying a cane. cane, he rises incredibly in self-respect. Ask any one at all who has not been previously enlightened if he thinks blind men always carry canes, and your answer will certainly be in the affirmative. Thus it is that the cane has become the symbol of blindness, and of all its horror and hideous dependence. The one idea that has been impressed upon me during the last eight years is that I must take my place in the world just like a normal man. Since the cane is the symbol of blindness, if one carries a cane, he is going to feel his handicap. But, on the other hand, if he is capable of going around without a cane, he acquires new courage and manliness. He merely remembers that he is a man, and that he has a man's work to do. For seven years I honestly believed it would never be possible for me to learn my way around the place in which I now "addicted" to the use of canes. This imwhich proved successful, I started by in the work for the blind can be attained.

behind the use of a cane by the blind, and carrying a cane; but now I know it is When a blind man lays aside his one. He distinctly feels that he has cast aside all the hideousness of blindness; and when his friends understand his feelings and are accustomed to seeing him without a cane, I am confident their respect for him is greatly enhanced.

Finally, those who advise the use of a cane usually conclude by saying that there is nothing conspicuous in it, because a lot of men carry canes. This is certainly true, but it merely confirms my statement that a cane is useless; so, why carry one? In my opinion any one of the numerous objections I have cited is sufficient reason for discarding any dependence on a cane. My only concern in writing this very frank and thorough discussion is to help correct the noxious impression that all blind people should be live. When I finally made the attempt, pression must vanish before the best results

UNMASKING THE

By William Strong

OFTEN when you've smiled on me I have looked into your eyes With a sort of sick surmise As to what the end would be

If you lived with me until You had seen me as I am, And laid bare this shallow sham, Would you want to kiss me still?

If you glimpsed in me at last Every weakness you can guess, Saw my sorry selfishness In our laughter of the past,

Saw surrender to my fears, Shame and sorrow in me, too, Would I turn and find that you Still were smiling through your tears?

Brave and lovely, then be brave, (Lovely you will always be) Do not take your eyes from me Nor recall the lips you gave:

If that day come, let it kill Both our hearts and burst the bars— Maybe somewhere past the stars You will dare to love me still.



THE POINT OF VIEW



HAVING read with greatest interest the article, in SCRIBNER, called "By Mail," I am fired with a new idea. That article is a profoundly impressive contribution to our study of modern American life; it is a human document of great sig-

Annotated Advertisements; "By Mail" nificance. I can imagine that a poet or a novelist might find there suggestive sources for master-

pieces. Certainly, tragedy and comedy are latent in the letters quoted as having been actually received by the houses whose catalogues of merchandise go out to all the four curves of the globe.

Of course advertising does pay, but most readers of the present-day less literary magazines are in a perpetual state of indignation over the way in which advertising interferes with literature, crowding out the text of a story, so that the would-be reader looks for the story's disjecta membra scattered over a half-dozen pages, thickly checkered with advertisements. I could write an essay on the poor psychology of this method, but I prefer to suggest something constructive.

I wish that we who care for the starved minds of all these country readers of the catalogues could give the advertisers a Roland for their Oliver. If the illustrated catalogue has found a lasting place in the home, superseding the Bible and Shakespeare, cannot we do something to utilize a great opportunity? Think of the men, the women, and the young people turning over the pages of styles, house-furnishings, etc., night after night in the bleak solitudes of country winters. Let us collaborate somehow, and buy up space in these catalogues. printing, as a sort of advertisement, some of the great lyrics of England and America. I can see a glorified catalogue that will give new life to the inert minds of the farmer's The man looking at pictures of ready-made suits of clothes will find in a corner of that page, Burns's poem:

"A Man's a Man for a' that."

Is it a portable house that is being bought? Print Rogers's

"Mine be a cot beside the hill."

An umbrella? Shelley's:

"I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers."

Pocketbooks? Tennyson's "Wages":

"Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song."

Flower seeds?

"My love is like a red, red rose."

"Go down to Kew, in lilac time."

"I wandered lonely as a cloud."

Or Rupert Brooke's "The Old Vicarage," which ought to stir any one's sense of Spring.

Is it electric stoves?

"We cannot kindle when we will The fire that in the heart resides."

An alarm-clock might chant with Herrick:

"Get up, get up for shame! the blooming morn Upon her wings presents the god unshorn. See how Aurora throws her fair Fresh-quilted colours through the air: Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see The dew bespangling herb and tree!"

A Victrola?

"I heard a thousand blended notes, While in a grove I sat reclined."

The rings and the bracelets might be less desired were one to read:

"Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!"

A "pen" for an infant might say:

"Thou straggler into loving arms, Young climber up of knees, When I forget thy thousand ways Then life and all shall cease."

To the automobile section we would contribute a Renaissance quip (note line four):

"Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way, And merrily hent the stile-a; A merry heart goes all the day, Your sad tires in a mile-a."

It was said in the article that a young man actually inquired the name of one of the young women pictured on a certain page. For him how salutary would be:

> "Give me a look, give me a face, That makes simplicity a grace; Robes loosely flowing, hair as free."

Jesting aside, might it not be possible to try this experiment of printing a few poems. of old, established merit, in these household books read so devotedly, trusted so implicitly? It would be poetic justice upon advertisers.

HE tale about the old lady who committed suicide because she was so tired of buttoning and unbuttoning always roused my sympathy; somewhat, my wonder too, for no lady of any age who has come within my observation has seemed to regard the diurnal task in such Buttening and a light.

Unbuttoning But from the average male standpoint it is a very affliction—at least the buttoning. He can get through the unbuttoning in short order: preparing for bed is a simple matter, though I have known or rather heard of those of so prudent a nature that they complicated it by anticipating a part of the morning's buttoning—that part which is represented by sleeve links and shirt studs. I detest such precautionary beings. Sufficient unto the morrow is the evil thereof.

Certainly this of buttoning or dressing is one of the great evils of the usual morrow, and it is unfortunate it should beset a man, before he has yet gathered himself, at very dawn.

When I was younger—I had almost said when I was young, but tact is an amenity as necessary to pleasant intercourse with yourself as with others—when I was younger I gained some consolation for advancing toward that stage when others less considerate would refer to the time when I was young, from the assertion of my elders that I would then find it easier to get up in the morning. They misled me, for though this was in itself the truth they neglected to add the corollary that any gain in this regard would be offset by loss of speed in the matter of dressing.

sufficed me: as an undergraduate—but this was at a comparatively beardless period—I have sprung from my bed on the first note of the lecture bell, and in the seven minutes latitude allowed, have reached the lecture hall sufficiently clothed, and squeezed through the door in time to avoid a cut. And if I go backward a briefer space of years from then than I have now gone forward I come to the achievement of a respectable appearance at the breakfast-table three minutes after my head left the pillow. But I must fairly say that this was during a brief space in which I followed a method soon discovered and discouraged: if I removed my clothes not by individual garments but by sections, which entailed infinite care and considerable wriggling. I could preserve them in those very relations to each other that they bore when they enclosed my person, the outer ones incasing the inner, sleeve within sleeve, leg within leg.

Still, it is almost true to say that my present best speed has increased over what once it was, tenfold, and what I first counted a malady peculiar to myself is common to my contemporaries. They are singularly apathetic about it: they accept it as a necessary evil at the same moment that they acknowledge it an utter waste of time that might be profitably spent—in sweetly prolonged sleep, for instance—and a barely tolerable bore as well.

As such, a moment's reckoning reveals it: through the whole course of three score years or so-unless you favor union suits, and then you are probably of the sort that wear spats-you must incase yourself in twelve distinct garments; each of these, according to its nature, requires buttoning, or lacing, or tying, or linking of some kind. But even this is the better part of the general process. The bath has its compensations. It is not wholly a bore, for there is a pleasure in the tingle and the glow that But what can be said for the shave? I know there are some who, numbering it among the minor arts, take an artist's joy in the sheen of the blade and its gentle rasping of the cheek; but they belong to an earlier, more leisurely generation, and one comparatively impervious to the persuasive "ad." Those of my time were long since flattered into the use of Gillette, Time was when at a pinch five minutes. Autostrop, or Gem; they are practical implements and I am for them, but by the very characteristic that gives them their generic name, they have robbed the daily shave of a certain dashing quality which was, I think, intriguing to women and gave the use of the old razor an adventurous charm.

> To my own mind shaving is beyond all comparison the worst step in the process.

of becoming presentable, and as it is by much the longest and cannot be shortened, it makes any considerable reduction in time impossible.

Indeed, I count the time wholly lost in which I schemed through several years to overcome the evil of dressing by reducing its length. There is the system of the schoolboy Owen Johnson told about: he applied the principles of scientific management by so accurately arranging his clothes, when he took them off, as to proximity and order, that he could seize them and array himself with an absolute minimum of effort. But had he in reality done other than transfer a portion of his task to the previous night?

No, I am convinced the aim should rather be to reduce the boredom, not the time, and this the invention of the safety razor has made possible; you can shave with such a razor in the dark and for the same reason you can shave with your eyes upon a book. Such is the true way to evade this curse of civilization, the boredom of dressing: read while you dress, and you will be hardly conscious of the mechanical operations of your limbs and fingers as they go through the dreary process for the many thousandth time. Begin to read when you begin to shave—vour book propped upon a convenient shelf, its pages kept open by a jar of vaseline, a tin of talcum powder, any such handy articles of the toilet, and continue until at last you must glance at the mirror to tighten the cravat and brush the hair.

But the book must be selected with care. particularly in the case of a commuter whose time is sharply limited; such am I, and, at least for such, a narrative, as too absorbing, is dangerous. I have found myself, at the end of an episode, with most of my few minutes run out, the lather dry upon my unshorn chin, and the whole operation to begin over again. The short essay is the thing. Francis Bacon, for one with a taste for him, is almost ideal; or if he seem antiquated by modern standards, there are "Little Essays by George Santayana," of a page or so in length; at the end of each a man can glance at his watch to get his bearings. But every one must choose according to his taste, only avoiding fiction or history for such works as more gently beguile you from the irksomeness of the task.

Nor is the advantage only that of so rendering you oblivious: have not the advertisements apprised us what marvels of self-improvement can be achieved with fifteen minutes reading a day?

S children, my inseparables and I were allowed to roam the country-side more or less unrestrained; every foot of ground within a radius of two or three miles around the town in which we lived was beloved by us for some endearing charm. By some instinct we On the Impulse knew the creek bank where the to Educate first violet would blossom-under the two elm trees half-way between the railroad track and the First Woods; we knew where the marsh marigolds were thickest—in the deeps of the swamp beyond a screen of elder that hid their vivid yellow; we watched for the budding wild iris in among last year's cattails, which rattled crisply in the spring winds. All these things we learned for ourselves. We gathered strange flowers in the woods and took them home to compare with illustrations in our wild-flower books; we crossed the corner of

name from the bird book. Of course we made mistakes—who could learn to distinguish the different thrushes and wrens in such wise? But we preferred to go our way untutored and untaught.

The mother of one of us—and he was as seldom "one of us" as possible, on that account—used to go with us sometimes, and then our aimless wanderings were made

a wheat-field when the wheat was long

enough to tangle across our toes, and trip

the unwary, and when we stumbled upon

the nest of some field-bird in the wheat, we

marked the spots on her breast and the

color of the eggs, that we might learn her

count—used to go with us sometimes, and then our aimless wanderings were made strenuous and purposeful—we might as well have been, then, a nature-study class. We stopped on a hilltop one time when she was with us to talk of our aspiration of heaven—there is but a short step from a hilltop to heaven when the slope is a long one, snowy with spring beauties that stir a little in the breeze, and when on the horizon is a tall white cloud, like a column of smoke on a still day, drifting. Mary said that in heaven she wanted to know Abraham and Moses and Saint John. I was astonished; child of Presbyterianism as I was, those names were as mythical to me as Diana and Athene. My hope of heaven was the hope of knowing Abraham Lincoln, Louisa Alcott, and Joan of Arc. I said so firmly, but John's mother ruined what might have been a valuable philosophical discussion by reproving me for sacrilege, and by calling our attention to the clouds.

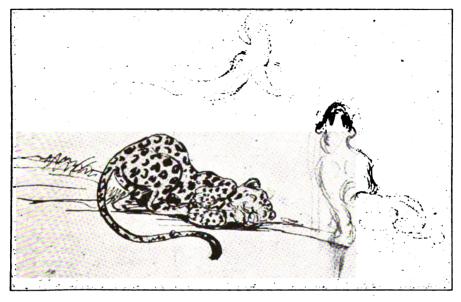
John's mother was regarded in our town as a model mother—but how much more the other mothers were loved! Better than having a guide who knew the names of things and their habits, far better was it to come home to a warm kitchen, to be chided for muddy boots, but welcomed for the plunder from the woods—wilting flowers to be put into the sink for revival, and pocketsful of watercress, filling the room with its pungent, swampy fragrance. We supposed then that John's mother was sacrificing her chance to be loved for what she considered her duty—a certain grim expression habitual to her induced one to believe so.

·The impulse to teach is an overwhelming urge, an instinct hard to overcome. I went not long ago on a "wiener roast" with my little brother and his cronies-by invitation, as the boys somehow fail to class me as a grown-up—and during the riotous meal beside the fire I felt the educative impulse welling up within me. We were gathered in the grass at the roadside, behind us a rail fence, behind the fence a bit of forest, and beyond the trees a setting sun. As the rose-colored flame in the sky died away to a dim green-gold, I longed to cry to the boys, the while they were quarrelling over the "wienies": "Hush, boys, and look at that sky!" I resisted the impulse then, but later transgressed. We walked home along a dusty road, beneath a starlit sky. No one who does not know the flat country can know the tremendousness of the sky at night—horizon to horizon, north and south, east and west—a sky with a myriad stars, low above a silent and brooding earth. It was inevitable that the boys should talk about them, and I—not because they asked me, but because I thought I knew-set them right as to Cassiopeia and Andromeda, and Vega and Arcturus. The youngest of us, a boy of nine, who was walking with my hand on his shoulder, suddenly shuddered:

"Let's not talk about 'em—it makes me feel funny in my stummick—they're so far away."

"But," said I, "don't you think it's nice to know about them?" Then I realized that I was playing the part of John's mother with them. Not for all the education in the world would I lose the affection of those boys, and my discourse on astronomy was brought to an immediate end.

But in taking the time to make new resolutions not to impress my slight knowledge, won with some zest, upon the youngsters who would rather find things out for themselves, I have found time to think of many things. I had not really known the things I was telling the boys that nightwhat I called Arcturus might well have been Capella—but I pretended that I knew for the sake of teaching them. Was that true, also, of John's mother? Had she some doubt about the wrens and the thrushes? Was it pleasure and not a sense of duty that sent her, grim-visaged though she was, into the woods with us? I believe now that it was, and because I am of the still young generation that is being scolded for many things, I have begun to look upon those who admonish with some suspicion. Do they know, absolutely and without question, those things which they assure us they know? Have they learned what is good and what is bad by trying the good and trying the bad, and would they then keep from us the test of experience? Or have they learned what they think they know by hearsay, and in their turn surrender to that impulse to teach? There are, of course, many older ones among us who are wise and well-beloved, who stand ready with whimsical good cheer when we whimper a little because life is hard—they cherish remarkably the memory of their childhood, or have a God-given power to understand youth. But there are others who would be at us in season and out of season, using the newspapers and the magazine pages for preachments and rebukings; there are those who seize with gloating the opportunity offered by the presence of one of us for a tirade against the degeneracy of the young. Let them beware if they would hold our affection, for there are many things that we desire to find out for ourselves. We can dodge them and learn, in as large a radius as our strength is equal to, the fields and woods about the dwelling-places of the spirit.



This, then, is the leopard rolling about playfully in his cage.

BARYE'S SKETCH-BOOK

By T. H. E. Bements
Of the Maryland Institute, Baltimore

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE ORIGINAL SKETCHES BY BARYE

RAPPED carelessly in wrinkled manila paper, tucked behind a pile of discarded portfolios, far back on a shelf in the archives of the Maryland Institute, a little red sketch-book lay forgotten for many years. It came to light almost by accident, as precious objects are wont to do, in the search for something else. It was a very modest little note-book, frayed as to edges, well worn and faded as to cover, as though it might have been in service over a period of years. It seemed for the moment to be but a disreputable little affair, fit only for the trash heap, and it might easily have been so consigned had not by the merest chance the cover fallen open, disclosing an astonishingly fine drawing of a panther. This gave us pause, and

curiosity, turning to quickened interest, drove us to the perusal of page after page. BARYE!

Not all the wonderful bronzes in the Barye Room up-stairs could give us quite the thrill of this living document of the joy and toil of a genius. The joy and toil of that young Barye when only the Circus and the Zoo offered him his opportunity for study. Reverently we carried the little book to the light, and again and again pored over its precious pages. As we looked, the walls of our Institute faded and we were sitting on a bench in the Jardin des Plantes studying the animals first-hand with that greatest of all animal draftsmen, Antoine Louis Barye. We were waiting with him for each new posture, eagerly speeding with

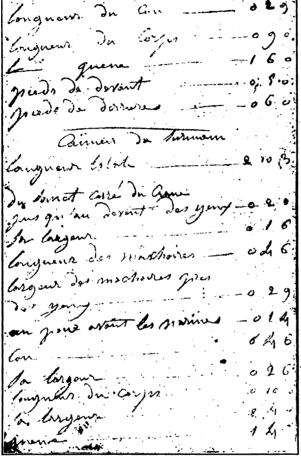
him on the lines before the movement succeeding years, he again failed, and in changed, drawing again and again with that 1823 was forced back to the bench for his fresh spontaneity that suggested rather than daily bread. This time to Fauconnier, the finished, until the inspiration faded, or, what jeweller and goldsmith, where he spent eight is more likely, the time was up and he must years. It was during this period that he make his way back to the jeweller's bench worked hardest on his studies in natural history, whither his bent was

very definitely taking him.

The Iardin des Plantes was his first studio, and it must be remembered that it was not merely a menagerie and herbarium, but contained museums illustrating all the different departments of natural history, with library, laboratories, and lecture-rooms; that beside the Garden, where the living animals could be observed, and the Museum of Zoology, where the stuffed ones could be carefully studied, there was the Museum of Comparative Anatomy, founded by Georges Cuvier, where the skeletons as connected wholes or the bones separately could be noted. It is not to be wondered at that here, within walking distance of his shop, Barye, with his scientific mind, could lay the foundation in observation and research which resulted in his masterpieces of animal portraiture in bronze. And now after all these years this dusty little sketch-book in our verv hands bore silent witness to some of the hours of study he then gave.

On two of the worn and thumb-marked pages are five drawings of a panther feeding. evidently drawn at top speed

while the great beast pulled and tore at his bone. The shapes are scarcely definable, almost without edges, drawn as if by magic, one line doing for two or three. As intangible little drawings as it is possible to get, yet in them the entire action of the terrible process of feeding. In one the great beast is sitting on his haunches, with his huge front paws extended over his food, while he tears at his meat with an upward motion that brings in play all the powerful neck and



He devoted pages to the minutest measurements.

where he toiled through most of his young life.

In 1819, at the age of twenty-three, Barye, having entered the Beaux Arts, applied for permission to compete for the prize awarded by the Institute for medals. The winning of this prize would have gained him Rome and freedom from the workshop to which he had long been apprenticed. He won only honorable mention, however, and though he tried again in each of the three



We like to think that one grew into the study for the hippogriff.

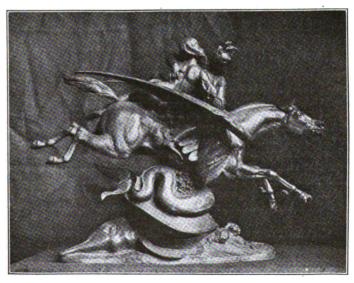
shoulder muscles. In another his forepaws are low, his jaws are getting a new purchase, while his hind-quarters carry that suggestion of lust with which it is said that all cats feed, they being almost the only animals that kill for the mere joy of killing and not alone for the purpose of life. In still another the whole great length of him is stretched flat, while his tail, hurriedly sketched in two different positions, was very evidently waving satisfaction at his

meal. A cinema of the whole!

Then there is the leopard stalking, and the lioness-or is it a panther?—front view, more carefully drawn than the rest. finished in ink, no doubt at home, as was another sketch of probably the same beast rolling about playfully in his cage, much as any housecat in an ecstasy of delight might roll about in catnip. Barye is perhaps more often seen and remembered by his animals in their ferocious moods, but

he could depict them in their play most delightfully, with a humor and sympathetic understanding very appealing. For instance, there is the chubby, happy little "Bear in His Trough," said to have been done for the Princess Marie. There is again the water-color of "Tiger Rolling on His Back," also the "Stag Playing with a Stone." Then his cats couchant were majestic as well as peaceful, relaxed and purring.

Every page of this tiny book bears mute testimony of his close observation of the moods and postures of the great cats that fascinated him. We were reminded of the delicious story of Delacroix, making a rapid sketch before one of Barye's water-colors and finally exclaiming: "I shall never be able to give the curl to a tiger's tail as that fellow can." How he must have watched them asleep or restlessly stalking, now rampant with hunger, now terribly feeding; how

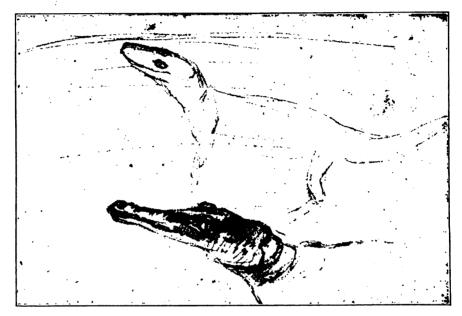


That animal of the imagination that carries away the ardent Roger and his Angelica.

the angry or amorous curl of the tail must have intrigued him, are here and there set down in hasty lines or more careful ink drawings—recorded hours of concentrated observation from which grew the product that belongs to an age beyond his own, and will belong even more to the centuries to come.

Beside the sketches of the cat tribe, of which there are many, including the lioness or panther, the tiger and the leopard, the book contains equally interesting drawings

and after dissection. He was often at the Jardin at five in the morning, and Père Rousseau, who opened the gates for him, would often augment his déjeuner of hard crusts with some tender bread saved from the animals' rations; for Barye was poor in those days, poor beyond belief. Yet slowly but surely was reward coming, for do not these sketches of the tiger and again those of the crocodile lead but naturally, if slowly, to the production of "Tiger Devouring Gavial [crocodile] of Ganges," that



The book centains interesting drawings of the alligator and the crocodile.

of the alligator and the crocodile. He devotes two pages to the minutest measurements of the crocodile, made, no doubt, on the dead carcass of one that had died in captivity, and which he had been dissecting. He was known to have thus procured much of his intimate knowledge of the play of muscle upon muscle, and their relation to the bony structure, and here we had before us that accurate knowledge carefully recorded.

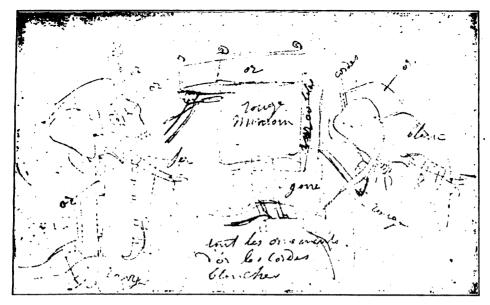
Charles Sprague Smith, in "Barbizon Days," tells us that whenever an animal died in captivity Barye was at once notified by a messenger from the Garden, and that, dropping everything in hand, he would at once hasten hither. He measured, drew, and sometimes modelled the animals before

marvellous portrayal of brute combat that marked the first important turning-point of his life?

With this patient and laborious application, this intentness and constancy, small wonder that when, somewhat later, Barye gave an important exhibit of bronzes comprising animals singly and in groups, Alfred de Musset was moved to exclaim: "Is his atelier the desert of Africa and the forest of Hindostan?"

The sketches of the elephant were less carefully made, but their trappings of Indian gorgeousness are carefully diagrammed as to measurements and color, which were evidently procured from the books on India whose titles he has written down. Some of the information thus gained was, no doubt,





The sketches of the elephant were less carefully made, but their trappings of Indian gorgeousness are carefully diagrammed.

hunts in India, which are notable for their the different breeds. We like to think that minute attention to the faithful reproduc- one grew into the study for the hippotion of trappings and accoutrements.

earnest Barye was the horse-market, and gelica, and a close study of the powerful several pages attest to the swift recording head in the sketch will show beyond doubt

put to use in his various groups of tiger of lines full of suggestion of the character of griff, that animal of the imagination that Another source of information to the carries away the ardent Roger and his An-



Every page of this tiny book bears mute testimony of his close observation.

the beginning for that fine outstretched head in the group bearing eagerly its riders on the crest of the waves. Another small study in the same book was likely as not the beginnings for Angelica on the flying steed.

At any rate, therein lies one of the fascinating qualities of this humble little book; one may go on and on in the alluring fields of conjecture. At what date were the drawings made? Were they done deliberately, with a certain objective in sight, or were they made with no special idea of immediate use, and found long after to hold the very idea for a well-conceived group? Did they extend over a period of years, or was the book filled consecutively representing a more or less continuous study?

We are rather inclined to think the work covered a number of years, divided, perhaps, into four periods, each in itself more or less consecutive. For instance, there is the cat group, the crocodile and the elephant groups, the horse group, and the three or 1840, and one may find interesting basis for four figures. As they are arranged in a more or less disconnected fashion, one run- ished between those dates. ning from the front toward the centre, another from the back toward the centre, still another on opposite pages from the first but going in contrary direction, and so has ever come to our hand. The walls and on, it seems to show that the book was used the shelves of the Maryland Institute are at different dates, perhaps many years apart. rare in gifts from Mr. George Lucas, who

drawings of the horses there is a greater great animal sculptor, Antoine Barve,

surety of touch, with scarcely a repeat on a single line, very clear, very strong, and very simple, leading us to the conclusion that they were made at a later day, since an obvious change in technic is apparent.

Herein lies one of its chief charms—one that is invariably a mooted question in undated works. Try as we would, we could not fix it with any degree of accuracy within a limited boundary. If the drawings of the tigers and the crocodile were preparing for the "Tiger Devouring Gavial [crocodile] of Ganges," they would be prior to 1831, at which time we know he frequented the Jardin des Plantes in pursuit of his models. If the horse's head slowly developed into the hippogriff of Roger and Angelica, it must have been done before 1840, the date of the completed work. And so we go, ever arguing, never deciding. Place the date as somewhere between 1823, when he was compelled to return to the work-bench, and the suggestions of some of his bronzes fin-

And does it very much matter, after all? The chief charm is the book itself, than which no more intimately revealing treasure Take, for example, the drawings of the spent so many years in Paris, not only sengreat cats feeding. These were, no doubt, sitively collecting objects of beauty and done at top speed during the very action of worth but in forming exceptionally intifeeding, drawn with a delicate touch, as mate friendships with the great artists of though not altogether sure of where the line his day. Yet I doubt if there be anything should go but wishing to record the motion more replete with inspiration in the collecbefore the posture changed; while in the tion than this humble little note-book of the



The humble little note-book.



THE COURSE OF READJUSTMENT BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

\\/ HETHER the arrival of midsummer when the continued curtailment of probrought to the individual watcher of the financial situation a feeling of despondency or a feeling of reassurance, depended on what aspect of that situation mand. The difficulty of see-

In the Middle of the Year

he selected as the basis for his judgment. If the money market, the condition of the machinery of credit, was to be

the criterion, then it was plain to every one that the governor of the Federal Reserve had reason for his public statement tailed purchasing power of the commuthat "we have passed the most trying period of the world-wide readjustment of trade and prices and are on the road to recovery." The two successive reductions in their official discount rates by the Bank of England and the Federal Reserve, with the simultaneous fall in home and foreign open-market money rates, were visible evidence in this regard.

But if the actual state of business were to be considered by itself, then the feeling was bound to be one of disappointment. The recovery of spring trade, on which the hopes of merchants had been based, had materialized only to the extent of a slight and temporary increase of buying; it was followed by relapse into greater inactivity than before. During May the downward movement of prices almost stopped; in June it was gradually resumed, and with it the hesitation of the consuming public returned. No one could see clearly ahead. The stock market at times reflected by its movement a sentiment of profound depression; although, curiously enough, there was evidence of the contrary feeling in the exceedingly sharp recovery of prices after each decline. There had been few such upward reactions during 1920.

IOOKING beyond the immediate fu-

duction should have rectified last year's

disproportion of actual supply of goods to legitimate deing when that readjustment

Ouestion of Trade Recovery

would be complete lay in the fact that the very process of restricting production served of itself to reduce consumption, through the great number of workingmen thrown out of employment and the curnity as a whole. The problem was by no means peculiar to this country. From Paris a correspondent in touch with the best financial opinion of the day described the situation as one in which production of goods still far exceeded consumption: this for the reason that the market for the producer's merchandise was greatly restricted, not only by the rise of prices since 1914, but by the decrease in population because of war losses, by the loss of the former trade with Russia and Central Europe, and by the heavy increase in taxation.

Yet these considerations equally existed when prices were rising and trade was furiously active during the first year after the armistice. The reversal in the business situation since that time by no means marked a change in the legitimate requirements of consuming Europe or in its willingness to buy, but a change in conditions of international credit. Whereas Europe bought from the United States in 1919 on the basis virtually of loans extended by the selling market, in 1021 such advances were withheld because of last year's overstraining of the machinery of credit. Trade had to be continued now on the basis of the tangible resources of impoverished foreign communities. That meant extensive re-- ture, the belief continued to prevail duction in their power to buy, but it also that business activity would return only meant that restoration of Europe's pur-

Digitized by Google

chasing power will come with the rehabilitation of Europe's own productive energies. It is as true to-day as it was in November of 1918, that intensive production the world over is the key to the ultimate solution of the troubles left by the war. History tells us of the immense expansion of international trade, which has occurred in the longer sequel to every exhausting war. But it also records exactly such a period—often wearily prolonged—of reaction, readjustment, and slow recuperation before the new era had begun.

THE irregularly continuing fall of staple prices, the decrease of trade activity—partly an incident of the normally dull summer season, and partly a result of uncertainty as to the future course of prices—have been Aspects of accompanied this past month, the Gold as in the four or five preceding months, by steady and uninterrupted flow of gold in huge quantity from foreign markets to the United

Those receipts have averaged fifteen to twenty millions per week, and there has been no pause in the movement.

Nothing quite like this, in magnitude at any rate, has ever been witnessed in the world's financial history; for, although the foreign gold sent to this country during the six months before the United States entered the European War exceeded in amount the \$350,000,000 which has arrived since the beginning of 1921, the imports of 1916 and 1917 came almost exclusively from England and from Canada for the account of England, whereas the gold arrivals of 1921 have come from fifty separate foreign countries. More than \$1,000,000 was received, in the five months ending with May, from each of such different markets as England, France, Sweden, Canada, Mexico, Colombia, British India, Holland, Uruguay, China, Australia, Dutch East Indies and Dutch West Indies, Panama, Norway, and Japan. From France in that period we received \$65,000,000, from Sweden (probably representing Russian gold) \$37,000,000, from Hongkong \$6,000,000, from Australia and New Zealand \$7,300,-000, from England \$83,000,000.

IF we ransack past history we might find the nearest parallel instance to be the flow of the precious metals to the Florentine market of the fifteenth century, when Florence was the banker of the mediæval world; and possi-

bly Assyria, when it was collecting tribute from the rest

To-day and Past History

of the ancient world, would have presented a fairly parallel case. England was the objective point of the gold-shippers after the discoveries of the fifties in California and Australia, and France after the great increase of South African and American gold production between 1806 and 1006. in the two last-named movements of the nineteenth century, although the gold went then, as it is going now, to a "creditor market," it was sent in its unusual quantity wholly because of the greatly increased new production. It was also speedily redistributed in the course of foreign trade to other markets. But the huge gold importations of the United States this year are not being redistributed at all, and they do not represent an increasing world production. Our \$310,-000,000 gold imports between January 1 and May 31 were offset by only \$6,000,000 gold exports, and it was estimated a few weeks ago that the stock of gold in the United States now amounts to nearly 40 per cent of the whole world's monetary stock of gold, as against less than 25 per cent in 1014.

Furthermore, production has been decreasing rapidly during recent years in every gold field of the world. The world's gold output, which in 1915 reached its highest recorded total of \$468,000,000, fell to \$380,000,000 even in the last year of the war, the smallest since 1905, and the decrease has continued. In 1920 the United States produced only \$49,509,000 gold, as against its high level of \$99,673,000 in 1909, last year's production being the smallest since 1895. output of the Transvaal mines in 1920 was less by one million ounces, or about \$22,000,000, than in 1916; the reduction had been continuous. Australia, which in 1903 produced £18,340,000 value worth of gold, the high record of its history, yielded only £4,808,000 in 1920, which was actually the smallest output of

(Continued on page 37, following)

Kidder, Peabody & Company

FOUNDED 1865

BOSTON 115 DEVONSHIRE STREET 216 BERKELEY STREET NEW YORK
18 BROAD STREET
45 EAST 42ND STREET

UNITED STATES LIBERTY BONDS

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

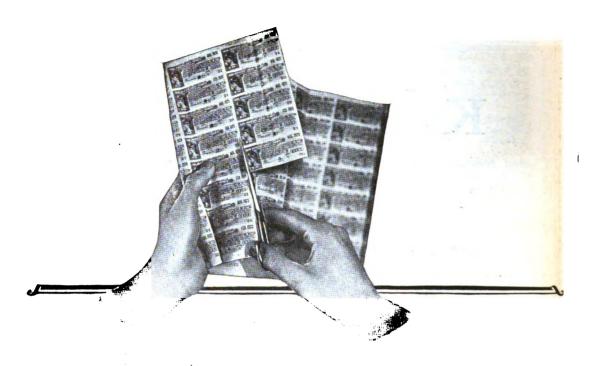
FOREIGN EXCHANGE

LETTERS OF CREDIT

CORRESPONDENTS OF

BARING BROTHERS & COMPANY, Ltd.

LONDON, ENGLAND



That GRATIFYING Moment

THRIFT and the rewards of thrift find expression in the act of cutting the coupons from your carefully chosen bonds.

At present prices the liberal yield from high-grade bonds appeals to the foresight of men who habitually think ahead.

On our Current Purchase Sheet you will find a wide range of securities—investigated with pains-taking care—from which you may make desirable selections. Sent on request for V.S. 166.



The National City Company National City Bank Building, New York

Offices in more than 50 cities

BONDS · SHORT TERM NOTES · ACCEPTANCES



This Book answers these questions authoritatively

What is a Bond?"	5
"Who Buy Bonds?"	5
"How Much Will a Bond Cost Me?"	5
"How Is Bond Interest Collected?"	7
"How and to What Extent Can a Bondholder Borson Money, Using His Bonds as Security?"	7
"Is It Necessary to Hold Bonds until Maturity in Order to Realise the Cash Invested in Thom?"	
"How Are Bond Yields Figured?"	
"Is It Advisable to Register Bonds?"	10
"How Can I Purchase Bonds, Paying for Them in Partial Payments?"	10
"In There Any Advantage in Buying Bonds Which Are Listed on the Exchanges?"	Ð
"If All Your Bonds Are Safe, Why Do Some Yield 4% and Others 6%"	19
"How Are Shipments and Out-of-Town Deliveries Handled?"	13
"What Advantages Have Beads as Compared to-	
L. Brocke?	18
2. Mortgages?	14
3. Back Deposits?"	14
*What Bonds Are Best Builted to the Investment of-	
8. Trust Punds?	15
2. Business Reserves?	15
3. Individual Pundo?	15
"From Whom Shall I Buy My Bonds?"	16
Send Turns Defined	7-81
Index	23

-- Hail This Coupon to Our Nearest Office

HALSEY, STUART & CO.

Without obligation, please send me booklet SM-6, described above, also list and details of bond offerings of types checked as follows:

☐ Government☐ Municipal

□ Railroad
□ Industrial

☐ Power and Light

Name _____

Ot.

HALSEY, STUART & CO.

NEW YORK
49 Wall St. 20
PHILADELPHIA
Land Title Bldg.

CHICAGO 2098. La Salle St. A DETROIT Ford Bidg. BOSTON 10 Post Office Sq. ST. LOUIS Security Bldg.

MILWAUKEE First Wis. Nos. Bk. Bldg. MINNEAPOLIS Metropolitan Bk. Bldg its mines since the first year or two after the old discoveries of the fifties.

For all this the well-known cause was the increasing cost of production (which affected gold mining like other industries) and the fact that the price of gold in national currencies is fixed at the pre-war level, excepting only for the opportunity given by England to the Transvaal miners to sell to the highest foreign bidder on the London market. In short, the heaping-up of gold in American bank reserves, which had made the total increase since August of 1914 \$1,400,000,000, or more than 60 per cent, occurred in the face of the smallest annual additions from new production of any period since the Transvaal mines were blocked by the Boer War nearly twenty years ago.

THIS extraordinary phenomenon in our own gold market has occasioned much discussion as to its probable economic effects. The United States comptroller of the currency, in a recent speech to a bankers' convention,

summed up a very general view by saying that these huge gold imports "threaten us with gold infla-

Theory of " Gold Inflation "

tion"; that "we have reversed the crime of '73 by making ourselves well-nigh the monopolists of the world's gold." But that assertion called forth puzzled comment. "Gold inflation" could come into evidence in only one way—through a general rapid and continuous rise in prices of commodities, and that is precisely what has not been happening while our own huge accumulations of gold have been piling up, and it is precisely what Wall Street deemed impossible in its midsummer discussion of the markets.

If the natural course of "gold inflation" is to be traced a little farther, it will be found that the rise in prices which measures inflation is occasioned through the placing of the new gold in bank reserves, followed by the great increase in bank loans and paper currency which will thereby be made possible. But in the middle of 1021, although all the imported gold had been lodged in the Federal Reserve Banks, the weekly bank statements showed that Federal Reserve note circulation, the paper currency of the United States, had actually decreased from the maximum of last December \$765,000,000, or $22\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, a wholly unprecedented contraction for a national currency in a six months' period. The statements also showed that the loan-and-investment account of the New York Associated Banks had actually been reduced since last October by the

(Financial Situation, continued on page 39)



Specializing in Safety



OR 39 years S. W. Straus & Co. have been specialists in a type of investment strictly non-speculative, non-fluctuating and safe. The success of

this specialized service is attested by our record
—39 years without loss to any investor.

The first mortgage bonds in which we deal are safe investments—securities which free their holders from worry, care, and attention. Their soundness is due chiefly to the *Straus Plan*, a modern and scientific system of investment safeguards.

Our new booklet, "Common Sense in Investing Money", tells all about these safe investments. Write today and specify

BOOKLET H-1110

S.W. STRAUS & CO.

NEW YORK - Straus Building

CHICAGO - Straus Building

OFFICES IN FIFTEEN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Thirty-nine years without loss to any investor

Copyright, 1921, by S. W. Strans & Co.

Investments Good Enough for the Strong Box

are strong favorites with institutional investors and others of wide experience and sound judgment, who are providing for the future as well as the present safety of their funds. The *intrinsic* value of high-grade municipals is practically non-fluctuating. Your first choice of investments for your strong box should be high-grade municipals.

Municipal bonds which you place in your strong box today, their tax exemption considered, will grant you a yield comparing more than favorably with the yield of taxable and less secure investments. Long-term municipals selected from current offerings will insure you of a high investment income for many years, with strong possibility of enhancement of principal.

Write for current municipal offerings, yielding from 43/4% to 7%. We solicit your correspondence or a personal interview and the opportunity to serve you



New York

Toledo

Cincinnati

Detroit

Chicago

(Financial Situation, continued from page 37)

prodigious sum of \$1,000,000,000, and at the same time the commercial "index numbers" registered a continuous decline in average commodity prices, amounting to 20 per cent since the beginning of this year, and to more than 50 per cent from the high point of 1921. What, then, was to be argued from so anomalous a result?

PROBABLY that the fall of prices and reaction of trade is a world-wide phenomenon, not at all peculiar to the United States, and that the very process which is heaping up gold reserves in this country is drawing on the

Where the Gold Comes from national reserves or the credit facilities of other countries. Gold holdings of the European nations which fought the war are, it is true no longer an active basis for their banking

which fought the war are, it is true, no longer an active basis for their banking machinery; in countries which have lapsed to a depreciated paper standard, gold has in large measure reverted to the status of a commodity. The gold which has been coming to us this year, where it has not been obtained from new production (as in the case of the Transvaal gold shipped to London and bought for New York at a premium measured by the premium of American currency in terms of British

paper) was mostly drawn from hoards of gold held by the various governments outside of bank reserves.

Notwithstanding the fact that France has shipped nearly \$70,000,000 gold to the United States since December, and has not been a large importer, the Bank of France actually reported a larger gold reserve on July 1 than it held on January 1, and as for the Russian Soviet's shipments through Continental Europe, gold is to those political philosophers a joke. So long as their printing-press holds out, they can provide their trustful citizens with currency suited to their own peculiar theories and are undoubtedly laughing now at the simplicity of the Dutch and Scandinavian merchants who exchanged clothing or hardware for the treasure which Count Witte bought with Russian bonds when re-establishing the imperial government's gold standard. Nevertheless, the gold which the rest of the world has surrendered to America was at least a potential basis of currency and credit for the nations which gave it up.

What is of more importance is that the mere fact of an accumulation of gold can never of itself start up activity in a country's industry, unless other influences are at work. If it could,

(Financial Situation, continued on page 41)

The Basis of Better Times

THE aggressive spirit of this country aspires to something better than the world has known. Merely to revert to pre-war times will not satisfy the United States. It seeks a deeper philosophy of human relations, a sounder basis of business, an efficiency in government expressed by results, an ever advancing standard of living.

The great problem in the achievement of these ends is a higher sense of responsibility on the part of those engaged in business and production. The world's progress must always depend upon the individual.

The problems of labor are reducible to the relation of one man to one job. If every man were true to his job and every job a square deal, labor problems would be reduced to a minimum.

The function of employers is to direct labor, achieving success in proportion to the return which labor enjoys. Labor which willingly follows and trusts an able general is always loyal and productive.

Capital exists because it is an essential tool of commerce and industry. A dollar must perform an honest day's work for an honest day's pay.



These are simple truths. There is nothing Utopian in business standards that call for hard work and square dealing. The National Bank of Commerce in New York is confident that through the individual acceptance and observance of these standards will come the realization of better times.

National Bank of Commerce in New York

Capital. Surplus and Undivided Profits Over Fifty-five Million Dollars



Your Guide to Safe Investment

Broad experience of over two-thirds of a century safeguards every Greenebaum Bond. They are nationally recognized as being of the very highest standard among First Mortgage Real Estate Investments.

Greenebaum Safeguarded Bonds are protected by all the practical knowledge acquired through 66 years of service to careful investors. These securities provide an extremely safe and sound investment for your funds.

Thousands of prudent investors have for many years used the Greenebaum Investors' Guide to gain 100% investment safety. You, too, can receive the benefits of maximum security for your savings. Invest in Greenebaum Bonds—recommended by the Oldest Banking House in Chicago.

Ask for July Investors' Guide No. 108
For Convenience, Use Coupon Below

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company

66 Years' Proven Safety Correspondents in Many Cities

Stockholders of Greenebaum Sons Investment Company are identical with stockholders of Greenebaum Sons Bank and Trust Company

Oldest Banking House in Chicago

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company S. E. Cor. La Salle and Madison Sts., Chicago
Send a copy of the Greenebaum INVESTORS' GUIDE to
NAME
STREET
CITY
STATE108

then the very familiar phenomenon of the heaping up of idle cash reserves in city banks at a time of trade reaction would itself put an end to the reaction. But the actual meaning of that phenomenon is that the idle reserve accumulations are effect, not cause, representing both the release of currency from the whole world's trade and payment in cash, by the borrowing to the lending markets, of indebtedness which the creditor markets are now calling in. Whether it also means that, with the instinct of preparation for an uncertain future which often shapes economic history, the United States is accumulating the gold of the world as a basis for its future extension of credit in the world's financial reconstruction. we shall know before very many years.

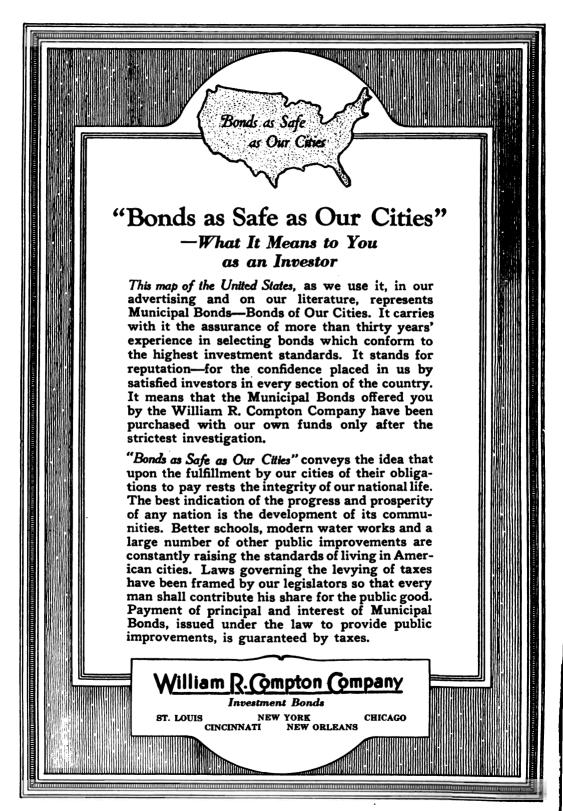
WHILE the American financial markets were thus perplexed by occurrences peculiar to their own affairs, the payment by Germany of the instalments on the reparations indemnity continued. It cannot be said that either the making of the prelimi-

nary payments, or the prospect of those which were to follow, exercised a dominant influence on the Progress of the German Payments

financial situation. Whether this immunity will continue in the present case until all the instalments have been paid, it would perhaps be rash to predict. During the next thirty-seven years Germany must pay in all to the Reparations Commission 132,000,-000,000 gold marks, equivalent in American values to \$31,416,000,000. This principal sum is to be delivered in Treasury bonds "secured on the whole assets of the German Empire and the German States," and the first of such deliveries, embodied in bonds for 12,000,000,000 gold marks, bearing 5 per cent annual interest plus 1 per cent sinking fund, was placed in the Commission's hands on July 1. On November 1 another series of similar bonds for 38,000,-000,000 marks must be handed over, along with bonds for the 82,000,000,000 balance; that instalment, however, to be actually issued when and as the Reparations Commission considers Germany able to meet the charges regularly.

What will be done with these negotiable bonds—whether they will remain in the hands of the Allied Treasuries, or will be offered by the Allied governments as investment issues on foreign markets, or will be used as collateral security for loans of their own, floated by the Allied governments—is an undetermined question, whose decision will depend on the circumstances of the period. But that Germany

(Financial Situation, continued on page 43)





An Industry of Rising Earnings

Many light and power companies are showing steadily increasing earnings, due to lower operating costs. The bonds of some of these companies are available at prices that give high yields. Let us submit to you the facts upon which we base our recommendation of these securities.

Guaranty Company of New York

140 Broadway

A Country-Wide Investment Service Offices in Principal Cities

must pay each year hereafter until the bonds are redeemed, at least 2,000,000,000 gold marks, or \$476,000,000, plus 26 per cent of the value of her annual exports, is distinctly provided in the terms of reparation. Precisely how these immense continuing payments will affect the future money markets, investment markets, and foreign-exchange markets, it is as yet impossible to sav. But the smoothness with which the preliminary payment of 1,000,-000,000 marks or \$238,000,000 has been made in gold, approved foreign bills, or drafts at three months on the German Treasury, indorsed by approved German banks in London, Paris, New York, or other places designated, is beginning to convince the markets that in modern finance, impossibilities become entirely practicable when they have to be achieved.

ERMANY on the present occasion had pretty much parted with her foreign investments before and during the four years' European War. Her government did not control the coupons or principal of any such mass

of foreign bonds. Yet each successive cash instalment on the preliminary \$238,000,000 payment, which began on May 31, has been Balances duly delivered in the form of ex-

Germany's **Mysterious** Foreign

change drafts on England, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Spain, Holland, Italy, Scandinavia, and other outside markets. Not a hundred marks in gold coin have been exported. How did Germany-with her international trade cut off during four years by the war, with her outside trade since the armistice producing a heavy surplus of imports over exports, and with no fresh German government loans floated on foreign markets—obtain such outside credits? The answer is a striking commentary on the manner in which expedients for establishing foreign balances may be found through the machinery of international finance.

To begin with, Germany, while selling no new government securities abroad, had plenty of old securities of her own to sell. If it were to be supposed that foreign markets would hesitate to buy those securities with Germany's finances and currency in their present shape, the somewhat paradoxical answer must be made that Germany's disordered finances have themselves indirectly contributed to make a market for such securities. The German mark is normally worth 237/8 cents in American money, and a German municipal

(Financial Situation, continued on page 45)

Come to New England this Summer

EW ENGLAND extends an unusual invitation to the vacationist this year. The principal Tercentenary celebrations, during July and August, will be of international interest and significance.

Opportunity is offered by New England for every form of wholesome recreation. Plan to spend at least a part of your vacation visiting some of the scenes of early American history—Plymouth, Provincetown, Boston, Concord, Cambridge, Salem and Portsmouth, to mention only a few.

The Old Colony Trust Company can be of much practical assistance to those who decide to visit New England. You are cordially invited to make our office your temporary business head-quarters and address. And during your stay, whether it be short or extended, we shall be glad to have you take full advantage of our banking, investment and trust services.

The facilities of our Commercial Banking Department, in particular, are exceptionally complete, and assure the efficient handling of all matters of a general banking nature. A temporary checking account will afford you much convenience. Our three offices, two of which are in the heart of the Boston shopping district, may be used interchangeably by our depositors. Interest is paid on all daily balances and certificates of deposit in excess of \$500.

Our numerous correspondents, including those in the important cities of New England, expedite collections in this Federal Reserve District.

> Our modern trust company service is described in detail in our booklet "Your Financial Requirements." You will also find much of interest in our historical brochure entitled "New England—Old and New." May we send you either or both of them? Address Dept. S

OLD COLONY TRUST COMPANY BOSTON



Member Federal Reserve System

Of Interest to Travelers

The following letter received by Knauth, Nachod & Kuhne from the cashier of a National Bank in Iowa, contains a message for you:

> "KNAUTH, NACHOD & KUHNE, 120 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

- that his stolen taining the Travelers Checks was found on the street and turned into the Post Office and reached him through the mail. The thieves took all the cash out of his pocketbook and threw the rest away. Please release our stop payment order."

THE WISE TRAVELER carries his or her surplus funds in K. N. & K. Travelers Checks, whether on short trips or an all-summer tour.

Buy K. N. & K. Travelers Checks at your local Bank. banker about them or write us for information.



"Their use a sign of distinction"

Knauth, Nachod & Kuhne

Equitable Building - New York

(Financial Situation, continued from page 43)

bond for 1,000 marks would therefore normally be worth \$238. But the state of the German currency has reduced the exchange value of the mark to 11/2 cents; so that to-day an American investor or speculator can buy this thousandmark bond for \$15 at New York. It is true, interest paid on the thousand marks would be subject to similar depreciation if converted into American currency; but the very low selling price for the bond itself unquestionably touched the financial imagination, and bankers in London and New York have for many months been reporting a steady inquiry for all such German securities from their English and American clients. Every such purchase naturally added to the credit balance on Germany's account in the market where the bonds were sold.

DUT if the depreciation of the mark in foreign exchange has thus indirectly stimulated foreign purchases of these German se-

Selling German Marks Abroad

sold on Wall Street, passing physically from

curities, the same depreciation has had an even more extraordinary effect on transactions in the paper marks themselves. That his German paper money was bought and hand to hand, has long been observed. Such dealings were certainly not surprising when a market also exists in Wall Street for "pre-revolution" Russian paper rubles and when quotations of something like one-fifth of a cent per ruble, the nominal value of which is 513/8 cents, are published daily in the news-The purchaser of the Russian or German paper money is manifestly speculating on its future recovery from the existing extreme depreciation.

But until this question of the German balances was investigated, few people had imagined to what extent the foreign purchases had gone. A recent official inquiry into the matter at Berlin resulted in the almost incredible estimate that, of the 72,000,000,000 marks of German paper currency now outstanding, possibly 20,000,000,000 were actually held in foreign countries. Among the countries to which such holdings of German paper money were traced there were enumerated not only the United States, England, France, and other countries of Continental Europe, but Japan, India, Australia. Now, if the mark were worth its par value in exchange, 20,000,000,000 marks would equal \$4,760,000,000. Since, however, the mark now commands only 11/2 cents in New York exchange, the present apparent

Digitized by Google

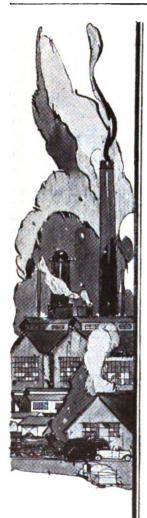
American value of 20,000,000,000 would be only \$300,000,000. Yet that is a substantial sum, and, furthermore, it must be remarked that during 1919, the mark sold on the New York exchange market between 5 and 8 cents and that even in 1920, it was quoted as high as 2 and 3, and that very large purchases of the actual German currency were being made at those relatively higher prices.

ALL this shows how Germany has created foreign balances since the war. Strange as was the machinery invoked, the credits were

duly built up by it in foreign countries. The facts which I have stated do not yet make plain how the German Government obtained for itself the control of Germany's Preparathese foreign credits—a control tions to Pay which it was obviously exercising when it handed over to the Reparations Commission its own drafts on New York, London, and Continental Europe. For this the explanation is, if possible, even more remarkable.

Long before the reparation payments fell due—in fact, during the very time when Ger-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 47)



THERE'S Good IN SAFE INVESTMENT

INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Sound Industrial Bonds are more than a medium of safe investment—they are channels for guiding capital where it is most needed in industry. The money you pay for such bonds enables capable and efficient business organizations to extend their operations, to produce more goods and to create more business and greater activity.

You make doubly sure that your money is usefully employed—with maximum safety and profit to yourself—by selecting your bonds in co-operation with a reputable investment house.

If you are looking for a safe investment that measures up to present opportunities you will find it fully described in "Investment Opportunities of Today" Let us send you a copy.

BLYTH, WITTER & CO.

NEW YORK

BAN FRANCISCO
Merchants Exchange

LOS ANGELES Trust & Servings Bldg. PORTLAND, ORB. Yeon Bldg. SEATTLE S12 Second Ave.

Twenty-five Thousand Home Stockholders

THE strength and standing of the operating units of Standard Gas & Electric Company are evidenced in the fact that 25,000 home citizens own 17½ million of dividend-paying stock in the properties serving them with electricity and gas. We originated the term Customer Ownership and were pioneers in developing this evolution in public utilities.

Byllesby securities are based on modern, efficient properties, supplying indispensable services—and the confidence and good will of the public in more than 500 cities and towns.

Ask for Securities List S

H.M.Bytlesby & Co.

CHICAGO NEW YORK
208 S. LaSalle St. 111 Broadway
Boston – Providence – New Haven – Detroit
Minneapolis – Madison, Wis. – Oklahoma City

1) YEARS INVESTMENT EXPERIENCE SAFEGUARDS

Safety and 8% for Your Savings

It is just as simple to buy one of our 8% First Mortgage Real Estate Serial Gold Bonds as to make a household purchase.

We sell millions of dollars worth of bonds each year to banks, insurance companies and other investors large and small.

Take advantage of our Partial Payment Plan and make your savings earn the highest interest rate.

Full particulars are given in our illustrated literature.

Ask for booklet Q-58

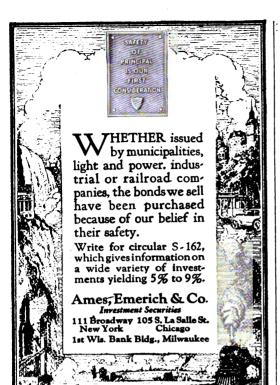
AMERICAN BOND & MORTGAGE COMPANY

American Bond & Mortgage Bldg. 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. 562 Fifth Ave., New York City

Columbus, Ohio Davenport, Iowa Rockford, Illinois Grand Rapids, Michigan many was protesting her inability to meet the Allies' terms—her government was calmly and methodically preparing for the foreign payments which it knew would be inevitable. Almost immediately after the signing of the Peace Treaty, and especially after the closing of the "hole in the wall" through which, on the Western German front, exports and imports of merchandise slipped past without government supervision, the present contingency was being scientifically prepared for. No export either of goods or securities or currency was permitted except under official license, and that license stipulated, first, that the sales must be paid for by the purchaser in drafts on foreign banks; and, second, that such foreignexchange bills should be delivered to the German Government, which in its turn would deliver to the German exporter either actual German marks or a mark credit at a German bank, in a sum fixed by the ruling rate of exchange with the country in which the sale had been made. Through this simple expedient the German Treasury became possessor of all the foreign credit balances arising from sale by its citizens since 1918 on outside markets, of merchandise, securities, or German paper marks.

I have said that the large payments already made have had little disturbing effect on the financial situation. Of one financial market, however, this has not been true. The mere process of transfer was bound to affect the rates of exchange, as international shifting of capital always does. It did so even in the Franco-German payment of the seventies. What had then been expected was that money rates throughout the world would rise when the large remittances were made. That did not happen, partly because the preliminary outflow of gold from France, which reduced the French bank's gold reserve from \$250,000,000 in 1870 to \$100,000,000 in 1871, swelled the reserve not only of the German Reichsbank but of the Bank of England. But rates of exchange on Germany had fallen, as described by a German financial reviewer of the day, "to as low a point as they have ever reached in panic times." French gold Napoleons sold in Frankfort at 3 per cent under their normal exchange value. This was not all. France had large credits in London, on which her government drew in behalf of Germany; but the sterling rate was thereby moved so sharply in favor of Berlin that in the middle of 1871, £2,500,ooo gold was withdrawn from the Bank of England for shipment to the German market, with resultant commotion on Lombard Street.

(Financial Situation, continued on page 48)



ORMAN

BARM MORTGAGE
INVESTMENTS

Your Funds-Our Funds

We believe in Farm Mortgages because we have dealt exclusively in them for 36 years. Our enthusiasm for them is growing all the time. All our funds are invested in them—and we know what we are doing.

Forman Farm Mortgage Investments never vary in yield or in safety. There is fixed and regular interest at every period. No dividends to be passed or reduced. Always the steady, *reliable* 7%.

You can buy these Investments by partial payments if you wish. Start any time, with as much or as little as you like. Ask for our booklet 5-2 which tells you how. It will show you how fortunes are built.

36 Years Without Loss To A Customer

George M. Forman

FARM MORTGAGE BANKERS (ESTABLISHED 1885) 105 W. Monroe St.......Chicago, Ill. (Financial Situation, continued from page 47)

ASIDE from the fact that the United States was the one country of the world in which the gold standard of payments had been unequivocally maintained, the decision to place the reparations payments on deposit at New

York was largely dictated by the fact of the large indebtedness of the Allied governments to our markets. In so far as provision had not

already been made for these maturing payments, it would be necessary to remit the amount to New York through bills of exchange on Europe. But if the reparation money were deposited in New York, then such payments might eventually be made through drawing on the New York Federal Reserve Bank, which

held the reparations money.

It remained, however, to transfer the reparations credit. Only at London was the foreignexchange market broad enough to finance so large an operation, and the German bills drawn on a dozen European countries were used to buy London credits, which were promptly turned into dollar credits through sale of equivalent amounts of sterling drafts in Wall Street. Under this heavy pressure the New York rate for sterling broke from \$4 per pound in May to \$3.60 in June. This sudden depreciation threw into confusion all ordinary trade arrangements. Apparently the good effects which the careful husbanding of European resources had brought about in the market for American exchange, were cancelled. the close of June, the inconveniences of this movement in exchange, which bade fair to continue at an even more rapid rate, were so far recognized that the Reparations Commission notified Germany that transfer to New York of the reparations money need no longer be imperative and that the Germans might thereafter use their discretion in depositing the reparations funds at Paris or London or Brussels, as well as at New York.

WHAT will be the next turn of events in international exchange, we shall therefore have to wait to see. Other exchange markets may be as violently disturbed as ours. On the other hand, if the forty or fifty million dollars already placed in New York for account of the Banks of France Results and England were to be used for anticipating the payments due by Europe in America, then it is possible that exchange on Europe at New York might recover, later on as rapidly as it fell in June; a movement which

would not be an illogical result of discovery
(Financial Situation, continued on page 49)

Who Buys Bonds?

If you think that only the more wealthy class is taking advantage of present investment opportunities, you will be surprised to know that on a single issue we recently sold bonds in amounts ranging from \$100 to \$50,000 to investors representing over forty different occupations.

A copy of this analysis of sales will proof intensely interesting. Ask for Circular "AS"

WELLS-DICKEY COMPANY

SURPLUS & CAPITAL \$ 1,300,000
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

38 YEARS WITHOUT LOSS TO AN INVESTOR

For two generations THE GEORGIA LOAN & TRUST CO. has been selling Farm Mortgages, secured by properties in Georgia, Alabama and Florida.

At the present time these Mortgages pay 8% interest.

No investor holds a mortgage bought from this Company that is not worth its face value and interest.

Follow the rule—SAFETY first, and buy Farm Mort-

THE TITLE GUARANTY & TRUST CO.
FIRST BRIDGEPORT NATIONAL BANK BLDG.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

gages offered by

MORTHERN OFFICE OF THE GEORGIA LOAN & TRUST CO. MACON, GEORGIA

Dependable Investment Bankers

The Financial Department of Scribner's Magazine exercises every precaution to limit its advertising columns to offerings of sound securities and to investment bankers and brokers with whom our readers may deal with confidence. We believe each financial institution advertising in Scribner's Magazine is worthy of the patronage of livestors.

that the usual foreign drafts for remittance were not coming on the market when the date for Europe's payments at New York arrived.

I have gone thus carefully into the details of this preliminary reparations payment because it will long remain a historic landmark in political economy, and because the study of the successive phases of the operation may teach us much regarding the working of financial forces in these days. What its ultimate effect on world finance will be, it is impossible to predict. In a general way, it has been believed by economists that the \$1,000,000,000 transfer of international capital from the hands of France to the hands of Germany in the three years after 1870 was a potent influence in the inflation of German markets which was one cause of the world-wide panic of 1873. Such a sequel—inflation of currency and credit in the nations to which the reparations funds are paid—does not seem equally probable as a result of the present operation: first, because the money is to be used in repairing ruined towns and shattered industries; second, because its ownership passes to countries which are under the pressure of a crushing foreign debt.

It is not without significance that, at the very moment of the preliminary reparations payments from Germany to France, the French government should have paid off a good part of its debt to the Bank of France and that the bank should thereupon have reduced its note circulation, the inflated paper currency of France, until the outstanding total at the end of June was less than at the end of last December or in June of 1020. Conceivably one result might be that the forces working toward inflation would this time operate chiefly in the United States, to which country the whole world's gold was already flowing, in which country the reparations money would make possible repayment of debt by the Allies, and with which country even the principal of the reparations fund was being lodged.

Yet the remarkable fact remains that, at the moment when all these movements were actively in progress, deflation rather than inflation was not only the order of the day in the United States, but was proceeding far more rapidly than in any other country. Whether and how long this movement can continue, if our market's rapid accumulation of gold reserves is to be followed by extensive repayment of European debt with the proceeds of the German indemnity, is one of the many

puzzles of the economic future.

This Is A Rich Man!

Whoever by dint of hard work and wise investments, builds up a reserve whose yield is enough to maintain him during retirement in the same station of life that marked his period of activity, may be accounted a rich man, for any man is rich who has enough to live on without working for it.

Lay the cornerstone of your ease in Guaranteed Prudence-Bonds.

Send for Booklet No. S. C. 150

Realty Associates Investment Corporation

31 Nassau St. New York 162 Remsen St. Brooklyn

7% WITH SAFETY

YOUR money will earn 7%—safely—when placed in INVESTORS BONDS. Write for literature and details of partial payment plan.

Ask for Booklets No. E-111

The INVESTORS COMPANY

MADISON & KEDZIE STATE BANK CHICAGO

Inter-Southern Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

Every Person with Dependents

Should secure and read a copy of "Safeguarding Your Family's Future," which may be obtained of a local Trust Company, or by addressing the

TRUST COMPANY DIVISION
American Bankers Association
Five Nassau Street NEW YORK



Business Law

By Thomas Conyngton of the New York Bar

In every business transaction the law gives you certain rights which you can advantageously claim. It also places upon you certain responsibilities with which you should be familiar for your own protection.

"Business Law" is a practical work which gives you an explicit non-technical explanation of the points of law you should know in transacting every-day business. Mr. Conyngton, the author, is a well-known lawyer and business man. In his books he gives you the same advice that you would receive from a conscientious lawyer who desires to keep you out of court rather than develop cases.

Complete Legal Advice on All Business Matters

"Business Law" clarifies every detail of the law as it affects modern business. It covers contracts, sales, agency, negotiable instruments, insurance, employment, partnerships, corporations, real and personal property, personal relations, bankruptcy, taxation, and many others. Numerous legal forms are given which can be adapted to your special needs. This is a new and thoroughly revised edition of the author's standard work. It is up-to-date and reliable, and adaptable for use anywhere in the United States. Two volumes, 870 pages, price \$8.00. (Second edition 1920, second printing 1920.)

See the Books Yourself

This work will be of definite value to you in all your business transactions. You may examine it at your bookstore. Or we will be glad to send it to you for 5 days' inspection. Within that time you may send us your check for \$8.00, or return the books. The coupon is attached for your convenience.

The Ronald Press Company

Al B	ookstores 🗤	1111111111111111111	1013171111111111111	::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::	unmu numuz or by	V~
PERM		_			municipalities on of	
1 ne	Ronald	Press	Com	DADY		
	20 Vans	C		V	4-	

Send me Conyngton's "Business Law" for examination. Within five days of its receipt I will send you \$8.00, or return the books

Name
Address



(381)

INFORMATIVE FINANCIAL LITERATURE

Following are announcements of current booklets and circulars issued by financial institutions, which may be obtained without cost on request addressed to the issuing banker. Investors are asked to mention SCRIBNE'S MAGAZINE when writing for literature.

INVESTMENT BOOKLETS AND CIRCULARS

"Investment Safeguards" is an analysis of the fundamental safety tests of investment securities, including a brief dictionary of financial terms. It may be had free upon application to Ames, Emerich & Co., New York, Chicago, and Milwaukee.

Mid-Year Investment opportunities in long and short term public utility and industrial issues, yielding 7% to 9%, are described in a new folder which is being distributed by H. M. Byllesby & Company, Chicago and New York.

"Investment Service for the Conservative Investor" is the title of a new publication of the Bankers Trust Company of New York.

The following booklets are being distributed by Halsey, Stuart & Co.: "Choosing Your Investment Banker," "Bonds, Questions Answered, Terms Defined," "Ten Tests of a Sound Utility Bond," "Bonds of Municipalities," "Halsey, Stuart & Co.'s Partial Payment Plan," and a monthly list of bond offerings.

"Concerning Trusts and Wills"—a brief outline of some of the more important advantages of the Trust Company over the individual as a fiduciary. This booklet suggests the proper manner of conserving estates and trust funds; insuring their management in the trust funds; insuring their management in Trust Company, 17 Court Street, Boston 7, Mass.

Blyth, Witter & Co., of San Francisco and New York, has published for distribution "Investment Opportunities of Today," in which is presented a selected list of sound investment offerings.

"How to Figure the Income Basis on Bonds," a pamphlet recently published by Wells-Dickey Company of Minneapolis, treats a much misunderstood subject in an interesting and understandable way. Write for copy.

"Tomorrow's Bond Prices," "Bonds as Safe as Our Cities," and "Municipal Bonds Defined" are a series of booklets recently published by William R. Compton Company, St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, and New Orleans. The first explains the significance of the present investment situation and the opportunity to obtain high returns over a period of years. The other two describe the various kinds of Municipal Bonds and the safeguards surrounding them.

BOOKLETS ON FINANCIAL SUBJECTS

"The Giant Energy-Electricity"-a booklet in popular form, which shows the attractiveness of carefully selected public utility

bonds, and deals largely with the wonderful growth in the electric light and power business. Published by the National City Company, National City Bank Building, New York.

The Guaranty Trust Company of New York will send on request "Our New Place in World Trade," an illustrated booklet analyzing America's foreign trade and the opportunities of her new creditor position.

The manner in which a great financial institution has come into being, together with facts and figures showing how this institution renders service to its friends and customers, is disclosed in a booklet recently published by the Continental and Commercial Banks of Chicago, Ill. The booklet is ready for general distribution.

A Quick-Reckoning Income Tax Table, aiding the investor to determine the gross yield he must get on a taxable bond to correspond to the yield on a tax-free municipal, is being distributed by Stacy & Braun, 5 Nassau Street, New York.

The Guaranty Company of New York will send "Investment Recommendations," a monthly booklet describing securities which it recommends for investment.

REAL ESTATE AND FARM MORTGAGE BOOKLETS

"Common Sense in Investing Money" is a comprehensive booklet published by S. W. Straus & Co., Fifth Avenue at Forty-sixth Street, New York, outlining the principles of safe investment and describing how the Straus Plan safeguards the various issues of First Mortgage 6% Serial Bonds offered by this bouse.

Greenebaum Sons Bank and Trust Company, La Salle and Madison Sts., Chicago, will send on request their "Investors' Guide" for July. containing a selected list of safe and sound First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds and various articles pertaining to safety for investors.

The American Bond and Mortgage Company, Chicago, Ill., has just published a book entitled "Building With Bonds," which explains the principles and policies upon which this organization has been built. It discusses the details of the real estate bond business, written by experts in various lines.

"\$1,000 per year makes \$17,000 in twelve years,? says the booklet published by the Prudence Bonds Corporation, 31 Nassau Street, New York. Mailed upon request.

"Selecting Today the Investments of Tomorrow" presents new facts regarding farm mortgages of interest to investors. Write George M. Forman & Company, 105 W. Monroe Street, Chicago.

The Investors Company, 3131 Madison Street, Chicago, will send interested investors their investment list of 7% first mortgage bonds.

The Title Guaranty & Trust Company of Bridgeport. Conn., will furnish upon application a list of mortgage investment offerings.

The Financial Inquiry Bureau

When you have Capital to invest take the trouble to investigate so that you will be in a position to gauge for yourself the value of the Security you are about to purchase. The careless investor has only himself to blame for his losses.

If you desire advice or information on any financial matter, send your inquiry to the Bureau.

NOTE.—We have no securities for sale. We neither buy nor sell, being solely Inquiry Agents.

The personal attention of a conservative investment specialist is given to each inquiry received. For a thorough analysis of an investment a nominal fee is charged amounting to \$3.00 for one stock or bond, and \$2.00 for each additional security analyzed at the same time.

Many of our readers who have utilized this service have commented upon the quality and scope of the information received. If you have an investment problem write to-day.

Address inquiries, accompanied by a remittance, to The Financial Inquiry Bureau, Scribner's Magazine, Fifth Avenue at 48th Street, New York.

Banking Service The World Around

In all matters of foreign trade or domestic banking you can rely on the strength, experience and facilities of

The CONTINENTAL and COMMERCIAL BANKS

CHICAGO

Over \$55,000,000 Invested Capital

SAFE SAILING



It's safe sailing with this Old Salt. Why?

Because he knows-He knows every

Every light-house and derelict.

reef and rock-

All the changing winds and clouds.

He knows how to steer through them or around them.

You have confidence in him be-

cause he has confidence in himself.

Why should you not have the same confidence in your investments?

Here are thirty-five booklets telling you how to steer around the rocks and reefs of risky financing.

-How to Invest

Bonds and the Investor

-Investment Position of Municipal Bonds

-Partial Payment Investments

-Variety and Classes of Railroad Bonds

-Railread Equipment Issues The Public Utility Field

8—Public-Utility Securities as Investments

-How to Select the Sound Utilities

10-The Future of Our Various Public Utilities

-Things to Know About Stocks

12—Preferred Stocks—"A Middle Ground Investment"

-Preferred Stocks, Pro and Con

-Unlisted Securities-Whence Do They Come? -The Machinery of the Unlisted Security Market

16-Unlisted Securities-Where Do They Go?

17—Our Foreign Bond Holdings 18—"Internal" Foreign Loans and the Exchanges

19-Foreign Bonds to Suit All Tastes

20-Real-Estate Securities-Strong-Box Investments

21-The Unique Investment-The Mortgage Loan

The Mortgage in Retail Packages 22-Mobilizing Mortgage Money

24-Amortization of Mortgages

25-The Farm Mortgage as an Investment 26-How Sound Farm Mortgages Are Made

27-The Various Forms of Farm-Mortgage Security

28—Story of the Farm Mortgage Bank-ers Association

Attached 29-What Is the Stock Exchange? is check (or \

30—Exchange Members and What They Do money order) 31—The Sinews of the Market

for \$2.00 for 32—Investment and Specu-lation which send 35

33—Dimensions of the Market (Long and Short) booklets.

Investor's Service Department SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

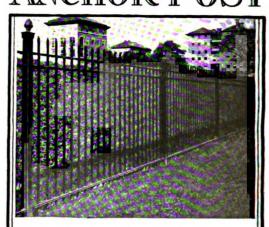
34-The Committee

597 Fifth Avenue, New York

on Business Conduct 35-The Odd Lot

Address.

HOR PO



Railings

are made by a new process. A powerful electric current and mechanical pressure weld pickets and rails together. There are no loose joints or rivets in

Anchor Weld

Railings and Gates. Panels eight to ten feet in length require no support or foot in the centre. They are supported at the ends only on Gal-

vanized Anchor Posts as shown in the above illustration. In place of iron posts, stone, concrete, or brick columns may also be used with this railing.



Booklet on Railings and Wire Fences

A letter or phone call to any Office will bring you a copy of our "Residential Class A" booklet. Let us explain our erecting service.

Anchor Post Iron Works

Hudson Terminal Bldg.

52 Church St. New York, N. Y.

Sales and Erection Offices

Boston, 79 Milk St. Mineola, L. I., N. Y., Jericho Turnpike Cleveland, Guardian Building

Pittsburgh, Jenkins Arcade Richmond, Va., 119 Mutual Building Hartford, Conn., 902 Main St. Philadelphia, Real Estate Trust Building

Chicago, 8 So. Dearborn St. Rochester, 1604 Main St., E.

Vol. LXX · No. 3

SEPTEMBER 1921

35 CENTS

MAGAZINE



Special Articles

	_				_				
The Drift of the "R			at "	•			•	. ESTELLE ASHE	260
"Change for Bokha			•	•		HTA	AR	INE FULLERTON GEROULD	284
My Grandmother's	Tal	ble	•				1	WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON	288
The New Pacific	٠ _	•	 GUY H. SCHOLEFIELD	298
Being a Waitress in	a B	oar ears	dwa in the	lk] Und	Hote	el sh''	•	"A NOVELIST"	314
The Poor Old Engli	ish	Lan	gua	ge				MEREDITH NICHOLSON	325
People by the Ways	ide	oat of	Arcac	ly ''	•		•	MARGUERITE WILKINSON	328
Japan's New Woma	ın	•	•			•		. EMMA SAREPTA YULE	349
Stories									
To Let. Serial .						,		. JOHN GALSWORTHY	273
The Bribe								. L. ALLEN HARKER	305
Talisman					,	,		. A. CARTER GOODLOE	337
Doc Jenny								LADD PLUMLEY	362
A Study in Smoke			•	•	•			SHANE LESLIE	369
Poetry									
In the Black Country	ſУ							OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN	297
A Rejoinder .								WINFIELD SCOTT MOODY	304
The Magic Touch					•			. RHODA HERO DUNN	327
Departments									
The Point of View	ul's F	arado	x — T	he U	npubl	ished			375
The Field of Art		•	•			•		. HELEN M. BEATTY	379
The Financial Situa		l	.•	•	•	•	•	ALEXANDER DANA NOYES	385

THE PLAZA

FIFTH AVENUE AT CENTRAL PARK

NEW YORK



FRED STERRY
Managing Director

The NEW 58TH STREET ADDITION opens October 1st.

The 350 new rooms, singly or en suite, are perfect in space arrangement, dignity and charm of decoration, furnishing and luxurious living conveniences.

Of particular interest are the new series of rooms for social and special functions of all nature and size: Banquets, Private Dinner and Supper Dances, Subscription Dances, Large or Small Dinner Parties, Weddings, Debutante Parties, Receptions, Private Theatricals, Junior Entertainments.

The three floors devoted to this service are entirely separate and apart from the hotel proper, with special entrances on 58th Street, assuring, if desired, all the privacy of home. From the large new Ball Room—with its adjacent Reception, Lounging and Ante Rooms—thru all the rooms intended for smaller gatherings, color, beauty of design and conveniences for comfort and service are everywhere featured.



SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

Contents for SEPTEMBER 1921

From a painting owned by Smith College; see The Field of Art	• • • • •	Frontispiece
WEST OF SUEZ. Poem	Amelia Josephine Burr .	. 259
THE DRIFT OF THE "RIVER RAT". Illustrations by E. M. Ashe.	Estelle Ashe	. 260
TO LET. Serial. Part III, Chapters X-XI. (Concluded) Illustration by C. F. Peters.	John Galsworthy	. 273
"CHANGE FOR BOKHARA"	Katharine Fullerton Ge	rould 284
MY GRANDMOTHER'S TABLE Illustrations by Edith Morrell.	William Henry Shelton Author of "Our Farm," etc.	. 288
IN THE BLACK COUNTRY. Poem	Olive Tilford Dargan .	. 297
THE NEW PACIFIC	Guy H. Scholefield Author of "The Pacific."	. 298
A REJOINDER. Poem	Winfield Scott Moody .	. 304
THE BRIBE—A Story	L. Allen Harker	. 305
BEING A WAITRESS IN A BOARDWALK HOTEL — AN EPISODE FROM MY "FOUR YEARS IN THE UNDER- BRUSH"	"A Novelist"	. 314
THE POOR OLD ENGLISH LANGUAGE .	Meredith Nicholson	. 325
THE MAGIC TOUCH. Poem	Rhoda Hero Dunn	. 327
TALISMAN—A Story	A. Carter Goodloe	. 337
JAPAN'S NEW WOMAN Illustrations from photographs.	Emma Sarepta Yule .	• 349
DOC JENNY—A Story	Ladd Plumley	. 362
A STUDY IN SMOKE—A Story Illustrations by W. J. Enright.	Shane Leslie	. 369
THE POINT OF VIEW—Vague Vagaries—lished	-St. Paul's Paradox—The Us	npub 375
THE FIELD OF ART—Abbott H. Thayer Illustrations from paintings by Mr. Thayer.	Helen M. Beatty	. 379
THE FINANCIAL SITUATION — Economic Convalescence	Alexander Dana Noyes .	. 385

Copyrighted in 1921 in United States, Canada, and Great Britain, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Printed in New York. All rights reserved. Entered as Second-Class Matter December 2, 1866, at the Post-Office at New York. N. Y., under the Act of March 2, 1870. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY. PRICE, 35 CENTS A NUMBER; \$4.00 A YEAR

SCRIBNER'S

for OCTOBER

George Washington, Captain of Industry When he died, Washington was probably the richest man in America. A new light on his capacity as a business man is shown in newly discovered and collated documents, by *Eugene E. Prussing*, of the Chicago bar.

How the World Was Made In a remarkable article, COSMIC CRUCIBLES, Dr. George Ellery Hale, of the Mount Wilson Observatory, shows that the laboratory of the stars is revealing, through new methods of study, something of the mystery of the constitution of matter.

At Service in a Millionaire's Family More experiences of her Four Years in the Underbrush, told by a novelist of note, who went in search of material for a novel, and lived the life of a working girl.

Eugenia: The Future of the Race

Professor William McDougall, the successor of William James at Harvard, here expounds in a fantastic dialogue a theory for the improvement of the race, and supplements his recent striking book, "Is America Safe for Democracy?"

American Students at British Universities Through the hands of Edwin W. Pahlow passed hundreds of letters of American students at British universities during the armistice. The article is both amusing and instructive, and gives young America's point of view vividly.

Beds Under Stars

Another cruise of The DINGBAT OF ARCADY, told with humor and insight by Marguerite Wilkinson.

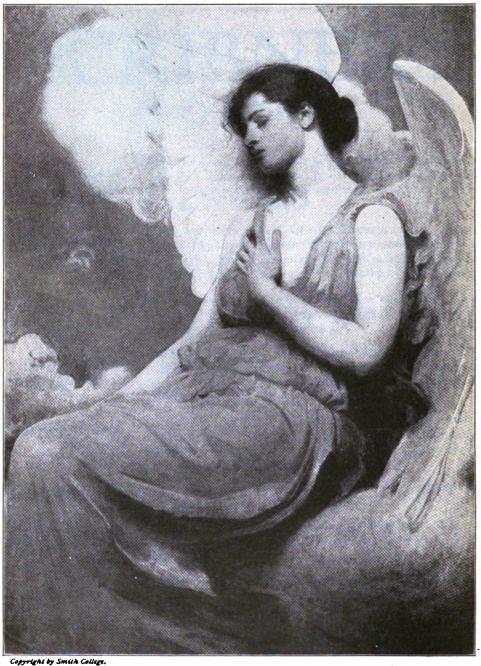
The Great Race: Eclipse Against the World Max Farrand, Professor of History at Yale, tells the interesting story of the great American horse race in 1822, when Eclipse aroused the enthusiasm of sport-loving America.

Stories and Sketches

WINGED SANDALS, by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews; THE CRYSTAL IN THE ATTIC, by Glory Thomas; BUTTON SWAN, by C. Grant La Farge; THE RISK, by V. H. Friedlaender.

Poems and the Departments

There are poems by John Jay Chapman and others; The FIELD OF ART contains a discussion of "Realism and Idealism in Art," by Oliver S. Tonks; The Point of View and The Financial Situation, by Alexander Dana Noyes, complete the number.



WINGED FIGURE BY ABBOTT H. THAYER. Owned by Smith College. -See "The Field of Art," page 379.

VOL. LXX

SEPTEMBER, 1921

NO. 3

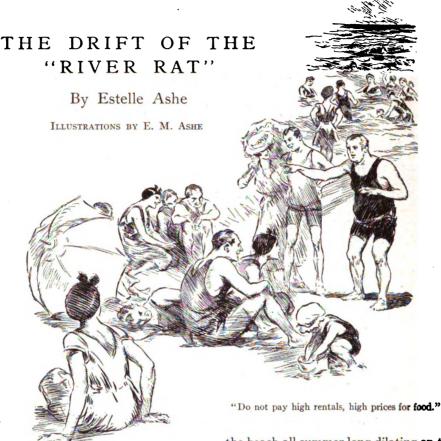
WEST OF SUEZ

By Amelia Josephine Burr

How pale and slow the dark comes on to-night! An hour ago the sun set, and the light Still clings to the horizon—I forget; More than the sun has set. This is the twilight. I am going home. Beyond that narrow channel in the sand These very waters, grown a stronger blue, In long white thunders comb Upon the palm-fringed beaches of a land Where as the day and night meet face to face Dusk is their swift embrace. I am going westward, to the world I knew When India was the dream a child's heart shook From the rich pages of a fairy-book. Here in the twilight now, again it seems A dream with other dreams. Yet something whispers in my spirit, Go— I know. I know You will come back, come back. Although your feet Still walk unfaltering the familiar street. Though your hand slack not in the accustomed task, Your world will suddenly become the mask, And I—a dream, you say?—the face it hides. Man comes and goes. The secret East abides, And none who dares to take My cup of dreams can ever quite awake. Never the eyes that I have taught to see Shall know a vision wholly clear of me.

I do not know as yet
If this transmuting touch means gain or loss.
I only know, as once there came to me
Across the Java Sea
The scent of pine-woods half the world away,
Now, even so, as our deliberate skies
Unfold their nightly glory, ray by ray,
Of dear familiar stars, I find my eyes
Blurred with a sudden moisture of regret.
I miss the Southern Cross,

 $\mathsf{Digitized} \; \mathsf{by} \; Google$



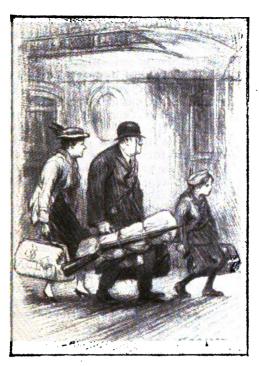
HEN we were told that a trip down the Ohio was possible, just drifting from day to day, the artist decided that was the trip to take, and as a Crew was necessary, small son was to go as such and I as Cook on this contemplated expedition. The artist needed to freshen his vision; he had grown stale amid his familiar surroundings, and a trip like this appealed to him, as it would give him so much leisure to paint. The Crew's health was not of the best, and as an outdoor life had been prescribed for him, what better change than lying on his back in the sun on the porch of a shanty-boat, "drifting."

The artist held an envious audience on lands when the winter winds blew? One

the beach all summer long dilating on the pleasures of a "drift."

Economy, that was the word which commanded the attention of our friends, as they gathered around to learn his method of applying it. "Do not stay North in the winter. Do not pay high rentals, high prices for food. Cut it down, economize, and have your mind free to paint." "But how?" queried his artist friends. "Buy a house-boat, stock her with provisions; cut her loose and drift—drift lazily all day long, tie up at the banks at night for a comfortable sleep." He spoke of the hunting and fishing. How one could attach a line to a bottle, throw it overboard, let it float, occasionally pulling it in; presto! a catfish two feet long at the end, while he in the meantime would be painting.

We packed our winter clothes away, for were we not to be in the balmy Southlands when the winter winds blew? One



Started on the big adventure.

day in late September we drove around the colony and bade our friends "good-by." Then, closing up our comfortable home, started on the big adventure.

We arrived in Pittsburgh and found it was not so easy to "pick up" a house-boat. The profiteering landlords had forced many people to purchase house-boats and use them as houses. After a week of fruitless effort in Pittsburgh we took the train and later a packet to a town below Wheeling, where we heard a house-boat was for sale.

We left the packet at Parkersburg, W. Va., and it was there at the wharf the Crew and I had our first view of the *River Rat*. It was just a scow, thirty feet long by ten feet wide; a cabin twenty feet by ten built in the centre; the remaining five feet on either end was covered over to make porches.

"So this is where we are to spend the winter, and you have always thought a city apartment too cramped."

"Yes," the Captain replied, "but we shall only sleep in these rooms, woman. All day long we will be outside basking in the sun."

We bought furniture, hung pictures, built shelves for the books, and soon our little boat became a very comfortable home. We had been told that as we were without motor power we would have to be towed through the locks whose wickets were up, as the swirl of the waters after the gates were closed would draw us back upon the masonry and wreck us. So the Captain arranged with a tow to take us through the locks near Parkersburg.

The Captain had sweeps made of heavy oak timbers, for he felt his boat incomplete without them. They were heavy and ungainly, but extremely useful in pulling against the strong current.

We hadn't been on the house-boat more than an hour when we saw coming from every direction men rowing



It was not so easy to "pick up" a house-boat.

skiffs. The river-men decided we needed clouds forming, and called for us to help one. We finally purchased a good-looking man the sweeps. Our progress was slow, one, fastened it to the side of the *River Rat*, but we finally pulled out of the wind and were ready to start through the locks. into quieter waters, where we pulled

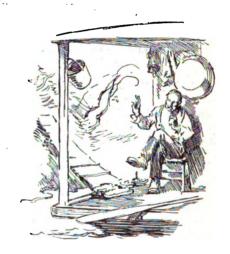


was very beautiful. Our tow boatman was a trader, and on the way stopped at an embankment, where he purchased a mare. The bank was very steep and muddy, and the mare became stubborn and refused to go down and step aboard the scow as a perfect lady should. The men tugged and pulled, and an old man standing near prodded her (not too gently) in the side with his umbrella. While the boys were resting, the mare lifted her feet from the mud and stepped aboard, without any fuss, as if that was what she would have done at first if she had had her way.

They built a stall outside of our windows, placed the mare there, and beside it built a smaller one, which later on was filled with a sow and five squealing pigs. As we pushed away from the bank the tug was hailed by a man in a shanty-boat, who asked for a tow through the locks. He was drawn alongside, and we steamed down the river a miscellaneous tow.

On through the locks, then adrift on waking and sleeping moments also were the river, just we three in a house-boat! the river-packets. In passing, the waves One day, the Captain noticed some wind- from their stern wheels would pitch and

man the sweeps. Our progress was slow. but we finally pulled out of the wind into quieter waters, where we pulled quietly along until we reached a beautiful little river (the little Scioto). We again all three manned the sweeps (we were always manning the sweeps), and pulled the River Rat close to the banks, and tied to the roots of a birch-tree. That night the skies grew heavy, and the next day the rain was falling in torrents. The river began to rise and was carrying large fields of drift down the current; as night again closed in a heavy wind sprung up, which added to our uneasiness. As the river rose higher and higher, we were forced every so often to tie higher. By the end of the third day the river had climbed up the bank forty-eight feet and we had stayed up nights to climb with it, for we knew if we were once caught with a rope too short we would be drawn



A week of fruitless effort in Pittsburgh.

—Page 261.

down into the strong current, and end the economy trip before we had fairly started it.

On awakening one morning we found the river receding. We hurriedly got the River Rat in order for drifting, and we were again on our way. The bane of our waking and sleeping moments also were the river-packets. In passing, the waves from their stern wheels would pitch and and me that we were safe.

whose captain, we felt sure, was doing strong current would carry us along a · his utmost to swamp us. We cursed the mile or so below, usually in a very isolated

toss us about like an empty egg-shell. along the river! Whenever we saw a The Captain repeatedly assured the Crew likely farm and made up our minds to stop there for fresh eggs and butter, we Our greatest pest was the Chris Greene, would again "man the sweeps," but the

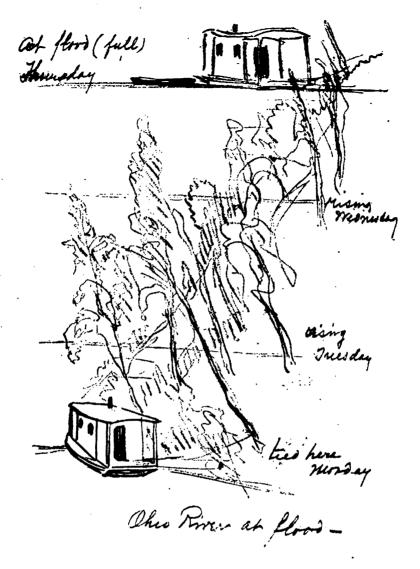


The mare became stubborn and refused to . . . step aboard the scow as a perfect lady should.—Page 262.

pilot twice in every twenty-four hours; that boat's schedule became an obsession with us. We rarely slept soundly at night, for one or the other was listening for the "panting" of the Chris as she steamed on her way. The books would fly from the shelves, the Captain would grab the lamp which was flying into space; then we would wait for the rocking to subside before we could replace either We had almost reached the boat when a books, pictures, or lamp.

spot, so we gave up the idea of ever procuring anything fresh, except the air, which was everywhere damp and disagreeable.

We climbed a very steep bank one morning when we were moored a mile away from town, and walked on to shop. As the provisions were low, we stocked up well, then started on our way back. bag of potatoes burst and spilled all over That easy provisioning from farms the road. After we had put all we could



As the river rose higher and higher, we were forced every so often to tie higher.—Page 262.

in the torn bag, and the Captain had filled his pockets to the bursting point, my bag of groceries burst, and cans of corn, milk, etc., flew in every direction. By this time we were surrounded by small boys whose enjoyment was very keen as they watched us scramble for the spilled goods.

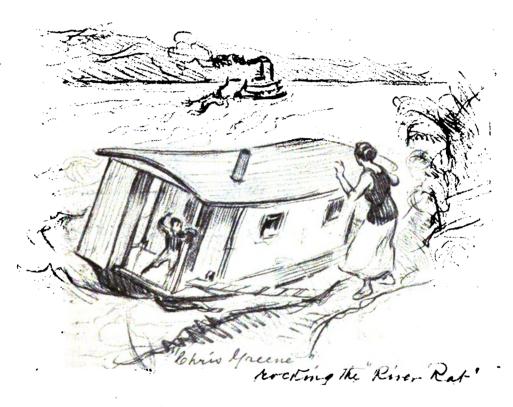
The Captain's mood was not of the best as we slowly wended our way to the River Rat. When we reached the high bank and I saw what a very perilous

down. At last the Captain told me to stop acting like a fool and go down backward. I wept; and acting as disagreeably as I could, I proceeded to do as he suggested, and with his aid I managed to reach the boat.

The catching of drift was not as easy to do as the Captain had promised. We would row miles up the river and bring the skiff back filled with drift. They would cut it, and I would pounce upon it and put it in the oven to dry, then, descent it was, I balked. I refused to go piff! and it would burn up quickly and · be gone in no time, and if there was any accomplice, who was covered with an icy way of the sweeps.

near a shanty-boat village, the Captain, finding our wood too wet to burn, called they pulled away: "Gee, if we'd been

left we would have to throw it overboard perspiration as he realized the enormity when we started to drift, as it was in the of the crime he had been drawn into. We got our coal, but the self-respecting Cap-One morning when we were moored tain had been transformed into a real river rat. One of the boys remarked as to some of the shanty-boat boys and caught, we'd got a few years for this; they



Our greatest pest was the Chris Greene, whose captain, we felt sure, was doing his utmost to swamp us.-Page 263.

asked them where he could get coal. Two of the boys offered to row him across the river, where they knew of a place. The Captain got his gunny-sack, and the the coal merchants in the towns. boys rowed over.

When they reached the other side the boys told the Captain to sit in the boat so as to be ready to make a "quick getaway." He did not quite understand these admonitions. In a minute he knew. A freight came slowly along. The boys return the man in charge of the wharfhopped it and threw off heavy lumps of boat said, "You have fastened your boat coal. Then after gathering as much as to my ferry-boat, and I have been held up

caught my pal last week." The Captain never accepted an offer of any kind after that, but always hunted up his coal from

We tied to a wharf-boat one day. I should say we securely tied, for we padlocked our skiff to the wharf and then to a stake on the levee; then went into town and roamed about for an hour or more. When we reached the levee on our they could, they hurried it to the waiting an hour or so," and from the other side

we could hear the clanging of the bell at duck on front of the boat. It was a the ferry, it being frantically rung by the flirtatious little duck. "Ping!" She waiting passengers, who could not un-ducked behind a willow. Then peering derstand the delay.

The Captain unfastened his skiff and we rowed back to the River Rat a crestfallen trio.

We made great preparations for hunting and fishing. Had we adhered closely to the game laws, our tolls in licenses would have cost as much as it costs to

stock a small preserve. The Captain's criminal instincts were aroused; he promised to get up before the constables were stirring. One morning the Crew arose early and was out on the front porch. We heard a shrill whisper: "Quick, dad, fifty ducks in a line, floating down the river."

The Captain hurried to get his shot-gun and shells, only to discover his shells had been left in Pittsburgh. He grabbed his rifle and went out. Ping! ping! and more pings and as I had been told to be quiet or the ducks would fly off, I did not open the door to



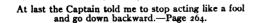
tain to reach her. As he put his rifle in the corner he said: "I'm glad I didn't kill that duck; it was

only a baby."

Our fishing was the same. We fished from the bow, from the stern, and from the skiff. We never caught one. We would see the fish flop out of the water a yard or so in front of us. Near by they would not bite, because they were being fed by the foodstuffs I was throwing overboard. A little piece of bacon on a hook was no lure after a perfect meal from soup to nuts had been thrown overboard.

"Here's a whopper of a fish," the Captain called as he pointed to a place about fifty yards in front of

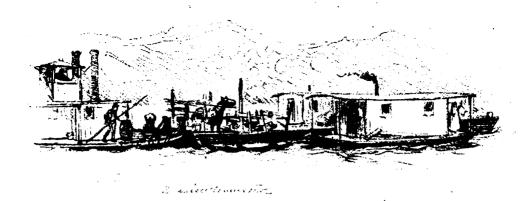
large circles on the water. "It must be



ascertain the luck, but later the Crew him, to a spot bubbling up and throwing announced they had all flown away.

Another day the Crew called a lone that five-foot catfish," the Crew replied,



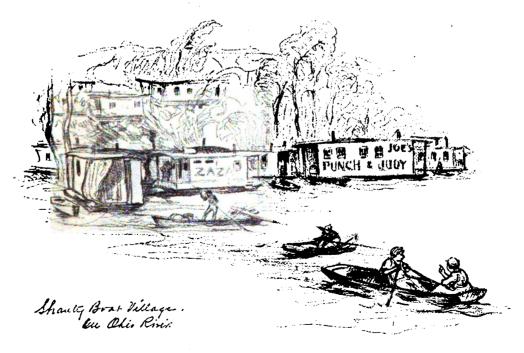


We steamed down the river, a miscellaneous tow.—Page 262.

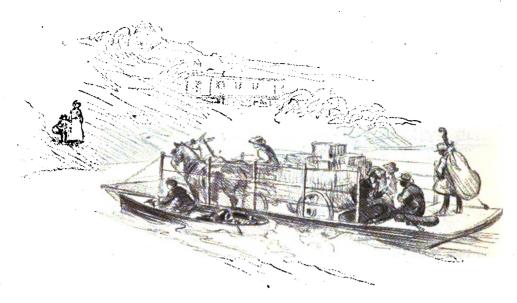
and then threw his line far out, but, asusual, no results. After a time a man passing on the bank above called: "I wouldn't fish there, sonny, that's where the town sewer empties."

We were lazily drifting along one glorious afternoon when a hunter rowed over to our boat and drifted with us. Just before he left us he spoke of an eddy farther down, and told us to be sure and keep out of it. We thanked him, and waved good-by till he was out of sight. The Crew, who was rowing in the skiff which was fastened to the front of our house-boat, suddenly called to the Captain: "This rowing is a cinch; I do not have to pull at all."

The Captain called: "Pull like the devil; we are in the eddy." As usual "we manned the sweeps." We went around and around in the swirl of the eddy, and I in a giddy moment remarked to the Captain: "Won't this be monotonous if we have to stay here for the winter,

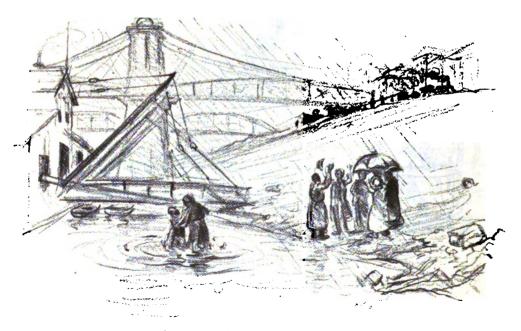


One morning . . . we were moored near a shanty-boat village.—Page 265.



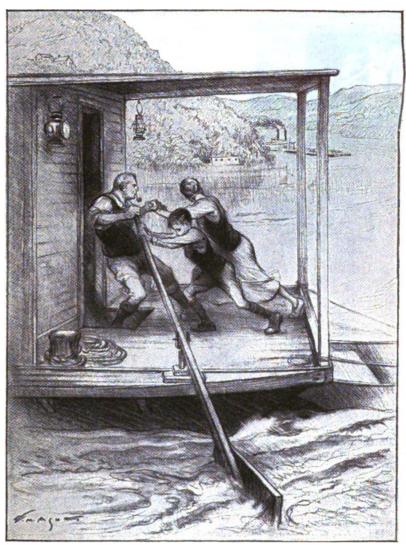
Music for the dance crossing the ferry.

just going around and around." The spot, we shot out into calm waters and, Captain was in no mood for facetious remarks, but told me to pull and pull hard. bank. We were always tired and cross Just as we despaired of ever leaving the when we pulled for the nearest bank.



distores But tom at the winds their

Here amid the busy scenes . . . we witnessed a negro baptism.—Page 270.



As usual, "we manned the sweeps."-Page 267.

The Captain, always too tired to paint, always promising that to-morrow he would paint, but either to-morrow it river to Cincinnati, poured or else it was an ideal day for drifting; so painting or any talk of painting was taboo. The Crew and I learned never to see a sunset or a pretty bit of the river. It was like waving a bit of red rag.

As the weather was very unsettled and cold, we decided to get a tow to Cincinnati; so one morning hailed a tow, which tion to Cincinnati in the distance, built

with the tug in midstream, we were finally lashed to her side and steamed down the

We thoroughly enjoyed the tow. The character of the scenery had changed. We now saw something of the scenery we had expected all along the river. Trees of good size overhung the river-bank for considerable stretches, and the hamlets and towns were built closer to the banks. About noon the Captain called our attenloomed in sight, and, after manœuvring upon its many hills, with the business

Digitized by Google

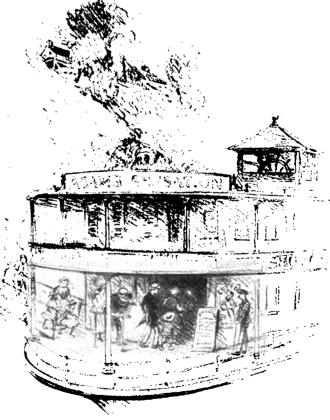


Star on River Show Boat cutting the high cost of laundry.

section of the city in a bowl surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills. Here a hill with beautiful homes upon it. there a hill with a monastery, with a long flight of steps leading up from the winding streets below. On the Kentucky side we passed Dayton, Bellevue, and Newport; and just as the whistles blew calling the toilers to their noonday meal, we manœuvred a landing at the wharf at Cincinnati.

Here amid the busy scenes on the busiest wharf we had seen on our trip, on that raw, cold day with a chilling drizzle of rain falling, we witnessed a negro baptism. Despite the elements, their religious fervor kept them at fever heat, and even after their sins had all been washed away, the converts and the "brethern" and "sisteren" who had gathered to welcome them into full fellowship lingered at the water's edge, apparently oblivious of the cold that was making us shiver.

And there, tied quietly to the wharf, looking as innocent as a babe in slumber, was our arch-enemy, the Chris Greene. On the wharf-boat the Captain encountered the very owner of that boat, but instead of the human monster he had imagined him to be, Captain Gordon Greene proved to be a most affable and courteous gentleman. Without hesitation he granted us the right to tie up to his wharf as long as we pleased, and asked if

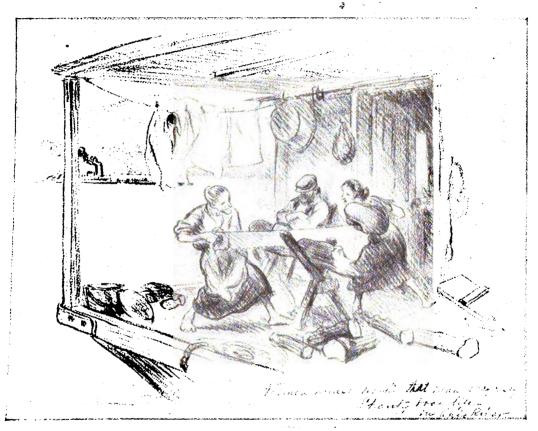


A matince for the folks along the river.

in any other way he could be of service mand the elements. The rain continued

While we were moored at the wharf the packets left their loads of freight, and the had ever had to seasickness. As neither live stock part of it was placed at the end the wind nor rain showed any indication of the wharf where we were moored, and of subsiding, it was determined to leave the noise and bustle went on from early the boat. This was not so easy as it

and the wind came, and with it I became prostrated with the nearest approach I morning until early morning. Roosters seemed. We could not row ashore in



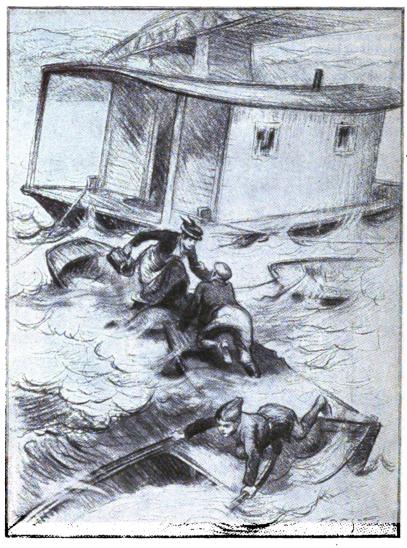
An incident of Shanty Boat life.

were crowing, cows and calves bellowing, pigs squealing, rain pouring in torrents, and the Ohio at flood.

It rained for almost a week while we were moored at Cincinnati. The Captain went ashore one afternoon, and when he returned told us he had made arrangements to have the boat towed to the Kentucky shore, where she was to be moored with other similar craft, at a landing presided over by a professional and capable harbor-man.

that rough water and with such a strong current to row against. Our only way was to crawl from the River Rat to a chain of small boats, which were lashed together, and in turn were fastened to a large double-decked house-boat. pitching and tossing of the boats, their bumping together, made it unsafe to try and leave together. We decided that after the Captain had almost gone over-board. So it had to be every man for himself.

To add to our embarrassment the har-This man, however, could not com- bor people from the safe and cosey shel-



Our only way was to crawl from the River Rat to a chain of small boats.—Page 271.

ters were looking out at us. Filmed as a thriller it would have been a great hit, and here we were doing it for nothing. We finally reached shore a dripping trio, and made for the Cincinnati side. As we crossed the bridge we looked down at the River Rat, tossing about in the rough, choppy water, and voiced regret at having to leave her.

The Crew asked: "Where do we go from here, dad-home?" "No," the appeared in his eye and he thought of the Crew, and the Cook.

this economy trip and all he had promised from it; thought of the cold days to come and our heavy clothes at home, and the prices soaring higher. Not till the keen edge of our shame is rounded off." We wended our dripping way to the nearest hotel. And in the words of the poet:

"All night long the storm roared on, Next morning broke without a sun."

Captain replied, as a ruminative glint And we abandoned ship—the Captain,

TO LET

BY IOHN GALSWORTHY

ILLUSTRATION BY C. F. PETERS

PART III—Continued

X

FLEUR'S WEDDING



THE October paragraphs describing the wedding of Mont, hardly conveyed the this event. In the union

of the great-granddaughter of "Superior Dosset" with the heir of a ninth baronet was the outward and visible sign of that merger of class in class which buttresses the political stability of a realm. The time had come when the Forsytes might resign their natural resentment against a "flummery" not theirs by birth, and accept it as the still more natural due of their possessive instincts. Besides, they had to mount to make room for all those so much more newly rich. In that quiet but tasteful ceremony in Hanover Square. and afterward among the furniture in Green Street, it had been impossible for those not in the know to distinguish the Forsyte troop from the Mont contingent -so far away was "Superior Dosset" now. Was there, in the crease of his In the unsettled state of the country as trousers, the expression of his moustache, his accent, or the shine on his top-hat, a pin to choose between Soames and the ninth baronet himself? Was not Fleur as self-possessed, quick, glancing, pretty, and hard as the likeliest Muskham, Mont, or Charwell filly present? If anything, the Forsytes had it in dress and looks and manners. They had become "upper class" and now their name would be formally recorded in the Stud Book, their money joined to land. Whether this was a little late in the day, and those rewards of the possessive instinct, lands and money destined for the melting-pot—was still a question so moot that it was not mooted. After all, Timothy had said Consols were goin' up. Timothy, the last, the missing link; Timothy in extremis on the Bayswater Road—so Francie had there?"

reported. It was whispered, too, that this young Mont was a sort of socialiststrangely wise of him, and in the nature of insurance, considering the days they lived in. There was no uneasiness on that Fleur Forsyte to Michael score. The landed classes produced that sort of amiable foolishness at times, symbolic significance of turned to safe uses and confined to theory. As George remarked to his sister Francie: "They'll soon be having puppies

—that'll give him pause."

The church with white flowers and something blue in the middle of the East window, looked extremely chaste, as though endeavoring to counteract the somewhat lurid phraseology of a Service calculated to keep the thoughts of all on puppies. Forsytes, Haymans, Tweetymans, sat in the left aisle; Monts, Charwells, Muskhams in the right; while a sprinkling of Fleur's fellow-sufferers at school, and of Mont's fellow-sufferers in the war, gaped indiscriminately from either side, and three maiden ladies, who had dropped in on their way from Skyward's, brought up the rear, together with two Mont retainers and Fleur's old nurse. full a house as could be expected.

Mrs. Val Dartie, who sat with her husband in the third row, squeezed his hand more than once during the performance. To her, who knew the plot of this tragicomedy, its most dramatic moment was well-nigh painful. 'I wonder if Jon knows by instinct,' she thought-Ion, out in British Columbia. She had received a letter from him only that morning which had made her smile and say:

'Jon's in British Columbia, Val, because he wants to be in California. He thinks it's too nice there."

"Oh!" said Val, "so he's beginning to see a joke again."

"He's bought some land and sent for his mother."

"What on earth will she do out

"All she cares about is Jon.' Do you still think it a happy release?"

Val's shrewd eyes narrowed to grey pin-points between their dark lashes.

"Fleur wouldn't have suited him a bit.

She's not bred right."

"Poor little Fleur!" sighed Holly. Ah! it was strange—this marriage! The young man, Mont, had caught her on the rebound, of course, in the reckless mood of one whose ship has just gone down. Such a plunge could not but be—as Val put it—an outside chance. There was little to be told from the back view of her young cousin's veil, and Holly's eyes reviewed the general aspect of this Christian wedding. She who had made a lovematch which had been successful, had a horror of unhappy marriages. This might not be one in the end—but it was clearly a toss-up; and to consecrate a toss-up in this fashion with manufactured unction before a crowd of fashionable free-thinkers—for who thought otherwise than freely, or not at all, when they were 'dolled' up-seemed to her as near a sin as one could find in an age which had abolished them. Her eyes wandered from the prelate in his robes (a Charwell —the Forsytes had not as yet produced a prelate) to Val. beside her, thinking—she was certain—of the Mayfly filly at fifteen to one for the Cambridgeshire. They passed on and caught the profile of the kneeling process. She could just see the clothes. neat ruck above his knees where he had pulled his trousers up, and thought: 'Val's forgotten to pull up his!' Her eyes passed to the pew in front of her, where Winifred's substantial form was gowned with passion, and on again to Soames and Annette kneeling side by side. A little smile came on her lips—Prosper Profond, back from the South Seas of the Channel. would be kneeling too, about six rows be-Yes! This was a funny "small" business, however it turned out; still it was in a proper church and would be in the proper papers to-morrow morning.

They had begun a hymn; she could hear the ninth baronet across the aisle, singing of the hosts of Midian. Her little finger touched Val's thumb—they were holding the same hymn-book—and a tiny thrill passed through her, preserved from twenty years ago. He stooped and whispered:

"I say, d'you remember the rat?" The rat at their wedding in Cape Colony, which had cleaned its whiskers behind the table at the Registrar's! And between her little and third finger she squeezed his thumb hard.

The hymn was over, the prelate had begun to deliver his discourse. He told them of the dangerous times they lived in, and the awful conduct of the House of Lords in connection with divorce. They were all soldiers—he said—in the trenches under the poisonous gas of the Prince of Darkness, and must be manful. The purpose of marriage was children, not mere sinful happiness.

An imp danced in Holly's eyes-Val's eyelashes were meeting. Whatever hap-pened, he must not snore. Her finger and thumb closed on his thigh; he stirred un-

easily.

The discourse was over, the danger past. They were signing in the vestry; and general relaxation had set in.

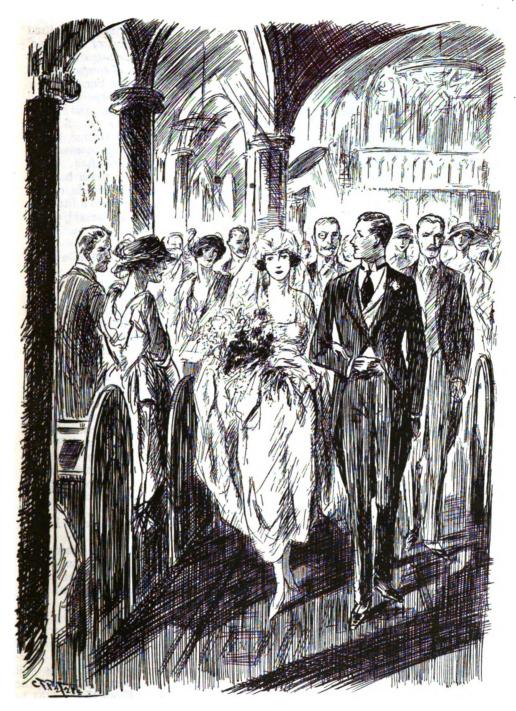
A voice behind her said: "Will she stay the course?". "Who's that?" she whispered. "Old George Forsyte!"

Holly demurely scrutinized one of whom she had often heard. Fresh from South Africa, and ignorant of her kith and kin, she never saw one without an almost childish curiosity. He was very big, and very dapper; his eyes gave her a ninth baronet, in counterfeitment of the funny feeling of having no particular

"They're off!" she heard him say.

They came, stepping from the chancel. Holly looked first in young Mont's face. His lips and ears were twitching, his eyes, shifting from his feet to the hand within his arm, stared suddenly before them as if to face a firing party. He gave Holly the feeling that he was spiritually intoxicated. But Fleur! Ah! That was different. The girl was perfectly composed, prettier than ever, in her white robes and veil over her banged dark chestnut hair; her evelids hovered demure over her dark hazel eyes. Outwardly, she seemed all there. But, inwardly, where was she? As those two passed, Fleur raised her eyelids—the restless glint of those clear whites remained on Holly's vision as might the flutter of a caged bird's wings.

In Green Street Winifred stood to re-



Drawn by C. F. Peters.

"They're off!" she heard him say.—Page 274.

usual. Soames' request for the use of her house, had come on her at a deeply psychological moment. Under the influence of a remark of Prosper Profond, she had begun to exchange her Empire for Expressionistic furniture. There were the most amusing arrangements, with violet, green, and orange blobs and scriggles, to be had at Mealard's. Another month and the change would have been complete. Just now, the very "intriguing" recruits, enlisted, did not march too well with the old guard. It was as if her regiment were half in khaki, half in scarlet and bearskins. But her strong and comfortable character made the best of it in a drawing-room which typified, perhaps, more perfectly than she imagined, the semi-bolshevized imperialism of her country. After all, this was a day of merger, and you couldn't have too much of it! Her eyes travelled indulgently among her guests. Soames had gripped the back of a buhl chair; young Mont was behind that "awfully amusing" screen, which no one as yet had been able to explain to her. The ninth baronet had shied violently at a round scarlet table, inlaid under glass with blue Australian butterflies' wings, and was clinging to her Louis-Quinze cabinet: Francie Forsyte had seized the new mantel-board, finely carved with little purple grotesques on an ebony ground; George, over by the old spinet, was holding a little sky-blue book as if about to enter bets; Prosper Profond was twiddling the knob of the open door, black with peacock-blue panels; and Annette's hands, close by, were grasping her own waist; two Muskhams clung to the balcony among the plants, as if feeling ill; Lady Mont, thin and brave-looking, had taken up her long-handled glasses and was gazing at the central light shade, of ivory and orange dashed with deep magenta, as if the heavens had opened. Everybody, in fact, seemed holding on to something. Only Fleur, still in her bridal dress, was detached from all support, flinging her words and glances to left and right.

The room was full of the bubble and the squeak of conversation. Nobody could hear anything that anybody said; which seemed of little consequence, since no one waited for anything so slow as an answer.

ceive, just a little less composed than Modern conversation seemed to Winifred so different from the days of her prime, when a drawl was all the vogue. Still it was "amusing," which, of course, was all that mattered. Even the Forsytes were talking with extreme rapidity—Fleur and Christopher, and Imogen, and young Nicholas's youngest, Patrick. Soames, of course, was silent; but George, by the spinet, kept up a running commentary, and Francie, by her mantel-shelf. Winifred drew nearer to the ninth baronet. He seemed to promise a certain repose; his nose was fine and drooped a little, his grey moustaches too; and she said, drawling through her smile:

"It's rather nice, isn't it?"

His reply shot out of his smile like a snipped bread pellet:

"D'you remember, in Frazer, the tribe that buries the bride up to the waist?"

He spoke as fast as anybody! He had dark, lively little eyes, too, all crinkled round like a Catholic priest's. Winifred felt suddenly he might say things she

would regret.

"They're always so amusing—weddings," she murmured, and moved on to Soames. He was curiously still, and Winifred saw at once what was dictating his immobility. To his right was George Forsyte, to his left Annette and Prosper Profond. He could not move without either seeing those two together, or the reflection of them in George Forsyte's japing eyes. He was quite right not to be taking notice.

"They say Timothy's sinking," he said

glumly.

"Where will you put him, Soames?"
"Highgate." And counted on his fingers. "It'll make twelve of them there, including wives. How do you think Fleur looks?"

"Remarkably well."

Soames nodded. He had never seen her look prettier, yet he could not rid himself of the impression that this business was unnatural—remembering still that crushed figure burrowing into the corner of the sofa. From that night to this day he had received from her no confidences. He knew from his chauffeur that she had made one more attempt on Robin Hill and drawn blank—an empty house, no one at home. He knew that she had received a letter, but not what

was in it, except that it had made her that she looked at him sometimes when she thought he wasn't noticing, as if she were wondering still what he had done forsooth—to make those people hate him so. Well, there it was! Annette had come back, and things had worn on through the summer—very miserable, till suddenly Fleur had said she was going to marry young Mont. She had shown him a little more affection when she told him that. And he had yielded—what was the good of opposing it? God knew that he had never wished to thwart her in anything! And the young man seemed quite delirious about her. No doubt she was in a reckless mood, and she was young, absurdly young. But if he opposed her, he didn't know what she would do; for all he could tell she might want to take up a profession, become a doctor or solicitor, some nonsense. She had no aptitude for painting, writing, music, in his view the legitimate occupations of unmarried women, if they must do something in these days. On the whole, she was safer married, for he could see too well how feverish and restless she was at home. Annette, too, had been in favor of it—Annette, from behind the veil of his refusal to know what she was about, if she was about anything. Annette had said: "Let her marry this young man. He is a nice boy—not so highty-flighty as he seems." Where she got her expressions, he didn't know-but her opinion soothed his doubts. His wife, whatever her conduct, had clear eyes and an almost depressing amount of common sense. He had settled fifty thousand on Fleur, taking care that there was no cross settlement in case it didn't turn out well. Could it turn out well? She had not got over that other boy—he knew. They were to go to Spain for the honeymoon. He would be even lonelier when she was gone. But later, perhaps, she would forget, and turn to him again!

Winifred's voice broke on his reverie.
"Why! Of all wonders—June!"

There, in a djibbah—what things she wore!—with her hair straying from under a fillet, Soames sawhis cousin, and Fleur going forward to greet her. The two passed from their view out on to the stairway.

was in it, except that it had made her "Really," said Winifred, "she does hide herself and cry. He had remarked the most impossible things! Fancy her that she looked at him sometimes when coming!"

"What made you ask her?" muttered

Soames.

"Because I thought she wouldn't accept, of course."

Winifred had forgotten that behind conduct lies the main trend of character; or, in other words, omitted to remember that Fleur was now a "lame duck."

On receiving her invitation, June had first thought: 'I wouldn't go near them for the world!' and then, one morning, had awakened from a dream of Fleur waving to her from a boat with a wild unhappy gesture. And she had changed her mind.

When Fleur came forward and said to

her:

"Do come up while I'm changing my dress"; she had followed up the stairs. The girl led the way into Imogen's old bedroom, set ready for her toilet.

June sat down on the bed, thin and upright, like a little spirit in the sere and

yellow. Fleur locked the door.

The girl stood before her divested of her wedding-dress. What a pretty thing she

"I suppose you think me a fool," she said, with quivering lips, "when it was to have been Jon. But what does it matter? Michael wants me, and I don't care. It'll get me away from home." Diving her hand into the frills on her breast, she brought out a letter. "Jon wrote me this."

June read: "Lake Okanagen, British Columbia. I'm not coming back to England. Bless you always. Jon."

"She's made safe, you see," said Fleur.

June handed back the letter.

"That's not fair to Irene," she said: "she always told Jon he could do as he wished."

Fleur smiled bitterly. "Tell me, didn't she spoil your life too?"

June looked up. "Nobody can spoil a life, my dear. That's nonsense. Things

happen, but we bob up."

With a sort of terror she saw the girl sink on her knees and bury her face in the djibbah. A strangled sob mounted to June's ears.

"It's all right," she mur-

mured: "Don't! There, there!"

sound was dreadful of her sobbing.

Well, well! It had to come. She would feel better afterward! She stroked the short hair of that shapely head. And all the scattered mother-sense in June focussed itself and passed through the tips of her fingers into the girl's brain.

"Don't sit down under it, my dear," she said at last. "We can't control life, but we can fight it. Make the best of things. I've had to. I held on, like you: and I cried, as you're crying now. And

look at me!"

Fleur raised her head; a sob merged suddenly into a little choked laugh. In truth it was a thin and rather wild and wasted spirit she was looking at, but it had brave eyes.

"All right!" she said. "I'm sorry. shall forget him, I suppose, if I fly fast

and far enough."

And, scrambling to her feet, she went

over to the wash-stand.

June watched her removing with cold water the traces of emotion. Save for a little becoming pinkness there was nothing left when she stood before the mirror. June got off the bed and took a pincushion in her hand. To put two pins into the wrong places was all the vent she found for sympathy.

"Give me a kiss," she said when Fleur was ready, and dug her chin into the

girl's warm cheek.

wait."

June left her, sitting on the bed with a cigarette between her lips and her eyes half closed, and went down-stairs. In the doorway of the drawing-room stood Soames as if unquiet at his daughter's tardiness. June tossed her head and passed down on to the half landing. Her cousin Francie was standing there.

"Look!" said June, pointing with her chin at Soames. "That man's fatal!"

"How do you mean," said Francie, "Fatal?"

June did not answer her. "I shan't wait to see them off," she said. "Good-

"Good-bye!" said Francie, and her eyes, of a Celtic grey, goggled. That old feud! Really, it was quite romantic!

But the point of the girl's chin was case, saw June go, and drew a breath of pressed ever closer into her thigh, and the satisfaction. Why didn't Fleur come? They would miss their train. That train would bear her away from him, yet he could not help fidgeting at the thought that they would lose it. And then she did come, running down in her tancolored frock and black velvet cap, and passed him into the drawing-room. He saw her kiss her mother, her aunt, Val's wife, Imogen, and then come forth, quick and pretty as ever. How would she treat him at this last moment of her girlhood? He couldn't hope for much!

Her lips pressed the middle of his cheek.

"Daddy!" she said, and was past and gone. Daddy! She hadn't called him that for years. He drew a long breath and followed slowly down. There was all the folly with that confetti stuff and the rest of it to go through with, yet. But he would like just to catch her smile, if she leaned out, though they would hit her in the eye with the shoe, if they didn't take care. Young Mont's voice said fervently in his ear:

"Good-bye, Sir; and thank you! I'm

so fearfully bucked."

"Good-bye," he said; "don't miss your train."

He stood on the bottom step but three. whence he could see above the heads the silly hats and heads. They were in the car now; and there was that stuff, showering, and there went the shoe. A flood of something welled up in Soames. "I want a whiff," said Fleur; "don't and—he didn't know—he couldn't see!

XI

THE LAST OF THE FORSYTES

When they came to prepare that terrific symbol Timothy Forsyte—the one pure individualist left, the only man who hadn't heard of the Great War-they found him wonderful—not even death had undermined his soundness.

To Smither and Cook that preparation came like final evidence of what they had never believed possible—the end of the old Forsyte family on earth. Poor Mr. Timothy must now take a harp and sing in the company of Miss Forsyte, Mrs. Julia, Miss Hester; with Mr. Jolyon, Mr. Swithin, Mr. James, Mr. Roger and Mr. Nicholas of the party. Whether Mrs. Soames, moving to the well of the stair- Hayman would be there was more doubtTo Let 279

ful, seeing that she had been cremated, for the funeral. He had them drawn up Secretly Cook thought that Mr. Timothy would be upset—he had always been so set against barrel organs. How many times had she not said: "Drat the thing! afterward at the house. There it is again! Smither, you'd better run up and see what you can do." And in her heart she would so have enjoyed the tunes, if she hadn't known that Mr. Timothy would ring the bell in a minute and say: "Here, take him a halfpenny and tell him to move on." Often they had been obliged to add threepence of their own before the man would go—Timothy had ever underrated the value of emotion. posted them myself." Luckily he had taken the organs for bluebottles in his last years, which had been lost touch with the family." a comfort, and they had been able to enjoy the tunes. But a harp! Cook wondered. It was a change! And Mr. Timothy had never liked change. But she did not speak of this to Smither, who did so take a line of her own in regard to heaven that it quite put one about sometimes.

She cried while Timothy was being prepared, and they all had sherry afterward out of the yearly Christmas bottle, which would not be needed now. Ah! dear! She had been there five-and-forty years and Smither nine-and-thirty! And now they would be going to a tiny house in Tooting, to live on their savings and what Miss Hester had so kindly left them—for to take fresh service after the glorious past—No! But they would like just to see Mr. Soames again, and Mrs. Dartie, and Miss Francie, and Miss Euphemia. And even if they had to take their own cab, they felt they must go to the funeral. For six years Mr. Timothy had been their baby, getting younger and younger every day, till at last he had been too young to live.

They spent the regulation hours of waiting in polishing and dusting, in catching the one mouse left, and asphyxiating the last beetle, so as to leave it nice, discussing with each other what they would buy at the sale. Miss Ann's work-box; Miss Juley's (that is Mrs. Julia's) seaweed album: the fire-screen Miss Hester had crewelled; and Mr. Timothy's hair—little golden curls, glued into a black frame. Oh! they must have those—only the price of things had gone up so!

by Gradman in his office—only blood relations, and no flowers. Six carriages were ordered. The Will would be read

He arrived at eleven o'clock to see that all was ready. At a quarter past old Gradman came in black gloves and crape on his hat. He and Soames stood in the drawing-room waiting. At half-past eleven the carriages drew up in a long row. But no one else appeared. Gradman said:

"It surprises me, Mr. Soames. I

"I don't know," said Soames; "he'd

Soames had often noticed in old days how much more neighborly his family were to the dead than to the living. But, now, the way they had flocked to Fleur's wedding and abstained from Timothy's funeral, seemed to show some vital change. There might, of course, be another reason; for Soames felt that if he had not known the contents of Timothy's Will, he might have stayed away himself through delicacy. Timothy had left a lot of money, with nobody in particular to leave it to. They mightn't like to seem to expect something.

At twelve o'clock the procession left the door; Timothy alone in the first carriage under glass. Then Soames alone; then Gradman alone; then Cook and Smither together. They started at a walk, but were soon trotting under a bright sky. At the entrance to Highgate Cemetery they were delayed by service in the Chapel. Soames would have liked to stay outside in the sunshine. He didn't believe a word of it; on the other hand, it was a form of insurance which could not safely be neglected, in case there might be something in it after all.

They walked up two and two—he and Gradman, Cook and Smither—to the family vault. It was not very distinguished for the funeral of the last old Forsyte.

He took Gradman into his carriage on the way back to the Bayswater Road with a certain glow in his heart. He had a surprise in pickle for the old chap who had served the Forsytes four-and-fifty years—a treat that was entirely his doing. How well he remembered saying to It fell to Soames to issue invitations Timothy the day after Aunt Hester's

leaving him five thousand?" and his surprise, seeing the difficulty there had been in getting Timothy to leave anything, when Timothy had nodded. And now the old chap would be as pleased as Punch, for Mrs. Gradman, he knew, had a weak heart, and their son had lost a leg in the war. . It was extraordinarily gratifying to Soames to have left him five thousand pounds of Timothy's money. They sat down together in the little drawingroom, whose walls—like a vision of heaven -were sky-blue and gold, with every picture-frame unnaturally bright, and every speck of dust removed from every piece of furniture, to read that little masterpiece. -the Will of Timothy. With his back to the light in Aunt Hester's chair. Soames faced Gradman with his face to the light on Aunt Ann's sofa; and, crossing his legs, began:

"This is the last Will and Testament of me Timothy Forsyte of The Nook Bayswater Road London. I appoint my nephew Soames Forsyte of The Shelter Mapledurham and Thomas Gradman of 150 Folly Road Highgate (hereinafter called my Trustees) to be the trustees and executors of this my Will. To the said Soames Forsyte I leave the sum of one thousand pounds free of legacy duty and to the said Thomas Gradman I leave the sum of five thousand pounds free of

legacy duty."

Soames paused. Old Gradman was leaning forward, convulsively gripping a stout black knee with each of his thick hands; his mouth had fallen open so that the gold fillings of three teeth gleamed; his eyes were blinking, two tears rolled slowly out of them. Soames read hastily on.

"All the rest of my property of whatsoever description I bequeath to my Trustees upon Trust to convert and hold the same upon the following trusts namely To pay thereout all my debts funeral expenses and outgoings of any kind in connection with my Will and to hold the lineal descendant of my father Jolyon Forsyte by his marriage with Ann Pierce who after the decease of all lineal de-

funeral: "Well, Uncle Timothy, there's at the time of my death shall last attain Gradman. He's taken a lot of trouble the age of twenty-one years absolutely for the family. What do you say to it being my desire that my property shall be nursed to the extreme limit permitted by the laws of England for the benefit of such male lineal descendant as aforesaid."

> Soames read the investment and attestation clauses, and, ceasing, looked at Gradman. The old fellow was wiping his brow with a large handkerchief, whose brilliant color supplied a sudden festive

tinge to the proceedings.

"My word, Mr. Soames!" he said, and it was clear that the lawver in him had utterly wiped out the man: "My word! Why, there are two babies now, and some quite young children—if one of them lives to be eighty—it's not a great age—and add twenty-one—that's a hundred years; and Mr. Timothy worth a hundred and fifty thousand pound if he's worth a penny. Compound interest at five per cent doubles you in fourteen years. In fourteen years three hundred thousandsix hundred thousand in twenty-eighttwelve hundred thousand in forty-twotwenty-four hundred thousand in fifty-six -four million eight hundred thousand in seventy-nine million six hundred thousand in eighty-four-Why, in a hundred years it'll be twenty million! And we shan't live to see it! It is a Will!"

Soames said dryly: Anything may happen. The State might take the lot; they're capable of anything in these days."

"And carry five," said Gradman to himself. "I forgot-Mr. Timothy's in Consols; we shan't get more than two per cent with this income tax. To be on the safe side, say eight millions. Still, that's a pretty penny."

Soames rose and handed him the Will. "You're going into the City. Take care of that, and do what's necessary. Advertise; but there are no debts. · When's

the sale?"

"Tuesday week," said Gradman. "Life or lives in bein' and twenty-one years afterward—it's a long way off. I'm glad he's left it in the family." . . .

The sale—not at Jobson's, in view of residue thereof in trust for that male the Victorian nature of the effects—was far more freely attended than the funeral, though not by Cook and Smither, for Soames had taken it on himself to give scendants whether male or female of my them their hearts' desires. Winifred was said father by his said marriage in being present, Euphemia, and Francie, and

Eustace had come in his car. The miniatures, Barbizons, and J. R. drawings had been bought in by Soames; and relics of no marketable value were set aside in an off-room for members of the family who cared to have mementos. These were the only restrictions upon bidding characterized by an almost tragic languor. Not one piece of furniture, no picture or porcelain figure appealed to modern taste. The humming-birds had fallen like autumn leaves when taken from where they had not hummed for sixty years. It was the fellow was dead it did not seem so painful to Soames to see the chairs his aunts had sat on, the little grand piano they had practically never played, the books whose outsides they had gazed at, the china they had dusted, the curtains they had drawn, the hearth-rug which had warmed their feet; above all, the beds they had lain and died in—sold to little dealers, Jews, and the housewives of Fulham. And yet—what could one Buy them and stick them in a lumber room? No; they had to go the way of all flesh and furniture, and be worn out. But when they put up Aunt Ann's sofa and were going to knock it down for thirty shillings, he cried out, suddenly: "Five pounds!" The sensation was considerable, and the sofa his.

When that little sale was over in the fusty saleroom, and those Victorian ashes scattered, he went out into the misty October sunshine feeling as if cosiness had died out of the world, and the board "To Let" up, indeed. Revolutions on the horizon; Fleur in Spain; no comfort in Annette; no Timothy's on the Bayswater Road. In the irritable desolation of his soul he went into the Goupenor That chap Jolyon's watercolors were on view there. He went in to look down his nose at them—it might give him some faint satisfaction. The news had trickled through from June to Val's wife, from her to Val, from Val to his mother, from her to Soames, that the charm of this once-owned woman, and house—the fatal house at Robin Hill was for sale, and Irene going to join her boy out in British Columbia, or some such place. For one wild moment the thought had come to Soames: 'Why shouldn't I buy it back? I meant it for of, the only defeat he had known, would my-!' No sooner come than gone. be over when she faded from his view Too lugubrious a triumph; with too this time; even such memories had their many humiliating memories for himself own queer aching value. She, too, was

and Fleur. She would never live there after what had happened. No, the place must go its way to some peer or profiteer. It had been a bone of contention from the first, the shell of the feud; and with the woman gone, it was an empty shell. "For Sale or To Let." With his mind's eve he could see that board raised high above the ivied wall which he had built.

He passed through the first of the two rooms in the Gallery. There was certainly a body of work! And now that trivial. The drawings were pleasing enough, with quite a sense of atmosphere. and something individual in the brush work. 'His father and my father; he and I; his child and mine!' thought Soames. So it had gone on! And all about that woman! Softened by the events of the past week, affected by the melancholy beauty of the autumn day, Soames came nearer than he had ever been to realization of that truth—passing the understanding of a Forsyte purethat the body of Beauty has a spiritual essence, uncapturable save by a devotion which thinks not of self. After all, he was near that truth in his devotion to his daughter; perhaps that made him understand a little how he had missed the prize. And there, among the drawings of his kinsman, who had attained to that which he had found beyond his reach, he thought of him and her with a tolerance which surprised him. But he did not buy a drawing.

Just as he passed the seat of custom on his return to the outer air he met with a contingency which had not been entirely absent from his mind when he went into the Gallery—Irene, herself, coming in. So she had not gone yet, and was still paying farewell visits to that fellow's remains! He subdued the little involuntary leap of his subconsciousness, the mechanical reaction of his senses to the passed her with averted eves. But when he had gone by he could not for the life of him help looking back. This, then, was finality—the heat and stress of his life, the madness and the longing therethat smile and that little farewell wave; he went out into the fashionable street quivering from head to foot. He knew what she had meant to say: "Now that I am going forever out of the reach of you and yours—forgive me; I wish you well." That was the meaning; last sign of that terrible reality—passing morality, duty, common sense—her aversion from him who had owned her body but had never touched her spirit or her heart. It hurt; yes—more than if she had kept her mask unmoved, her hand unlifted.

Three days later, in that fast-yellowing October, Soames took a taxi-cab to Highgate Cemetery and mounted through its white forest to the Forsyte vault. Close to the cedar, above catacombs and columbaria, tall, ugly, and individual, it looked like an apex of the competitive system. He could remember a discussion wherein Swithin had advocated the addition to its face of the pheasant proper. The proposal had been rejected in favor of a wreath in stone, above the stark words: "The family vault of Jolyon Forsyte: 1850." It was in good order. All trace of the recent interment had been removed, and its sober grey gloomed reposefully in the sunshine. The whole family lay there now, except old Jolyon's wife, who had gone back under a contract to her own family vault in Suffolk; old Jolyon himself lying at Robin Hill; and Susan Hayman, cremated so that none knew where she might be. Soames gazed at it with satisfaction—massive, needing little attention; and this was important, for he was well aware that no one would attend to it when he himself was gone, and he would have to be looking out for lodgings soon. He might have twenty years before him, but one never knew. Twenty years without an aunt or uncle, with a wife of whom one had better not know home. His mood inclined to melancholy would die out if they didn't take care. and retrospection.

people with extraordinary names, buried would be delicious if only he could rid his in extraordinary taste. Still, they had a nerves of the feeling that mortality was in fine view up here, right over London, it. He gazed restlessly at the crosses and

looking back. Suddenly she lifted her Annette had once given him a story to gloved hand, her lips smiled faintly, her read by that Frenchman, Maupassant dark eyes seemed to speak. It was the —a most lugubrious concern, where all turn of Soames to make no answer to the skeletons emerged from their graves one night, and all the pious inscriptions on the stones were altered to descriptions of their sins. Not a true story at all. He didn't know about the French, but there was not much real harm in English people except their teeth and their taste, which were certainly deplorable. "The family vault of Jolyon Forsyte, 1850." A lot of people had been buried here since then—a lot of English life crumbled to mould and dust! The boom of an airplane passing under the gold-tinted clouds caused him to lift his eyes. The deuce of a lot of expansion had gone on. But it all came back to a cemetery—to a name and a date on a tomb. And he thought with a curious pride that he and his family had done little or nothing to help this feverish expansion. Good solid middlemen, they had gone to work with dignity to manage and possess. "Superior Dosset," indeed, had built, in a dreadful, and Jolyon painted, in a doubtful period, but so far as he remembered not another of them all had soiled his hands by creating anything—unless you counted Val Dartie and his horse-breeding. Collectors, solicitors, barristers, merchants, publishers, accountants, directors, land agents, even soldiers—there they had been! The country had expanded, as it were, in spite of them. They had checked, controlled, defended, and taken advantage of the process— and when you considered how "Superior Dosset" had begun life with next to nothing, and his lineal descendants already owned what old Gradman estimated at between a million and a million and a half, it was not so bad! And yet he sometimes felt as if the family bolt was shot, their possessive instinct dying out. They seemed unable to make money—this fourth generation; they were going into art, literature, farming, or the army; or just living on what was left them—they anything, with a daughter gone from had no push and no tenacity. They

Soames turned from the vault and faced This cemetery was full, they said—of toward the breeze. The air up here

the urns, the angels, the "immortelles." the flowers, gaudy or withering; and suddenly he noticed a spot which seemed so different from anything else up there that he was obliged to walk the few necessary yards and look at it. A sober corner, with a massive queer-shaped cross of grey rough-hewn granite, guarded by four dark yew-trees. The spot was free from the pressure of the other graves, having a little box-hedged garden on the far side, and in front a goldening birch-tree. This oasis in the desert of conventional graves appealed to the æsthetic sense of Soames, and he sat down there in the sunshine. Through those trembling gold birch leaves he gazed out at London, and yielded to the waves of memory. He thought of Irene in Montpelier Square, when her hair was rusty-golden and her white shoulders his—Irene, the prize of his love-passion, resistant to his ownership. He saw Bosinney's body lying in that white mortuary, and Irene sitting on the sofa looking at space with the eyes of a dying bird. Again he thought of her by the little green Niobe in the Bois de Boulogne, once more rejecting him. His fancy took him on beside his drifting river on the November day when Fleur was to be born, took him to the dead leaves floating on the greentinged water and the snake-headed weed forever swaying and nosing, sinuous, blind, tethered. And on again to the window opened to the cold starry night above Hyde Park, with his father lying dead. His fancy darted to that picture of "the future town," to that boy's and Fleur's first meeting; to the blueish trail of Prosper Profond's cigar, and Fleur in the window pointing down to where the fellow prowled. To the sight of Irene and that dead fellow sitting side by side in the Stand at Lord's. To the sofa, where Fleur lay crushed up in the corner; to her lips pressed into his cheek, and her farewell "Daddy." And suddenly he saw again Irene's grey-gloved hand waving its last gesture of release.

He sat there a long time dreaming his career, faithful to the scut of his possessive instinct, warming himself even with its failures.

life, when a man owned his soul, his in- world!

vestments, and his woman, without check or question. And now the State had, or would have, his investments, his woman had herself, and God knew who had his soul. "To Let"—that sane and simple creed!

The waters of change were foaming in. carrying the promise of new forms only when their destructive flood should have passed its full. He sat there, subconscious of them, but with his thoughts resolutely set on the past—as a man might ride into a wild night with his face to the tail of his galloping horse. Athwart the Victorian dykes the waters were rolling on property, morals, and manners, on melody and the old forms of artwaters bringing to his mouth a salt taste as of blood; lapping to the foot of this Highgate Hill where Victorianism lay buried. And sitting there, high up on its most individual spot, Soames—like a figure of Investment-refused their restless sounds. Instinctively he would not fight them—there was in him too much primeval wisdom, of Man the possessive an-They would quiet down when they had fulfilled their tidal fever of dispossessing and destroying; when the creations and the properties of others were sufficiently broken and dejected—they would lapse and ebb, and fresh forms would rise based on an instinct older than the fever of change—the instinct of Home.

"Je m'en fiche," said Prosper Profond. Soames did not say "Je m'en fiche"-it was French, and the fellow was a thorn in his side—but deep down he knew that change was only the interval of death between two forms of life, destruction necessary to make room for fresher property. What though the board was up, and cosiness to let?—some one would come along and take it again some day.

And only one thing really troubled him. sitting there—the melancholy craving in his heart—because the sun was like enchantment on his face and on the clouds and on the golden birch leaves, and the wind's rustle was so gentle, and the yewtree green so dark, and the sickle of a moon pale in the sky.

He might wish and wish and never get "To Let"—the Forsyte age and way of it—the beauty and the loving in the

"CHANGE FOR BOKHARA"

By Katharine Fullerton Gerould



fare of at least a million people. It is hundred and fifty dollars. But worse, your grounds international or planetary, so much the better. "The higher selfishness," once so fashionable, is out of court. "Service" is the word. The civilized are meant to serve; the uncivilized to be why the uncivilized have no duties; why I must feel so keenly my responsibility to the colored lady who feels no responsibility—even for wages received—to me. But that is to confuse a present with a past definition of service, and I hurry to elude the verbal trap.

On the whole, though, if one has a personal grievance, one had better out with it, not attempting to deprecate. I to see if my sense of grievance would not abate, if I could not conquer it by spiritual means. I cannot. It is still there, irking me. Though France and England should forget, I shall never, never forgive the Kaiser. He has taken from me the one recreation on which, through gray days and gold, winter and summer, fat years and lean, I could always count. He has made the guide-books of no avail, and forced Cook's Tourist Handbook out of print. I could overlook his ruining the Almanach de Gotha; but I resent, with a deepening resentment, his frustration of the continental Bradshaw and the sailing-lists of the seven seas. He has not

E are all so earnest now-a- is no comfort to me to know that he is days (more or less in the more bored at Doorn than I am in Prince-Pontifex sense) that we do ton. No revenge upon his person would not like to give frivolous bring amelioration to my mood; for repareasons for our states of ration, neither he nor the German people soul. Almost any reason is could make. It is his fault that the frivolous which is not based on the wel-minimum steamship fare to Europe is two not reputable, for example, to resent the far worse: it is his fault that old Baedekers Great War on any but national grounds are no good and that new Baedekers at the very least; and if you can make cannot be born; it is his fault that even Cook cannot tell you now at what hour vou change for Bokhara. It used to be about 10.40 A. M., and you changed at Merv.

To a hearth-bound person of wandering served. Sometimes one wonders a little tastes, travel-descriptions are less good than guide-books, and guide-books, even, less good than time-tables. Next to going somewhere yourself is not reading the adventures of someone who has been. Next to going somewhere yourself is looking up the best way to get there; planning out every inch of the journey, even to Samarkand. Guide-books are useful, especially in the matter of hotels. But what you really need is time-tables waited for two years after the Armistice rising in heaps about your armchair. A pencil and paper, too, to make your itinerary and reckon up the cost of the trip. When the journey is a complicated one, many hours can be spent over the task, and no novel can compete with it in excitement. The Kaiser has made such pleasuring practically impossible. Even in Europe, who knows when trains will run, or how slowly? To be sure, the only train in Europe that interested one much in the old days was the Orient Express. I have heard vaguely that its service has been resumed. But you cannot trust what you read in the newspapers, and Cook has issued no grangecolored book since 1914. I do not beonly ruined the literature of travel, since lieve much in the Orient Express. Beanyone who goes anywhere now, and sides, who wants, now, to take it? It writes a book about it, must needs dilate was never anything but the first stage upon political conditions; he has anni- of the journey—a concession to weakhilated the time-tables of the world. It stomached folk who preferred a wagon-lit

of the fun was always to see how cheaply the trip could be made, and that meant going by water as much of the way as possible. One of the most delightful journeys I ever planned was practicable for a summer's vacation, and, considering what you got, heavenly cheap. From New York to Libau by the Russian-American line; by rail to St. Petersburg and Moscow, then to Nijni Novgorod. where you hit the great Fair. Then down the Volga by steamboat to the Caspian: absurdly inexpensive, and according to folk who had done it, exceeding comfortable in the matter of cabins and food. Across the Caspian from Astrakhan to Baku: the trans-Caucasian railway via Tiflis to Batum; a Black Sea Messageries Maritimes boat (touching at Trebizond) to Constantinople. If your margin was big, the Orient Express; if not, another Messageries Maritimes steamer (via Patras, and therefore, if you liked, Athens) to Marseilles. And so home. I have lost my old calculations of expense; but it was actually a thinkable summer holi-

Well: you can see. The Kaiser has killed the Russian-American line; he has knocked the Russian railways and the Volga boats to flinders; he has abolished the great Fair at Nijni, which used to have a picture all to itself in the geographies; he has closed the Caspian and the Black Sea to tourist travel. Even if one could have afforded time and money to go from Astrakhan to Krasnovodsk instead of to Baku, and take the trans-Caspian to Samarkand—changing at Merv for Bokhara—he has made it physically impossible. At times one planned trips regardless of money; but there was never any fun in planning trips that even a millionaire would not think of taking. We never went in, Mr. Cook and I, for Arctic exploration or migration by cara-We planned only thinkable things, with railways and steamers to co-operate, journeys where, to be sure, you cut down your luggage, but still had luggage. And tickets; most especially tickets. A ticket to Samarkand: think of it! But there are no tickets to Samarkand now. I never expected to buy one anyhow; but I

to a Messageries Maritimes boat. Part how much one cost. That was all the reality I ever asked; and the Kaiser has taken away even my "less vivid condition"—not only my future indicative, but my potential optative.

One used in former days to think of India—not very hopefully, but with enough enthusiasm to thumb an old Murray. The Kaiser was ever a hypocrite. Do you realize that in 1014 was issued (in German only) the first Baedeker's guide to India, Farther India, Burmah, the Straits Settlements, Siam, and Java? Yes: he published a guidebook to India, and proceeded immediately to make it impossible for anyone to get there. I do not know what the present state of passports to India may be. Last year, still, it was pretty difficult to get in. You had to show cause. In any case, is India, at the present moment, a place that you wish to go to? You know that it is not. It is so little, just now, a place you desire to visit, that there is no fun in seeing how to get there. There always had to be, back of one's research and computation, the sense that if there were time, and if there were money, it would all be infinitely practicable and a pure delight. I do not suppose there is any chance of getting hold of that 1914 Baedeker for India. I cannot, in any case, read German without a dictionary. Even if I could get it, and could read it, it would do me no good. The Kaiser has spoiled India. To be sure, I still-occasionally—thumb my unspeakable Murray; and you would think Murray the perfect guide-book for a stay-at-home, since he always persuades you that a country with a guide-book like that is a country to stay away from. But that is not what I want of a guide-book. I want one that truly lures, even though I cannot Besides, my Murray is more than out of date. It was published long before 1914; and since 1914 all things are different.

That is the worst thing the Kaiser has done. He has not only frustrated the time-tables and made guide-books "date"; he has ruined even the places you could conceivably get to and find your way about in. Even the beloved countries one knew before. . . . they are expected to be able at any time to find out stricken with poverty, fuel-and-food spots. If you travel at all in familiar lands, you practically have to travel as a profiteer. You cannot go to Switzerland German royalties who have now hung out an S. R. O. sign. Oh, yes, I know that people are thronging to Europe. But either they have a particular reason for going, or they are rich, or insensitive, or they were always of a pacifistic strain. good excuse to go, no doubt; but without hundred and fifty. As for the stay-athome who takes it out in meticulous planned connections; but now you are is stilled. not even sure that any given train exists.

used to be. The Marquesas were always cision. I leave it to others. hard to get to, and meant tramp schoon-

shortage: they are torn between distrust Even the cruises among the Pacific of the foreigner and desire to offset the Islands, arranged for by a bureau or a exchange; they breed typhus and revolu- company, are but charmless substitutes tion, at any moment, in the most unlikely for your own pondered itinerary. All very well, perhaps, if you are really going, but meaningless if you are not.

The only hunting ground left to the at all. The Kaiser filled it up early with amateur agence is the Far East. Even there, one has no time-tables, alas! The excellent guides issued by the Imperial Japanese Government Railways are, however, the only proper substitute I know of for the Baedeker drug. I recommend them to fellow addicts. They Many of us would be glad enough of a do give you a vast amount of information about steamship lines, and they tell you, the excuse we rather shrink from it. at least, the length of time trains take. Especially with the minimum fare at two Also the price of rickshaws and wheelbarrows and the single automobile in a Cambodian town. I have almost planned planning, there is no fun left. Who can a journey to Sumatra, via all sorts of say how late a train will be, or what a places. Even so, I cannot say definitely hotel will charge, or where you may not to myself, "On Wednesday, of such a be indefinitely held up by an epidemic or date, at ten-forty A. M., I should leave a strike? There was always a chance Batavia for Soerabaya." The only inthat you might not make those carefully spired voice was Thomas Cook's, and it

South America, some sympathizer will There is still northern Africa, and the suggest. Well, give me a South Ameri-Far East, and the South Seas? Yes, I can guide-book, and I will see. I have suppose so. But how can I know never discovered one. If I once "rolled whether my pre-war time-table tells me down to Rio," I might be content to contemporary truth about trains between take any train there was. But there is no Tunis and Algiers? Remember, Mr. satisfaction to be had in mere planning, Cook refuses to issue a new one. "Auto- if I do not know what time the train goes mobiles," people say vaguely. But you and where it will take me, what the fare cannot compute the cost of a journey is, and what the accommodations are. that is made by snatching a motor-car at I should be willing to chance the train every turn. And counting the cost was that runs from Callao to Lima, or the part of the pleasure. I am not a trav- one that crosses the Andes from Valeller, you see: only an agence. The paraiso to Buenos Aires. I am sure the South Seas, they tell me, have been hard scenery in both cases is magnificent. hit by the influenza; and what with the But I have no other assurance about death-rate and the manners of the Poly- either one. A trip of any sort to South nesian poilu, even Tahiti is not what it America would be all margin and no pre-

In the old days, I was wont to scorn Cook never offered information imaginary travelling in the United States. about them, Besides, Mr. Frederick Since the Kaiser took away my pastime, O'Brien has taken away any desire for I have grown humble. I collect timethe Marquesas that Stevenson and Jack tables of every line that runs from Chica-London had left one. Of course you can go to the Coast. (I know how I want to go to Fiji or Samoa, stopping over a go to Chicago.) I gather, with meekness, steamer on your way to Australia. But items of interest about Butte and San from port to port with one stop, and then Antonio, and consider the merits of the back again, is not what I call a trip. Columbia River Highway and the Apache

Trail. I nonchalantly look up the rates courses of steamers. I remember once I balance the dreariness of Kansas (from woman for lamenting my inability to get a car-window) against the dreariness of to Central Asia. "If time, as I under-Nebraska (from the same vantage point). I figure out how much time you save by going to Chicago and taking the Union do as other women have done. I had a Pacific instead of going to St. Louis and friend who really wished to go to Central taking the Denver and Rio Grande. I Asia, and hadn't much money. So she resist the perpetual lure of the twice- took a tea-caravan that was returning visited Grand Canon, and the remem- from Archangel. They were several bered romance of the Kicking Horse months about it, of course: going across River. "No," I say, "I will take the Russia and half Siberia and winding Union Pacific out, and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul back, on account of electrification, and the Royal Gorge and Glacier Park can go hang." Yet, try though I may for true enthusiasm, it is but postum and ginger ale to coffee and cocktails. Even on the Santa Fé, you cannot change for Bokhara.

you cannot see, I can hardly explain. The heart of delight was to ponder on the accessibility to the average man of "rose-red cities half as old as time." Any train is a miracle: I grant it. If it were not for public opinion. I would fling the sacrificial marigold before the path of any limited express. Yet there is no romance in a train that is going to Duluth or Oklahoma City. Trains have made them; they are useless without them. But what have Peking and Delhi and Samarkand to do with trains? That is where the miracle becomes major. That you and I, not Marco Polo or Genghis Khan or Tamburlaine, should be able to seek out the cities of pure legend, without forfeiting our lives or being sold into slavery or fighting our way across limitless Asia—that still takes the breath. Changing for Bokhara is a different thing from changing for Pasadena: different not simply in degree but in essence. It is like booking your passage for Lilliput. Only, once, it could be done.

extreme: who think that ease of travel point is that, thanks to the Kaiser, you destroys romance, or who think it weak can no longer, by soft lamplight, do the of you to cling to the steel rails and the best for yourself.

at Tahoe Tavern and Glacier Park Hotel, being reproached by a clever Englishstand, is no object," she said, sternly, "and you really wanted to go, you could down into Turkestan. She had a beautiful time."

"Do you mean a woman did that alone?" I asked weakly.

She looked at me as if I were some little cheeping field creature. "Why not? She had her own camel, of course.

But there it is. I have no desire to sit Why this insistence on Bokhara? If in my arm-chair and plot a journey with a tea-caravan, even though my camel were scrupulously unshared. I am of weaker stock. Besides, a caravan has no time-tables. How could I know on what day and at what hour I should get anywhere? No camel will ever guarantee, for Mr. Cook's benefit, to shunt you off on time at Merv. I have the Englishwoman's word for it that the trip was cheap. But it still seems to me that connections would be uncertain.

I do not know whether the Kaiser has abolished tea-caravans or not. As they never really concerned me, it does not much matter. But he has destroyed everything else. There is not a spot on the earth's surface that his polluting finger has not touched. Even the sweet reasonableness that asked not to go but only to know how to go, must turn away empty. Thomas Cook will arrange for you, still, to see many places—but not Bokhara. And if you ask him for any time-table that could conceivably be called romantic, he shrugs his shoulders. There are people who go to the other He will do his best for you. But the



The great festival of the year.—Page 204.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S TABLE

By William Henry Shelton Author of "Our Farm," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDITH MORRELL

spoon or a fork or a rolling-pin in her hand, tasting the bean porridge or prodding the potatoes to see if they were boiled, or kneading bread, or rolling pie-crust, or frying crullers with twisted strands like a hard. She seemed to be always going back and forth between the cook-stove and the buttery and the brick oven, or going down the cellar stairs with a lighted candle in an iron candlestick (having a hook on one side

AS a loyal New England woman my to hang it on the potato-bin), on her way grandmother always had pie and to the cool buttery, where the milk was cake on the breakfast-table. I was kept in shining pans, and where the born with three grandmothers, all from cheeses stood in long rows on the shelves, New England. As I remember her, my and where the barrel of maple-syrup maternal grandmother seemed to be al- stood in the corner and gradually crystalways cooking, in a perpetual checked lized into maple-sugar. In the farther apron, with her sleeves rolled up and a end of the cellar buttery was the cheese-

press, and along the floor under the shelves was a row of stone crocks containing sausages put down in lard.

My grandmother's cellar was cool and dry, with a floor of concrete, from which the last leaf that blew down from the yard was swept up and returned whence it came. The bins for the apples and potatoes were raised from the floor for a free circulation of air. and the cider-barrel



Going down the cellar stairs with a lighted

and the vinegar-barrel lay on skids at salt. Out of the dry, sandy hills came one side of the stairs, under the sloping doors that led up into the yard, and on the other side stood the barrel of salt pork and the barrel of corned beef. If not still in the smoke-house, the hams and shoulders hung from the floor-beams, along with strips of dried beef. In the summer these hams were kept in air-tight and fly-tight cases, for they were not hard and salt like hams cured for market, but soft and toothsome when fried for the Sunday dinner, and served with mashed potatoes and sliced tomatoes and cucumbers from the garden and crisp lettuce prepared with vinegar and sugar.

The kitchen-garden was a bountiful contributor to the luxury of my grandmother's table, and the wooden gate, humble as it was, was always the gate I saw when I read, "Come into the garden, Maud . . . I am here at the gate alone,' and Tennyson might have mentioned the chain and weight that shut it with a click, and the apple-tree that overhung it, bearing twelve kinds of apples. The garden, not being a garden of roses like Maud's, provided the earliest potatoes and the sweetest sweet corn and the greenest green peas and "pie-plant" and vegetable "oysters" and asparagus and string beans and melons, which seemed to burst out of the black mould. The cucumbers were picked with the dew on the vines, and sliced into salt water for the twelve o'clock dinner. The picking and shelling the peas gave the children a hand in preparing meals. If they were further condemned to pick the currants and raspberries, perhaps it was for revenge that they plugged the watermelons and wrote their names on the winter squashes. The young beets were boiled with the tops for greens, and the tomatoes ripened on the vines until frost came. If there were an oversupply of any vegetable from the garden, it was given to the neighbors. Such surplus was looked upon as a waste product from the soil, and represented no value.

The orchards furnished an abundance of fruit, the fields furnished the grain, and, with the vegetables from the garden, it is a curious fact that the farm produced almost everything served on the table, except the tea and coffee and the pepper and titter from heads not much above their

the white, thin-skinned potatoes, grown expressly for baking. There were redskinned potatoes that were good enough for boiling, but the delicate "ladyfingers" were baked and eaten with their crisp, brittle jackets. And the eggs! there were episodes of the table as well as products of the farm.

My grandfather took a childish delight on the 1st of April in fooling the younger



Rolling pie-crust.—Page 288.

members of the family and the hired help, and he took good care that he should not get fooled himself. It would be: "My boy, is that the doctor's buggy coming down Crying Hill?"

"I don't see any buggy."

"April fool."

One April Fools' day we laid a trap for him at the dinner-table. A generous dish of boiled eggs was in its usual place before his plate. A decoy egg, sufficiently warmed to allay suspicion, crowned the dish. My grandfather, who liked his eggs hard-boiled, laid the decoy egg on his plate and cut it in two with his knife. In his first angry surprise he pushed his chair back from the table. There was a



The wooden gate . . . was always the gate I saw when I read, "Come into the garden, Maud."—Page 289.

plates, and my grandfather resumed his dinner with a solemn face.

The old orchard is a fragrant, haunting memory, from the dainty season of the pink blossoms to the empty barrels that smelled of the cooper's shop, and the filled ones that emitted the faint odor of a score of varieties that made up the apple harvest. The sweet-bough tree littered the ground with golden apples that drew the wasps and the bees out of space. There were pippins and Rhode Island greenings and black apples and spice apples and harvest apples and russets and spitzenbergs and sheep noses, which were black gillyflowers, and tolman-sweets and seek-no-furthers, and there was one tree whose apples, through some merry freak of the pollen, were sweet on one side and sour on the other. One face of this apple was the yellowish green of the tolmansweet, with the peculiar seam of that variety distinctly marked from the stem to the chit, while the opposite side had the color and flavor of the greening.

The northern spy was a natural fruit but recently discovered in the adjoining township of East Bloomfield, in the orchard of Farmer Chapin, who named the new apple from the direction in which he first spied it.

Grafting was a new experiment, and in the magical process a limb was sawed off, and the exposed end was covered with grafting-wax, into which the sprig to be propagated was inserted, with the same result as sticking a willow whip in wet earth.

In the late spring the pies were made of dried apples, prepared by my grandfather in the fall, when he sat astride a narrow board and turned a crank that revolved an apple on a fork under a knife that pared it in a second. There was a balance-wheel to multiply the revolutions of the fork, and the mechanism was of my grandfather's construction. Most of the neighbors had a similar machine, and no one was clever enough or mean enough to patent it.

I lived in such a world of smells that I should be glad to identify my grand-mother's table by some distinguishing odor, as familiar as the smell of the bed of tanzy that grew along the road outside the garden fence, or the smell of the pile of red cedar posts by the orchard gate, or the smell of a certain loft where the shaving-horse stood, with the bucket of tar and the iron letters, under a shingled roof that was baking in the sun; but the smell of the table was a composite of too many delicious smells.

My grandmother's table, supported by the fields and the garden and the orchard, was a quaint picture, with its old-fashioned delft and glass and the big japanned tray, behind which my grandmother sat to serve the tea or the coffee. There was a tall teapot, on which two deer with spreading antlers were running away from two horsemen, who were not particularly interested in the chase, as one of them carried a toy spear with a pennant attached, and the other was riding in the opposite direction. It is only fair to state that this teapot appeared on the table only on special occasions, and otherwise stood in a corner cupboard behind glass. The service plates and platters on ordinary occasions were white with a wavy which was a reasonable mystic numberrim of blue, known to collectors as the mulberry pattern. On state occasions the platters and the vegetable dishes and the large dinner-plates showed an architectural and aquatic design, in which picturesque castles crowned rocky islands, with fantastic boats in the foregroundboats with striped awnings propelled by a poleman, or with lateen sails or banks of oars. These dishes were in light blue. the borders of an intricate floral design. There were glass salt-boats, which rolled over at the ends like the arms of a sofa, and could never have been suspected of having escaped from the fleet of boats on the blue platters.

There were curious cake-plates decorated by hand, with a pot of conventional flowers in the centre, and bordered by a wreath of equally impossible floral designs under thick glaze, the reds and yellows and blues fused into pleasant flat poster shades. There were no decanters or wineglasses, because wines and liquors for table use were unknown, and if cider was served it was drunk in ordinary tumblers. It was before the time of four-tined silver forks, but the spoons were of silver, the teaspoons having very slender stems and bowls of thin metal that, in some cases, showed the marks of baby-teeth in the process of cutting. The tablespoons were quite formidable in size, and both sets were marked with the initials of my grandfather or my grandmother, in two letters of old-fashioned script.

In the autumn my grandmother entertained an annual visitor, a one-eyed Norwegian baker, who for two long days was king of the kneading-board and the brick oven. His fee was fifty cents a day and his board. He shaped a cracker in the twinkling of an eye, and dented every one with his elbow before stamping it with his name, which was Nichols. He was some gymnast, and after sprinting for two days between the buttery and the oven, he left behind him a barrel of crackers and a half-barrel of gingersnaps, and trotted away with his pans on his back, jingling his two half-dollars, and the control of the kitchen was restored to my grandmother.

The kitchen was dining-room and living-room, a room of seven doors, Through the south door the sun cast a straight shadow on the carpet at twelve o'clock, which corroborated the clock and admonished my grandfather to blow the dinner-horn. The east door led into the wood-house and the summer-kitchen, and opposite to it was the door into the parlor, balanced by a door into the cellar, and opposite to the south door, where the sun shone in, was an entry door leading to the orchard, with the buttery door on the left, and the door of my grandmother's bedroom on the right. The great fireplace behind the stove was closed with a fireboard. The room was ceiled up to the chair-board, and the woodwork was painted a dull shade of yellow in very good harmony with the case of the eightday clock, which was curly maple with a brass dial and a girl in a yellow gown picking buttercups on the glass door, who made no objection to an oval hole through her petticoats, designed to expose any lapse on the part of the pendulum.

My grandmother was from Lyme in the State of Connecticut, and her maiden name was Peck, but that is of no consequence, as at the time of her marriage the Peck was camouflaged by Taft. To me she was just Grandma Taft. The neighbors called her Aunt Abby, and my grandfather was Uncle Jesse. All the old people in the neighborhood were called uncle and aunt. My grandfather, who came from Uxbridge, Massachusetts, had four brothers living on neighboring farms, and my grandfather and grandmother



The picking and shelling the peas gave the children a hand.—Page 289.



The old orchard is a fragrant, haunting memory.—Page 200.

were Uncle Jesse and Aunt Abby to a and angles, as eccentric as frost patterns large number of nephews and nieces. on the window-panes, and as light as a

In maple-sugar time we were always invited to one of my great-aunts (the wife of Uncle Bezaliel, who played chess) to eat fritters. The batter for the fritters was mixed thin and dropped into the boiling fat from a spoon, and came out in all sorts of fantastic shapes of crisp spikes



Dried apples, prepared by my grandfather.
—Page 290.

and angles, as eccentric as frost patterns on the window-panes, and as light as a handful of feathers. We children always got merry over the resemblance of the fritters to certain birds and animals with bills and horns and tails.

On these occasions my grandfather put on his black-velvet vest, the one he wore in his daguerreotype, and looked solemn. but was very active with his knife and fork. Aunt Ruth had a nervous affection of the face that kept one eye winking at the double-quick when she was very serious, and she felt it her duty to be serious in the midst of so much frivolity as threatened the staid character of her Puritan household, and to be impressively serious she chose these occasions to lecture me for snuffing, and she illustrated her lecture with a series of moving pictures of grotesque faces. I felt the injustice of the situation all the more that I had to sit a silent spectator of her infirmity. More than that, I had to stop eating fritters and give respectful attention to my aunt's lecture, which was meant for my good.

Those great-aunts on Sugar Street were

very pious and very positive. Aunt Rhoda maintained that no boy could catch cold going to or coming from church. My grandmother was a good woman, but her piety was never rubbed into her grandchildren.

My grandmother's table was a democratic table, not only in the dishes served on it but in the people who regularly sat around it and in the strangers who partook of its hospitality. The "hired man" and the "hired girl" regularly sat at my grandmother's table, served in the

ter rising on occasion, not to remove plates or to use the crumb-brush, in the modern way, but to refill the teapot or to replenish some dish that had been emptied. If a neighbor knocked at the door during a meal my uncle bade him come The neighbor grasped the hasp—blacksmith made—of the door, and with a pressure of his thumb raised the latch. There were no locks on the doors-with one exceptionand, consequently, no keys. The doors were secured, if necessary, by buttons above the latches, and the one exception was the door of a certain closet where cake was kept. a precaution against placing undue temptation before grandchildren of tender years.

Whoever arrived during a meal was The offered the hospitality of the table. peddler who stayed overnight and the teamsters who came from the south hills with lumber, making the haul in one day and returning the next, had their places at table, and there was no classing above or below the salt.

Only on special occasions, such as Thanksgiving and Christmas, was my grandmother's table restricted to the members of the family and the family guests, and even then that privileged character, the hired girl, was present, as usual, only a little more active in ministering to the wants of the other diners.

The richest farmers, at the time of which I write, sat at the head of their bountiful tables with their help and harvesters, eating with them. There were no

servants, so called. Sometimes, when a "hired girl" tried to "show off" in table manners, or when one of the harvesters who thought himself—in the language of his kind—"some punkins," the fork was held in a peculiar upright position, much as a left-hand writer would grasp his pen. This manner of holding the fork may still be seen in public places, suggesting the hired girl in the family tree.

Baked beans was a standard dish on board as members of the family, the lat- pan in which it was baked, crisp and



Aunt Rhoda maintained that no boy could catch cold going to or coming from church.

brown on the top, with a generous square of salt pork in the centre done to a pulp under a surface of crump, which had been cut into strips before baking. Strange to relate, Boston baked beans and Boston brown bread were unknown on this particular New England table. Besides the wheaten loaf, there were "rye and injun" and corn bread in the form of "johnnycake," baked in a pie-tin. Soup was seldom served, except in the form of bean porridge, and then it was the substance of the meal. It was a stock to be warmed over in honor of the old New England adage:

"Bean porridge hot and bean porridge cold, Bean porridge's best when it's nine days old."

Hasty pudding was a New England dish, and so was samp, which was corn ground at the mill, in imitation of the best the Indians could do by pounding the kernels between two stones. My grandmother went the Indians one better in "hulled corn," for which the kernels were soaked in lye until the hulls could be washed off, leaving the unbroken kernel, when cooked, as soft and mealy as a boiled chestnut. All these preparations of Indian corn were served with milk.

When my uncle got as far from home



Oyster suppers were the popular form of entertainment.

as a city market he brought my grandmother a bag of clams, which reminded her of old Lyme. The clam-shells made very good garden-walks, but what sort of shells the oysters grew in we did not know, as they came in wooden kegs and tin cans, having left their shells behind them. The children recoiled from this form of sea-food, but for the grown-ups oyster suppers were the popular form of entertainment when neighbors came together for a dance or a frolic.

And now we come to the great festival of the year, which was a real New England Thanksgiving dinner, as my grandmother interpreted and celebrated it, with a never-varying menu of pie and pie and more pie. Chicken pie and mince pie and pumpkin pie, with a few deviations, such as vegetables and pickled peaches and

cheese and nuts and coffee. The chicken pie was a creation of the day before, ready for the brick oven, which was blazing with dry wood in the early morning, and kept burning until the absorbed and imprisoned heat was sufficient for the crucial effort. Then the coals and ashes were raked off and the big pie, in an unusual milk-pan, reserved from year to year for that service, was placed in the mouth of the oven and shoved back with the broad oven shovel to the centre of the brick floor, and the sheet-iron door was closed. The last affectionate touch of my grandmother, before the pie disappeared in the oven, was to make a number of incisions in the soft crust, as convenient pockets for lumps of yellow butter, an excess of hospitality whose effect was to make the said crust a little more cloying to the tender stomachs of her grandchildren.

The mince pie, prepared with boiled cider and stuffed with citron and raisins, had been waiting for a month in the cold cupboard of the unused parlor, and when it was warmed for dinner the rich crust flaked off like flakes of isinglass.

The November days were cold, and the forenoon was long before the two o'clock dinner, and the children's wait was aggravated by the tantalizing odors that escaped from the door of the oven. The elders were in the parlor, some of the studious ones turning over the leaves of a bound volume of the New York Mirror for the year 1835, or reading Josephus, while the others were grouped in front of a Franklin stove bricked into the fireplace and blazing with hickory wood—the same Franklin stove, ornamented with turrets of brass, that had slept all summer under a blanket of fragrant pine-boughs, as dead to the world as the conch-shells and the specimens of feldspar on the mantelpiece. Now the first snow of the season is falling outside, and the fire is winking and crackling and rioting in its boisterous way, and shooting a playful spark on the hearth-rug, and laughing at the thought of its indolent summer, when there were crickets on the hearth and swallows in the chimney, and lances of sunlight darting through the clefts in the . window-shades at the ornamental brasses and the resinous pine-boughs.



The elders were in the parlor.—Page 294.

The grandchildren in their growing impatience are rambling over the house and cracking hickory-nuts by stealth, and pilfering gingersnaps from the barrel in the wood-house chamber, and watching the oven and the clock.

The white lines of snow on the windowsash have thickened and merged with the frost on the pane, and the parlor fire has sunk to a condition that can be trusted before the guests are bidden to the feast.

And lo! the great chicken pie, swollen with pride and bursting with the importance of its annual appearance, is puffed up into waves of brown crust, depending over the edges of the dish, and the incisions made for the yellow butter are gaping wounds encircling the great cross in the centre.

My uncle wields the keen carving-knife that cuts through three inches of upper crust down to the white breasts and the succulent drumsticks and the second joints and the wings and the wish-bones and the hearts snuggled in an envelope of under crust and deluged with gravy. There was not a sign of a vegetable in this New England chicken pie—only the flesh of the proud birds that saluted the dawn of the day before. There were mashed potatoes and boiled onions, buttered and the end. peppered and salted, in separate dishes, and each big blue dinner-plate gets a generous wedge of the upper crust and a of

slice of the under crust from the side of the pan, and plenty of chicken and vegetables, and a pickled peach stung with cloves, and it is up to the children to uncover the castles and the rocky islands and the fleet of boats.

The large cups of coffee with rich cream were served with the roast, for it was be-

fore the time of the dilettante demi-tasse, and the second and last course was a piece of mince pie and a piece of pumpkin pie, side by side on the same plate with a slice of my grandmother's best cheese. To this dessert it was time for the feeble-hearted or the overfed to demur and make a choice, or reject the whole, but we were brave to

The last these



Watching the clock.

family gatherings about my grandmother's table was that of the Thanksgiving dinner in the year '56—a fateful year. We drove out from "Our County Town" in an open carriage on a bleak November day—my father, my mother, and myself. The bare limbs of the trees were tossing in the gale against a steel-gray sky, and the sodden leaves on the ground were frozen in heaps where the wind had blown them and where the rain had found them. It was a relief from the cold to jump out and run up a hill in advance of the carriage, but back again in my place I was glad to slip down from the seat among the lap-robes in the lee of the dashboard, and watch the two erect figures breasting the wind, well wrapped in cloaks and comforters, and thinking bravely of the warmth and good cheer awaiting them at the end of the journey. My father is whipping his gloved fingers to restore circulation, and the red berries in my mother's cottage face, a vision of loveliness to be remem- empty table.

bered for a lifetime, for above the silent figures and above the crunching of the wheels on the frozen road, and above the hoof-beats of the horse, and above the stinging snowflakes lashed by the wind. the Angel of Death is hovering on invisible wings.

It was my last view of the white face in the cottage bonnet, for my mother was too ill to appear at the Thanksgiving dinner, and I was sent back to school in the early morning. Her empty chair cast a gloom over the company that was prophetic, for it was the last Thanksgiving dinner. There were other invisible hovering wings whose rustle was unheard and unsuspected.

It was the passing of a family.

When the spring came, after a terrible winter, an old man with white hair sat just within the south door on April days, with his hands clasped upon his velvet vest, and dumbly revolving his thumbs, the one over the other, while the noonbonnet are trembling against her white mark lay along the floor and across the



IN THE BLACK COUNTRY

(STAFFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND)

By Olive Tilford Dargan

Hell hath its uses; here each mortar mouth
Casts far as life some treasure dear to need;
Welcome to men as ships the fruity South
Sends to blown Arctic shores. These valleys bleed
That others may be fair. In greener shires,
Where glisten cots and byres,
Manors and castles, or where farther bide
Young Adam and his bride,
What aching wants are banished by these despot fires!

Let Ceres bring sweet incense and blow white
Yon furnace breath; for there flames leap to mould
Her shares and harrows, chains and mattocks bright;
There fashion eager blades that cut the gold
Of wide Australia's fields when flow and wane
Her harvest tides of grain;
And forge for far brown hands the hoe and spade
To ruff some island glade,
Or, chance be, turn the mellow sod in Argentine.

Look to our left. Bolts, rivets, girders, beams,
That make our towers safe, too near the stars;
Rods, pillars, shafts, that bridge unchallenged streams,
Or bear a mountain's weight; unflinching bars
That time alone can bend; and fairy wire
For violin and lyre,
That shall from Music's heart stir her to break
Dream's silence, and remake
That silence deeper,—all are born of that swift fire.

And there! Slack would the world go but for pins,
Needles and buttons. When we lost our fur,
Fishbone and threaded thorn helped us our sins
To hide again, and modesty relure
To walk with us. Now showering from here
To every port o' the sphere,
Go, tidying the world, slim bits of pointed sun,
And on the daintiest one
What maid at bridal thrift shall drop a happy tear?

Now where the cavern windows ghostly glow,
As a dead dragon's eyes yet open burn,
Stripped figures like strange beasts weave to and fro,
And suddenly we know how beasts must yearn
Who have no way out but to pass
Through fire to the green grass.
These strong, who for the weak make beauty sure,
How long will they endure
An earth of ashes and a sky of brass?

THE NEW PACIFIC

TRADE AND RESPONSIBILITIES—AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, AND THE UNITED STATES

By Guy H. Scholefield
Author of "The Pacific"



F America, since the end of the war, has turned right about to face her problems in the Pacific, it is not less true that Australia and New Zealand have also.

during the last year or so, withdrawn their interest from the affairs of Europe, and tend now to concentrate it upon the problems of their own Pacific Ocean.

Since 1916, at any rate, it was a foregone conclusion how the late German territories in the Pacific would be apportioned amongst the Allies; yet neither Australia nor New Zealand could feel secure in going ahead and putting into force the policies they intended eventually to adopt in regard to their administration. That has now been done. New Zealand brought in civil administration in western Samoa on May 1, and the Commonwealth Parliament of Australia is now debating the act authorizing Australia to embark upon the civil government of northern New Guinea and the late territory of Bismarck.

How does the Pacific of to-day differ from that of 1914? Not very greatly. And yet very greatly. The wide German sphere of influence in the west, both north and south of the equator, has been effaced completely. The territory has been divided amongst two-or should we say three?—of the Pacific Powers. And the German commercial mechanism has disintegrated, leaving the field to the operation of competitors who were rigidly excluded under the old German régime. Japan now becomes by the force of circumstances a Pacific Power, which she never was before. She is the very close neighbor of the United States by actually encircling her possessions at Guam; the very close neighbor of Great Britain by squatting at Jaluit, within 200 or 300 miles of

the Crown Colony of Gilbert and Ellice; and uncomfortably close to both Australia and New Zealand by extending her actual frontiers to the equator. Per contra, New Zealand and the United States converge to within a few miles in Samoa, south of the equator. The two subpowers of the British Empire, New Zealand and Australia, begin to rank internationally, dividing between them the old German Schutzgebiete of northern New Guinea, Bismarck, and Samoa.

NEW RESPONSIBILITIES

The long chain of the Dutch East Indies, densely populated and very productive, still constitutes the barrier between Australia's vast realm and the more political portions of the Far East, but it is purely an artificial barrier and a very flimsy one. Yet Australia's responsibility is less by taking control of northern New Guinea herself than by leaving it to be occupied by a Power possibly hostile. It is true that the Commonwealth more than doubles the area and population of her former dependency of Papua. She now becomes the guardian of another 80,000 square miles of territory and 750,000 black subjects. But the new elements are largely homogeneous with those already in her charge, and the tradition set by Australia in her administration of Papua is a very fine one, worthy of the most advanced democracy in the world, as Australia claims to be. It was deemed worthy, at any rate, of the praise of the greatest authority on the Pacific and the best friend of its natives, the late Sir William Macgregor. Nevertheless, Australia's best friends can see that, for a people holding a whole continent on ideals rather than beneficial occupation, this new responsibility is herculean.

NEW ZEALAND'S REALM

The responsibility added to New Zealand's burden is also a homogeneous one. In her administration of the Maori, New Zealand dispossessed them of their mana (prestige) but left to them their economic resources and their amenities. In the result she has provided the world with the only outstanding example of a native race being able to survive on terms of civic equality-and almost of social equalitywith the invading whites. So that the leading mind amongst the Maori to-day, the Hon. A. T. Ngata, M.A., LL.B., was able to congratulate the natives of German Samoa on coming under the same régime. The little nation of the Rarotongans had come inside the boundaries of the Dominion in 1901. New Zealand is now steward for the welfare of three branches of the Polynesians, and surely no people could offer such a hopeful prospect for their future.

Australia's dependencies are tropical, all lying between the equator and 12° south. New Zealand's are only subtropical. The Cook Islands—Rarotonga—are almost on the tropic of Capricorn, while Western Samoa is in 14° south. From the point of view of area and population New Zealand's new charge is tiny—1,000 square miles and 30,000 people, the close kin of the Maori and speaking a similar language.

THE POLITICAL SURVEY

South of the line, then, we have the two British Dominions with their dependencies. France has in the west, not far from Australia, the fine post of New Caledonia, with its valuable deposits of nickel and chrome ore; and in the east, half-way to Chili, the inconsiderable groups of Tahiti, Paumotu, and the Marquesas, with populations dwindled almost to extinction and resources languishing for labor. Right in the centre of the archipelagos Great Britain has the Crown Colony and entrepot of Fiji. Her high commissioner here has jurisdiction over the Gilbert and Ellice Colony to the north and the Tonga protectorate to the southeast, and shares with France the control of the New Hebrides, close to New Caledonia. The high commission is an anachronism since 1884, and the condominium in the New Hebrides is the one outstanding possibility of disagreement between Great Britain and France.

At Samoa, which is almost on the international time line, where you run suddenly from one day into the day before or the day after, the U. S. S. Narragansett in 1871 spied out the best harbor in the group at Pago-pago, and it was occupied under a treaty of 1878. It is really the only good harbor in Samoa, and it is little more than a harbor, but the Navy Department has run it and the island (Tutuila) so well that New Zealand is glad to take some lessons from them.

JAPAN COMES IN

North of the equator things are for the most part as they were. That is to say, America is still in possession of the great Asiatic group of the Philippines, waiting, like England in India, for the day when she may leave it to its own people. she ever do so? The United States possesses, as before, a string of steppingstones to the East-Hawaii, Guam, the Philippines. But she is now irrevocably an Asiatic power. The menace to her social structure in the Pacific States compels her, whether she likes or not, to keep her sword in the side of Asia at Manila. Even if the Filipinos were ready for her departure she must stay, for until the quarrel with the East is decided she can best defend herself, as England always did, on the coasts of her enemy.

Yet another difficulty arises from the Treaty of Versailles. Germany was never the enemy of the United States. But today Germany's possessions at Caroline, Marshall, Pelew, and Marianne, encircling Guam, are in the hands of Japan. The League of Nations does not grant sovereignty, nor does it permit the mandatory power to fortify. But it cannot forbid the people intrusted with a mandate from flooding the territory with its own nationals—its administrators, engineers, artisans, and laborers. Obviously Japan alone of the mandatory powers is able to do this, for only the Japanese can labor in such conditions. To-day we are told that the Japanization of the islands north of the equator is proceeding actively: that Japanese workers are flooding

the groups, Japanese goods are being dumped everywhere, and the Japanese tongue is being promoted, as French and German were elsewhere, by compelling its use in the mission schools. The Japanese can fill up with their own flesh and blood the vacancies left by the disappearing populations of the Pacific; we never can. Thus irresistibly the frontiers of Japan, which yesterday were safe in Asia, have been pushed forward three or four thousand miles across the Pacific toward Australia and New Zealand.

I shall never believe that this was necessary. Japan is an Asiatic power with an Asiatic outlook, and with no maritime traditions whatever. Her outlet was and is in Asia, in Siberia, Manchuria, and Mongolia, and if political barriers had not been erected against her expansion there she would never have stepped out into the Those barriers were maintained Pacific. by the Western powers in favor of Russia, though Russia's occupation of Siberia has never been even as well justified or as necessary as Australia's occupation of Australia.

THE WORKINGS OF TRADE

The war has effected a very distinct upheaval in the trade relations of the Pacific Ocean. Before 1914 the Germans had gradually built up in the Western Pacific, north and south of the equator, a very remarkable mechanism of communications and protection. Their ocean lines from Europe ended at Hongkong and at Sydney. Between these they had regular steamship services, transshipping at the termini products intended for Europe. Subsidiary lines ran through Manila, the Caroline and Marshall Islands, Gilbert and Ellice, Nauru (the phosphate deposit), Bismarck, and German New Guinea. Within the groups cutters and schooners collected copra and other produce and carried it to central loading-ports.

Then, by subsidies, rebates, and a preferential use of customs revenues, the lot of the British competitor was made as difficult as possible. On one occasion, in 1905, the British Government had to enter a diplomatic protest that these imposts were against the spirit of the reciprocal trade agreement of 1886. It won

(the Australian ship-owners, Burns, Philip & Co.) were able once more to run to the German possessions. But by weapons less liable to exception the British competitors were gradually frozen out, and the whole carrying for the German possessions, with much of that for British New Guinea and the Gilberts, passed into German hands. By the German reticulation the copra of the region was pretty exhaustively monopolized for Germany, and it was transshipped at Sydney or Hongkong. In those days about 70,000 tons of copra, or, say, 15 per cent of the world's output, came from the Pacific generally, and Germany from this western area alone secured one-half of it for her own purposes.

COPRA AND LABOR

The smallness of the output of copra from the Pacific islands is due almost entirely to the lack of a labor supply. cocoanut finds no more hospitable home anywhere than in these islands, and the quantity of nuts that one sees rotting on the ground is an indication of what the output might be were laborers available to harvest it. Unfortunately, the native populations, especially in Micronesia and Polynesia, are very sparse. The swarms of natives who were observed by Cook and Bougainville and Wilkes wrapped up in the industries of their own civilization are no more. Instead, each of the groups has only a few thousand natives, and they find it all too easy to live in luxury the whole year on the proceeds of a few weeks' work. And why should they work more?

Consequently white enterprisers in these Eastern groups have understood for decades past that they must find labor elsewhere. The first source of supply, for the plantations of Fiji, Samoa, and Queensland, was the islands of the Melanesian division, most of which even to-day are much more densely populated than those to the eastward. The Melanesians, who are negroid, are strong, faithful if properly treated, and not without a rather surprising mechanical aptitude. For cocoanut and sugar plantations they make excellent labor, but they lack the fine-fingered skill required for the more the day, and the British firm concerned delicate work of cocoa-planting. For

some decades the Tanna boy from the since and went back from Samoa to his New Hebrides, and the Solomon Island boy were the mainstay of the Pacific planters; but it soon became evident that even this supply, plundered by kidnap-pers and ravaged by disease, arms, and drink, would not serve the requirements for very long.

Fiji took alarm early, and in 1880 adopted a custom already in vogue in Mauritius and the West Indies, and brought in under indenture the first of a long procession of Hindu coolies. They were made free in the country on the expiry of their term of service, and with their descendants they now number more than 60,000. They form a third race in the colony, hated by the native Fijian, whom they promise soon to outnumber and eventually to dispossess, distrusted by the whites, who can only defeat their demand for political equality by remaining for all time a Crown Colony governed the New Zealand Parliament that long direct from Downing Street. Yet they furnish, under conditions which we may not like to contemplate, the requisite labor for the great sugar industry of this colony, just as in Hawaii, alongside a native population diminished to a few thousands, another overwhelming Asiatic immigration has come in to operate the production of sugar.

THE CONQUERING CHINESE

Gradually all the Melanesian islands came under control of one or other of the great Powers, and one by one they forbade their natives to go abroad to labor. The German Government openly reserved all the labor of Solomon and Bismarck for the needs of their own planters. The British Colonial Office came slowly to the same decision regarding the British Solomons. Struggling through a forest of labor scruples, it perceived that by forbidding natives to go abroad it might appear to be furnishing its own planters with labor at less than the ruling rate in the Such a favor to its own planters it shuddered to confer, and for some years, accordingly, it allowed the German and French recruiter to take away its people. Now it is the general rule in of the New Zealand Government as an the Solomons and throughout the islands that no boys shall go abroad to labor. tinue, and will be a valuable source of The last Solomon boy was recruited long revenue, enabling New Zealand to do her

island in October, 1920.

The only other coolies who have been used on a considerable scale are Chinese. To-day they are the sinews of the cocoagrowing industry of Samoa, and if they were permitted to move about as free laborers they would supply all the needs of the eastern Pacific. The Chinese Government objects to their emigration as indentured labor. The Anglo-Saxon authorities of the Pacific object to their movement as free labor. In the Dominions it is anxiety for their own standard of life; in the islands it is a sense of duty toward their Polynesian wards.

The Chinese have come, then, only as indentured coolies, and year by year it is harder to get them from China, the only country to-day which will permit its people to go abroad to labor. As regards Samoa, strong objection has been made in indentures lead to unions between Chinese men and Samoan women and the rearing of a half-caste population. Undoubtedly there are such unions, and their most objectionable feature is that they may not be legalized, and that when eventually the coolie completes his term he must return to China and must leave his Samoan companion and their children as a burden on the tribe. Evidence acquits both the Chinese and the Samoan women of flagrant immorality. The former is a good husband, and the latter a chaste woman and a good wife. But obviously such conditions could not be condoned by an Anglo-Saxon Parliament, and New Zealand has taken the promptest steps to remedy the abuse. Arrangements have now been made for the married coolies to bring their own wives from China, and the unmarried will not be retained beyond their first term of three years. Owing to their poverty and ignorance of the language, it usually takes more than three years for them to form alliances with the natives.

If the supply of Chinese labor can be maintained, the fine German plantations in Samoa which have come into the hands asset against the war indemnity, will conduty handsomely toward the Samoans. And here, as elsewhere, there is a great deal to be done.

NATURE'S DUTY TO MANKIND

We have not yet solved the problem of making these islands produce what is required and what they can produce for the benefit of mankind. The most obvious service they can do is to add to the world supply of artificial butters by a great increase in the output of copra. The copra industry suits the mentality of the Polynesian native. He has lived all his life amongst cocoanuts and he understands them. His lack of mechanical knowledge is not serious. But the absence of the competitive instinct is. Life is so easily supported that the native cannot be relied upon to work in employment. Again, why should he? He comes of a stock of traditional communists. The gains of the individual are the common property of the tribe. Hence the Polynesian is only to be found as an efficient worker when he is away from his own island.

Yet three-fourths of the copra output of western Samoa is the product of native plantations. There is a great economic problem here, and to find a solution we have to inquire into the character of the Polynesian. He is a good father, and will never allow his children to want for food or clothing. Obviously, then, the incentive which will appeal best to the industry of the Polynesian is an increase in his family responsibilities. The New Zealand Government recognizes this, and recognizes, also, that the best way to maintain the purity of its subject races is to fully people their lands with them, so that immigrant labor will not be required. Accordingly it has taken steps to establish in Samoa and Rarotonga a thoroughly efficient medical service, charged to reduce the death-rate, and particularly the infant death-rate, by every possible means. Education is also being given a more competitive bent than has been followed by the missions throughout the hundred years that they have borne this vast burden. As the population increases, it is hoped that the pressure on the natural resources will increase, up to a certain point, the exportable surplus of

the islands, and that the Polynesians may eventually be the developers of their own domain.

AMERICA'S LABOR PROBLEM

The labor problem facing the United States is quite a different one. America in the Pacific is largely an Asiatic power, with the advantages of Asia's great supply of labor. Even at Pago we find Filipino houseboys instead of Polynesians. In Hawaii it is the Japanese, the Chinese, and the Filipinos who supply the labor required and make of this Polynesian outpost an Asiatic stronghold. Out of 250,000 in all, more than 150,000 are Asiatics. In the Philippines true Asiatic conditions prevail—a dense population, labor cheap and not unintelligent; consequently an abundant exportable surplus.

Before the war American trade with the Philippines was double the whole trade of the rest of the Pacific, including New Guinea. But of course the population was many times that of the rest of the ocean. Indeed, the estimated population of the whole of Polynesia, Melanesia, and Micronesia, with New Guinea, is only 1,500,000. It was no grievance to the United States, therefore, that her share in the trade of the Southern Pacific was a small one. Great Britain and Germany took the lion's share and France what was left. America was without any of the random communications which such a trade requires and, moreover, she was without that far-flung army of lonely traders who live and die amongst the natives and uphold thereby the mana of Great Britain.

THE WAR REVOLUTION

But with the war came quite a new arrangement. Before the end of 1914 the Scharnhorst and the Gneisenau had disappeared from the Pacific. Ipso facto the last German merchantman had to seek cover or surrender, and the rich harvest of German trade lay open to the conquerors. It commenced immediately to pass into British hands, by a perfectly natural process, and if the war had ended reasonably early England would have possessed the great bulk of the rich German commerce.

But the demand for tonnage elsewhere:

the gradual absorption of the British mer- rivalry and a bid for trade which would be cantile marine into the service of the keen and permanent." And it was so. Royal Navy and the essential carriage of munitions and food to Europe, deprived New Zealand shipping companies have the British shipowner and trader of his opportunity. Vessels leaving Australia and New Zealand for England were forbidden to carry copra. They must fill up with troops, with foodstuffs, and with wool. And so the chance passed away. Copra, as the Australian Trade Commission shows, ceased to reach its natural market, Europe. It lay a derelict commodity. But not for long. It was already coming into demand in the United States as a raw material for the manufacture of margarine, for glycerine, and so on. Here was America's opportunity.

Hitherto the sailing-ships which carried Oregon pine to Australia and New Zealand from Seattle and Puget Sound the imports of Fiji came from the United had been returning to America in ballast. Now they began to pick up cargoes of copra on the route. A swarm of traders saw the chance, and a fleet of small schooners commenced to ply amongst the Tonga, a British protectorate, the New southern islands, buying copra wherever Zealand Trade Commission shows that it was to be found and selling American manufactures to the natives. In 1917 one firm alone had fifteen schooners of 600 tons engaged in this traffic. In the space be turned in the direction of the British of merely a few months America had made good her hold on the complete copra output of the southern Pacific, and San Francisco became an important coprabuying centre. The mail lines crossing the Pacific to Australia and New Zealand joined in, lifting at Fiji, Samoa, and States. As to Samoa, in 1919 more than Tahiti consignments which British ships would not or could not touch. Australia could not compete for the copra, for her chinery, perfumes, engines, and so forth, own consumption was very small and the British war regulations prevented her from transshipping any to Europe. The New Zealand. Here again the trade com-American invasion was hailed with delight mission urges that the greatest efforts by the dismayed planters and native growers, whose prospect of good prices back into the old British channels. It was much improved thereby; but the is the same at Rarotonga, due here and shipping men and merchants of Australia everywhere to the destination of the and New Zealand were much disconcerted. It was an attack on their trade connections which they were for the moment powerless to resist. According to the Australian Trade Commission, "gen- customer: "This is what we have. If you uine apprehension was expressed that the don't like it go elsewhere." Not so the foundations were being laid of a shipping Australian, who is much keener after busi-

Since the war ended the Australian and been able to restore in some degree the connections which they had in 1014, but not altogether. American competition is well grounded, because trade tends to be reciprocal. A purchasing country tends to pay in its own manufactures rather than by the clumsy medium of cash. No more graphic illustration of this is to be found than the case of the south Pacific, and particularly the groups which are under British control. Take Fiji, the British Crown Colony. In 1913 the United States purchased only one-fifth per cent of the Fijian exports; in 1918, 25 per cent. Imports responded to this advance. In 1913 only one-eighteenth of States: in 1918 the proportion had advanced to one-tenth, and nearly onefourth of the total trade of this British colony was with America. As regards "restrictions on British shipping have turned the tide of exports toward the United States. If the Tonga trade is to Empire now is the time for action. It would be regrettable if this valuable connection, which has taken years to foster, should be lost." In 1918 Tonga exported to the value of £170,000, and only £7,000 of this went elsewhere than to the United one-third of the imports came from the United States—not merely electrical mabut even cheese, fish, fruits, and timber, the specialties of the governing country, should be put forth to swing the trade copra output.

The New Zealand merchant, strange to say, is accused of the old trading fault of the English. He is inclined to say to his

take this attitude at all. The Department of External Affairs, which is charged with the government of the islands, has already adopted several important items of policy from our neighbors, the American Navy Department in Tutuila.

JAPAN IN THE SOUTH

There are distinct signs of the shrinkage of Japanese competition from the South Pacific, due chiefly to dissatisfaction with the manner in which the Japanese carried out their transactions when they had the field to themselves. There was a good deal of poor quality and workmanship and variation from sample, so that the average New Zealand and Australian importer is only too glad to see the old European and American manufactures coming back. The experience has not been a happy one for Japan. It has shown clearly how inefficient and unintelligent Japanese labor is on the whole and how far behind the standards of the western industrialist. The result is that Japanese competition is not now feared nearly so much in these Dominions, and the reputation of the Japanese has suffered accordingly. Japanese ships are still frequent visitors in our ports.

The trade of the Pacific in the future,

Officially New Zealand does not then, resolves itself into a struggle between British and American interests for the control of the copra output, now going chiefly to San Francisco. The country which gets that will tend to get the best of the market for its manufactures. America has the advantage of being in possession, and also of being closer than her competitor, for ultimately that competitor is Britain, which would use the copra as raw material, and not Australia, which would merely buy it for shipment to England. On the other hand, the groups of the South Pacific are largely in British control, and the administration might, by export duties and preferences, direct the copra exports toward Great Britain. Both the Trade Commissions have recommended this, but it is a weapon that the British Colonial Office has always objected to using.

Even if British interests regain the copra trade, the loss to America will not be a considerable one compared with her trading interests in the northern Pacific. The trade and the copra output of the Philippines are more than double those of all the South Pacific together. The population is many times as great, and the possibilities of development, depending, as they do, chiefly on labor, are infinitely

A REJOINDER

By Winfield Scott Moody

"BEAUTY is truth—truth, beauty;" so he said. The world accepts his words, and crowns his head.

greater.

If beauty were but truth, what were it worth? How should it vivify a sad old earth?

Truth is a cold, dead moon that shines upon A cold world darkened with the set of sun.

The plaintive colors of a sunset sky, Of fading life the faded tapestry,

Beside the blazing splendor of young day— The shining spears of sunrise—fall away.

Truth beauty? Know the inexorable truth: Beauty is but another name for Youth.

THE BRIBE

By L. Allen Harker

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH



BARRINGTON SMITH was pacing the terrace in front of his large. handsome house, rightly called "Channel View." for it was built on the high-

est ground in Bemford and dominated that bit of coast. It was surrounded by two acres of admirably "laid-out" gardens which sloped gently to the beach, his nearest neighbors being the Barnards. who had rented a small villa on the shore for the summer months, and he was in love with Beryl Barnard.

One would have thought that such close proximity to the beloved one would have been a cause of happiness, for, as he took his somewhat stately stroll, he could watch the smoke from the Barnards' kitchen chimney rising straight into the ambient air: sure forecast of fine weather for the morrow.

But Mr. Barrington Smith did not look happy. His bushy eyebrows were drawn together in a frown, and the full, red lips under his pointed black mustache were set in a line of almost grim determination.

There were, for his peace of mind, far too many young men buzzing about Beryl Barnard, but he could dismiss most of them as "Also ran." There was only one who caused him serious disquietude— Alan Fellowes, that very youthful major in the Hampshire Light Infantry, was always in her pocket. And Mr. Barrington Smith had come to the conclusion that he thoroughly disliked Alan Fellowes, who was on terms of easy intimacy with pretty Beryl, which seemed to give him an undue advantage over other competitors; especially Mr. Barrington Smith, who had only got to know her since her family came to Bemford.

The chap seemed positively ubiquitous. Did Mr. Barrington Smith, after bathing, decide to rest awhile on the beach in his expensive chair with the awning, Alan

always seemed to turn up and organize some idiotic game, which involved the throwing of balls or stones at some target in dangerous proximity to the deck chair; and he appeared to find it amusing when its occupant betrayed his nervousness!

At the Rosemary Club, where visitors and residents alike assembled in the mornings for bathing, Alan and Beryl would swim out to a distant buoy where Mr. Barrington Smith could never follow them, as he was not a strong swimmer. Yet he wasn't much better pleased when they joined him and other timid bathers on the raft. For then Alan would cause it to rock in such fashion that Mr. Barrington Smith would be precipitated into the sea with a splash. And although nothing annoyed him more than to be set down amongst the elderly, he did resent Alan's familiar "Sorry, old bean!" on such occasions. Had he known that Alan habitually referred to him as "Old man Smith," his dislike would have been intensified. These, however, were minor causes of complaint; his chief grievance was Alan's intimacy with Beryl Barnard.

They seemed inseparable, and yet they were not engaged—he had drawn out her father on the subject and his denial was emphatic—and if there was some secret understanding between them, it seemed impolitic to flaunt their friendship in the faces of their elders as they did. Yet, engaged or not, he felt that Alan was a

dangerous rival.

Only last night Mr. Barnard, a retired Indian Civilian, who had as yet shed none of the godlike pretensions of his class, had said emphatically: "Oh, dear, nonothing of that sort, I assure you. Her mother and I wouldn't hear of it; wouldn't allow it for a minute. A boy and girl friendship, that is all."

In fact, "Old man Barnard" had been at considerable pains to assure Mr. Barrington Smith that his daughter's affec-

tions were entirely disengaged.

Digitized by Google

his terrace like a caged lion whose keeper had failed to bring his evening meal.

Such was the impression he gave to Colonel Ford, the suave old secretary of the tennis club, as he arrived on business connected with the coming tournament.

"The very person I wanted to see," Mr. Barrington Smith exclaimed. "Let us come and sit down in the shade."

On the lawn, set under a lordly cedartree, were two deep, comfortable basket chairs.

He hospitably pushed Colonel Ford into one, seated himself in the other, and before his guest could so much as mention the prize list, asked abruptly: "What's your opinion of young Fellowes?"

"A thoroughly nice chap," the little colonel responded heartily. "I've known him since he was a kiddy. When his father was alive they used to come here every summer for years. He's done well in the war, too; got the M. C. and the D. S. O. It really seems a pity he should be giving up the army."

"Any money?"

"No; that's why he's leaving the ser-He's waiting to be demobilized; then, I think he's going into a motor business Coventry way, if he can raise the necessary premium.

"There are a lot of sons, aren't there,

besides the two girls?"

"There were five sons, but three were killed. There's only Alan now and the one in Mesopotamia. He's a major, too, but a good deal older than Alan. He was in the political service in India, but of course went back to his regiment when war started."

"Do you think Fellowes will be here

much longer?"

"For the rest of the month, I should think. I know his mother's got their little house till the end of August."

"And we're only in the middle of August now. . . . I'm afraid I don't altogether agree with you in your estimate of Fellowes. I'm not a bad judge of men, and he seems to me wholly lacking in balance and steadfastness. Did you ever come across a more restless fellow? And he's not only restless himself but the cause of fidgets in other people.

Yet the owner of Channel View paced Another thing—if he has no private means, what does he mean by running after Miss Barnard in the way he does? He can't marry her himself, therefore he shouldn't spoil her chances with other people."

> "They're old friends, you know. Her people knew his in India. The families have always been intimate. Besides did you ever know lack of means to stand in the way of that sort of thing—when

people are young?"

"It ought to stand in the way. I'm certain Miss Barnard's people would be most annoyed at any foolish entanglement with young Fellowes. In fact, her father owned as much to me. But quite apart from her parents' natural disapproval of anything of the kind . . ."

Mr. Barrington Smith paused, evidently in the hope that his guest would help him out by some sympathetic remark, but Colonel Ford remained silent, staring straight in front of him at the blue expanse of sea.

"I don't think," Mr. Barrington Smith continued almost huffily, "that I've

camouflaged my feelings."

Colonel Ford turned and looked at him. "You mean your dislike of Fellowes?"

"No, no, nothing of that kind. flatter myself I've concealed that pretty successfully. What I mean is that I have made no attempt to hide my admiration, my deep admiration, for Miss Barnardand, to tell you the truth, I find young Fellowes confoundedly in the way.

"That's unfortunate," Colonel Ford said dryly, "but I don't see that anything can be done. You can't expect him to oblige you by effacing himself. They are much about the same age. . . . "

"Age has nothing to do with it," his host interrupted testily. "If he was fifty he'd be just as much in my way at present. And when people get in my wa<u>y</u> . . ."

Here he paused significantly and gave the ends of his mustache an upward twirl, looking sideways at Colonel Ford, who continued to smoke calmly.

"When, as I say, people get in my way—I take steps to remove them. All my life I've done this with considerable success, as my career, so far, proves."

Colonel Ford carefully knocked the ash

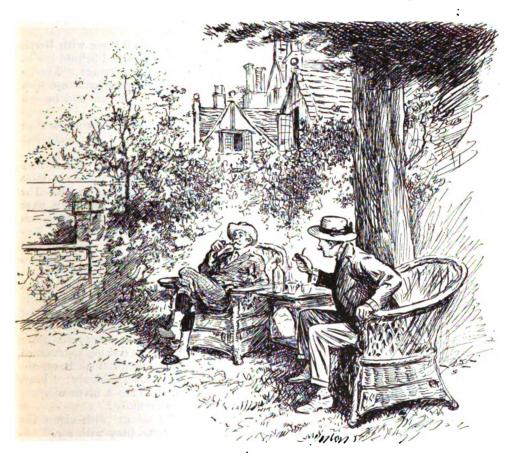
out of his pipe. "May one ask," he said him for me? Now don't answer hastily. gently, "how you propose to 'remove' Alan Fellowes in the present instance?"

"Now there," Mr. Barrington Smith answered genially, "is where you come in."

"Where I come in?"

Think—you'd really be doing him a good turn and—it will greatly oblige me. Come now, what do you say?"

As he spoke he had sat forward in his chair and eagerly grasped the arm of Colonel Ford's. His usually assured man-



"Not he. Every man has his price,"-Page 308.

sador in this matter. You know Fel- most tremulous. He was pale under his Now, you find out from him what he'd he might have been touched by such a take to go away from Bemford till the display of feeling. But Colonel Ford did end of the month—a purely friendly arnot look at him. He kept his eyes fixed rangement. You say he's hard up? on the blue line of sea, and poor Mr. Bar-Well, I make it possible for him to take rington Smith felt that the little colonel an agreeable holiday somewhere, and it had mysteriously withdrawn himself to leaves me a fair field with Beryl. I'll do some immense distance. Again Colonel the thing handsomely. I'll not stick at Ford silently knocked the ash out of his a hundred or two. Will you approach pipe.

"Yes. I want you to be my ambas- ner was almost pathetically nervous, al-You know his circumstances. tan. Had Colonel Ford looked at him,

"Well?" Mr. Barrington Smith demanded, "what do you say?"

"I fear I should prove but a clumsy ambassador in a delicate mission of that Another thing, I should hardly dare to approach Fellowes with any such proposition. He might, and justifiably, kick me out."

"Not he. Every man has his price."

"But quite apart from that I have a rooted objection to meddling in my neighbors' affairs—above all, in their love-affairs. I fear I can't be of any assistance to you in this matter. I'm truly sorry to seem disobliging . . . but I simply can't."

He rose as he spoke, and Mr. Barrington Smith also rose, saying uncomfortably: "Of course, of course . . . I quite understand . . . and I need not ask you to let this conversation be quite between ourselves?"

"Naturally, it would be," Colonel Ford

replied stiffly.

"So you think young Fellowes cannot be induced to agree to any arrangement that takes him away from Bemford for the next fortnight?"

"I'm a poor man but I'm prepared to bet you five to one in Bradburys that he

won't."

"Done! I take you." And Mr. Barrington Smith entered the bet in a neat little book with a gold pencil-case and gold corners.

He walked to the drive gate with Colonel Ford, who chuckled as he trotted down the hill and then remembered he had never broached the subject of the "Never mind," he reflected; "if he won't give anything, I'll give something myself. His bet will help it out."

That evening clinched Mr. Barrington Smith's determination to "remove" Alan Fellowes from his path as soon as possible. They all met as usual at the Rosemary Club for dancing and bridge. It and hers—have you asked her yet?" was a hot night and low tide, and from the little terrace raised above the beach he saw Alan and Beryl, hand in hand, running across the hard sand to some distant rocks, and there they disappeared for quite ten minutes. He refused to play bridge, declared it was much too hot to dance, and fussed and fumed and fretted about the terrace till the two returned.

Beryl looked radiant: Alan cheeky and cheerful and unconcerned as usual. She was particularly gracious to Mr. Barrington Smith when he claimed their next dance together, and complimented him so charmingly that he felt compensated for the arduous hours and many guineas he had expended during May in learning the new way of dancing from a young lady in Connaught Street.

He and Alan walked home with Bervl. and as the door was closed behind her he took Alan by the arm, saying: "The refreshments to-night were even worse than usual. Come back with me and have a

drink."

The cellar at Channel View was known to be irreproachable, and Alan went like a lamb.

The comfortable basket chairs were now set in the veranda, and on a table two syphons were standing in ice. The whiskey was pre-war and the cigars were "Henry Clays." The electric lamp was shaded, and as they sat down Mr. Barrington Smith tipped the shade so that the light fell on Alan's face, while his own was in shadow.

Alan was tired and stifled a yawn. A bathe and a round of golf before lunch, tennis all afternoon and vigorous dancing since dinner, had made him sleepy, although it was only just after midnight.

They discussed the coming tournament for a few minutes, then fell silent till Mr. Barrington Smith said suddenly: "I say, Fellowes, I want to ask a favor of you promise not to be huffy?"

"Say on, old thing; with cigars like these, a child could play with me."

"Well, it's this . . . I dare say you may have observed that I am very much . . . that I am . . . to put it bluntly that I'm most anxious to marry Miss Barnard."

"Surely that's entirely your affair-

"And what I want to know," Mr. Barrington Smith continued nervously, "iswhat your attitude would be if you were asked to clear out—in point of fact, what would you take to scratch?"

During this speech Alan had opened his light-blue eyes very wide, and Mr. Barrington Smith saw them suddenly darken and the lazy figure in the chair stiffen as he said: "I'm not sure that scratching is precisely the form my attitude would take."

"Now I don't want you to answer hastily. Don't take offense; just give me a chance to explain myself. . .

"Well, I'm all on the listen," Alan

said, as his host paused.

"I fancy I'm not mistaken in supposing that you are not of independent means?"

"You've got it; poor but honest, capable and industrious, but quite ready to be adopted by any wealthy old blighter who yearns for a dutiful nephew—eh, what?"

"I understand also that Miss Barnard is without fortune."

"I say—leave her out of it, please."

"But we can't leave her out of it. The whole question turns on her."

"You mean she's got to choose between us?"

"That's just it; I don't want her to need to choose between us. I want you to withdraw."

"That's what you want, is it? Surely,

that's asking a good deal."

"I know it is, and that's why I'm ready to offer a good deal—and as she can't possibly marry you for years to come . . ."

"How d'you know she can't marry me

for years to come?"

"Why, you've owned yourself you've first train."

nothing to live on."

"People don't always wait for that. We've all learned to take chances in the last few years."

"That's true, but have you any right to ask her to take such chances? Have you, by the way, already asked her?"

"I don't see that it's exactly your business whether I have or not-but since you seem so qualmish—I haven't . . . yet."

"Good! That's what I wanted to know. Now will you defer your offer for three weeks? At the end of that time if she's still free—you will be at liberty to act as you think fit.'

"Thanks awfully. You're no end good." Alan's expression had changed. His eyes were blue again as summer skies. His long, slender body lay in the deep chair as lazily relaxed as that of a sleeping greyhound, and he smiled amiaanxiously. He even laughed softly, as though enjoying some inward jest.

"Would a hundred pounds be any use

to vou?"

Alan laughed outright and shook his head. "Not a bit. Not near enough."

"How much would be enough?"

"Listen, old bean, it's for you to make an offer and me to say whether I'll accept it. If I do, I'll keep my part of the bargain. But remember this—I can't make Beryl marry you, and if she doesn't, don't blame me."

"Don't you worry about that, my dear boy," Mr. Barrington Smith exclaimed, immensely relieved. "That's my affair. All I ask is that after we've come to terms you don't see her again or write to her for the specified time; and that of course once we've finished the business. it is all as if it had never taken place. No communication whatever, mind, between you and Miss Barnard. Do you understand?"

"Look here, I can't go off like that without a word. She'd think it so beastly rude—I'm her partner in the mixed doubles."

"Of course you may write a polite note of explanation and regret—but you'll write it here, let me read it, and I'll see that she gets it directly you've gone tomorrow morning. You must go by the

One after another three perfect rings of smoke floated toward Mr. Barrington Smith.

"Not quite so fast," Alan said sweetly; "there won't be any 'must' unless you hurry up with your offers."

"A hundred and fifty?"

"Nothin' doin'."

"Come, come, don't be extortionate."

"A hundred and fifty for my lacerated feelings, to say nothing of hers! Pooh!"

"Two hundred, then." "Is this an auction?"

"Well, what will you take?"

"Now you're talkin'. I'll take three hundred down; not a penny less, or the deal's off. But remember, you're not to blame me if your little scheme don't come off. For three hundred I'll leave Bemford by the eight o'clock train to-morrow and I'll stay away for three solid weeks. bly upon his host, who was watching him It's deuced inconvenient, but" - here Alan grinned — "I'm always willing to oblige a friend, especially when he makes it worth my while. My mother will be upset, but I'll make it up to her later."

For answer, Mr. Barrington Smith moved majestically through the open window into the room behind. switched on the light and unlocked his roll-top desk, took from a drawer a roll of notes, counted out thirty, opened a blotter, set a sheet of plain note-paper upon it, and looking toward the lazy figure sprawling in the chair said stiffly: find out his and pay it—that's all." "Will you kindly write that note?"

Ten minutes later Alan was faring homeward down the hill, and from time to time he would murmur "dirty dog,"

and laugh gleefully.

As he went up-stairs to bed his mother called to him and he opened her door. "You're late, dear; where have you been?"

"I went back for a drink with old man

"With Mr. Barrington Smith? thought you didn't care much about

"I don't, but I went back with him to discuss some business. And that reminds me, mummy dear, I must go up to town by the first train to-morrow, to the War Office. So tell Annie to call me when she brings your early tea, will you?"

"To-morrow? Must you go to-mor-

row?"

"I must, mummy, and while I'm there I think I'll run down to Coventry and try to fix things up. I've had a bit of luck. For once the poor soldier has come out top dog in a deal with a profiteer."

"My dear boy! . . . have you sold

him your motor-bike?"

"No, darling, I've sold him a pupgood night!"

"So unfortunate," Mrs. Fellowes lamented to inquiring friends at the club next day; "Alan had to go back to Lonsomething about his demobilization or his gratuity—I'm not clear which. It was all so hurried and unexpected— It's too bad of them to cut into the first decent leave he has had, and he didn't seem a bit sure when he'd be back."

lies," Bervl murmured to her neighbor. Not so low but that Colonel Ford heard her, and looked up to meet Mr. Barrington Smith's mocking eyes fixed upon him.

The colonel raised his eyebrows inquiringly, to be met by an emphatic nod, and presently Mr. Barrington Smith drew him aside to whisper: "You've lost your bet."

"You don't seriously mean it?"

"My dear Ford, what did I tell you? Every man has his price. I happened to

"Well, I confess you surprise me. I didn't think it possible—that nice frank

boy . . ."

"That nice frank boy has a keen eye for the main chance and made no bones about it . . . as avaricious a youngster as ever I met."

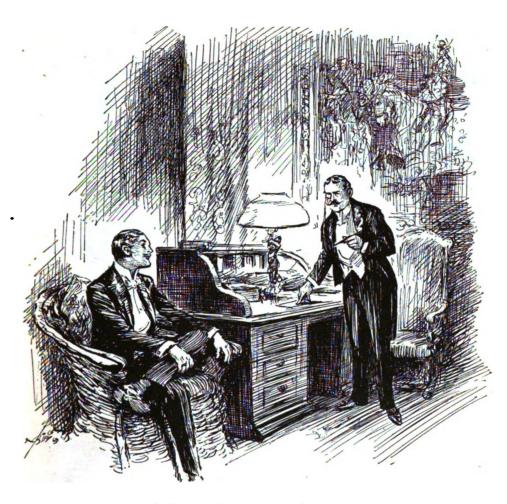
The little colonel turned away sadly. He liked to believe in his friends and was seldom disillusioned. He avoided Mrs. Fellowes and Beryl and went home. He I could not afford the check for five pounds that he sent that night to Mr. Barrington Smith, but it was not the loss of the bet that depressed him.

Beryl had to find another partner in the mixed doubles, and all the best players had paired long ago. There was no question whatever that she was thoroughly cross with Alan and made no secret of her annoyance. Yet, Mr. Barrington Smith noted with relief, she neither drooped nor did she seem in the least depressed. Several of the Also Rans took heart of grace and so surrounded her that, although he had successfully "removed" his chief cause for anxiety, he could not feel he was receiving an adequate return for his out-

He was, however, indefatigable in arranging parties of pleasure, and always contrived to let Beryl know that whatever he did was done in her honor.

At first she had thoroughly enjoyed the don by the first train this morning: fun and the importance, but during the last day or two she began to feel embarrassed and uncomfortable, as though she had inadvertently strayed into a maze and could find no way out of it.

Without expressing their wishes in so many words, her parents contrived to let "The War Office covers a multitude of her know—it is astonishing how em-



"Will you kindly write that note?"-Page 310.

phatic elderly people can be without actually saying things—that they smiled upon this generous and affluent suitor. Her father would point out his good sense, his good service during the war in setting his machinery to work on things vitally necessary to our forces in the field. Her mother would comment admiringly upon his considerateness, his resource, how young he was in his enjoyment of the simple pleasures they all shared; what good work he had done during the war in supplying such large quantities of so vitally necessary an explosive. But neither commented on the fact that, incidentally, he had also amassed a very considerable amount of money.

Beryl listened, made suitable but quite little knoll in the grounds.

unenthusiastic replies, and recklessly encouraged the more pertinacious of the Also Rans.

Yet she was always kind and delightful to Mr. Barrington Smith. How could she be anything else when he was so plainly eager to please her?

Ten days of festivities culminated in an impromptu dance at Channel View. The Also Rans were there in great force, and it was not till late in the evening that the host secured the opportunity he sought. When at last his duties as host permitted him to dance himself, Mr. Barrington Smith took Beryl but once round the room and then out to a shelter that stood with its back to the house on a little knoll in the grounds.



"Where? Why, here, of course. Where else would I see him?"-Page 313.

She was pale and nervous. He, on the contrary, rubicund and eupeptic, with the conquering air of one with whom all is going well.

Going up the path, she stumbled and he caught her bare arm above the elbow to steady her, and continued to hold it in dead silence till they sat down.

Beryl wished he wouldn't breathe so hard.

And why, oh why, couldn't she think of anything to say?

"Beryl!" he whispered at last, "Beryl! Do you like being here with me?"

"It is a very beautiful night," she answered feebly.

"Beryl," he said again, and again he took hold of her bare arm, "you must know what I'm going to say, what I've been wanting to say for weeks."

"Please don't say it . . . please don't!"
"Darling!" Mr. Barrington Smith seized her hand this time and tried to lift it to his lips.

But Bervl, if small, was muscular, and the little hand seemed to weigh a ton and refused to be lifted; therefore Mr. Barrington Smith bent his head to her lap and tried to kiss it—only to find it

snatched away.

"Oh, how I hate the smell of brilliantine!" was what Beryl thought as his head was under her nose—but she said, holding her head well back: "Please don't! I think I can guess what you were going to say, but I'd so much rath-We've been such good er you didn't. friends—so let us leave it at that. You'll be glad afterward—if you don't say it."

"But I must say it. I adore you, Beryl. I want you for my wife. More than anything I've ever wanted do I want you. How soon will you marry me?"

"I can't-I'm so sorry-I didn't want you to say it. I tried hard to stop you ... please let me go ... it's impos-

"Impossible! Why? Is there any one else?"

"Yes."

"You mean you care for some one

"I'm engaged to some one else."

"Engaged!" Mr. Barrington Smith was angry as well as hurt. "Engaged! Secretly engaged!"

"It had to be secret till he came home because my people would have made such a fuss. I should have had no peace -but now . . . I suppose . . ."

"May I ask to whom you are secretly

engaged?"

"I suppose you have the right to know, but please don't say anything to father and mother till I've told them.

. . Major Fellowes."

"Fellowes!" he almost shouted, "Fellowes! Why, the damned scoundrel told me there was no secret understanding between you. . . ."

"Told you; he couldn't tell you."

money to give you up—if you are twenty have guessed."

times engaged you can't marry such a lving hound."

He was breathless with rage.

Rather frightened, Beryl rose hurriedly and walked out into the moonlight. Then she turned and faced him.

"You are raving," she said; "you don't

know him."

Mr. Barrington Smith followed her. "I beg your pardon if I have seemed violent, but how can you say I don't know him? If you mean it in some figurative sense, believe me, I know a lot more about him than you do."

"But when?—where?" Though she was no longer frightened, the moon never

shone on a more bewildered face.

"Where? Why, here, of course. Where

else would I see him?"

"We're talking at cross purposes," she "You can't possibly have seen, cried. him here, for he has never been here since the war. A year ago he was a month in London on sick leave and in my hospital most of it. He's been in Mespot all the time."

"Mespot! Then you mean the other

"Of course I mean the other. You will see him soon, for he's coming home next week . . . and then perhaps you'll kindly explain what you mean by calling him names and talking about bribes and lies and things."

"I beg your pardon, but I thought you

meant Alan."

"How could any one imagine I was in love with that ridiculous Alan? Why, even my parents weren't as silly as that !"

"Did he know?"

"Did who know?"

"Alan Fellowes."

"We never told him, or any one; it wouldn't have been fair . . . before father and mother—but he may have guessed. . . . "

"You are probably right," Mr. Bar-"But he did; and, what's more, he took rington Smith said grimly. "He may

BEING A WAITRESS IN A BOARDWALK HOTEL

AN EPISODE FROM MY "FOUR YEARS IN THE UNDERBRUSH"

By a Novelist

THE evening of November 8, 1916, I walked out of the National Arts Club and into the underbrush of the greatest jungle of civilization. I became a working

woman to get copy for another novel.

All during those eventful four years I remained in the underbrush—the world of the unskilled working woman. During that time I held twenty-five different positions in almost as many different fields of work. I directed envelopes for a large mail-order house, was a saleswoman in one of the most advertised of metropolitan department stores . . . waitress in one of the highest-priced hotels on the boardwalk at Atlantic City, packer in a cracker-factory, head chambermaid in the home of a millionaire, maid of all work in a two-servant family, gentlewoman maid of all work in a philanthropic institution for dependent children, assistant in the loan department of a Wall Street banking institution.—THE AUTHOR.



HEN planning my adventure as Polly Preston, the heroine of my proposed novel, the idea of including domestic service did not

who first caused me to consider such an experience. Telling why she had given up her position in the institution for defective children, she had exclaimed:

"I was engaged as a teacher—the people at college all understood I was to have a teacher's position. After they got me there they treated me like a servant."

Thinking over this incident, I wondered Louisa couldn't stand that." how it felt to be treated as a servant. Were well-bred people really so disagreeable to those who served them? How had the servants at home looked upon our household? Was it possible that they found fault with my mother's treatment of them? If so, in what particular had woman could not stand? she failed?

These thoughts called to mind words of the late Franklin B. Sanborn when recounting to me his recollections of Louisa M. Alcott. It was near the end of a perfect October day spent rambling about Concord with Mr. Sanborn as my escort. After spending some time in the School of Philosophy we crossed to the Alcott house and, going up-stairs, took our seats near the window at which Miss Alcott sat

Sanborn had been talking continuously for several minutes when suddenly he stopped and sat looking thoughtfully out of the window.

"Louisa was wonderful!" he exclaimed, occur to me. It was Alice beginning to talk as suddenly as he had stopped. "Yes, she was wonderful. Even to the last she was as ready to experiment as she had been when a young girl." He paused for an instant, then added in a different tone: "It was that that caused her to try going out as a domestic servant." He shook his head. "It was a mistake. It was a mistake.

> Now recalling these words, I wondered what it was that even Louisa could not stand. Louisa, the woman whom Mr. Sanborn had described as wonderful, with a heart overflowing with love and human kindliness. What was it that even such a

Thinking of the women and girls with whom I had worked, I wondered why some of them who appeared so sensible should persist in a struggle to eke out a halfstarved existence on such low wages when in domestic service they would get all the comforts of a good home along with wages. All my life I had heard persons, experienced men and women, protesting against this condition. Some of them had gone so far as to assert that there should when writing "Little Women." Mr. be laws prohibiting women and girls from ing them into domestic service.

Once while working in the premium station I attempted to discuss the subject with Nora.

"Not that!" the girl cried, the lines in her forehead contracting into little knots.

"I'll go to the river first."

Nora was a sensible girl. Why should she feel like that? She helped her mother with the work of their little flat. She washed her own clothes and on Sunday enjoyed cooking dinner. She made many of her own clothes and helped sew for her younger brothers and sisters.. She looked forward to the time when the young man to whom she was engaged would earn enough for them to marry. She expected to do her own housework. Then why should she object, and so passionately, to doing housework for which she was paid, to becoming a domestic servant?

The problem haunted me for weeks. During that period every time I looked over the help-wanted columns of certain New York papers I saw that Sea Foam Hotel at Atlantic City was in need of chambermaids and waitresses. Not until I had mailed my letter applying for a position as chambermaid did I mention it to Alice and Mrs. Wilkins.

The expression of horror that sprang into Alice's eyes was somewhat moderated when the hat-trimmer expressed her satisfaction. She declared it would be the very best thing Alice and I could do-both go to Atlantic City as hotel help. What could we save on seven and eight dollars a week? She by sitting up evenings to make the little bows used on the inside of men's stiff hats, in addition to regular nine hours a day six days a week, was only able to get twelve dollars a week.

Then gouging down in her stocking she

drew out a roll of bills.

"There!" she said, throwing the money into my lap. "You can count it yourself. I've been workin' since the middle of September—nearly four months—and that's all I've saved. You know how plain I eat and I ain't spent as much as ten dollars for clothes. Count it."

Eleven one-dollar bills.

went on, "is durin' the summer I works black and one of the white uniforms, also

working in shops and factories—so forc- in the linen-room of a hotel down on Coney Island. The eatin' is somethin' grand. Because there ain't room enough in the hotel for us linen-room girls they allows us three dollars a week extra. Last summer I and another girl got a room for fifteen dollars a month. Besides savin' our wages we both had somethin' left of our room money."

The elaborate prospectus-"Information for Waitresses," it was headed-described in such glowing terms the many advantages provided for the help of the Sea Foam that Mrs. Wilkins all but threw up her hat-trimming job to go with me.

"It must be grand!" she exclaimed. "To get such good things to eat all the year round as they give us at Coney in the summer. Sure, you'll get it at Atlantic City! Atlantic City is sweller than Coney. An' your tips will be bigger, too."

When I called her attention to the statement that waitresses serving in the side halls received sixteen dollars a month while those serving in the main diningroom only got thirteen she urged me to "sign up" for a side-hall job. Side-hall she assured me meant a piazza glassed in or a sun parlor.

"Them's the places real swells like to eat in so they can see things whilst they're eatin'," she insisted. "They'll be further from the kitchen and serving-room, but you'll get bigger tips. Better 'sign up'

for the job in the side-hall."

And she talked so much about the grand food supplied by the Coney Island hotel and the grander food that I was sure to get at the Sea Foam that I used to dream about it. For, though Alice and I were not actually starving, we had suppressed our craving for food to such an extent that passing a bake-shop or a restaurant caused an unpleasant sensation. I had gone off seventeen pounds in weight, and Alice was so thin that she didn't dare get on the scales.

When buying my ticket to Atlantic City I learned that the rates quoted by the prospectus had been out of date more than five years. On arriving at Belgrave House, the waitresses' dormitory, I mentioned to the housekeeper as she regis-"The only time I can save money," she tered me that I wished to buy one of the mentioned in the prospectus as being supplied at wholesale prices. She showed considerable embarrassment. Waitresses, she explained, had not liked the cut of the skirts, so there was not a full line on hand.

Those skirts! They were of that period when the hour-glass was the model of feminine grace and elegance. The largest waist measure in stock was nineteen inches. That skirt was forty-four inches long and measured more than six yards around the bottom. Having to go on duty within three hours, I was forced to get something in the way of a uniform. Fortunately, on a pinch, I can cut and sew. Buying a black and a white skirt—dimensions, nineteen by forty-four inches by six yards—I set to work.

After shortening the white skirt and making it wider at the top and narrower at the bottom I rushed to the boardwalk, where I bought a white and a black shirt-

waist.

Of course, they cost me three times as much as they were selling for in New York.

The waitresses' dinner was in progress when I presented myself in my uniform. The assistant housekeeper of Belgrave being at the desk, she conducted me into the large, poorly lighted dining-room and found me a vacant chair at a table for eight. During the meal, when the waitress next me cordially offered her help, I asked if she was stationed in the main dining-room or the side-hall. After saying she was in the main dining-room she shut up like a clam. Every effort to learn where and what the side-hall was met an unmistakable rebuff. Puzzled, and a little bit miffed, I at length said to the waitress who had offered me her assistance:

"You'll be helping me a lot if you will tell me what to do to get a good station."
Then, including all at table, for I knew they were all listening, I added: "You see, this is my first time in a hotel. I've always worked in a private family.
Please tell me what to do."

carpet extending from the direction. The ators, which almost encircle were so brilliantly gilded that them covered with gold leaf.

At dinner I was stationed a six covers. My guests, I so

"Follow along with us when we report for dinner, take your seat in the back of the dining-room, and wait till the head waiter comes," she told me.

"When the head waiter sees you sit-

ting there he'll know you're new and give you a station," another waitress added. "You just follow along with us."

Following these directions took me through a covered passageway connecting Belgrave with the Sea Foam. From this we entered a large kitchen which, on my first entrance, seemed thronged with men—black and white. From the kitchen we went down a long flight of unusually steep stairs to a basement passageway in which I got my first glimpse of a time clock. After punching her time the waitress who had spoken to me at dinner signalled for me to follow her.

"That is the side-hall dining-room," she told me, indicating a large basement room, rudely equipped with tables and chairs. "It's where the office help, housekeepers, and linen-room girls eat." We turned and were going back up the steep stairs when she asked: "Did you notice that the assistant housekeeper of

Belgrave is lame?"

"She's so lame that she can hardly walk," I exclaimed. "I had to notice it."

"She served in the side-hall," the girl told me, still speaking half under her breath. "She fell down these steps with a loaded tray and was in the hospital for more than a year. She's got her position for life. The Sea Foam has to take care of her."

From the kitchen we passed through a long serving-room and from that entered the Sea Foam dining-room. It was large even for Atlantic City. It had broad windows on four sides, those on three sides overlooking the boardwalk giving a good view of the ocean. The walls, woodwork, and the slender pillars supporting the ceiling were white enamel. There was a strip of blue-gray velvet carpet extending from the door the entire length of the room. The steam radiators, which almost encircled the room, were so brilliantly gilded that I imagined them covered with gold leaf.

At dinner I was stationed at a table of six covers. My guests, I soon learned, were the family of a multi-millionaire—wife, three small children, their French governess, and a trained nurse. For the first three meals I worked under the supervision of Anna, a waitress who had

"Don't pay no attention to her," inwork your head off and won't give you so much as a thank-you."

This family took their meals in two sections—the children with the governess and nurse, the mother alone. At the first dinner I served without the assistance of Anna the mistress of millions wrote her order as follows:

"Two portions of oysters on the half shell, two portions of olives, two portions of asparagus, two portions of the heart of lettuce without dressing, two portions of fried oysters, eight portions of the heart of celery, six portions of radishes, two portions of apples, two portions crystallized ginger, two cups of hot chocolate, two portions of crackers, two portions of cheese, two portions of squabs, two portions of green peas, two portions of queen fritters, two portions of chocolate ice-cream, and two portions of cake."

She ordered me to bring it all in on the same tray, as she did not wish to be kept waiting. When one recalls the weight of hotel china and the custom of covering each dish with one a size smaller, the physical impossibility of obeying this order will be understood. Following Anna's instructions, I "paid no attention" to the millionaire's wife. It required three trays as heavy as I could lift to get her dinner in to her.

Each time I returned from the kitchen I found her in the act of trying to complain to the assistant head waiter. She grumbled at me because I did not stand behind her chair and put the dishes before her as fast as she wanted them. Of course, she did not eat all she ordered. She only cut a bit from the breast of both squabs, selected the oysters that suited her fancy, nibbled at the innermost hearts of the lettuce and the celery. What her dinner really amounted to was rendering unfit for use food which would have fed six hungry women. The ginger and the fruit she carried away in her work-bag.

Had this woman been coarse or ordinary in appearance I might have felt sorry for her lack of breeding. She was quite not, having learned that no tips were to the reverse.

been in the Sea Foam for more than six piquantly pretty face and a pretty months. One of her first instructions plump figure. She knew how to dress wore beautiful clothes at the right times and painted her cheeks and lips only in dicating the millionaire's wife. "She'll the evening. Her hands, though not beautiful in shape, were exquisitely kept; all of her numerous rings were handsome. She seldom wore more than two besides her wedding-ring, and they were always appropriate.

> The cause of her ill-breeding was her selfishness. She was determined to get all that was coming to her and could not tolerate any person from whom she could gain nothing. She was a typical daughter of a horse-leech—however much she

had she must still cry "Give."

At the end of my first week practically all the waitresses urged me to ask the head waiter to give me another station. A waitress, they assured me, was never expected to serve longer than one week at a table where tips were not given. As kindly as this advice was intended it did not happen to suit my case—not exactly. Never again, in human probability, I reasoned, would so good an opportunity to study this type of American come my way.

The millionaire paid two visits to his family while I was serving them. During each visit he took five meals. A Sunday dinner when he and his wife ate alone is memorable. After ordering practically everything on the menu, and just as I imagined them ready to leave the table, he turned on me and demanded white potatoes. He said that he had ordered mashed potatoes and that I had failed to bring them. His attack was so unexpected that I was dumb. Not so Anna.

Crossing to the table she pulled a platter from among the pile of soiled dishes surrounding his plate and held it out to

"There's your white potatoes," she told him. "You done eat 'em."

Several days before Easter this family departed. I had served them three hundred and seventy-nine elaborate meals, been found fault with, rudely ordered about, grumbled at, and might have been reprimanded by the head waiter had he She was small, with a be expected, studiously kept away from their table. My tip was a soiled onedollar bill ungraciously given. It was one hundred cents more than any of their former waitresses had received, and they had been stopping in the hotel for more than four months.

The family occupied five of the most expensive rooms in the hotel and monopolized the services of two chambermaids and a scrubwoman. There was not a week while I was serving them that the wife did not make at least one trip to New York or to Philadelphia. On her return she invariably boasted to any waitress who would listen of the amount of money she had spent and the expensive clothes she had bought. At one dinner she wore a wonderful evening gown, for which she stated she had paid twenty-five hundred dollars.

Knowing the wages paid to working women in New York at that time, I wondered what per cent of that sum had reached the women who had made the gown. What was their weekly wage?

It was not, however, the conduct of this family of millionaires that convinced me before I had been a week at the Sea Foam that domestic service is very different from what I had imagined. In the first place I had always assumed that hotel waiters had the same food as the guests, certainly what was left over. Such, I was assured by the head waiter and the steward, is the custom only in "cheap joints." At the Sea Foam, if a waitress ate so much as a mouthful of food left by a guest she was discharged in

Our food—that is, the food prepared in the kitchen of Belgrave House—was the worst I have ever tried to swallow. During my second week, the breakfast being more uneatable than usual, I complained to Mary, my roommate. Mary was scrubwoman and maid of all work in the Belgrave kitchen. I asked her why, if · they were going to send us scraps of meat over from the Sea Foam, it was not prop-

erly cooked?

She assured me that the only food sent from the hotel were the meals for the Belgrave housekeeper. In proof of this she took me down to the kitchen of the dormitory and showed me the box of sliced bacon from which what I had called cleaning and filling of sugar-bowls, water-

"meat scraps" had been taken. It was the best grade.

Mary explained that the cook had emptied half of the contents of a box into a huge pan and put it over the fire. To keep it from burning he stirred it around from time to time, then ladled the mass into dishes and sent it into the diningroom. That bacon is a fair sample of the food served in the waitresses' diningroom while I worked at the Sea Foam.

What the consequences might have been had the waitresses been supplied with sufficient amount of palatable food may be questioned. As to what actually happened there can be no doubt. "Dog tired" from overwork and a lack of food. a large majority of the waitresses hurried to the boardwalk immediately on leaving the dining-room after dinner. Often this was after nine o'clock at night.

Their first trip was taken in search of food. Accompanied by two of my fellow waitresses, I made such a trip the night after my arrival. Twenty men, in groups of two or more, invited us to eat with them. It is a question easily settled when a girl has money, but when she has no money and is hungry, what then? This is no abnormal appetite created by sea air. It is hard work and lack of food at our regular meals.

Another of my misapprehensions. had fancied that the duty of a waiter or a waitress was to serve food three meals a dav. Time between meals I assumed they were free to use as they pleased.

When on regular duty a waitress at the Sea Foam reports for breakfast not later than a quarter before seven. To do this I had to rise at five forty-five. In that hour I had to take my bath, dress, make my bed, straighten up my room, eat my breakfast, punch the time-clock in the basement of the hotel, and get in the dining-room before the time mentioned. If so much as a fraction of a second late the door was bolted against me.

Though breakfast was supposed to end at nine, a waitress seldom, almost never, got rid of her guests until a half-hour later. Then came the collection of used napkins and table-cloths and exchanging them for fresh ones. Next the washing and polishing of silver and glass, the bottles, salt-shakers, pepper-shakers, vin- room at 6.57. Put water, ice, and menus egar cruets, oil bottle, and, last though by no means least, the arranging of cut flowers. After this was all accomplished to the satisfaction of the head waiter or his assistant the chairs, side-tables, radiators, and all the woodwork in the diningroom had to be gone over with a damp cloth. Then came the setting of the tables, leaving them ready for the next meal. It was seldom we got through this morning work before eleven.

Between that time and twelve-fifty there was always more than enough personal work to be done—washing one's clothes, polishing one's shoes, mending, and the thousand and one little odds and ends that must be promptly attended to if a waitress is to appear well-groomed.

The prospectus sent me before I left New York distinctly stated that the Served eight dinners and went off duty at laundry of waitresses was done by the 8.56." hotel free of charge. When I inquired about sending my clothes to the hotel laundry all the waitresses shook their heads. I might take the risk if I had a mind, they told me, but so far as their experience went garments were seldom returned, never in as good condition as when sent out. On learning that the two waitresses who had been in the employ of the Sea Foam for more than one year both did their own laundry, I decided to follow their example.

Lunch and dinner at the Sea Foam were like breakfast—long-drawn-out meals. A waitress seldom got rid of her guests under a half-hour after the diningroom closed, and often it was a full

When on "early watch" a waitress had to be in the hotel dining-room not later than six in the morning. This is for the convenience of guests leaving by early "Late watch" means remaining until midnight to serve guests arriving on late trains or those who, after a promenade on the boardwalk, felt the need of an extra meal. Being on watch does not curtail in any particular the regular duties of a waitress.

On one such occasion my diary reads: "April 2, 1917. Went on watch at 5.58 A. M., served four early breakfasts and rather than enjoy the "home comforts" reset tables. Return Belgrave at 6.46 offered by domestic service. Only the and ate my breakfast. Back in dining- experience of Beulah, a dear little girl

on my table. The family of the multimillionaire having left the night before, the assistant head waiter gave me three two-seaters nearer the dining-room door. I set up these tables and served six breakfasts. Returned to Belgrave at 11.32. Ironed two aprons, a white skirt, a petticoat, and two collar-and-cuff sets. Ate my lunch and was back in the diningroom at 12.57. Served seven lunches and then held open the dining-room door for fifty-two minutes that late guests might pass out. Rolled the carpet, set up my tables and returned to Belgrave at 4.15. Rested nearly a half-hour, then pressed my black waist, took a bath, went to a store on the corner for some peanut butter and crackers. Ate dinner and returned to the hotel dining-room at 6.07.

Do not forget that at the Sea Foam it is not considered good form to employ bus boys. A waitress not only brings in all food but she must carry out all dishes and wash, polish, dry, and bring back to the dining-room all glass and silver used on her tables.

My diary for the following day, April 3. reads: "Yesterday was a memorable day in the history of our country-perhaps of the world—President Wilson asked Congress to declare that a state of war exists between the United States and Germany. Excepting myself I believe every waitress in the Sea Foam has written either to the secretary of war or direct to the President offering her services. So far as the six persons at my tables are concerned only the little boy from Wilmington, Delaware, had shown any interest in the matter. He came in a half-hour ahead of his mother this morning and spent the time talking to me about our preparedness &ct. He's a dear little chap."

Only lack of money kept me at Sea Before the end of my second Foam. week I had learned more than enough to understand why women and girls prefer to eke out an existence on the meagre wage received in shops and factories from Canada, prevented me from giving up my job and returning to New York.

Beulah, whose season in Bermuda had been cut short by the war, came to Sea Foam on a three weeks' contract. Through a waitress friend she received an offer of a permanent position in a hotel near New York City. Though it was ten days before Easter and gave the head waiter ample time to fill her place, he not only refused to pay the wage due her but threatened to have her blacklisted in hotel employment bureaus. In order to reach her new position Beulah was forced to borrow money to pay her railroad fare.

Not wishing to write and borrow money of Alice to pay my way back to New York, I determined to get myself discharged. How to accomplish this without doing anything rude or disorderly be- lowed a few morsels in the way of lunch, came my problem. When, a few days before Easter the assistant housekeeper of the Belgrave confided to me that the head waiter had confided to her his intention of giving me a year's contract, perhaps making me a "captain," I gritted my teeth. Determined not to borrow of Alice, I was equally as determined not to remain to the end of my contract.

The day before Easter I was put on early watch for the second time. As waitresses are supposed to take turns at watch duty, believing that my opportunity for getting myself discharged had come, I hurried to the head waiter. He listened to my complaint against his assistant and then explained that he had suggested my being put on watch because there were so many new waitresses who could not be trusted to "swing the job."

"You've got a head on your shoulders," he informed me. "The management has decided to keep you on after orders of my own people. Easter. That's the reason I'm pushing you forward—to get you promoted."

Easter morning found the head waiter and his assistant so nervous that they reminded me of ill-conditioned sheep-dogs snapping and snarling at each and every member of their flock. A few minutes after the dining-room door opened for ers were brought in. Certain guests, at Anna's two-seater.

wishing their tables to be especially attractive, had ordered these flowers and plants added to the abundant supply already provided by the hotel.

So, after getting rid of our breakfast guests, in addition to our routine work we waitresses had to put those plants and flowers on the tables indicated and make them look as presentable as possible. This was far from an easy task, for in most cases the plants and flowers had been chosen because of their beauty and utterly regardless of the size or the shape of the table to be decorated. It was twenty-six minutes after twelve when I left that dining-room, and several waitresses were still struggling with their overabundance of cut flowers and potted plants.

Having changed my uniform and swal-I was back in the dining-room at twelve thirty-seven. When the doors opened. the occupants of my three tables, instead of being among the early diners as they had all promised, were all late. Anna, whose station was next mine, was unfortunate in the opposite direction—her guests, four at one table and two at the other, all arrived at the same time.

For the sake of helping Anna I took the order of the guests at her two-seater-a German-American and his American wife, the most perfect example of a roosterpecked woman I have ever seen. On returning from the kitchen with the second course for this couple, I found all my guests in their seats. After serving the course on my tray I went to the assistant head waiter, explained to him that Anna needed assistance and turned over to him the order of the German-American. Then, returning to my station, I took the

At that time, on a bench at the back of the dining-room, there were seated, waiting to be called on, nine extra waitresses who had been brought on from Philadelphia that morning. When instructing the regular waitresses that morning the head waiter had ordered us to report to himself or his assistant when any of us needed breakfast, just when the earliest guests the help of these girls. Naturally I exbegan to trickle in, the first of a veritable pected the assistant head waiter to send avalanche of potted plants and cut flow- one of them to finish serving the guests

Digitized by Google

On returning with my tray laden with the first course for my six guests I found Anna's station in an uproar. The German-American, having seen me take the orders of my regular guests, had complained so loudly that the head waiter had to be called from the front of the dining-room to straighten matters out. Catching sight of me on my return from the kitchen, the hyphenated citizen again persisted in his demand to have "that one with hair" finish serving his table. The head waiter, who was really a very good sort, firmly insisted that he must either accept the services of the extra waitress or wait and take his turn with Anna.

On my way back to the kitchen the assistant head waiter met me. He was on the carpet and I in the aisle next the wall.

"This is the last meal you'll serve for me," he called across the double line of tables to me, throwing up his arms in a nervous way he had.

"I accept my discharge," I replied, realizing in a flash the opportunity for which I had been looking.

In the serving-room and kitchen I scattered the news broadcast, telling every one with whom I came in speaking distance that the assistant head waiter had discharged me. The steward assured me that it was all a mistake. The assistant head waiter was dying of tuberculosis, he explained, and very nervous. He tried to get me to promise not to notice the incident and to report as usual in the dining-room for supper.

Two of my guests who overheard me tell Anna offered to take the matter up with the manager of the hotel if the head waiter refused to keep me on. This frightened me stiff. Ten days more at the Sea Foam was more than I could look forward to with equanimity. There was genuine pathos in my voice when I begged them not to interfere.

My description of my discharge so affected Mary, my roommate, that she insisted on taking me for an outing on the boardwalk. Only my positive refusal to get into a wheel-chair prevented her from indulging in that extravagant attention. Truthfully assuring her that it would be much more enjoyable to sit and watch the crowd, we found comfortable seats under a pavilion and there spent the afternoon.

Vol. LXX.-21

Perhaps it was the weather, or maybe the reaction following the emotional elation caused by the incident of my discharge. Whatever the reason, I have never before or since experienced such a virulent attack of discouragement as I did while watching that moving throng. Not for myself alone, but for the human race. While watching the people passing in front of us—two steady streams of walkers with two packed lines of wheelchairs between—I suddenly realized them as an endless succession of pygmies.

Not one of them nor all of them could stop the incoming nor the outgoing of the sea that through the cracks on the boardwalk had the look of dirty bilge-water as creeping in higher and higher it slapped the sand. Nor could one of them nor all of them sweep aside the mist that like a dirty white curtain cut off our view of the ocean and rendered indistinct the end of the boardwalk.

What were they trying to do, these pygmies? For what were they struggling? Here they were tramping up and down the boardwalk, working hard to digest the food with which they had just stuffed themselves—while in the rear of the hotels I knew there were ten times as many working even harder to get food to support life.

What did it all mean—this endless, unceasing struggle between human cooties and human drudges? What did it all amount to—the lives of these pygmies? Where had they come from? `Where were they going? What were they trying to do?

Then, my thoughts turning inward, I demanded of myself:

"What are you trying to do? Granting that these pygmies crawling along the boardwalk are human cooties and those working in the hotels are human drudges, what then? The cooties are no more to blame for our economic system than the drudges. You've been a human cooty and you know that you did not give any more thought to the human drudges who slaved for your comfort than these people do to you. Remember the time you stopped at the Ardale-Stratton? Spent money like water."

Thus reminded of my first visit to Atlantic City, my mind slipped back more New York City under the chaperonage of one of the most distinguished women in the country. We planned to remain two weeks. Before the end of that time she had been taken seriously ill, and, though her own relatives and friends left her and returned to their homes. I remained. Bored by the monotony of hotel life, with the knowledge of spending too much money perpetually nagging at my consciousness, I dreaded to leave the old lady among strangers and attended only by her maid. Our visit stretched from two weeks to five months. Day after day I had loafed along the boardwalk, watching the water—the threatening, the greedy, the sullen, the laughing, the beautiful, the peaceful, the soothing sea.

With a throb of pride I recalled that every Sunday morning during that tedious visit I had tipped my waiter and chambermaid one dollar each. Though I recalled that the service they gave me was always the best, I could not remember the name of either. Were they to meet me face to face I would not be conscious of ever having seen them before. I had never realized them as fellow human beings. I had never considered their convenience. I had never considered their feelings. In extenuation I told myself that it was because I had not under-

"Neither do the persons with whom you are now finding fault understand," my conscience flashed back at me. "Yet you call them human cooties—criticise their lack of purpose. What do you think you will accomplish, sitting out here with a kitchen maid? You had better take your own advice to heart—get back where you belong and take care of yourself. You never planned to have Polly Preston become a domestic servant. Go back where you belong."

Yawning, I rose to my feet. It seemed the sensible thing to do—to tell Mary that I was going for a walk and she must not wait for me. During Easter there were certain to be a number of my acquaintances at the Ardale-Stratton. I had only to register or send my visiting-card to the proprietor to get the best that the hotel had to offer. Telegraphing for my trunks and writing Alice that I had

than ten years. I had come down from gotten all the first-hand material needed. New York City under the chaperonage of for my novel were simple details.

Before speaking to Mary, and while still yawning, my eyes wandered out to sea. The wind had blown a hole in the mist. Across this opening in the foreground there was steaming a black-gray dreadnought, its three funnels belching black-gray smoke. My country was at war and I had forgotten it!

As the battleship disappeared behind the bank of mist that formed the westerly frame of the picture in the far corner, in the background three slender spars of a schooner-rigged sailing-vessel crept into view. Her hull seemed a black cord above the silvery sea, and her stretch of canvas, low down, appeared hardly larger than my thumb-nail.

"The new and the old!" I exclaimed, comparing the majestic power of the dreadnought with the struggling sailing-

Every drop of blood in your veins crossed the Atlantic in a vessel no larger and in all human probabilities no more seaworthy than that schooner, my thoughts ran on. What voyages those must have been! Storms! Shipwrecks! What men and what women!—French Huguenot, English, Welsh, and Scot.

Standing there under the pavilion with my eyes fastened on the struggling ship, I fell to musing about those ancestors of mine—how they had struggled against all the forces of nature to conquer a wilderness inhabited by savages; how, after conquering that wilderness, they had wrenched their new homes free from the mother country. And with a start of amazement I considered their reason, why they had dared all, suffered all—to found a government under which every child might be born free and equal.

Free and equal! What did that mean? What had those wonderful old men and women planned?

I looked down at Mary. And across my mind there swept stories of the man from whom my Welsh strain sprung. After serving as governor of the colony he had enlisted in the Continental army as a private. Though his son-in-law, one generation nearer me, had become one of Washington's major-generals—a private the old Welshman persisted in remaining to the end of the Revolution.

Hot blood crept up into my face until my cheeks burned and my ears tingled. Who was I, what had I accomplished, that gave me the right to turn up my nose at associating with a kitchen-maid? I slipped back into the seat beside Mary.

What had I done? What was I doing to carry on the high resolves of this old Welshman and the rest of my hard-fighting, high-thinking ancestors? If I could not go the front and fight to carry on the ideals of the country they had founded I could at least try to bring about an understanding of conditions at home—conditions caused by the ever-increasing struggle between human cooties and human drudges—a struggle which appears to me now as I write to threaten a greater disaster than that of the World War!

Turning to the woman at my side I

"Mary, didn't you say that your cousin planned to give up her position as head chambermaid with a wealthy family in Pennsylvania?"

"She give notice more'n three months ago," my roommate assured me, eager to get me to talk. "If the housekeeper wasn't so mortal hard to please Jennie'd be married and livin' in her own home. The man she's goin' to marry owns his own farm and lives real well." And Mary rambled off, giving a minute description of her cousin's future husband and home.

On our way back to the Belgrave after helping Mary compose a night letter to her cousin I sent a telegram to Alice announcing that I would return the next day to New York. That evening on their return from work in the Sea Foam my fellow waitresses gave me a farewell entertainment.

And it was a real entertainment, for several of the girls had good natural voices and an ear for music. It will be a long time before memories of "I'd Give My Crown for an Irish Stew," as sung by laughter-loving Mollie, fades from my mind. One young waitress seemed to me as good a clog-dancer as I had seen on the stage. She had picked up the steps at a minstrel show—one attendance. What was still more surprising to me was

that every one of them could do something in the way of playing the piano. Only one of them had ever taken lessons.

Though I thoroughly enjoyed that evening I do not believe that in my whole life I ever felt so diffidently self-conscious. The realization of yourself as the only hypocrite among honest folk is not pleasant. These girls were all genuinely sorry for me, for my being discharged. Each one had contributed her mite to pay for the bunch of flowers presented to me at the end of the evening. I felt like a thief.

The next morning when I applied at the hotel office for the wage due me, the paymaster gave me a receipt to sign. He had computed the amount at the rate of thirteen dollars a month.

"According to my contract I was to be paid at the rate of sixteen dollars a month," I reminded him, returning the paper unsigned.

"You are not working in the side-

hall," he snapped back at me.

"I went where I was sent," I told him.
"The head waiter stationed me in the dining-room. Since the hotel required me to sign a contract I shall require the hotel to live up to that contract."

Being accustomed to handling uneducated women this man fancied that all he had to do to intimidate me was to talk loud. When he paused in his shouting I repeated my first statement—the hotel must live up to its contract with me. After a second bout at loud talking the stenographer came to his assistance. She assured me "as a friend" that I had best take the amount offered me, as it was all that I would get. Besides I had no copy of the contract I claimed to have signed.

She gasped on being assured that I did have a second copy of the contract—the copy Mrs. Wilkins had sent for. Taking another tack, this girl reminded me that the difference between sixteen and thirteen was too small to dispute about. Whereupon I inquired why the hotel was unwilling to pay it.

Declaring that nothing could be done until my contract was found, both the stenographer and the paymaster went back to their work. After waiting thirty minutes by the clock I again asked for my wages. The paymaster informed me that my contract had not been found and

that I would have to wait till they had time to look for it. At the end of the second thirty minutes, and seeing that no effort was being made to get the contract, I remarked that perhaps it might be just as well for me to call on the clerk of the district court while waiting.

Simple as that statement may seem, it had a surprising effect on the paymaster. Hurrying to the door of his enclosure he urged me to enter, sit down, and wait for the manager. The manager, he assured me, kept all contracts locked in a safe of which he alone knew the combination. On my persisting he followed me along the passageway, begging me "as a friend" to have a little patience. Another odd feature of the performance was that the housekeeper of the Belgrave, though she had held the position for more than ten years, could not direct me to the city hall.

Once on the streets every passer-by was able to point out the city hall and tell me in just which corner I would find the clerk of court. This man was or pretended to be as ignorant of Sea Foam as the housekeeper had been of him. When I first stated my case he had some difficulty in recalling that there was such a hotel in Atlantic City—it is one of the largest on the boardwalk and less than five blocks from his office. His negro man-of-all-work was so well informed that he was able not only to locate it exactly but to give the names of the stockholders.

"Leastways they call 'em stockholders," the old negro man added. "But everybody knows old Miss Dorset done built the Sea Foam with the money she made out the Jonquil House. Yes'm, that old white 'oman owns both them hotels. She's that stingy she'd skin a flea for its hide and tallow."

The reputation given Mrs. Dorset by this negro man was not borne out by the employees of the Sea Foam. Two waitresses who had been longest in the service of the hotel, when boasting of Mrs. Dorset's wealth, had added that she gave large sums to the support of the Atlantic City branch of the Florence Crittenden mission.

"Indeed!" I replied. "Quite evidently she is doing her best to keep it supplied

with patients." And I meant exactly what I said.

The clerk of court, when warning me against "invoking the law" for such a small sum, informed me:

"The judge is all right, of course, but when it comes to a case against one of our large hotels there's never any telling which way the cat will jump. I strongly advise you to go back to the hotel and see the manager. Maybe they will have found your contract and will be willing to pay you at the rate of sixteen a month." Then he added, as he handed me his card: "I wouldn't be surprised you'd find them with the money all counted out ready for you."

"Neither would I," I answered, keeping tight hold on the muscles of my face to prevent myself from returning his smile.

And it proved even as he said. Not only was the money ready for me but the paymaster's manner had undergone a complete change. Telling me that the manager wished to speak to me, he held open the office-door and politely ushered me in.

The manager of the Sea Foam is, or was at that time, a square-built man with red hair. As we stared at each other across the broad top of his mahogany office-table our eyes were on a level. It was quite evident that he expected to stare me out of countenance. He made a mistake. His eyes were the first to give way.

"Won't you sit down?" he said, motioning to a chair.

"Thank you. I have neither the time nor the inclination," I told him. "What is it you wish to say to me?"

"To ask you why you went to the clerk of court."

"To prove to the Sea Foam waitresses that they can force the hotel to live up to its contracts."

Then I told him of the way little Beulah had been treated. He listened as though hearing of such an incident for the first time. Judging by what I had heard it had been the policy of the hotel toward waitresses for years.

At lunch, my last meal at the Belgrave, when describing my experience I distributed copies of the clerk of court's business cards.

ganized," one of the older girls said. "If a few of us kick or insist on being paid sixteen instead of thirteen we'll be discharged and blacklisted. If we organize we can force up wages-

"And cut out tips," a younger girl interrupted. "It's a darn shame for the hotels to put up their rates and expect guests to pay extra for service. It's a darn shame."

While this was going on the girls at the other end of the table had been whispering together. Now the girl at the asked. head of the table held up her hand, sigassistant housekeeper was not listening, she informed me that she had been dele- lieve that I spoke the truth.

"It won't do any good until we are or- gated to ask me to remain in Atlantic City and organize the waitresses, beginning with those working in the boardwalk hotels.

> The request was so unexpected that for a moment I was dumb. On recovering myself I reminded them that our country was at war. So long as the war lasted we at home must keep our shoulder to the wheel. If the wheel cut into our flesh we must endure it for the sake of pushing the load to safety.

"And after the war?" the spokesman

"After the war organize. Then, if you nalling for silence. Then, after a glance prove your consistency by refusing to at the adjoining table to make sure the take tips, the public will help you get a decent wage," I replied. And I still be-

["At Service in a Millionaire's Family," by the same author, in the October number.]

POOR OLD ENGLISH LANGUAGE

By Meredith Nicholson



Wide is the field and many

are the fools who disport therein.

Politics we are all too prone to forget between campaigns; literature and the graphic arts engage only our languid attention, and science interests us only when our imaginations are mightily stirred. But we all know how the young idea should be taught to shoot. We are either reactionaries, lamenting the good old times of the three r's and the little red schoolhouse, or we discuss with much gravity such weighty problems as the announce and defend my opinions. extension or curtailment of the elective system, or we fly to the defense or demolition of the ideas of Dewey and other reformers. It is folly not to hold opinions where no one is sure of anything and something for culture. It seems at times every one is free to strut in the purple that the efforts of the women of America robes of wisdom. Many of us receive at to increase the remnant that is amiably times flattering invitations to express disposed toward sweetness and light can-

N the whole range of human opinions touching the education of our endeavor no department is youth. Though my own schooling was so hospitable to the ama- concluded at the algebra age, owing to an teur as education. Here inherent inability to master that subthe gates are always open. ject or even comprehend what it was all about. I have not scrupled to contribute to educational symposia at every opportunity. Perhaps I answer the riddles of the earnest critics of education the more cheerfully from the very fact of my benightedness. When the doors are closed and the potent, grave, and reverend signiors go into committee of the whole to determine why education does not indeed educate—there, in such a company, I am not only an eager listener but, with the slightest encouragement. I

> Millions are expended every year for the public enlightenment, and yet no one is satisfied either with the method or the result. Some one is always trying to do

not fail, so many and so zealous are the life I have been able to read Greek, themselves for this laudable purpose.

A little while ago we had a nationwide better-English week to encourage respect among the youth of this jazzy age for the poor old English language. I shall express without apology my opinion that in these free States we are making no marked headway in the attempt to improve spoken or written English. Hardly a day passes that I do not hear graduates of colleges confuse their pronouns; evil usages are so common as to arouse a suspicion that propriety and exactness of speech are regarded by many as more highly honored in the breach than the observance. And yet grammar and rhetoric are taught more or less intelligently by a vast army of overworked and underpaid teachers, according to text-books fashioned by specialists who really do try to make themselves intelligible.

My attitude toward this whole perplexing business is one of the greatest tolerance. I doubt seriously whether I could pass an examination in English grammar. A Japanese waiter in a club in my town used to lie in wait for me. when I visited the house at odd hours in search of seclusion, for the purpose of questioning me as to certain perplexing problems in grammar. He had flatteringly chosen me from the club roster as a lettered person, and it was with astonishment that he heard my embarrassed confession that I shared his bewilderment. To any expert grammarians who, inspired by this revelation, begin a laborious investigation of these pages in pursuit of errors, I can only say that I wish them good luck in their adventure. At times I do manifestly stumble, and occasionally the blunder is grievous. A poem of my authorship once appeared in a periodical of the most exacting standards with a singular noun mated to a plural verb. For proof-readers as a class I entertain the greatest veneration. Often a query courteously noted on the margin of a galley has prevented a violence to my mother tongue which I would not consciously inflict upon it.

hounds, I will state that at times in my truly of the soil I should not discourage

organizations in which they associate Latin, Italian, and French without ever knowing anything about the grammar of either of these languages beyond what I worked out for myself as I went along. This method or lack of method is not, I believe, original with me, for there are, or have been, inductive methods of teaching foreign languages which set the student at once to reading and made something rather incidental of the grammar. This is precisely what I should do with English if I were responsible for the instruction of children at the age when it is the fashion to begin hammering grammar into their inhospitable minds. Ignorant of grammar myself, but having—if I may assume so much—an intuitive sense of the proper and effective manner of shaping sentences, there would be no text-books in my schoolroom. All principals, trustees, inspectors, and educational reformers would be excluded from my classes, and I should insist on protection from physical manifestations of their indignation on my way to and from the schoolhouse. The first weeks of my course would be purely conversational. I should test the students for their vulgarities and infelicities, and such instances, registered on the blackboard, would visualize the errors as long as necessary. The reading of indubitably good texts in class would, of course, be part of the programme, and the Bible I should use freely, particularly drawing upon the Old Testament narratives.

I should endeavor to make it appear that clean and accurate speech is a part of good manners, an important item in the general equipment for life. it came to writing, I should begin with the familiar letter, leaving the choice of subject to the student. These composi-tions, read in the class, would be criticised, as far as possible, by the students themselves. I should efface myself completely as an instructor and establish the relation of a fellow-seeker intent upon finding the best way of saying a thing. If there were usages that appeared to be common to a neighborhood, or intrusions of dialect peculiar to a State or a section, I might search out and describe their To add to the fury of the grammar origin, but if they were flavorsome and their use. Self-consciousness in these anyhow. The idea that children should early years is to be avoided. The weaknesses of the individual student are only discernible where he is permitted to speak and write without timidity.

anyhow. The idea that children should be seen and not heard belongs to the period when it was believed that to spare the rod was to spoil the child. Children should be encouraged to talk, to observe

When a youngster is made to understand from a concrete example that a sentence is badly constructed, or that it is marred by a weak word or a word used out of its true sense, the rules governing such instances may be brought to his attention with every confidence that he will understand their point. My work would be merely a preparation for the teaching of grammar, if grammar there must be; but I should resent such instruction if my successor failed to relate my work to his.

I consider the memorizing of short passages of verse and prose an important adjunct to the teaching of English by any method. "Learn it by heart" seems to have gone out of fashion in late years. I have recently sat in classes and listened to the listless reading, paragraph by paragraph, of time-honored classics, knowing well that the students were getting nothing out of them. The more good English the student carries in his head the likelier he is to gain a respect for his language and a confidence and effectiveness in speaking and writing it.

Let the example precede the rule! If hostility, and seeing no sense in it he there is any sense in the rule the example casts it aside with the disdain he would will clarify it; if it is without justification manifest for a mechanical toy that refused to work in the manner prescribed by the student, then it ought to be abolished

anyhow. The idea that children should be seen and not heard belongs to the period when it was believed that to spare the rod was to spoil the child. Children should be encouraged to talk, to observe and to describe the things that interest them in the course of the day. In this way they will form the habit of the intelligent reporter who, on the way to his desk from an assignment, plans his article, eager to find the best way of telling his story. Instead of making a hateful mystery of English speech it should be made the most natural thing in the world, worthy of the effort necessary to give it accuracy, ease, and charm.

The scraps of conversation I overhear every day in elevators, across counters, on the street, and in trolley-cars are of a nature to disturb those who view with intense satisfaction the great treasure we pour into education, believing that where the investment is so generous the dividends must be proportionately large. The trouble with our English is that too much is taught and not enough is learned. The child is stuffed, not fed. Rules crammed into him for his guidance in selfexpression are imperfectly assimilated. They never become a part of him. His first contacts with grammar arouse his hostility, and seeing no sense in it he casts it aside with the disdain he would to work in the manner prescribed by the

THE MAGIC TOUCH

By Rhoda Hero Dunn

THE summer night was soft upon the land;
Dim shadows of the hills outlined the sky;
And from the wood a dove's unanswered cry
Uprose against Orion's shining band.
We walked in silence but each other scanned
With friendly thought and sympathetic eye;
Until, a rougher place to help me by,
I felt upon mine own thy stronger hand.
Was it the magic of the night on me?
The open fields? The quiet stars above?
That strangeness of the solitude with thee?
Or that far calling of the mating dove?
Or was it from the first ordained to be
That friendship at a touch should change to love!

PEOPLE BY THE WAYSIDE

ANOTHER CRUISE OF THE "DINGBAT OF ARCADY"

By Marguerite Wilkinson Author of "Bluestone." "New Voices." "Beauty." etc.



the open road it pleases us not to know exactly where we are going, or when we shall get there. A destination is more trouble-

some than much luggage. If we have one folded up with our blankets, we find it necessary to forego many a pleasant chat by the wayside. Therefore, we usually leave our destination at home with our best clothes. They belong together!

Another joy of the road is not knowing what acquaintances we shall make, or how we shall make them. Getting acquainted with people is a dullard's adventure if you know all about them ahead of time. But if you must learn the meaning of a human being from the poise of the head, the flash of the eye, the locking of the jaws, the behavior of the fingers, and from the individual life, communicable and yet inexplicable, which animates all of these, then a meeting is an inviting hazard. With letters of introduction we may meet Mr. and Mrs. John Brown Iones Smith. Without them we may find Socrates in a general store at the crossroads, Le Penseur on a lonely hill, and Thersites and St. Francis tramping side by side along a dusty road; we may even have the good fortune to hear Confucius talking to his disciples of "poetry, history, and the up-keep of courtesy.

We enjoy the complex simplicities of pioneering in the hearts and minds of our kind. People who seem quite commonplace to themselves and to their neighbors shine for us with a light well known before there were candles, the ancient eat supper on his lawn." light of romance. For us they wear the haloes of saints, the garlands of delectable sinners, without ever knowing that they are clad in more than serge and gingham. fear of losing courage. And sometimes the light is reflected upon

HEN Jim and I go out on us, who seem quite commonplace to ourselves save in moments of elation. What could be more delightful to a couple welladvanced toward middle-age?

Once when we were driving home from Delaware Water Gap in Frankie Ford, the ramshackle and rakish, we were allowed to feel the radiance of this glamour upon us. The road was dusty. Great wreaths of dust whirled past us through sultry air, dimming our eyes and making our hair gritty. As for Frankie, the gray of the dust was so thick on him that only clairvoyance could have told his true color. Jim subdued him to about ten miles an hour and we rolled slowly through a small town, looking for a place where it would be possible to stop and prepare supper. Ahead of us, as far as we could see, dust was thick over the road and gray as death. By all the laws of hygiene and æsthetics it would be wrong to stop where we were for the purpose of eating. I looked about me anxiously.

Then I saw, at one side of the road, a rusty-colored, benevolent, old-fashioned house. A stubby hedge enclosed a lawn on which a hose was playing. On a veranda, in a chair tilted back against the wall, sat an old gentleman in rusty black. His feet hung hmp without touching the floor. His head was sunk on his breast. I gave little thought to him then, however, for I was thinking of the lawn (how good it would be to sit on!) and of the hose (how good it would be to get under the spray!). I stepped out of Frankie. Said I to Jim:

"I'll ask that old gentleman to let us

Never before had we asked such a plumes of knights, the caps of goblins, the privilege. We had cooked our meals in meadows and orchards, but never on a lawn near a home. I went quickly for

"Pardon me, sir, but we have been

travelling all day and are tired. The road is dusty. May we eat our supper on your lawn?"

The chair tilted forward and the old gentleman sat up. His spirit came back from that mazy region unexplored by youth to which old people go when they the world like this," he said, "and they're are alone. He took a good look at me and kindly amusement flickered in his eves. He got up.

"Why, yes," he said; "come along in,

come along in."

He beckoned to Jim, who whirled Frankie about and brought him to a stop beside the stubby hedge. The old gentleman hurried over to get acquainted with He was alert now and twinkled with activity and talk.

"Campin', eh? Well, now that's certainly fine. Nothin' better'n campin'.

Got supper all ready, have you?"

"We have bread and butter," said I, "but if you would let us light our small gasoline-stove on your lawn—we won't hurt the grass—we could cook beefsteak and onions. . . ."

"Steak and onions! Just the thing! Nothin' better'n steak and onions. If I hadn't had my own supper, I'd just ask you folks to let me in on it."

He was as excited as if he were giving a

party.

"Mama," he called to one of the windows at the back of the house, "Mama, let these folks in and give 'em a chance to wash at the pump on the stoop."

We came out with clean faces and clear eves. We sat down on the cool lawn. We lighted our stove and I filled a pan with steak and onions. The old gentleman walked around us, smoking a pipe, talking volubly between puffs, and apparently delighted with his queer, uninvited guests. He told us how he used to go camping when he was a young man. But he had come home, now, home to what David Morton calls "the rooted certainties." "If my wife had liked it, we might have kept it up," he would say. That is what many men tell us when they talk with us of our adventures. And the house-bound women say wistfully, "If it wasn't for the children. . . ."

While we were still eating, one of our host's old cronies stopped beside the stubby hedge.

"Havin' a picnic, Joe?"

The old gentleman hurried over to explain, with something of the air of a Barnum, it must be admitted. He made a good story.

"These folks have travelled all over

great campers."

When the time came to pack our things and put them in Frankie he did not want

us to go.

"I have a grove the other side of the house," he said. "-pine-trees. Nothin' better'n pine-trees. I wouldn't ever let anybody cut 'em down. You could camp there as well as not. Just come and take a look at 'em."

Our vacation was over and we were needed at home. Otherwise we might have stayed. But although we could not do that we went and admired his "grove," half a dozen brave old trees, strong symbols of the joy of his youth, reminding him of crisp dawns and clear evenings near the earth. I wondered how many of his neighbors knew what those pines meant to him. Perhaps not a one. He had let us know because we could understand. He all but begged us to stay overnight. When we climbed into Frankie again, we left him standing beside the stubby hedge, waving his hat. Said he to

"Come again, if you're passing by this way and stay as long as you like. I like

to meet a character like you!"

The road seemed less dusty as we drove rapidly away from the town, believing more firmly than ever in the possibility of what we call salvation by mirth. When I speak of mirth I do not mean the solemnly persistent cheerfulness of Polyanna. I mean the clean, deep, social happiness which begins out-of-doors, of which John Masefield says:

"The days that make us happy make us wise."

The days that made our old gentleman happy in his youth made him kind to

strangers in his age.

Salvation by faith and salvation by deeds are as old as the Bhagavad-Gita, but salvation by mirth, which has been needed as long, may be new to some owlish philosophers, though poets understand it. Jim and I have met a few people

appeal. They might have accepted salvation by mirth. One of them was a fisherman.

We discovered him on the edge of the Willamette Slough, a stretch of water as sluggish as a spirit in prison. All day we had been sliding slowly over it down toward the great Columbia. At about five o'clock we began to look for a place to camp. Finally we saw a small, dilapidated house-boat moored beside a stretch of level land on which were trees. At first we did not see the owner, but when we landed we found him behind his abode.

Like a wizard of old he stood near a wide, high fire, a weird, black figure seen through the crimson of the climbing flames. Two big tins (like Standard Oil tins) stood beside the fire. From a third, in the middle of it, steam came as from the caldron of a Merlin. The wizard was a bearded man of middle-age and somewhat the worse for wear. He lacked the sinister impressiveness usually attributed to wizards by those who know them best. As we drew nearer we saw that he was cutting up bits of orange-peel, and tossing them into his caldron. He threw in, also, a handful of what looked like pickling spice—and was.

"May we camp here near your place

overnight," asked Jim.
"Sure," he said; "anything you like." We stood watching his alchemy. Curiosity overcame me.

"What is it in the tin?"

"Water boilin' for crayfish. I'm a cravfisherman."

He lifted the cover from one of the tins at the side, and showed us hundreds of "crawdads," creeping around in it.

"To-day's catch," he said. "First you catch 'em. Then you clean 'em. Then you boil 'em in salted water with peel and spices. Then you cool 'em. Then sell 'em to restaurants in Portland. Fifty cents a half dozen. Swells eat 'em. Ever try 'em?"

We admitted that we had not. Then he sat down on an old stool, picked a crayfish out of the tin full of them, found the right part of its tail, gave it a twist and a jerk, and dropped the little beast limp and wilted into the steaming tin,

on our wanderings to whom salvation by where it reddened as lobsters do. He faith and salvation by deeds made no worked as fast as a woman hulling berries.

> "Clean 'em and kill 'em same time." he explained.

> We retired as gracefully as possible from the neighborhood of his fire and built a fire of our own within sight and ear-shot. I put a pail of water on to boil, for we were to dine on a dozen ears of green corn. I stripped them of husks and while they cooked Jim did the work of camp-making. Once or twice he called out to the crayfisherman. They exchanged mild pleasantries. I began to realize that the wizard had an unsatisfied social streak in him. After watching us for a while he picked out a dozen good crayfish from his tin full of boiling ones and brought them over to us.

> "For your dinner," he said. "Let 'em cool first." Then he withdrew rapidly. He was not intrusive.

> When our corn was cooked Jim took four big, hot, golden ears of it over to him with a bit of butter and our compliments. He accepted them with an awkward pleasure that made us feel sure that he was unaccustomed to receiving gifts. He sat down beside his fire to eat corn and crayfish. We sat down beside ours to eat crayfish and corn. And while we were still eating the dusk deepened and we gradually lost sight of the wizard in a light river mist. It was as if he had taken the smoke of his fire and the steam from his caldron and woven a gray, magic wall of them around our camp in the

> We were up early the next morning, and the crayfisherman was up early, too. He was puttering around in a shabby old rowboat when Jim built our fire for breakfast. While I was cooking, he joined Jim and took him over to show him his houseboat. Later I learned how the conversation ran. Jerking his thumb over his shoulder in my direction, the crayfisherman said:

"I had a piece of calico myself once."

"What happened to her?" asked Jim. With more than a touch of melodrama in his manner the crayfisherman threw open the door of his floating palace and pointed to an old jacket, evidently a woman's, hanging on the back of it.

"Hern," he said. "She run away with another man."

In the clear hard light of the morning our wizard was only a lonely man! We felt vaguely sorry for him when we climbed into *The Dingbat* and pulled slowly away from the house-boat across the muddy ooze of the slough. Were we destined to hear more of him later on?

Steadily we rowed on down the slough toward St. Helens where it empties into the Columbia. Saturday came, and we were eager to get to the post-office before it closed for the week-end, because we expected important mail. So we struggled with an indifferent current until about four o'clock in the afternoon. Then we stopped and made inquiries. We learned that St. Helens was not far from that point, as a cross-country walk, a matter of only two or three miles, but that it was much farther by boat because it was necessary to go around a long point of land jutting out into the water. We took counsel together and decided that I had better walk to St. Helens for the mail. The Dingbat would then be lighter to pull and we could meet at the town dock, whither I could go after purchasing food for supper.

I put on my slouch hat, my high, square-toed boots, my belt and the holster that held my Smith and Wesson (for protection in wild country). I set off at a good pace through wooded country, seeking St. Helens. The earth was springy under the trees, and grateful to the feet. I had been sitting still so many hours in The Dingbat that just to be moving was a delight. I strode along rapidly, walking as you can walk only when you have been living in the open for some time with clear skies over the top of your mind. Presently I entered St. Helens from the rear and saw the quaint little town sloping down hill toward the river. I was ruddy with health, exercise, pleasure, and sunburn. I did not stop to consider how I looked. Nor did I change my stride. I hurried on to what seemed to be an important street of the town.

The first person I saw was a nice-looking woman in an afternoon frock, white and speckless. She was carrying a letter as if she intended to mail it. I caught up with her.

"Pardon me, madam, but where is the post-office?"

She was about to answer pleasantly, I think, but before she could frame the words she took one horrified look at me. The smile stiffened on her face.

"That way," she gasped, and ran in the opposite direction, as if for her life. No doubt, after looking at my Smith and Wesson, she wondered who this strange Boadicea could be. I stood still long enough to blush for my appearance and behavior. But it was thrilling too. I, who had been born and bred to the dullness of bridge whist, and the mild delight of pink teas, was taking a Western village by storm, and putting the feminine population to flight with one glance of my fiery eyes! I knew the exultation of conquest and, for the first time in my life, sympathized with Alexander and Cæsar. But I straightened my hat, moderated my stride, subdued my expression into something more nearly ladylike, and went to the post-office for my letters. My adventures were over for that day.

It may have been the next day, or the next, that we left St. Helens and went up the Columbia with some salmon fishermen to a gravel bank where Indians used to fight long ago, and where arrow-heads are still to be found. We had luncheon together and then we all hunted for arrowheads. The fishermen would not keep the ones they found, for they said that they lived near enough to find others at any time. They gave all they could find to us, even though they believed that the bits of shaped flint were worth good money. While we were looking for arrowheads they told us a tale of a crayfisherman and his bride. We wondered if it could possibly be the friendly crayfisherman who had been kind to us. But we could not tell for we had never known his name.

They told us that he had been married to a sweet young girl from up the river, and that he had always treated her well when he was sober. But he was not always sober. He would drink with other men for the sociability of the thing. Then he would go home roaring and beat his little wife until she was in terror of her life. Finally she fled to an old friend of her father, who took her up the river to

her mother in his boat. There she had remained. Poor child, she did not want another man.

Was it our crayfisherman, who might have accepted salvation by mirth if Fate had offered it, who was doomed to a lonely life in an old house-boat with crayfish for comrades and a woman's jacket hanging on the door? Had he talked with us freely because the need of his soul was for speech, covering the real reason for his loneliness because he was sober at the time and could not bear to look it in the face? Did he hold to the story he told because it supported his pride, and let the old jacket satisfy his need of sentiment because he must have sentiment in his life? We had no way of knowing. There were many crayfishermen. They talked as they felt.

It was not strange that he talked with us freely. The hunger of the spirit for sympathy, we have learned, is as common and as constant as the hunger of the body for food. But whereas people will seek the body's food in their own home gardens, many of them have given up hope of finding the spirit's food in their own The neediest are to be home towns. found on any wayside. They are wistful mendicants. Although they carry no begging bowls, you will not need to be told who they are if you wish to give an alms for your own soul's sake. And a Croesus of spiritual riches, I believe, could travel the wide world over and be received in palace and hovel alike, without money or price, for the giving of this one good gift of sympathy. But it would have to be real sympathy, austere, and strong. It could not be mawkish sentimentality. It could not be a mask worn for a purpose. It would have to be akin to the sympathy of Christ, who knew this need of our kind.

People sometimes talk more freely with strangers than with their neighbors. The cherished confession is for those who will carry it far away. Our crayfisherman was exceptional only in that, being a man, his confession was tragic. Men usually regale us with tales of fights, floods, fires, and adventures. Women tell us of their sorrows—why the wee baby died of croup and how it feels to have your man out of a job. Children tell everything. All country people seem to enjoy showing their pet animals.

Once when we were driving in New York State, we stopped and asked permission to put up our tent for the night in the brookside meadow of a fine, clean-looking farm. The farmer was a big, wholesome, childlike man who gave permission rather than be surly. But he had misgivings. While he was doing his evening chores in the barnyard, he would walk over to the fence that separated it from the meadow and take many a long, uneasy look at us. Would we steal his chickens? Would we set the wood lot ablaze? He was probably wondering. I made a haphazard effort to be agreeable.

"You have a fine horse."

The trouble left his face and he grinned broadly. Perhaps we were all right, after all, if I knew a good horse. It was more than a good horse to him. It was a treasure.

"Guess how old he is," said he.

I did not know how old a horse ought to be to be right, so I was politely evasive.

"Fifteen years. Born on the place, he was. I raised him from a colt. He's a wonder. Come here, Peter."

Much to my surprise the horse walked across the barnyard to his master as a dog would have done.

"Kiss me, Peter."

Peter promptly covered the farmer's face with the wettest of wet kisses. Inwardly, invisibly, and inaudibly I shuddered. Just how much will mankind endure for affection's sake?

"He'll follow my wife around asking for sugar. He'll go to the back door for it. He don't know anythin' but kindness. Nobody else ever had him. I ain't ever let him work out. He's one of the family. He's human, he is."

I could not help wondering how many human beings in the world are like that horse in that they do not know anything but kindness. I could not help praising the intelligent beast. That established us in the regard of the farmer, his wife, and his children. Cool milk from the milk-room was brought to us and sweet apples from the bin.

Making friends with one horse is a simple matter. Making friends with the pets of a whole family takes time. We attempted it once when we were floating down the Lewis River in Washington.

We came upon ten children, three dogs, two cows, and several pigs all in the water together near the shallow edge of the stream. (Just below that point people drank the water of the river and thought it quite pure!) The boys were wearing old overalls cut to knee length and loose, but hitched to them with most discreet "gallusses." The girls had on old dresses. The youngest children wore shreds of underwear. It was sweltering hot, and they were all blissfully happy to be sloshing about in the cool water. The cows stood knee-deep. The dogs swam after The pigs wallowed with the babies. A boy about twelve years of age, called Harry, seemed to be in charge of them all.

Jim and I had on bathing suits, for we had been swimming earlier in the day. Moved by a queer impulse, Jim cried:

"My wife will race you, Harry."

Ten pairs of human eyes, the eyes of three dogs, two cows, and several pigs all looked at me, as if to ask who I was that would dare to compete with the redoubtable Harry. I wondered myself, for I am a poor swimmer. But since Jim had made the rash challenge there was nothing for it but to tumble overboard and try, for the honor of our House. Needless to say, Harry won the race. The children seemed to like us the better for having established him the more firmly in their esteem.

We had stopped to swim. We remained to chat. We learned that there is still hope for the old English stock in Washington. The ten children were all sisters and brothers, all sturdy and happy. We wanted a picture of them, but had no film. However, they were so pleased with the idea of having their photographs taken that we promised to go back next day as photographers. We did.

We took pa with his hair slicked and his jaw locked and ma in her best dress. We took the eldest daughter of the house, married already at eighteen, with a small son about the age of her mother's youngest. We took Harry and Johnny and Tommy with their dogs. We took the youngest boy feeding the latest offspring of the pigs with a nursing bottle. We took the little girls, types of conventional pulchritude, with roses in their hands. Later we sent the finished pictures to the

family, but probably we did not make them look beautiful enough, for never a word more did we hear. At the time, however, they all seemed pleased. We had a pow-wow over how fine everybody had looked, over the incipient personalities of the baby pigs and the fascinating idiosyncrasies of the dogs and cows. Then we went up to the house and pa gave us butter, bread, corn, and many cucumbers.

The sense of life's fruitfulness is one of the delights of sojourning among farmers. It makes receiving seem as blessed as giving. Or rather it transmutes both giving and receiving into one thing—sharing. A farmer can give a dozen cucumbers with a shy off-handedness that minimizes the importance of the gift and yet does not minimize the pleasure of it. He does not expect that the bread which he scatters on the waters will return to him carefully spread with the exquisite jam of worldly favors. He does not tell us that he hopes his gift will improve us. He gives no advice with it. He gives simply, as nature gives, as the best poets give, or he does not give at all. And everywhere that Jim and I have travelled among farmers this same thing is true.

When we told people in California and Oregon that we were going back to New York and expected to camp out there, they said:

"You won't find the farmers there like the ones here."

But we did. And when we told New Yorkers that we were going to tour and camp in England, they said:

"You won't find farmers there like the

ones here."

But we did. And when we told the English farmers that we were going up into Scotland, they said:

"You won't find the farmers there like

the ones here."

But they were wrong. My opinion is that if we sought camping sites in the blue fields of heaven, the farmers there would welcome us as they have everywhere on earth. Perhaps they would offer us ethereal butter and honey from "the angels' pale tables," of which Vachel Lindsay tells.

pulchritude, with roses in their hands. However that may be, I can vouch for Later we sent the finished pictures to the the fact that the English farmer is as

friendly as his kinsman in our own country, and that is saying a good deal. Once we pitched our tent on the farm of an Englishman with a voice as smooth and rich as heavy cream and hair like sunlight on waves of ripe grain. He and his wife belonged to the Salvation Army, and saw little of the conforming villagers who lived near. They were as pious as Father Æneas. And they were very kind to us through two long rainy days when we had to remain in our tent because of trouble with the engine of Rover Chug-chug. After we had made camp and while I was getting supper the first evening, they came over to see us.

The farmer was a man of few words. which was too bad, for his voice should have made him a bard. A good lyric would have been ravishing in his mouth. But all he said was "Oh-ay." He made it mean many things. By a subtle varia- h'I'll put you h'up." tion of sound he could ask a question with it or give an answer or make an exclamation. He could explain his universe with

it. He hardly needed gesture.

His wife, who called me "Dearie" at once, was a devoted mother of half a dozen children. They all lived in a tiny cottage like four low walls hugging a big chimney. It was set in a tiny yard walled away from the meadow. Inside the wall hollyhocks and roses crowded close upon peas and cabbages. Outside, where we camped, was the free pasture of the big, clean, silky cow and of her small, absurd, spotted calf. A pool in the meadow sheltered salamanders, "hevets" the children called them. At least that is as near as I can come to spelling out their pronunciation. They thought that these salamanders were poisonous and were amazed to see Jim, who knows something of biology, take them up in his hands.

When they learned that we loved wild things they took us for a walk in their emerald meadow, and showed us the sweetest and happiest thing they knew, their treasure of treasures for the time. On a grassy slope the farmer knelt down and thrust his arm into a hole which we should never have noticed. With a look of shy pleasure he pulled out a wild baby rabbit, then another and another, till each child was holding one little furry, frightened, cuddling creature. We passed

them around, gently stroking their brown, downy ears. Then the farmer carefully tucked them back into their nest in the earth. They would not be there long, he said. Poachers would soon get them.

His wife gathered a handful of homely meadow flowers for us and a bunch of delicate knot-grass which she said would be pretty in the house all winter. And on our way back to the tent, she stepped into the tiny cottage and brought us out a roll of glistening butter on a broad green leaf. When we sat down to supper on the turf that evening and saw that butter beside our crusty loaf, we thought that the only proper grace was the desire to deserve it. We slept one more night in that meadow in Somerset and in the morning said farewell. The good mother cried out to us.

"Let us know if you come by again and

Her husband, standing at the gate, said: "Oh-av."

It was good to know that we had been welcome guests. We were glad, too, that we had freed the family from the fear of salamanders! We have sometimes come upon ideas of what is poisonous that seem to be superstitions, for they appear to have little or no foundation in fact. When we camped in Canada, one summer, we were told that swimming in one of the rivers there would bring on "water poisoning."

The river was fed by sweet springs and rivulets. Salmon and trout that will not live in foul streams were plentiful in it. Yet the fishermen on the bank would not go in swimming for fear of being poisoned. They advised us not to. But the weather was hot and we disregarded their advice. Day after day we took our swim. We were not poisoned. Then came a very hot day. The men all took a chance, donned swimming clothes, went in, and came out with fairer faces. Nobody, so far as we know, was ever poisoned. I hope we broke the wicked fairy's spell.

One of these fishermen, an old man wise in the lore of the woods, who had brought down many a moose and bear in his time, was as exquisitely tactful, in his own way, as the hero of "A Hundred Collars," by Robert Frost. Tact is supposed to be a sophisticated virtue—or vice—but this man proved that it might also inhere in lakes and streams. At some spot known the unlettered.

He knew that Iim had been longing to take a salmon and that he had had no luck, although the river was full of them. They could not be seen from the banks because of the swirling lights in the ripples. But when we climbed up into trees and looked down we could see long streaks of silver-gray against the light sand-color of the stream's bed.

Came a morning when the old man took his old boat and his old rod and Jim's fine new reel, and pulled out into a quiet part of the river where he sat, rod in hand, for several hours. Then a strike! He began to play his fish. He knew that Jim had been watching from the bank. He feigned difficulty. He beckoned, as if he were calling for help. And so, while he played the fish back and forth and roundabout, Jim, in answer to the signal, put out from shore in our canoe, paddled up above the old man's boat, shipped his paddle, and let the canoe slide softly down. He got into the boat with the old man and pushed the canoe hard away to the right where he knew it would catch on a log boom. Then he pulled the old man's boat toward shore. When they stepped out in water thigh-deep, the salmon was still active. lashing and threshing his way through the "poisoned" waters of the river.

"Can you gaff him?" said the old man to Jim, when he began to reel in. He must have taken hundreds of salmon in his time, but he pretended to be needing

I'll try," said Jim excitedly, "but I never have."

"Mebbe you'd better take the line then," said the old man, putting the reel in Jim's hands and surrendering his catch. "I'll gaff him." He took the gaff hook and waited while Iim reeled. At last, suddenly, when the salmon shot forward desperately between his very legs, he gaffed it. And in some inexplicable way Jim was made to feel that the catch was really his, and could not have been made without him!

Perhaps because we could see through to the bottom of it that salmon river was without one of the alleged "bottomless"

to small boys and romancing ancients almost every river and lake pours its floods through the earth to the Antipodes or draws them thence! Having listened to such tales alongshore, I used to tremble when we went gliding over waters said to be "bottomless." I did not care to sink through this perforated sphere, only to emerge, damp and bedraggled, in some foreign land where I should be unable to speak the language! Now I have learned to float upon such fabled deeps without a tremor. There must be fairy tales.

Close akin to this fiction is that of the "most treacherous river." Just as many a minor poet now writing seems to be able to find somebody to call him the "most interesting poet now using English," or words to that superlative effect, so every river on which we have ever floated is "the most treacherous river in the country." It is fortunate for the Lord and Chronos that there are people who can arrange rivers and poets in order before them. . .

Every river on which we have ever floated is full of mysterious holes that suck at the limbs of the swimmer and dread currents that nobody can master, and rocks mightily perverse, possessed of a splendid madness, the desire to crush little boats. Scylla and Charybdis are just around the bend. It seems quite remarkable that more people escape drowning than are ever drowned. O bright blue waters, are you really traitors? What of the folly of our arms and eyes and minds? Do you really lie in wait for men's souls?

I could tell other tales of people we have met by the wayside. I could tell of a certain Pat who said of The Dingbat. "Sure, she'd float in a fall o' dew!" And of an old witch in a hovel near a river's edge who had been waiting three days to learn the contents of a letter which she could not read, nor answer, because she could not read or write, and of how Jim read and answered the letter for her and received a witch's blessing in broken Eng-I remember an engineer near lish! Dickens' Chigwell in England, the superb height and girth of him, the rich, honest places to be found in nearly all of our talk of him; and his wife who filled my

gentleness. I remember a young girl in Yorkshire who wanted to meet us because we came from a country whither her lover had gone. It had been long since she had heard from him. I remember a piquant seaman who stopped Jim on a road in Scotland and tried to sell him a diamond ring. Real gold it was; he cut it with a knife to prove it. The diamond was real, too, for it would cut glass. And —he would have sold it for much, much less than it was worth, with a tale of a negro who had died on the high seas, owing him money. . . . I remember a quiet, pretty little Scotchwoman who sent us a bunch of white heather long after we had left Scotland. . . . And I shall never forget the Oregon men who helped us build The Dingbat.

We built it in a lumber mill on the river bank, and near us while we worked were piles of sweet yellow sawdust like grated cheese ready for the dinner of a giant, and heaps of honey-colored shavings like the fragrant curls of a giant's daughter, and bundles of planks smooth as warm-hued ivory. The mill was owned by a noble old Titan who had gone to Oregon in his youth and brought up a family of sons to match the land. They were like John Masefield's

Oregon men of six-feet-seven With backs from Atlas and hearts from Heaven.

For three days they helped us, advised us, joked with us, and exchanged adventures with us while *The Dingbat* was building, and then they all took part in the launching and in the christening of her with the dark juice of black Oregon cher-

hands with roses; and her modesty and ries. Even the old Titan must lend a gentleness. I remember a young girl in hand though no extra hands were needed. Yorkshire who wanted to meet us because After the launching they stood on the we came from a country whither her bank and waved shabby hats while we lover had gone. It had been long since drifted away with the current. They she had heard from him. I remember a were as beautiful there as trees. . . .

When Jim and I went out on that river for our first trip we wanted to forget people. Because we were poor we were failures in our small world. We had known conflicts and sorrows. It was as if we had wrestled in vain with the Hercules of the worldly mind. We were children of Antæus, worsted in our first encounter, going back to Mother Earth for strength.

And in the woods we found strength. Trees did not condescend when they looked down upon us. Sometimes they let us feel that we were as tall as they. The maple did not despise the fir, nor the fir the maple for having another way of life. Trees are too proud for vanity and give no time to wondering what others may think of their leaves. Nor is the tallest tree richer than a clump of clover. What is true of trees is as true of sun, moon, and stars, of earth, air, and water, and of all animals save only man, the sometimes splendid simian.

Yet, after all, the people by the wayside with their tragedies and superstitions, their avid need of sympathy, their blessed, overflowing kindliness, gave us as much as Mother Earth ever gave. They gave us back our faith, our joy in our kind. To all of them with whom we have broken bread and sung songs and told wild tales on many highways and waterways, to all of the people by the wayside who have befriended us for a day or an hour, our salutations and our thanks!



TALISMAN

By A. Carter Goodloe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. KERR EBY

I



HE grassy plot of ground around St. John's-in-the-Fields was rapidly becoming white under the continued fusillade of crisp snowflakes. Glittering

particles were beginning to cling along the northern side of the slender church spire, blown hard against it by the cold wind that swept down from Greenwich Village across Canal Street to St. John's Park.

In Mr. Ezra Hallet's house—one of the stateliest among that colony of stately, prosperous houses clustered about the fashionable St. John's Park in the early thirties—lights were beginning to twinkle, for dark had fallen in a hurry on that snowy December afternoon. Through the lace-curtained fanlight of the front door a softened radiance fell on the marble steps which, flanked by wrought-iron railings that curled elegantly away on either side as though spurning contact with the plebeian pavement, led up to the generous, white-panelled entrance. Externally the mansion breathed decorum Within, a rather stormy and peace. scene was taking place. Two young people, standing on either side of the bright fireplace, were talking.

"And so you will send me to the other end of the world for two years without even a promise!" said the young gentleman bitterly, and he brought his fist down with a blow that set the prisms of the candelabra on the mantel-shelf to jingling.

"Do you think I can go off like this?—leave all my life's happiness here—unanchored? Can't you at least tell me whether you love me or not, Veronica? Don't you know your own mind?"

"Honestly, Morgan, I don't know!" murmured the young lady addressed as Veronica. "I—I always seem to be on the point of falling in love with you, but something—something stops me—"

The young man looked at her, his dark eyes sombre with disappointment.

"I suppose an heiress can take her time making up her mind. It doesn't matter—to her—how many hearts she breaks while she's doing it. There'll always be plenty of poor fools hanging around while she picks and chooses!"

The young lady threw a glance at her charming reflection in the oval gilt mirror

above the chimneypiece.

"Do I look like a heartless flirt?" she demanded indignantly. Her bosom was heaving under the lace guimpe in her gown of jade green peau-de-soie that set off her creamy white skin and gold-brown hair amazingly, and her cheeks flushed with resentment.

"Forgive me, Veronica," Thorndyke spoke sulkily, "but you—you put me beside myself—make me say things I don't mean. . . . You ought always to wear jade, Veronica," he added inconsequentially. Suddenly he squared himself about and flashed a compelling glance at her.

"Look here! All I want to know is—can't you learn to love me?"

"Honestly, Morgan, I don't know," she said again, and threw out a white hand with a baffled, despairing little gesture. She was puzzled by her own insensibility. It would have puzzled most people after a look at the young man before her.

Morgan Thorndyke was tall and slender and the possessor of a masterful aquiline nose and a pair of keen, dark eyes that women could not resist. The one woman who resisted was the one woman he wanted. She was the young lady before him—Miss Veronica Hallet, and she had as handsome a nose and as fine a pair of eyes as Morgan himself. He had come to New York from Kentucky as agent for the tobacco firm of Imrie & Dumesnoy, but the scent of salt air, the sight of the merchant ships straining at their anchorage, the lure of overseas trading, had

Digitized by Google

stirred the dormant sea-lust in his blood and quickly caused him to forsake his safe berth ashore and enter the great China house of Ezra Hallet & Co., whose warehouses stretched along South Street almost to the India docks.

Although a Kentuckian, and therefore an inlander, Thorndyke had come rightfully enough by his love for the water. One of his ancestors had married a Salem Pryce, taken her back to Kentucky, and thereafter there had appeared sporadically adventuring, seafaring Thorndykes. Morgan had revived the tradition in his generation.

In those days the big China merchants of New York sent out to their foreign houses as clerks young men of good parts and good address. They learned the mercantile business from the ground up, and had to become sufficiently acquainted with the Chinese language to put advantageous contracts over on the hong merchants, and with as urbane and guileful a ceremonial as the Oriental's own.

There was honor and responsibility attached to such clerkships, but no great emoluments. Thorndyke had come back after two years, for his first vacation, with a large experience of men and affairs, a firm belief in himself, very little money, and the unaltered determination to marry Veronica Hallet. He had fallen in love with her the first time he had seen her. He had gone up to Mr. Hallet's mansion in St. John's Park to get his orders for the Canton house—he was sailing for China that afternoon—and during the two years following he never forgot that first sight of her as she came into her father's library, nor his decision, made instantly, to marry her on his next leave

So far he had failed in his aim and his vacation was over. He was to sail the following morning in the brig Sylph, Captain Josiah Pelham, for another two years in the Orient. He had not even obtained Veronica's promise to marry him later, when he could better afford it. He looked around the rich room, into which she fitted so admirably, with something like

"Is it because I'm poor?" he demanded, and then, without waiting for

if that is all, believe me, Veronica, I shall soon be rich enough to give you most of the luxuries to which you have been accustomed. I've made a name for myself. When I've made a fortune I'm going back to Louisville to live, and I'll buy you the finest house in the city. There'll be no one can outshine you. Horses, carriages, everything that my trading ventures enable me to afford, shall be yours-

Veronica held up a slim, white hand. "Trade!" she exclaimed scornfully. "It seems to me I hear nothing but 'trade,' Morgan!"

For an instant Thorndyke gazed at

her, dumfounded.

"Heaven save the mark! Surely you are not going to object to 'trade,' Veronica! Your father is in 'trade,' and what more honorable calling is there than that of a great merchant, such as he? Wasn't it 'trade' that has brought you your fortune?—that enables you to live in such luxury?—to wear such fine clothes?"

Veronica had the grace to blush.

"What can I say to make you understand me, Morgan?" She rose impetuously and faced the young man. hardly understand myself—how can I express it? It is only," she struggled with the half-formed thought, "it is only that I miss something—something wonderful—something that will touch my imagination, my heart! You speak always as though you would buy me and my love. You want to bring me only money out of this fabulous East-not romance, not magic! I don't want money—I want something—else."

Thorndyke looked at the puzzled, glowing girl before him. He had never seen her so beautiful, so desirable. Trade did, indeed, seem a gross thing beside this palpitating, eager creature. He must bring her some iridescent bit of the glamour of the East, some tangible proof of the romance of his calling, before he could hope to appeal to her imagination and her heart. Here was a problem more difficult than any his business ventures had ever presented.

He realized with a sudden, illuminating flash, that with men and women the awakening of love is a reversed processwith men, the greater sentimentalists, the an answer, he went on eagerly: "because first appeal is to the heart. Some trick of is aflame, and thereafter his imagination. But with women, the greater idealists, the treasure of her love is only given to the hero of her dreams.

He looked at Veronica. "And if I bring you that something—else, will you love me, Veronica?" he asked slowly.

"Try me!" she breathed. Then she gave him her fingers to kiss and a flower she had worn in her belt, and he flung himself out of the house into the storm.

Sylph bound for the China Sea.

Ten days afterward, by one of those mysterious processes familiar to the feminine mind, Veronica realized that she cared a good deal more for Morgan Thorndyke than she had supposed. strange restlessness possessed her. The knowledge that by her own act she had sent him from her for two years and more was not a pleasant reflection. But there was no recall. It was before the days of ocean cables and P. & O. steamers, and there was nothing to do but wait with what patience and cheerfulness she could summon for his return. She had need for both when, at last, he did come back.

\mathbf{II}

PRINCE HUEN CHENG loitered in his new tea-house. It was the last and most costly ornament of his incomparable gardens, and rose airily above the side of the gray stone wall that enclosed the palace grounds. Below the wall the land rolled steeply down to the banks of the broad Cho-Kiang. Looking toward the palace, Prince Huen could get a comprehensive view of his gardens' beauty. Age-old shrubbery and trees, winding walks, tinkling rivulets spanned by exquisite arched bridges, grottoes, moss-green foliage nestling against gray stone in the amber sunlight of the late afternooneven the jaded senses of Prince Huen Cheng thrilled a little at so much loveliness.

He waved a supple hand garden-wards. "A fair scene," he said to the Princess Tai-lo beside him.

voice. She, who could be so arrogant to coat. On the far side of the Cho-Kiang

feminine eyes or lips, some movement of others, was submissive enough before dependence or withdrawal, and his heart Prince Huen Cheng. There was a frightened look in the eyes she turned upon her husband. He was so big, so cruel!

"Almost as fair as the Princess Tailo," continued the prince slowly, and for an instant he fixed upon her a glance wherein passion, contempt, and proprietory satisfaction were curiously blended. The exquisite, flower-like beauty of the princess was ample provocation for the sentiment of proprietory satisfaction at least. Contrary to custom, there was no In the morning he was aboard the paint upon the rounded, youthful cheeks. Only the curved lips blazed scarlet in the creamy pallor of the face. Above the smooth forehead masses of blue-black hair were piled and held in place by jewelled pins. Hands slender, useless, indescribably lovely, lay idly upon the rustic balustrade of the tea-house. Her dress was as rich in beauty as her person. The silken stuff of which it was made was thickly embroidered, while about her neck there hung one gorgeous jewel—a delicately carved amulet of that rare jade where three colors, white, green, and violet, blend in perfect harmony. Every day since Prince Huen had given it to her it had lain there against her white neck.

> He looked at it now with mingled feelings of pleasure and resentment. By its magic power it had undoubtedly procured him the devotion of the most beautiful princess in the Middle Kingdom. On the other hand, it had cost a fortune. The amulet had been one of the most treasured possessions of the great temple of Tai-Shan, and the wily priests, protected by their religion, had been difficult to bargain with. Prince Huen Cheng was not temperamentally fitted to encounter difficulties. Even yet he writhed a little at the remembrance of how he had been worsted. His only consolation was that, in the end, he had forced Canqua, the rich hong merchant, to pay for it—as he would have to pay for other princely luxuries. Huen Cheng turned his eyes from his wife and gazed thoughtfully out over his wonderful gardens, newly and expensively beautified.

A cool wind from the broad river stirred "Yes," murmured the princess in a low the gold balls that fastened his silken view. In the foreground, along the river bank, stretched the great hong "factories"—business places of the Chinese be too costly," murmured Canqua. merchants who, under the "protection" "Just my thought," said the prince powers at Pekin were allowed to do business with foreign merchants. For this rich privilege they paid tribute to their it." overlords, as might be expected. in turn, constituted themselves the "protectors" of the foreign merchants, and exacted tribute, too. It was a vicious circle, unbroken by all parties for the sake of the great profits accruing.

Prince Huen Cheng gazed with especial pleasure upon the great hong belonging to Canqua, richest of all the co-hong merchants, whose "protector" he was. There was solid satisfaction in the sight of that vast storehouse of treasure. From it he had extracted at various times fabulous sums—a pleasing operation that could be repeated on future favorable occasions.

He turned slightly in the direction of

the princess.

"I have sent for Canqua to discuss some important business. You had best

go to your apartments."

The princess arose with alacrity and moved away. Half-way to the palace she encountered a servant conducting the old merchant through the garden to the tea-house. He stood with bowed head while the princess passed, but his lowered eyes contrived to take in the minutest details of her magnificence and beauty. Especially did he note the wonderful jade amulet on the white neck.

At the tea-house Canqua made a deep obeisance. The prince welcomed him affably—too affably, thought Canqua with misgivings. These commanded visits, these sudden professions of friendship, portended calamity to the rich merchant.

"Enter, Canqua!" said the prince. "I have sent for you to show you my new gardens," and again he waved a hand in the direction of his lovely possessions. "A fair scene," he said in his smoothest tones, "fair—and costly. But what more admirable way is there of spending money than on gardens?" demanded the prince

the city of Canton lay spread out to his glance at Canqua's disturbed countenance.

"For Prince Huen Cheng nothing can

of various mandarins, princes, and the quickly. "The fact that I can't pay for all this," he sighed a little, "did not, of course, alter my determination to have

> Canqua looked thoughtfully at a charming miniature pagoda that struck squarely across his line of vision. It were best to come to the point at once, he told himself.

> "And may I ask-just how does your honorable Highness expect all this to be paid for?"

> Prince Huen Cheng laughed again. This time there was not only amusement but menace in his laughter.

> "Ah," he said softly, "I leave that to my honorable—and rich—friend, Can-

qua!"

"Your servant is greatly honored." The old merchant's voice was incredibly suave, but the sweat had broken out on his forehead, and the flame of hatred for Prince Huen Cheng in his tired heart blazed higher. "I am hard pressed at present, however-money is very difficult-

"But possible," interrupted the prince

pleasantly.

Canqua drew a fan from the brilliant fan case that hung at his left side and waved it gently. What was the use of struggling he asked himself. He was caught as in a vise. He had been "squeezed" before and would be again. The last time it had been for the wonderful jade amulet. Ten thousand taels! An insane sum, but the priests had been obdurate and the prince had insisted on having it to give to the lovely Tai-lo. What the prince, his protector, insisted on had to be.

Canqua shrugged his thin shoulders. Well, he in his turn, as sponsor for the American hong firm of Ezra Hallet & Co., would insist on extremely advantageous terms in the tea contract pending for the Nereid, due to sail in two weeks. But the agent of the firm, young Mr. Morgan Thorndyke, was a hard man to get the reflectively. He laughed a little in his better of, he reflected. Canqua admired throat and gave an amused, sidewise the "barbarian's" astuteness and envied him his youth. He himself was growing sensed that the old merchant liked him for old. What good, he asked himself drearily, did the possession of fifty million taels do him at the end of a lifetime of financial struggle, of princely blackmail? But to lose in those struggles, to resist that blackmail, meant certain ruin. He would go to the American hong to-morrow and conclude the tea contract.

While he was thinking the prince was talking—talking in his mellow voice that glided over the throaty words like water

over smooth pebbles.

"The princess is as delighted as I am with the costly improvements in the gardens. In particular does she fancy this tea-house. She comes every day alone to spend the hour of sunset here—her 'golden hour' she calls it. You are, of course, gratified to contribute so greatly to the princess' happiness?" inquired the prince solicitously.

Canqua stood up and made a deep obeisance.

"Can your honorable Highness doubt it?" he asked submissively, but the flame of hatred in his heart was mounting higher and higher. "Much honor does the princess confer on the tea-house by her daily presence. May all her days be as one! And now, if your Highness will tell me the number of taels—" and he waited impassively while Prince Huen Cheng named a sum that made Canqua, used as he was to such extortions, tremble with indignation.

But it was worse than useless to complain, as he told Morgan Thorndyke the next day when they met by appointment in the council-room of the American hong to sign the contract for the Nereid's cargo of tea. Perhaps it was the glass of "samshoo," drunk standing, in honor of the completed negotiations, that loosened Canqua's tongue and made him talk of his affairs, perhaps it was the fact that he could express himself in his native Cantonese, which the young American understood and spoke well.

"Much trouble would he cause me were I to protest," said Canqua, and he shrugged his thin shoulders after the

fashion he had.

Morgan felt an odd sympathy for the his stereotyped Oriental flim-flam he then he said a strange thing:

himself.

341

"You ought to have told him to go to the devil!" he said.

Canqua shook his head resignedly.

"You're an honest merchant and a confoundedly decent chap, Canqua," pursued Morgan, "and I hate to see you put upon."

"You my very good, number one friend." Canqua smiled appreciatively.

"You ought to get even with the prince some way or other," grumbled Morgan.

Canqua raised a yellow hand. "I—I had thought of that, honorable elder brother." He looked at the handsome young man before him. "I hope you marry soon and have many sons to worship at your grave." He bowed low.

Morgan smiled, then flushed. Some strange impulse took him by the throat and shook unwonted confidences out of

"I have no 'Fung Shuy'—no luck— Canqua. In our country we marry only for love, and the girl I love doesn't love me!" He looked out at the bright garden and the coolies at work and sighed.

The old man regarded Morgan for a

long minute.

"That is not well," he said at length. "Would that my ten thousand taels had bought the magic amulet for you instead of for the Prince Huen Cheng!"

Morgan looked up quickly. magic amulet?" he asked, "what is

that?"

"The most famous piece of jade in the Middle Kingdom, cunningly carved by the great artist Mah-ya and blessed supremely by the goddess Kwan-yin. Within the stone three colors burn softly, bringing to its owner the three greatest gifts of love—possession, fidelity, happiness. Who gives it to the lady of his heart shall win and keep her there forever." Canqua smiled mistily at Morgan, whose eyes had taken on a strange look.

"You bought it—for Huen Cheng?" "Yes—to give to the beautiful Princess

She wears it always—always Tai-lo.

about her white throat."

There was silence. Suddenly Morgan leaned across the teak-wood table and patient little yellow man. Beneath all looked hard into Canqua's eyes. And "Where can a 'barbarian' see that white throat?"

"Every day at sunset the Princess Tai-lo sits alone in the new tea-house of the palace gardens." The words were scarcely audible.

"Ah!" Morgan sank back in his chair. "But—it is not permitted for foreigners to row up the river and land on the other

side."

"Who shall dare interfere with Canqua's own chop-boat, rowed fast by his own boys?" asked the old merchant, and he gave Morgan a level look between the eyes. He rose to go, moving quickly to the door. Again he made a deep obeisance.

"May all your days be as one!" he said

softly.

ш

THE Princess Tai-lo was singing to herself. The bare walls and floor of the rustic tea-house gave back her golden tinkle of a voice with a mellow resonance distinctly pleasing to the princess.

"White gleam the gulls across the darkling tide, On the green hills the scarlet flowers burn; Alas! I see another spring has died— When will it come, the day of my return?"

sang the princess. The melancholy words of the immortal Tu-Fu fell from her lips like the petals of a dying flower.

Suddenly she thought she heard a noise. She turned her charming head and looked over the side of the tea-house. A man was clambering up the green slope. He was almost at the tea-house. He raised his head and they looked into each other's eyes. The Princess Tai-lo's three-stringed lute clattered to the floor. A light spring and the intruder was beside her.

"A thousand pardons," said Morgan.
"I hope I have not frightened you," and he stooped to pick up the fallen instrument.

For a moment the princess stood transfixed with astonishment at his appearance and the fact that he spoke her language, and in that moment she was lost. According to every tradition of her country and her class she should have left him instantly. But women did not leave Morgan instantly. He first piqued their curiosity, then their interest, then——

alone," alone," alone," alone," the sample are supported by a way of the total transfer of the total transfer of the sample are supported by a way of the total transfer of the total transfer

"Who are you?" asked the princess.

"An American from the hong, and very much at your Highness' service," said Morgan, and he bowed low.

The scarlet lips of the princess parted in a smile over the small, pearl-like teeth. Morgan thought her extraordinarily beautiful, and while he thought his eyes travelled from the scarlet mouth and firm, rounded chin to the slender neck. Around it was a dull-gold chain from which hung, cool and seductive against her white breast, the famous jade amulet. It was a thing of fragile loveliness, polished, faintly tinted, delicately carved with strange, graceful symbols, whose meaning Morgan ignored but the beauty of which drew from him a sharp exclamation of surprise and delight.

The princess raised one perfect hand to her throat where a strange pulse was

beating.

"If—if my servants should find you here you are lost," she breathed slowly.

"What matter, since I have seen the beautiful Princess Tai-lo?" said Morgan, and he lifted his dark eyes to hers again.

She bowed with a soft rustling of her silken gown. Her heart beat furiously. Never had the prince spoken to her like that! She shuddered a little at the thought of her husband. If all "barbarians" were like this one—! Then she lifted her eyes to Morgan's and she found them as hard to resist as other women had.

"I go now," she said with dignity and moved toward the entrance of the teahouse.

"And shall I never see the Princess Tai-lo again?" There was a world of regret in Morgan's low voice.

The princess stepped out of the rustic tea-house to the garden path. Then she stopped and looked back over her shoulder at Morgan.

"Every evening at sunset, I come—alone," she whispered, then moved swiftly away. Morgan looked after the princess in her precipitate retreat, then, with a little smile, vaulted lightly over the side of the tea-house and half ran, half slid down the steep green slope to the river's bank where Canqua's boat lay, waiting for him.

That night Morgan dreamed of Veron-

Talisman 343

throat hung a wonderful jade amulet.

ica. She was dressed in an embroidered of her. On the other eleven days as ungreen silk gown, and about her white reasoning a sensation of rapture, of tranquillity, had flooded her whole being.

The evening before Morgan had not The Princess Tai-lo sat in the rustic come. To-day her nerves were taut with tea-house and waited. She had given the tension of waiting and the anguish of



"Where can a 'barbarian' see that white throat?"-Page 342.

strictest orders that no one was to disturb her "golden hour." Nevertheless, she waited in terror lest the prince or some forgetful servant should pass that love a "barbarian"! Besides the humiliaway and see Morgan—and in still greater tion there was the danger of it, too. Not terror lest Morgan himself should not for herself—she was past caring for that, come. Every day for two weeks had she but to him. In the last week she had so sat and waited, and on only three days fancied once or twice that the prince had had Morgan disappointed her. On those regarded her curiously. Was he conscious three days a strange, restless despair had of some change in her? She struck her seized her. Her world had turned dark. hands together sharply. Beneath the The very flowers had lost their color. A rice powder her face turned white. She terrified feeling of misery, against which stretched an arm along the top of the she fought in vain, had taken possession rustic bench and leaned her head upon it.

disappointment. Life had come to be a thing of moods, of strange terrors and still stranger delights. That she should sun of mv heart?" she asked herself despairingly. "Of what avail the dawn if it ushers not in another day in which thou shalt pour light into my darkened soul?" Two tears rolled down the white cheeks of the princess.

"Love is waiting outside the shut window of my heart. Open, open it, I pray,

my lord!"

Tai-lo gathered her feet under her gorgeous silken robe, took her arm off the back of the bench and lay, face downward, upon it. She looked like a broken

butterfly.

Suddenly she heard a sound which made her heart beat fast. She looked over the side of the tea-house. Morgan was climbing up. He moved wearily and there was a sombre look on his face. The reproaches which unhappiness had forced to her lips died at sight of his disturbed countenance. He vaulted over the side of the tea-house and bowed low to Tai-lo, who sank in a graceful prostration before him. He raised her up, took her two beautiful hands in his and kissed them, one after the other.

"Why art thou so late?—and what has happened to make thee sorrowful?" asked the princess. She seated herself on the bench and motioned Morgan to sit beside her.

Morgan shot her an uneasy glance.

"I am much flattered that a beautiful princess should notice whether I am grieved or not."

Tai-lo regarded him gravely.

"My first question thou hast not answered—why art thou so late? The sun has set. Almost it is time for me to go to the palace."

"I am late because I have been very

slowly.

The princess' heart missed a beat.

"Leave?" she interrogated and gave him a fluttering glance from frightened

"Yes," said Morgan. "I've been out two years and more this time, and I am going to sail to-morrow for a vacation, home."

thou glad to go?" Tai-lo spoke very low.

"Shall I not see thee to-day, oh, thou his voice was a little husky-"there is some one there I very much want to see."

> The darkening sky reeled above Tai-lo's lovely head. A faint numbness crept along her veins which, only a moment before, had seemed on fire. With a supreme effort at self-control she looked at Morgan.

"Is it that you love that some one?"

she asked steadily.

"Yes." His lips could hardly form the word.

"Ah," she said with a little soft intaking of the breath, and Love, who had waited outside the Princess Tai-lo's heart, turned away with folded wings.

"And she she loves you, too, of course!" Tai-lo achieved a smile. Beneath the scarlet paint Morgan could see how pale her lips were.

"No." he said. He shook his head.

"she does not."

The princess stared at him, incredulous. "That is not possible—you do not

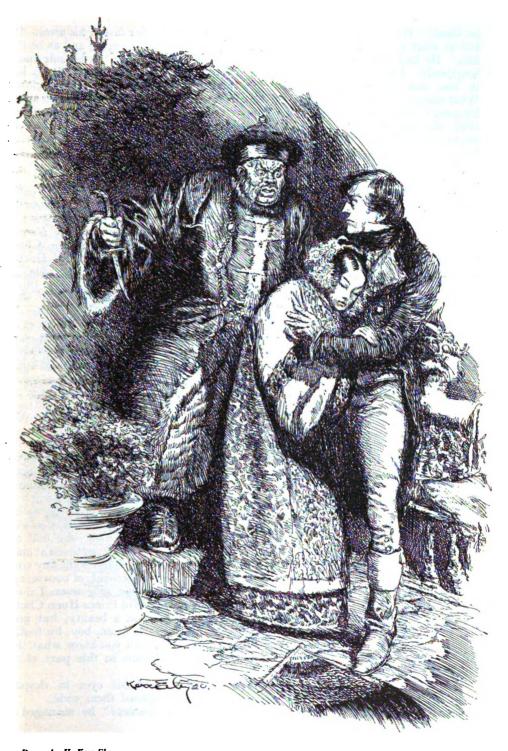
"I do mean it—she does not love me," said Morgan. And then he shot his bolt. "I wish," he said slowly, "that I knew how to make her."

For a long minute the Princess Tai-lo looked at the young man before her. Then she raised her lovely hands to her throat and unclasped the golden chain upon which hung the amulet of jade.

"This will make her. Take it—give it to that fortunate maiden. I know its power. Did it not make me love even Prince Huen Cheng? But by faithlessness and treachery he broke the charm." She laid a slim hand on the broad, rolling collar of Morgan's coat, turned it back and slipped the jewel into an inner pocket.

The young man's heart gave an exulbusy. I leave to-morrow," said Morgan tant leap. All the magic and glamour of the East lay imprisoned upon it. The barrier of Occidental scepticism wavered and broke before such an appeal to the imagination, the senses. With such a talisman could he not, in reality, win Veronica's love? His stirred pulses answered "yes."

He looked at Tai-lo and suddenly his exultation dropped from him. Her head There was silence for a moment. "Art drooped upon the slender neck as though it had received some mortal hurt. A sud-"Yes," said Morgan. "There is,"— den sense of guilt shook him. What had



Drawn by H. Kerr Eby.

But, as if conscious of the danger her hidden eyes did not see, she but clung the closer to him.—Page 346.

345

he done? He had attained his object, but at what a cost to the woman before him! He had sacrificed her relentlessly, heartlessly. Every instinct of manliness What though she were not of his race? his color? She loved him, she was beauher superb generosity?

"But you-?" he stammered. "What

may not happen to you if-

"It will be death," interrupted the princess calmly.

"I will go at once. I should never have come. Forgive me if you can!"

He raised his hand to take the amulet from its resting-place, but Tai-lo, divining his purpose, caught it in both of hers.

At the unaccustomed touch of his fingers all her restraint, her delicate hauteur, her philosophy were swept away, leaving her defenseless against the overwhelming power of love. With a quick movement of abandonment she turned and, putting an arm about Morgan's neck, laid her lovely head down close against his shoulder.

"Shall I not give thee thy desire, lord of my heart? Death were a small price to pay for that dear privilege! Of what use is life to me—now?" She breathed

rather than spoke the words.

Morgan could not see Tai-lo's face. He could only listen and marvel at the sacrifice her woman's heart was ready to make for him—a sacrifice which, he told himself, nothing could ever make him accept. And in that moment, when she lay like some bright flower on his breast, there came a sound which made him raise startled eyes.

A huge form towered above him, a round yellow face, distorted with rage, was pressed close to his and a dagger glittered in an uplifted hand. An exclamation of dismay burst from Morgan's lips and he tried to push Tai-lo away. But, as if conscious of the danger her hidden eyes did not see, she but clung the closer to him and the next instant the dagger, which had bound the factorial breast, had buried itself beneath Tai-lo's say.

"You mean that fancy piece of jade?"

"You mean that fancy piece of jade?" dagger, which had sought Morgan's

had he not held her fast in his arms. He leaped to the rustic bench, and as he did so he felt a sharp thrust in his side and a stinging pain tear its way across his left in him rose up and reproached him, cheek from eye to chin. Darkness closed over him and Tai-lo slipped from his arms. With a faint cry of pain he pitched fortiful, she was a princess. And what ward, senseless, over the side of the teamight not be the consequences to her of house and rolled headlong down the steep incline.

It was six days before Morgan came out of the fever brought on by his wounds. When he recovered consciousness he found himself in a cabin of the Nereid, ploughing eastward through the China Sea, with the ship's surgeon, old Doctor Bramhall, bandaging his aching side.

"You've had a close call, my boy," said the doctor. "What the devil were you doing in Prince Cheng's gardens?" and he smiled sardonically at Morgan. "If it hadn't been for the faithfulness of Canqua's boatmen you wouldn't be here."

"Tell me-all," whispered Morgan

"After waiting for you a long time, the men became uneasy and three of them went in search of you. They found you, with these pretty evidences of Prince Huen Cheng's friendship on you, lying in a little hollow of land not far from the They put you in the boat, rowed like the devil, and sent for Canqua as soon as they got you to the hong.

"It was judged wisest by us all to get you away as soon as possible, so you were carried aboard the Nereid—she had her clearing papers—and we put to sea at once. The American hong didn't want any complications on your account, of course, and already Canton was agog over Tai-lo's death at the hands of Prince Huen Cheng. I've heard she was a beauty, but good God! what do you mean, boy, by fooling around her? Don't you know what that sort of thing means in this part of the world?"

Morgan closed his eyes in despair. Suddenly he opened them wide.

"The—the amulet?" he managed to

For a second her filming eyes sought Canqua found it in one of your pockets. his, the next she would have fallen lifeless He went through them himself. I swear



"She gave it to me—for you, Veronica."—Page 348.

the old heathen acted as though he expected to come across something of the sort. At any rate when he found it he put it carefully in this box and told me to give it to you the moment you got your wits back. He seemed to set great store by it."

The doctor leaned forward and from a shelf above the bunk took a small lacquer box and put it in Morgan's hands.

"I'll dress your cheek again to-morrow. You'll have a scar there for the rest of your life, boy," he said grimly and rose. "And now go to sleep."

Three months later the Nereid, driven before a cold wind, sailed up New York Bay and dropped anchor at the Trident wharf. A heavy snow was falling, and as Morgan made his way up to Mr. Hallet's house in the park he thought the scene had changed as little as his heart since he had left it, almost three years earlier. Had Veronica's heart changed? That was the question he kept asking himself.

She came into the drawing-room dressed in the same green peau-de-soie she had worn that last night when she had bidden him good-by. But, manlike, he didn't notice it and wouldn't have known what it meant if he had. He was looking only at her eyes, which were shining. She was more beautiful than ever, he thought, but he was no longer afraid of her.

"Veronica, I've come back and I've brought you—something," and he took from his pocket the jade amulet and held it out to her.

Veronica gave a cry of delight. "How beautiful! What is it, Morgan?" she asked breathlessly.

"It is a little piece of the glamour and the magic of the East which you so

coveted, Veronica. It is a talisman, and I warn you, whoever wears it will love the giver. Will you wear it, Veronica?"

Veronica looked down at the gleaming stone. She touched it lightly with her pink finger-tips.

"How-how did you come to possess it,

Morgan?"

"The most generous woman in the world gave it to me."

"Who?" asked Veronica stonily.

"The Princess Tai-lo. She loved me beyond words, beyond measure. She loved me—me who had been cruel to her—enough to die for me. More than that—she loved me enough to give me, in dying, this charm by which to win the love of the woman I adore. She gave it to me—for you, Veronica."

Veronica looked again at the wonderful jewel lying in the palm of her hand. And suddenly the sight of it crystallized into love all that she had felt for Morgan during the years that had separated them. It awoke in her a passion of jealousy. The evidence that another had loved him, set her heart on fire. The thought that that woman, by her supreme self-sacrifice, had won his eternal gratitude, turned it to ice. For the rest of her life, she told herself, she would have to struggle to eclipse the memory of that other woman's devotion of which this jewel was the concrete and exquisite proof. She shivered at the thought of how nearly she had lost the man she loved.

She turned slowly to Morgan and smiled divinely at him. In her outstretched hand lay the talisman.

"I will wear it, Morgan!" she said.

They looked deep into each other's eyes, and then Morgan took the jewel and with a gesture of authority hung it around the white neck where, in fancy, he had so often seen it.





Courtesy of Y. W. C. A.

A supper for business girls at the Y. W. C. A. headquarters, Tokyo.

JAPAN'S NEW WOMAN

By Emma Sarepta Yule
Author of "Filipino Feminism"

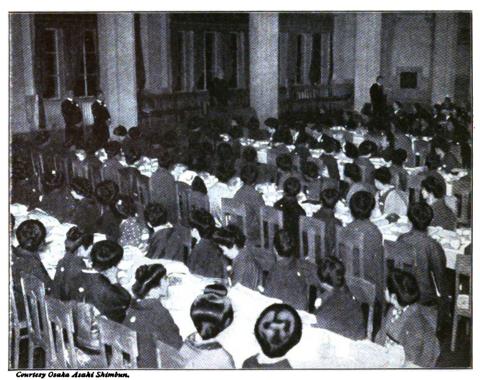
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



HE New Woman is in Japan, distinctly there, and there to stay. Atarashi onna (the new woman) is a current phrase coined for the times even as narakin

(new millionaire) was minted to designate those who cannily grasped war's opportunities. Though a product of the period, atarashi onna is no whim, no fad. She is serious, earnest. The revered pioneer, Susan B. Anthony, was never more so. While Japan's new woman can scarcely be called belligerent, it is to be remembered that the samurai spirit never flamed less hot, less fierce in the feminine heart than in the masculine in Nippon, and if conditions should warrant—well, she would need no instruction from abroad. Just now, she is not exactly militant, but panoplied for war.

Some embattled fisherwomen in 1919 made the first strictly feminine militant move in the history of Japan, when they started a near-riot in protest against the high cost of rice. A shuddering gasp went through the Land of the Gods. The thing was so unwomanlike, so unheardof, and for Japanese women to act so like foreign barbarians, it was shocking! These sturdy fighters for their right to sustenance without supporting food profiteers were not, by any means, atarashi onna. They were just village women who were asserting, in the only way they knew, their right to life, with no mention of the pursuit of happiness. A strike in a girls' school tells that assertion is not restricted to illiterate fisherwomen. Strikes in bovs' schools are too common for comment, but for young girls!—well may heads wag in woful interrogation as to the future.



The banquet, Woman's Convention, Osaka, November, 1919.

An interesting study of coiffure, new and old style.

The old text-book, "The Greater Learning for Women," which has been, for three hundred years or more, not only the cornerstone but the whole foundation, and very often the whole structure, of a girl's education, is in imminent danger of being laid away on those shelves which for the past half-century have received so many of the formative forces of Old Japan. This "Greater Learning," is a curious preachment of the blue-laws variety, and admirable for its purpose. On reading it one finds the explanation of the Japanese woman as known for the past half-century by the West; her status is accounted for. "Greater Learning" is not a book of precepts which Japanese girls idly glance through, or perhaps read once, cursorily. It is a literal text-book still in use in schools, and taught faithfully by all dutiful mothers and put in practise by all dutiful daughters. This text compiled solely for woman's ethical training—has any other country the like?

-teaches that the be-all and end-all of woman is to obey and serve her father-inlaw, mother-in-law, and husband in the order named, "even if thy father-in-law and mother-in-law be pleased to hate and vilify thee." Nice country, Japan, for those two widely unpopular "in-laws"! It is more incumbent upon a girl than upon a boy to receive with all reverence. parents' instructions. "The only qualities that befit a woman are gentleness, obedience, chastity, mercy, and quietness." Should her husband act unreasonably, she must compose her countenance and soften her voice to remonstrate with him; she must never set herself up against her husband with harsh features and a boisterous voice. "A woman should look upon her husband as if he were heaven itself." Always woman must be submissive to man, first to her father, then to her husband and his parents, then to her son. Her only chance to get even is as a mother-in-law. Is it any wonder that

Japanese novels find the mother-in-law limited to speeches made by two men inso fruitful a source of domestic tragedy? Never comedy.

From this code of strangling thoushalts and thou-shalt-nots, which for so many, many generations has controlled their daily life, it is a long leap to a mammoth convention of women which met in Osaka in November, 1919, to, as one delegate said, "tell what was in their minds and thoughts."

This convention was a piece of news-The masterly way paper enterprise. Japan's new woman used this opportunity is its own comment on her wide-awake-The newspaper, which not only started the project but carried it through, including the regulation banquet, made all arrangements, bore all expenses, and expected fifty delegates. Two hundred came! Seven thousand women from southern and western Japan gathered in This speaker showed that many were utganizations.

vited by the convention. The trend of the feminine platform eloquence, which was singularly free from rant, revealed what was "in their minds and thoughts." One woman made it very clear in her speech that a great need is similar teaching for boys and girls both at home and at school. Boys, she maintained, should not be taught to be dominant, mayhap domineering, and girls to be submissive. To serve is not the chief end of woman. In no equivocal phrases did she denounce the simplified, diluted text-books for girls now used in the schools. Another speaker pleaded for changes in the housekeeping, indeed for the whole régime of the home. The Japanese housewife's duties are complex, manifold, hemmed in and burdened by customs and manners that are the accumulation of centuries. the convention hall. Women effected terly useless, they added to no one's comboth the temporary and permanent or- fort or happiness, only consumed time Man's public part was and energy that should be spent in self-



Doctor Y. Yoshioka, founder and director of the Tokyo Medical School for Women,

community. It was a strong, sane plea.

These two speeches give the key-note of Japan's new woman's position. She desires fundamental changes that will in time give her a larger part in the game of life; she also desires training that will give her a chance to do a little star playing.

Atarashi onna is not an expression heard throughout Japan. The millions of women still follow without question the precepts of "Greater Learning," unconscious of the new ferment injected into the life of their kind. It is in the capital, in Kobe, Osaka, Yokohama, and restrainedly in temple-jewelled Kyoto, that Japan's new woman is at her imagebreaking and wedge-driving. Even in Tokyo, the culture-ground of movements, she is moderate in her demands, she wants only a chance to live a reasonable life. She is not in any way spectacular. She may, in time, resort to the extraordinary, for the conventionalities that she must overcome were laid down by decree, and have become petrified by the deposits of tradition.

Confucius is not to be credited with a keen sense of justice in the precepts for woman's actions laid down by him. One feels inclined to believe that the custom, practised in olden times if not now, of letting the new-born girl baby lie on the floor for three days emanated from the Sage of Shantung. "Greater Learning" states that this custom teaches "that man may be likened to heaven and woman to earth. Hence, woman should in everything yield to her husband the first place and be content with the second." Placid Buddha, sitting on his lotus leaf, appears always to have considered woman fit only for a handmaiden, an inferior sort of creation, unworthy serious consideration, not a candidate for Nirvana. Just possibly they had pestered him in his early days of meditating with chatter and fussiness. As meditaters, women seem not to have attained eminence in any country, in any period of history. These two imported religions have for thirteen hundred years or more tenets of the teaching of Japan's women. The indigenous religion of the country, Shintoism, became so diluted and amalga-

improvement and in real service to the mated with these doctrines from China that even merry Ama-terasu, the Shinto Sun-Goddess, who had much curiosity, could sulk, and was delightfully vain—in short, wholly feminine—was shoved into a place of high honor but not recognized as good for daily home influence. It was before Confucius's and Buddha's maxims reached Japan that the great Empress lingu lived. Had she lived later her mind would have done the directing from behind a screen, not at the head of gorgeously caparisoned warriors or on the prow of a battleship headed for the first conquest of Korea.

The chivalry that wove the gay-colored silken and golden threads in the otherwise dark, harsh fabric of feudal Europe Japan never knew. In feudal Japan—and it was ultra-feudal—the samurai fought for his daimio, not for the lady of his heart. No maiden's guerdon made him dauntless in deed, defiant of death. His all but magical sword, the "soul of the samurai," was not sullied by touch of woman's hands.

These three factors—the philosophy of Confucius, the doctrines of Buddha, and feudalism-were strong component parts of the national life, the society which, for nearly three centuries cut off from every outside modifying influence, evolved, through the masterly, clever, and with much of cunning direction of the shoguns, that unique civilization which was revealed to the Western world when Perry's "dexterous diplomacy" opened the doors of Japan. In this period so minute did the regulations of woman's life become that one marvels that she preserved her identity, let alone her personality; one thinks that individuality did weaken. Even dress, to the most trifling part, was regulated for age, station in life, occasion, season. If woman cannot express her soul, her particular self in dress, what mode, what vehicle is left her? None. She is dumb. It is this product of centuries of intensive training that atarashi onna would modify. The undertaking is proof of her mettle.

"What do you new women really had an enormous deal to do with the want?" was asked a wren-like earnest advocate.

> "The right to live a normal, individual life," came the answer direct.

mal life would mean, among other things, year abroad spent principally in Europe coming out from behind the screen— and the United States. She continued: even a gorgeous, golden screen may shut "You women of England and America

New women would say that this nor- that this lady had just returned from a out life. It would mean that the Japanese have so long lived side by side, as it were,



Mrs. Yamada, prominent New Woman, addressing the Convention. Mrs. Yamada is editor of the magazine, Society and the New Woman.

woman would become an actual personage,

professor-husband as a "moderate new the radical changes such customs would woman": "The Japanese woman must bring in Japan. Wide-spreading, sudden insist on being given an equal place changes, open freedom, would bring dissocially with her husband. She must be aster; neither our women nor our men hostess in person to their friends and go could meet the situation—with exceptions, to social affairs with him. She must of course. Before this emancipation can cease being a servile maid, a plaything, be complete the moral fibre of the Japand be a companion of her husband. anese woman must be strengthened, and This condition can be brought about only this must be begun in the early years. In by equal education." It might be added no other way can she be equipped to meet VOL. LXX.-23

with your men-folk in the family, and not just a shadow cast on the white shoji. have so long mingled socially on equal Said one woman, characterized by her terms that you can scarcely comprehend

Digitized by Google

conditions in which the new freedom educated and the most intelligent woman would place her." educated and the most intelligent woman in the world." "She is." he further said.

Japan's new woman is not overturning her screen, is not recklessly punching holes in the white-paper shoji. She recognizes that the effects of many generations of such nutriment as "Such is the stupidity of woman's character that it is incumbent on her in every particular to distrust herself and to obey her husband," must be counteracted to some degree before she can take her place in the world as a normal individual. She knows there is but one way to do this and that is by education on equal lines with man. Not co-education—that is a question scarcely discussed and decidedly not advocated. By all discerning women it is recognized that some generations of training are necessary before Japanese boys and girls can be thrown together in the elementary schools. And this training will have to begin in the home social life. No, Japan's new woman waves no red flag. She asks only the chance to show that mentality is not a masculine close corporation in Yamato. She is quite weary of studying text-books specially prepared for an inferior quality of intellect. Even generations of studying in "Greater Learning" that, "viewed from standards of man's nature, the foolishness of woman fails to understand her duties that lie before her very eyes." and "that the five worst maladies that afflict the feminine mind are: indocility, discontent, slander, jealousy, and silliness-the worst of them all and the parent of the other four is silliness," have not wholly convinced her that she could not master the text-books that are prescribed for boys and men. She desires that the courses may differ but that the texts on the same subjects should be the She resents the simple female text-book pabulum. Fancy "a history suitable for girl's mentality." She asks also that the universities be opened to her and that women's colleges offer curricula that will give training equal to that of men's institutions. True, in the first year of this century a woman's university was opened in Tokyo by Doctor Naruse, that stanch advocate of woman's being educated, he who pro-

educated and the most intelligent woman in the world." "She is," he further said, "the most progressive and the most aggressive of women. But she would do well to learn something of the poise of her Japanese sister." Admirable as is this institution founded by Doctor Naruse, it does not offer work anywhere nearly equal to that given in men's colleges.

The wedge has not been fairly started in the solid doors guarding man's intellectual gymnasium, but several good taps have made quite a crack. Tohoku, the Government University at Sendai, has set its doors ajar for women, and the Imperial University at Tokyo has let in two or three daring spirits of the feminine gender. "How miserably poor must be Japan's present state when the whole nation is smitten with wonder at the spectacle of two women graduating from Tohoku University!" exclaimed a normal-school professor in a recent newspaper article. So man gives an occasional tap to the wedge.

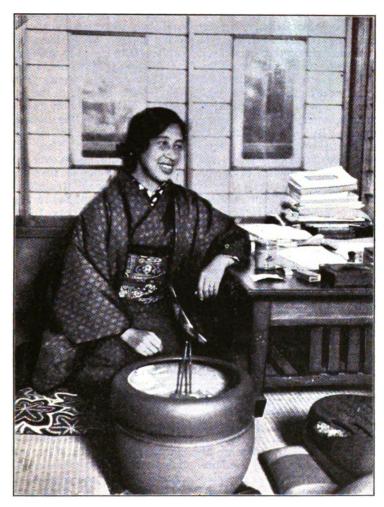
Here and there women are slipping in where only yesterday prejudice and custom effectually barred the way. Even into the domain of science, with its conspicuous sign, "Women not welcome." some resolute souls have ventured. Miss Kuroda, the first woman to receive a degree from Tohoku University was listened to recently with interest by a large gathering of men at the Imperial University as she explained her experiments in purple dye. Miss Yasue, returning from special work in botany and geology in America, caused a learned masculine audience in Tokyo last year to forget her sex in admiration of her masterly lecture on her microscopic researches on coal. This trail-blazer is now assistant to a professor in the Imperial University, the institution that would not receive her as a student.

suitable for girl's mentality." She asks also [that the universities be opened to her and that women's colleges offer curricula that will give training equal to that of men's institutions. True, in the first year of this century a woman's university was opened in Tokyo by Doctor Naruse, that stanch advocate of woman's being educated, he who pronounced the American woman the "best"

As a work notable in woman's education should be cited the Tokyo Medical School for Women, founded by and still under the direction of Doctor Y. Yoshioka. This woman's work stands out as noble and clear in outline as Fuji-yama. Thirty years ago Doctor Yoshioka received her degree as Doctor of Medicine. Realizing the great need of women doctors, she ten years later started, unaided

except by her husband, also a physician, this medical school. Unrecognized by government she has labored, and from Japan; it is a question that pulses slugher school three hundred women doctors gishly. The level-headed in the ranks of

Woman's political enfranchisement can scarcely be labelled as a live issue in have gone forth to work not only in Japan new women, with a few exceptions, quite



Miss Raicho Hiratsuka, acknowledged leading spirit among the Atarashi onna.

but also in China, Siam, and Burma. More worthy of note is Doctor Yoshioka's achievement because, twenty years ago, atarashi onna was not in current phraseology. With no supporting public sentiment she snipped here and there the thongs of traditional teaching, kicked aside accumulated obstructions, slid open the would follow, retard immeasurably woshoji, and went out to live and to do according to the urge within her soul.

positively assert that it is not a present question; that the women of Japan are not ready for either the responsibility the right would bring nor for the changes resulting from the greater freedom that would follow. They argue that the securing of the ballot now might, in the reaction that man's advancement. Nevertheless there are suffrage clubs and considerable talk,

and the feeling is apparent that at some future day not so far off there will be a definite deliberate fight for the right just won after nearly a century's siege by her Western sisters.

In what is called the Peace Preservation Law in Japan women are forbidden to join any political association, and along with minors are denied the privilege of attending political meetings or being even connected with promoting such meetings. Just how Japanese woman, "gentlest, humblest, and most feminine of her sex," could by her mere presence at a political meeting be an upsetting element to peace does not appear. But Japanese man may know more about the female of his species than is given mere outsiders to sense, and consequently may know when to put on his shield.

A petition signed by fifteen hundred women was presented at the last session of the diet, asking that the word "women" be eliminated from this law. Miss Raicho Hiratsuka was sponsor for this petition, the key-note of which is: "It is unfair and against social justice to debar women from enjoying the freedom of joining political associations and of attending or promoting political meetings." Miss Hiratsuka and an able lieutenant, Miss Ichikawa, following the tactics of American suffrage leaders, did quite effective work among the members of both Their efforts were cleverly seconded in the press by women writers, particularly by Mrs. Yosano, one of Tokyo's talented authors. By one of those quirks which so often give illogical aspects to human affairs, women are allowed to attend the sessions of the Diet. And they use this privilege in considerable numbers when anything of interest is on the floor. Woman may gaze on the Japanese lawmakers in action, but she may not watch them in campaign manipulation. Is it masculine vanity? This inconsistency is one of the petitioners' levers.

There seems to be not a little interest in public affairs among Japan's thinking women, perhaps more than it is reasonable to expect when their restrictions in most things and their simplified education are considered. In elections they are concerned more with the candidate as an individual than with party affiliations.

It amazes somewhat, that, with all the centuries of teaching in meekness back of her, the new woman in her public utterances is quite fearless, does no begging, nor does she hesitate to criticise. In an article a few months ago on the universalsuffrage movement and excitement, that in Tokyo was often near-rioting, Mrs. Akiko Yosano scored the men of Japan for being so inert, so phlegmatic. She averred that the universal suffrage should have been granted twenty years ago, and would have been had the men of the country any mettle in their make-up. She further said that, as a whole, Japanese men took little interest in what affected the whole country. They at times get excited and worked up over some matter, but are incapable of sustained interest and long-continued struggle for an end. In other articles on the universal-suffrage movement Mrs. Yosano took the stand that there should be no line drawn as to sex in extending the right.

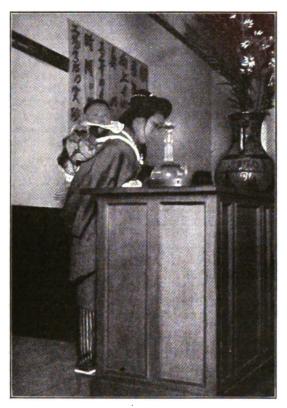
Probably the most talked of among Japan's new women is Miss Hiratsuka. She has independent ideas as to some questions of life that would harmonize, if not coincide, with some of the professions of the radical denizers of Greenwich Village, but on the whole as to actions and garb she is normal. She does not gain her fame by wearing smocks of nonsoothing colors, nor does she do queer things with her hair, nor wear a peasant towel instead of an obi or do any evecatching thing. Nor does she rant on any ultra ism. Her ready pen, keen mind, and real work have gained her a sure place. Her admirers of her own sex, and they are without number, say she is sincere, candid, and devotedly in earnest. In addition to her efforts in iconoclasm in behalf of her country women, she is working, almost single-handed, to start in Tokyo a club which in a way is to be, if she succeeds, a Hull House modified to suit the city's needs.

Although women's names in all periods of literature in Japan appear among the makers, some in places of high honor, and to-day in almost every line of writing she is represented with ability, the women's magazines, of which there are several, are thin-porridge diet. Women who want something more nourishing go

seldom contribute to the women's maga- dustry as to opportunity, but one is comzines. The reason for the character of ing as to compensation. these publications is the familiar one.

to other periodicals, and women writers Japanese man writer frankly states. with ideas and power to express them There is no new-woman question in in-

Women and girls in factories, because "To make them pay, give the public of the enormous expansion in very recent



Factory worker addressing a woman's meeting in Tokyo.

what it wants." The cause for the demand is unquestionably the type of girl's school education.

On the stage, that domain of endeavor in Japan so long sacred to man, woman has workers under fifteen years of age are for some time had her share of plaudits. She is even running true to popular estimate of type in supplying sensationalism. In a modest way she has qualified as a producer of plays, and as a playwright has had some success.

never been denied Japanese woman, nor has her ability been questioned. In pay she is far from being equal, for no reason ly put in a few factories; this is a result

years, is a subject distinct in itself. The mere facts that nearly two-thirds of the two million factory workers are females, and eighty-two per cent of the children girls; that these workers have no right to organize in any way for any purpose; that the words "welfare work" are unknown in factories, show that Japan's new women, if keenly alive and in earnest in advancing and bettering life conditions Equality with man in handcrafts has for their sex, have a good big job ahead of them in the factory problem alone. Women inspectors have been very recentexcept that "she is a woman," as one of the influence of the International One of the delegates was a woman. It is said she was much criticised by her fellow delegates for telling in her speeches "the truth about labor conditions in Japan."

tale of changes in the mental attitude of a people as vividly as a picture reel. Some files of Japanese papers covering the past four or five years were scanned for the story of Japan's new woman told therein. It was revealing. In the early numbers woman, unless in an item of scandal or society, rarely appeared. With each year the space she occupied grew larger, and her publicity was for worthier reasons. In the past two years or so the space given to woman news-and the camera bore its part—must have put many a yen into reporters' pockets. All kinds of doings and work were here set down. The widow of a physicist, who in war days undertook to manufacture thermometers to take the place of the former German supply, is successfully carrying on her late husband's work. A woman has just been licensed as an aviator and another recently was made a licensed mariner. A newly appointed supervisor of schools in a province is a woman, the first in the history of the country to be given so high a position in the public schools. One learns from the later files that three princesses attended the first exhibition of a tank in the country. Such a thing in their mothers' day would have caused an earthquake or a calculating on the soraban, the abacus without which no Japanese can tell how old he is, a newspaper in 1920 reports that more women than men competed, and those given first places were women. A retired actress has recently organized a silk-manufacturing company with her-This is a departure self as president. from the accepted attitude that in industrial enterprises in Japan a woman with capital and business acumen might provide both in a venture, but she would stay behind the screen.

In business houses the number of women employed is constantly increasing. In clerical work she is slowly being

Labor Conference on Japan's delegates, closed to her, but she has yet to prove her worth. In large shops it does arrest the attention of the foreign onlooker to see peony-faced, obi-girded maidens rush at a husky saleman's behest to distant shelves or clamber up steps and fairly lug Magazine and newspaper files tell the heavy bolts of textiles to the counter where the salesman maintains his dignity. In the banks also all is as "Greater Learning" prescribes. Sandal-shod maiden Mercurys scurry around on endless tasks of waiting on men at desks. And Eastern business men take a heap of serving as they perform their daily duties.

Japan's new woman is taking hold of social-service work in a rather vigorous manner. Indeed, one man says that such work is woman's principal public activity in Japan. It is quite within truth to say that the work is largely the result of the Y. W. C. A.; so it is a transplanted line of endeavor. From the administration building in Tokyo (a delightful blend in finishing and furnishing of Japan and the West) the organization, with its twenty foreign and fourteen Japanese secretaries and many other helpers, directs the work of the forty-five hundred members. The activities include about all the Blue Triangle does anywhere, from rescue work to learning how to make fudge. But principally they "claim their freedom in service." Last year a pageant, "The Ministering of the Gift," in which appeared two hundred and fifty girls, was presented twice by the Y. W. C. A. This was the first thing of the kind ever given in this land, series of hara kiri. At a test of speed in where art is expressed in almost every form.

> The costume of the Japanese woman is so particularly, so intensively connected with one's concept of her that it is something of a shock to find atarashi onna discussing dress-reform. It seems absolutely iconoclastic. But she is talking it. More particularly in educational institutions is the topic a live one, although many whose school-days are some years in the past are giving the matter serious consideration.

The Western woman's adaptation of the adopted kimono fairly embalms a restful, careless comfort which is quite different from the garment in its original accepted. No department is actually habitat. There it is cinched and girthed



A college girl.

by strings and bright-hued silken tapes of bodily movement. Also her newer and scarfs, and over all is put the marvellous ponderous obi. One grows faint at merely contemplating being so bound a wise dress. and weighted; a plaster cast appears as downy ease in contrast, corsets a peasant's smock in comparison! To a degree the Japanese woman's dress proclaims the woman, in that it typifies her disregard this custom are creeping in. swathed, hampered, uselessly burdened They run so nearly parallel with divers life. In her growing freedom of thought twentieth-century changes in Western she naturally protests against restriction woman's costume as to be a point in

knowledge of laws of health and hygiene tells her that her costume is not altogether

Custom in Japan has been inflexible as to style, and particularly the color of dress for women at different ages and conditions in life. Some changes that proof of world thought-waves. Maturity velocity of the current, is the growing and middle age—in obi and neck-scarf and even in kimono—are putting on dashes of color that are quite as radical a departure as Western grandma's latest rear of her lord. dancing-frock and sports clothes. Thus the story of dress-reform in Japan will and to a rather surprising extent among but repeat the story of other countries, other women. It will be evolution resulting from changes made necessary by new conditions in work and in pleasure; changes in houses and customs, and growth of individuality.

"Do you dance the foreign dances?" was asked a society bud, daughter of a narakin. "Oh, yes. I just love them!" She spoke with fervor. "You know we more modern girls have special dancing zori (sandals) made." One could only chuckle and see diverting visions in the

unscrolling years.

A new freedom in physical movement is discernible if not obvious in feminine Iapan. It can be noted on the street in the little girls' play. Always they have had the most varied line of games and like as jumping over a stick, a sort of pole-vault without the pole. Now this is not unusual in the larger towns and surprisingly high do these wooden-clogged, kimonoed, pigtailed youngsters jump and with much abandon. In the girls' schools there is much more activity than even three years ago of the kind that past generations of American mothers called tombovishness, and increasing interest in tennis and basket-ball. Also it is not unbeseeming now for maiden or matron to hold up her head in line with her spine. and frankly look on and at this world and all its incumbrances. Formerly it was almost the Great Unpardonable not to carry the head slightly forward with eyes downcast. This attitude of humility is now becoming fearfully old-fashioned. Foreign teachers of long experience say that the change in this respect is striking in the classroom. Students when reciting now look up squarely at the instructor instead of at her knees as formerly. As this is not a taught thing but the reflex of a change within, vital enough to overcome

habit of man and wife to walk side by side on the street instead of my lady pigeon-toeing along about a pace in the

Among Japan's men who have travelled . the younger educated untravelled men, there is not only approval but encouragement of many of atarashi onna's ideas. Men particularly urge changes that would give greater social freedom. Bachelors in press and from platform are beginning to voice the cry: "We do not want our wives chosen for us, we want to do the picking of our own mates. But how can we do this when there is absolutely no social life where both sexes are present? This should be changed. Let us meet young women in their homes and at social gatherings so we can get acquainted with each other." And atarashi onna unblushingly echoes this cry. But the desire is little more than a cry as yet. "Cosocial" affairs are not among the things that "are done." And a go-between with were fairly active, but nothing so unlady- his red-taped papers, instead of Cupid with his feathered darts, still conducts the matrimonial alliances.

Japan's new woman will never have to face the taunt so long flung at her American sisters: "For the rights you clamor for, are you willing to give up your present privileges?" For, poor dear, so far as man is concerned, apparently she has no privileges. Mere woman is not made way for at ticket-windows.car-seats are not vacated for her, and as for assistance with outer wraps and such tidbits of courtesy she would probably swoon at the offer. A stock story in Tokyo is that a Japanese man and his wife, returning from a four-year stay abroad, arrived in Tokyo station. As they were getting off the train the lady put out her hand to her husband for the assistance to which she had grown accustomed. "Oh, no," he grunted as he stumped away, "you are in Japan now." The Japanese man, being ever jealous of his race's reputation for politeness, has two codes of etiquette, one for home and one for abroad, and in a measure two supplements to these, one teaching and inherited tendency, it is for foreign women and one for Japanese. significant. Another change, trifling, but It is to his credit that he takes all this a straw that shows the direction and pains for reputation's sake. And if one • keeps in mind "Greater Learning," there is nothing of duplicity in his doing so. One can but admire his finished dexterous

proficiency in both codes.

Two incidents, among many of recent occurrence that point the domestic code, come to mind. On the Tokyo-Kyoto train were a man and wife, probably in the early thirties, obviously prosperous, possibly war's opportunists. The lady was not a new woman. The man, who in attire could have passed muster in any city in America or Europe, solemnly, though pleasantly, two or three times during the day talked at his wife. Otherwise. it was for the most part as though she were not these. At luncheon and dinner Husband strode into the dining-car. Little Wife bought a luncheon-box at a station and ate her bento by herself. This was undoubtedly her preference, but would Husband give up his dining-car meals to join her? Why, no. Nor did she expect it. Such an act would have distressed her, though it could not but have-pleased her. When Husband laid himself down for a siesta, Little Wife tucked the rug about him, lowered the shades, and during the long nap was constantly alert that no corner of the rug slipped off her man. When, later, Little Wife lay down for her nap, she tucked herself in with much trouble, while Husband smoked and read in complacent oblivion as to her comfort. When the rug slipped off she sleepily adjusted it. On arrival at Kyoto, having unaided put all the luggage in order, lifting heavy bags and baskets, Little Wife raised herself on tiptoes and helped master on with his overcoat, then dusted and gave him his hat. Did he thank her? No, indeed; was she not his wife? These observations are not recalled in a spirit of criticism, but with the idea of making clear the attitude of man and woman in their social relations, and to indicate that Western standards cannot be used in judging these things, for there is not a shadow of doubt past.

that this man is a very excellent husband and his wife a happy, contented woman.

The second incident occurred in Seoul in a hotel where there are a good many quite cosmopolitan Japanese guests. party of three men and a woman, the wife apparently of one of the men, came into the dining-room one evening. The men sauntered in, following the waiter to the table, and sat down, absolutely ignoring the good-looking, becomingly kimonoed woman, who tagged demurely and slipped into her chair very self-effacingly. No disrespect was meant, no feelings hurt. As early as the soup course the lady, to the observer's surprise, was dominating the conversation, and continued to do so, evidently by her charm and interest. through what was quite an animated, lively dinner. The coming in was only a remnant of the centuries-old customs, not so easily laid aside as the hakama and

There is a long, long trail ahead of atarashi onna if she sets as her goal the place held, in all these considered trifles, by America's women. Wisely, she probably does not hold this particular goal worth striving for. After all, these matters are not basic, though, like so many things that give charm and flavor to life when one is accustomed to them, they are mightily missed when left out. Apparently Japan's new woman is giving her vigor and sagacity to loosening the fetters of custom that keep her from living the life of a freeborn individual; to opening the doors that shut her from the "boundless realm" which should be hers to enter and possess. And she is going about her work of achieving these ends with nothing of wiliness, subterfuge, in-Unspoiled by experience, untrigue. hindered by traditional practice, she can be sincere, frank, direct in her methods; open and aboveboard in her plans of operation—a precursor of the new diplomacy, talked about at council-tables in the near



There was grizzled, gaunt old Martin Myers, for example. •

DOC JENNY

By Ladd Plumley

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT



CITY lover of fishing lives a double life. There was grizzled, gaunt old Martin Myers, for example. I once sat with him on a porch at a seven-dollar-a-

week mountain boarding-house, and with his fog-horn voice he boasted to me that his "nankeen short breeches," as he called his yellowish knickerbockers, cost him but one dollar and twenty-nine cents at a sale in a New York department store. That evening he also confided to me that he was thinking of buying another "little Berkshire ranch," as he put it. I had met old Myers for the first time the Saturday before, and it was months later that I learned in the city that he was the retired president of one of our stupendous commercial concerns. "Chairman of the Board," I think, was the title he held. He inherited some eleven millions or so from his father, the founder of the concern, which petty inheritance, by many years of grubbing toil, he increased, so

rumor had it, some fourfold. The "little Berkshire ranch" he mentioned was one of those magnificent estates up Pittsfield way, which, if it was a man's all, would be a princely property by itself.

Fishing in that mountain country, Martin would have been thought an aged city bookkeeper on his annual two weeks' vacation. He gossiped at the country store, boasting of his catches, which were indeed something to boast over, rambled among the meadows on Sundays, knew the song of every bird, was more intimately acquainted with wild flowers than others at the house. He spent a whole afternoon with me on a Sunday constructing whistles from willow bark, and his glee was boylike when we manufactured one of mammoth size, as big as his arm and with a note like a factory whistle.

But this brief tale isn't about old Martin Myers, interesting as his double life was. He is merely mentioned to prove that the city fisherman does lead a true double life. He is as different on his

different from the sluggish caddis worm. which is the grubbing form of its exist-

There are reasons for this duality of the city fisherman, for fishing, and I think particularly fly-fishing, brings you into close contact not only with all the birds and animals of a mountain valley, but you are also on confidential relations with the people of your fishing trips. Your life is therefore different from your city life.

In the city your grocer is a man behind an apron, who tells you coffee has gone up again; you would not know his name were it not over the store door. But how different with the up-valley "store-keep," Steve Hamilton-everybody calls him "Steve." It is a rainy night when you go for the letter you are expecting, and there's nobody at the store but Steve. After you have read your letter you sit on a cracker-box and he asks your advice about, well—this evening it is marrying



The up-valley "store-keep," Steve Hamilton.

fishing outings as the stream ephemera is again; his first wife died years before. This is, of course, strictly confidential. You wouldn't have been consulted if you hadn't many times met Steve at the stream-side and fished at his elbow.



A pastor of a metropolitan pulpit, in flannel shirt and smoking a pipe.

Would your city grocer ever seek similar advice of you? As to city postmasters, they are jacks or young women in boxes, where you poke through the window two

cents and get a stamp. Here of a Saturday night at Steve's store, leading their simpler doubles of existence, is a pastor of a metropolitan pulpit, in flannel shirt and smoking a pipe; a merchant prince in baggy khaki, on intimate terms with cobbler McLoughlan, who has patched his waders; who and what you will—possibly "Big Nose Mike," up-valley name, "P. T. Brown," thumb-prints of record, card-sharper and confidence man, correcting a mistake of Steve's, and handing back a quarter overchange for a half-dozen "Yellow Sally" trout flies, country tied by Matilda Otis, whose shrill voice you hear of an afternoon from the open window of the schoolhouse, correcting the bounding of the State of Pennsylvania.

After a few fishing trips the most reticent and uninterested observer of his kind in the city has rather a different reputation up at the end of the valley. He knows Matilda intimately, and calls her by her first name; he is a close friend of Steve's; his landlady gets out a Liberty Bond and asks his advice about selling it. And if he is taken sick? He is mothered as if he were a boy, and from some remote village a doctor appears.

I sprained my ankle, a bad sprain.



Jeniser was in the office—everybody called him "Doc Jenny."

Followed improvised crutches, designed by Pete Rudolph up the road. Followed a drive, not by auto, ten miles to the doctor. Big, comfortable house, with an extension under apple-trees then in full bloom—the doctor's office. Jemfer was in the office—everybody called him "Doc Jenny." Big man, bristly red face, generally smooth-shaven, but he had just got in from over the mountain and had been up all night. Loose,

shabby black clothing, worn and spotted. He handled and bandaged my ankle tenderly and skilfully.

"Your fee, doctor?" I asked of the tired-faced man of sixty, sleepy of eyes

and slow of speech.

A friendly smile. "Oh, say!" he exclaimed. "S'pose I'd take a fee from a city fisherman who has the bad luck of a sprain on the stream? Why, sir, I'm a fisherman myself!"

Familiar with the double life of visiting fishermen, Doc Jenny did not know that I was not a city Crœsus. I got even with him by stopping on my way back at a village store and sending him a

box of cigars.

I used to meet the doctor, or see him in a cloud of dust in his rattletrap of a motor, hitting her up along the county road. They loved him in the valley, and had reasons. When an ax slips and you slit your leg and work has been scarce and he "posts the charge," as Doc Jenny called it, for a round dozen visits, way back over the hard trip up Wyman Hill; and you need not pay at all unless your conscience troubles you when you have a good job again, there will come a love of sorts for the old bear of a doctor, but tender of heart as a little girl.

Say! We aren't all profiteers in this wide, generous country of ours! As Steve would put it:

"No, not by a jugful!"

The year after I sprained my ankle I made another visit to Doc Jenny. Our landlady loved cats and that year she had a family of

the fluffiest angoras to be found anywhere. One of the kittens was her pride, a puffball of white wool, with sky-blue eyes.

One noon when I came in to dinner I hung my unjointed rod in the Virginia creeper at the side of the porch. A fly was on the leader, and Fluffy and the other kittens were romping here and there. I had just finished dinner, when we heard a cry of kitten anguish. Running out on the porch I found the wind



Very gently he forced open the kitten's mouth and inserted the forceps.

had blown down my rod, and the fluttering fly had attracted Fluffy's attention. The poor kitten was raising wails of pain, straining on the line, a sharp No. 12 hook firmly embedded in her mouth.

I cut away a part of the gut snell of the fly, and attempted, futilely, to disengage the hook. The kitten's mistress was pained to tears. She, too, found it impossible to remove the hook. All the expedients we attempted only proved the absolute need for a cat surgeon.

So the hired man hitched up, and with Fluffy in a fish-creel, quite exhausted with her fright and pain, the hired man driving, we made the ten-mile journey to Doc Jenny's office. Fortunately he was at home, pottering among his roses. When I lifted the lid of the fish-basket and showed him his patient he laughed.

We went into the office, and the doctor

closed the doors and windows, but he need not have done that. Fluffy was afraid of my handling of the snell which was attached to the hook, but she had no fear whatever of big, gruff Doc Jenny.

"You are to hold my patient," said the doctor, a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"No, I thank you," I replied. "She's small, but I've discovered she has particularly sharp claws."

The doctor went to a closet and brought out an overcoat. Then he gently forced Fluffy into one of the sleeves, and tied the sleeve around her neck. "Now you can hold her," he said. "There's always a way to manage my patients."

He rummaged from a most disorderly drawer a forceps with a weight on the handle, and produced a lancet. Very gently he forced open the kitten's mouth and inserted the forceps, thus exposing the jaw, the weight on the forceps keeping

the mouth wide open.

Two minutes later the lancet had been used and the hook removed. Then followed a surprise. I thought when Fluffy was liberated she would be a kind of little wildcat. Not at all. She slipped from the overcoat sleeve and contentedly stretched herself on the doctor's big knee, purring and purring, as he fondled her shaggy ears.

"Pooh!" said Jenifer, as I pulled out my pocketbook. "Now do you really suppose I'd take a fee for getting a hook out of the mouth of one of Mrs. Tremper's kittens? What do you take me for?"

That time I sent Doc Jenny some trout flies, for he was a great fisherman, but very seldom had time for the stream.

Now, in leading a double life, when an entire fall and winter marks the time division of the duality, things have happened when you turn up again. Sometimes your mountain duality is not at all the same. When I arrived this last June at the stream-side house, Mrs. Tremper was away over the mountains, taking care of a sick relative, and the young woman who "did" for us was a stranger in the valley, so for a day or two I didn't hear the news. There is generally news of something: a wedding, a birth, and, of course, sometimes a death. It was Sam Brackman, the up-valley blacksmith, in the twilight and at the Covered Bridge Pool, who told me the news, when we happened to meet when fishing there for a trout giant, which we both think somewhat mythical, for no one but Bill Willard has seen the spangled wonder, and Bill has a way of stretching the truth, which, if it were even a rubber band, would be snapped.

Sam and I "rested the water" while we

sat upon the rocks.

"Anything happened?" I asked care-

"'Course you heerd 'bout Doc Jenny?" "Heard nothing. Mrs. Tremper is over the mountain—her cousin is sick again."

There was something in the way Sam mentioned the doctor that foreshadowed his news. For some moments Sam said nothing, leaning forward, a gray shadow

the evening were glinting, and far up on the gray hillside opposite us the parlor windows of Abe Simmons' house held lights, and we could hear, but faintly, a phonograph. Most likely pretty Sadie and her twin sister were having their usual young men callers.

At length Sam growled: "Say, this is a darn old world-jes' a darn old world!"

"Perhaps so," I agreed, and my heart bothered me. That's the trouble with a fisherman's double life: one of his dualities is altogether too much a part and parcel of that blood-pumping organ.

The phonograph was playing ragtime, the irregular beats, although faint, were

annoying, somehow.

"That blamed thing up there! Wish Sadie or her sister'd shut her off," said Sam irritably. "Ain't agreein' with what I must tell ve!"

Presently the phonograph notes ended, and except for the chirping of the evening insects in the grass and bushes it was very

quiet.

"And-your news, Sam?" I asked.

Sam scratched a match on the rock and attempted to light his pipe, but I thought he hadn't filled it, for twice a match went out. He gave over the attempt, grunting: "Drat it!"

Then, and like a triple sob, was blurted

out: "Doc Jenny's dead!"

Somehow I had known the news; the place and time was right for telepathy.

After a time I said: "Please tell me how

it happened, Sam?"

"Say!" came Sam's choking voice, but after a long interval. "Did ve ever wait down in the kitchen, when yer first was borned? Been up all night, sittin' there hour a'ter hour, sometimes hearin' somethin' what sent shivers down yer backbone and brought th' cold sweat all over yer face?"

"No," I replied. "That is one of life's

terrors of which I know nothing."

"Then-when ye're more than all in -but, jiminy! how can I tell it?"

Sam's voice ceased, and the distant phonograph began its irritating irregular rhythm, but to be soon silenced once

"Then—and th' winders be gittin' gray with light of morning, and things in the soft gloom. The first fireflies of hev been awful still, seems to ye fer

more hours than ye knew a night ever down the back stairs! Ye jump to yer feet, but yer throat be so pinched together ye can't ask yer question. And

Again silence, Sam sputtering on his had, and—then—a heavy step comes unlighted pipe, and another nervous attempt to light tobacco where there was no tobacco.

"Pay him his fees by driblets-needn't



"And yer little sweetheart, Sam! She's jes' the finest trump ever!"

Doc Jenny stumps in and says: 'Sam, put on th' griddle, we'll sure hev some up and down th' vall'y, and 'way 'cross, buckwheat cakes and maple syrup. And beyont, over ter th' red school housen out ver little sweetheart, Sam! She's jes' the Rondout way—jes' th' same, jes' th' finest trump ever! She's O. K.—fine! same!" No, ye can't go to her yet, Sam! Mrs. Morehouse is an awful good nurse and that I think was one of the cotton banshe's takin' the best care of her. No-I danna handkerchiefs that Steve sells at say, Sam, ye can't go up to her. But, all his store, and used it. "Can't help it," hunky! And listen! What ye hear, Sam-ye won't be so pleased with the yit and we can't seem to git used to it, noise later—but it's a boy, Sam! Th' we jes' can't!" finest kid ever!""

hev paid at all if I hadn't wanted. All

In the gloom Sam pulled out something he growled. "Ye sees it's new with us

But how-

"In a minute." replied Sam. This time he filled his pipe and lighted it. When the tobacco was aglow he gave me the details of his news, and as Sam put it: "Jes' as ve might hev figgered on it, only ye might hope that him as runs things might hev interfered, if only for oncet, seein' ez how it was Doc Jenny."

The snow falls deep and stays long up in the mountain valley. In late March there was still plenty of ice and snow everywhere, and the brooks were torrents, and the main river a miniature Niagara rapids. Enoch Collins, far up near the head of the valley, was bracing his last load of logs on his sledge for the evening, when a link of the rusty chain opened and a log fell upon Enoch, badly crushing his left leg, from knee to thigh. The other teamsters made an

improvised litter, got Enoch to his house, and summoned Doc Jenny by 'phone, telling how Enoch was suffering and how badly his leg was mangled.

Doctor Jenifer had a terrible cold; he was in bed himself that evening. But his daughter couldn't keep him from rising, packing his kit of surgical instruments, and going with a buckboard and team—he feared trouble with his ancient auto—seventeen miles up the valley.



The doctor managed a ford in the ice-filled river, with his kit of instruments strapped on his back.

A bridge went out that afternoon. Leaving his buckboard and horses, the doctor managed a ford in the ice-filled river, with his kit of instruments strapped on his back. Followed a tramp of three miles in wet clothing through snow and slush. Followed a difficult operation, the surgeon constantly taking stimulants to carry him to the end of his task. When all was over —and Doctor Jenifer saved Enoch his leg—the surgeon fainted dead away. And in the house of his patient he died two days later of pneumonia.

"Till near th' end, raved and raved," growled Sam. "They had ter hold him in th' bed. Would yell out: 'Cold, how cold! Th' river's full of ice. But I'll make it! By heavens, I'll make it! Al'ays hev made it! Nothin' can keep me from makin' it now!'

"And, by gum! He's gone! An' we all knows now that fer almost forty year a big red-faced angel, in an old long black coat, all spotted with medicine what he'd dropped on it, has been skippin' back and forth amongst us. Had ter git his livin', but aside from that didn't care no more 'bout gittin' money than ez if there wasn't sich a thing ez money!

"Yes, by gum! Doc Jenny's gone! A big red-faced angel!"

A STUDY IN SMOKE

By Shane Leslie Author of "The End of a Chapter," "The Celt and the World." etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. J. ENRIGHT



navy, and even mo e for the hapless army his fellows, and always had been, in strike bogged in Flanders mud. So the fac- and out of strike time. He worked with tories and foundries of Woolhurst worked the rest but he did not think with them. at full pressure. The factories screamed The bitter humors, which a little reading and glittered through day and night, and and much agitating had left in his brain, the foundries drew a muffled roar as an were not dissipated in the burning fires occasional red mist burst out of their of the foundry. He grew bitter as he chimneys and a gun or part of a gun was It was slow but furious work furious in the detail of fire and molten metal, slow in the aggregate of fitting try. It was only the war of one antand testing each mighty gun. Furious work for the sweltering workers, stokers, and moulders, but slow, infinitely slow, to the waiting officials, and slowest still for the officers and men waiting for gun equipment by land or sea.

To beget a gun on official paper is a different thing from its long generation and growth in the foundries. An order can order but not quicken a gun's delivery. The most imperious official cannot make the molten metal more malleable to man's dire need.

Thousands of workers wrought like cogs in a machine, surrendering their thought and strength to the metal. The pay was good and the toil overwhelming. There was no time or strength left to think of anything except the immediate toil. They were fascinated and caught like moths upon the outskirts of that chaotic bonfire for which they were binding iron fagots and filling steel squibs. Cranes, lorries, and trucks picked up their output and disappeared. There was no time to ask a question. The harder and fiercer they worked, the sooner the war would be over. Only madmen and Socialists asked why. The argument stood

LL that winter of the war that the higher and brighter the bonfire men labored at furious was piled, the sooner it would be burnt speed to furnish the guns out to a finish. No one in the Woolhurst which the British Govern- factories queried the uselessness and meanment had forgotten to inglessness of all their labor except Ben, make before the war, the local labor-leader. Whatever he was Guns were needed imperatively for the known as to the officials, he was Ben to grew wearier. He felt careless whether he gave his full power to the work of destroying the workmen of another counhill against another. Patriotism had not caught him in the board-school, and less during his apprenticeship to work. His education was what he had given himself out of the Labor Press and from secondhand copies of Marx and Carlyle. As he grew careless, he grew clumsier and earned the curses of the foreman, as far as curses availed against the hot blasts. He hated his work and all around him. . . . He hated the great gun which they were casting in molten form. He could see the white-hot metal pouring like milk out of the furnace. The sight did not exhilarate him in the way it seemed to inspire the others. His muscles relaxed and his eves went languidly out of focus. The seething mass of blazing liquid drew his languor into itself. The foreman was still cursing. It needed only a touch to upset his balance. Without a splash or a ripple he passed into the fiery mass. . . .

There are times when a ship cannot be stopped for a paltry individual who has fallen overboard, and the foundry could not be held up for one man's remains. A big gun is worth many human lives. Besides, he had disappeared. Cremation

was complete and total.

Digitized by Google

By the time the glowing liquor had the long process of cooling, the human moth was charred to the nothingness of carbon, and every bone and particle was digested by the steel. His tomb not only enclosed but absorbed him. He had become part and ingredient of his own sepulchre. . . . And there could be no inquest, for there was no relic for a coroner's inspection. Long before the gun meticulous parts, long before it was tested and sent to a naval dockyard, the unfortunate man it contained was forgotten, and had become as nameless and anonymous as the gun itself. Nameless was the six-inch gun that was sent to sea, and nameless let the cruiser remain on which it was hoisted.

For weary weeks H. M. S. — patrolled the northern mists, with a brighter interval in the Mediterranean. Undeviating drill and perpetual practice brought crews and armament to a stage of perfection bordering on staleness. The chaplain came into the captain's room with a puzzled look. "Sick?" queried the skipper. "No," said the chaplain, "I have been talking to the men." "Not done talking to them yet?" laughed the other, who took a good-natured but perfectly sceptical view about chaplains and their functions. "Well, I should say," suggested the chaplain, "that they have been talking to me lately."

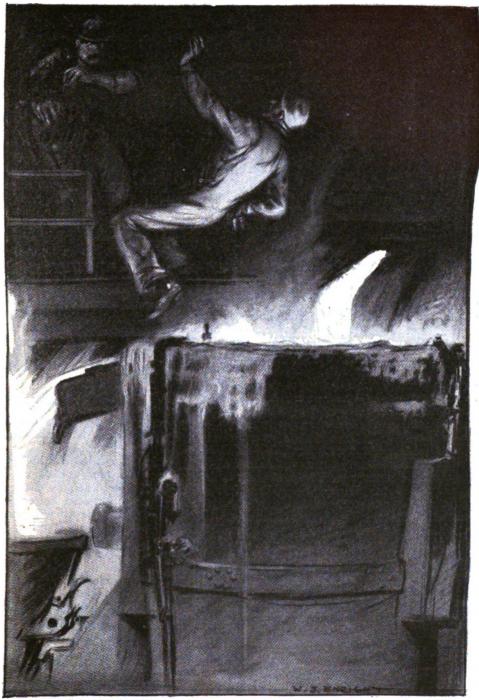
"What about?" "About spirits!"

The captain shifted his foot and spun round: "I thought it was your business to talk to them about spirits, and what you didn't know about the spiritual simply wasn't spirits"—and he laughed outright. "This is not my kind of spirit." "The men will want to be teaching me my job next," exclaimed the captain. "These are not the spirits of the Prayerbook so much as ... " "What?" "The spirits that are called ghosts." "Well, are there no ghosts in the Bible?" "Yes, but not quite the same kind that the men have come to believe is on board this ship." Anything affecting the nerves of the men became a preoccupation of the skipper, and he grew grave.

"Go on." "Well, sir, it is very like a passed into the moulds and entered into hallucination, but I thought you had better know what the men are thinking about, in case it is interfering with their work. They do not like handling one of the starboard six-inch guns." "What do you mean? It is brand-new and tested to the ounce." "The men think there is a spirit in that gun and that he appears every time they fire the gun." "Cannot they blow him out?" "No, for it is in was adjusted with all its minute and the smoke after firing that they discern the figure of a man, and they think that he will end by sinking the ship. . . . "

> There was a longish silence, for the captain was far too good a sailor not to know the part superstition plays in a sailor's life. Devoid of religion himself, he was calculating the result of such a fear on the gun's crew. For months the Grand Fleet had been chafing at anchor, with intervals spent bursting through the fogs or charging the mists. Mysterious performances known as P. Z. exercises, devised by admirals, carried out by captains, and rectified in practice by humble individuals in chart-rooms, occupied most of their seagoing. The exact strategists were learning that accuracy and certainty were more difficult to obtain on the water than on paper. The reckonings of ships varied, and the value of given fire against given armament did not always respond to theory. Even blindfold chess gave more certain results. This was blindfold boxing against an enemy who was as often below as above the waters. Months of phantom-chasing took its effect on men's minds. Crews became used to being called to action preceding no action. Destroyers reported enemies that melted into smoke, and imaginary submarines caused panic in the Firth and the Flow. The invisible enemy preyed more substantially on their minds than would have been the case had action materialized. The strain told, and the sarcastic elements seemed to mimic the thunder of guns whose smoke only curled into the mocking clouds.

> The practice day following the conversation of chaplain and captain on H. M. S. —— was fine and clear. The Dreadnoughts were slowly making line to the practice-ground, preceded by the cruisers in formation, while the de-



Drawn by W. J. Enright.

It needed only a touch to upset his balance.—Page 369.

stroyers ran in and out like bicycles twist- tion of the smoke," suggested the captain. ing amongst huge motor-busses. The to stand on the far end to note the firing. while he remained at the other. "Watch the firing of the forecastle-guns, and especially of the starboard six-inch. I shall be glad to have your detailed report."

At a signal from the flag-ship the firecontrol of the cruisers was tested. They fired in turn at a slow-moving target. The turn came for H. M. S. —. The port forecastle-gun emitted a cloud of smoke, a great rolling blanket of white vapor. Captain and chaplain pierced it with their have not believed." glasses, and it had rolled away before the splash of the shell showed where the aim consider the effect of the hallucination. The cruiser swung had fallen short. slowly round, and the brand-new 9.2 fired for the tenth time in its existence. Captain and chaplain watched the smoke without raising their glasses. It slowly melted in the bright breeze, disintegrating and discoloring of itself. It was quite thin before a man's figure could be discerned struggling in the dissolving smoke. It seemed obvious, matter-of-fact, and chemical, except that it was a figure of The figure was only comprehensible for a moment or two, for the enemy with that gun in action, I do not wind elongated his writhings, and his limbs, as though on the rack, were torn apart with delirious speed. But the impression of human agony remained with every human being who watched the torment of the smoke. Only the officer controlling the fire watched the target and noted how near the shell fell this time. By the time the next shot was fired, not a wisp of the ghostly smoke remained. . . . And the fear of doom remained in every heart on board that night except with the captain and the The chaplain had decided chaplain. clearly that it was either a fantasy or a divine omen. In the latter case it was for the good, and in the first case it did not matter. As for the captain, he was both puzzled and unafraid.

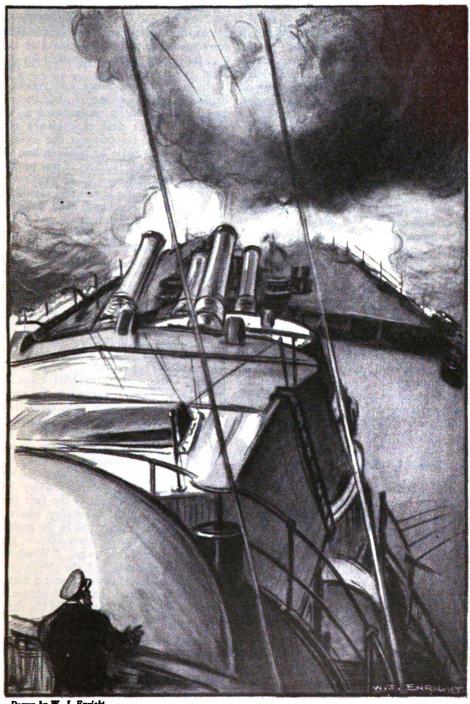
The chaplain had noted the firing and its results very carefully as directed, and he handed his notes to the captain, who read them in his cabin. They were accurate and corresponded to the official throb of unison with the ship's engines.

"No." "Well, I saw a very distinct outcaptain of H. M. S. — took his position line of a man in the smoke, and I exon the bridge, and asked the chaplain pected you would have recorded it." "No," replied the other. "I particularly left the spook to you. It would have been no evidence for me to have seen and reported it, for I am officially supposed to believe in spirits." "Well," said the captain, "I who do not believe in them have seen this." "Blessed rather are those who have not seen and yet have believed," said the chaplain. "That is hardly my case," replied the captain. "for I have most distinctly seen and yet

Both turned then as sensible men to or whatever it was, on the crew of the gun, and incidentally on the whole ship. The men had come to regard it as a bad omen. To them it was worse than carrying round a corpse. They thought the gun was haunted and that, however deadly its firing to the enemy, it would in the end prove more fatal to the ship. They believed they were on a doomed vessel. It was no use changing the crew of the gun, as the whole ship seemed involved.

"Provided I can drop a hit on the so much mind if the ship sinks under me," was the captain's final deliberation. . . .

The long wait of months was broken for some by the instantaneous decision of mine or explosion, for others by change of latitude and ship; for some, indeed, it . was never broken; but for a few it was crossed by the magic signal "action!" On a joyous day for H. M. S. — issue was joined in the North Sea with a German raider supported in the dim distance by enemy light forces. The captain gathered all the threads of his life and training into his hand, and stood glued to the bridge. The chaplain went down to steady the men, who in the glad glow of coming action forgot all their troubles of body or mind. The moving smoke on the horizon was the sign of retreating enemy, and cruisers with torpedoes were dashing to cut them off. Every heart on board beat in steady account in the log. "You make no men- Precious minutes passed, and the smokes



Drown by W. J. Enright.

It seemed obvious, matter-of-fact, and chemical, except that it was a figure of smoke.—Page 372.

on the horizon were no nearer. The largest smoke was separating from the others. Half an hour passed and a hull was outlined. It corresponded to the raider, one of those sweet prizes which had been dashing in and out of middies' dreams for months. As the raider drew off from her escort, chancing a northern mist, H. M. S. —— followed into the gathering vapor. Fire was being exchanged between the others, but he reserved the raider to his own. Careless whether she was dropping mines, he pushed into her direct wake. In ten minutes he would open fire. And he did.

The fore-guns flashed in turn and eager glasses picked up the splash of the first shell falling short. The captain groaned, but his groan was choked with relief as he watched the next shell drop with a red flash on the raider's bridge. He telephoned his congratulations to the gun's crew, who received them in British silence. The red glare of fire was rising from the raider under the British fire. She was blazing steadily, and the captain no longer kept check of his guns. They were being fired in irregular but enthusiastic salvoes. The German flag was visible, white against the yellow smoke, so good were the captain's glasses. Another glance and the flag was gone. He immediately gave the signal to cease firing. A destroyer ran in and fired a torpedo, whereat the raider turned quietly

Leaving the rescuing to the destroyers, the captain of H. M. S. — cheerfully inquired if there had been any casualties. The chaplain joined him on the bridge with a list. "I am afraid there have been a few." "I never knew we were hit." "No, we were not hit by the enemy, but unfortunately a six-inch gun starboard exploded after firing one shot, the second shot of the action, and the whole crew were killed or wounded." The captain

buried his face in his hands, forgetful that this was the end of the perfecting day of his career, when years of preparation were tested in action. Action and victory had come and also unlooked-for disaster.

He could return home and report a brilliant and decisive action, but the nature of his casualties necessitated an inquiry. A great deal of evidence was taken as to the explosion of the six-inch breech, and as little as possible was allowed to reach the public. It was proven that the gun had been made with every possible care, being tested and regulated in every way. The metal itself was subjected to a close examination, and found to be of the best. The only flaw was traced to a slight superfluity of carbon, which remained inexplicable amid the alloy, and no blame was attached to the maker. or to the crew or captain who had had charge of her in action. This carbon had undoubtedly brought about a weak point in the gun, and under pressure she had exploded, though in practice she had been successfully fired. It was an explanatory but unsatisfying report. . . . A month later—"Carbon is a material cause at least," remarked the captain to the chaplain, "and carbon could have come from a man." "That is a possible solution, if you think it likely that some man fell accidentally into the gun when it was cast," replied the chaplain. "I know it," said the captain, "for it was my suspicion, and a private and careful inquiry has placed me in possession of the fact that this gun came from a foundry where a man had been actually lost in the molten metal." Both sat in stony silence, and then the captain rose to go. "Whatever I saw and you saw and the ship's crew saw, the cause was material and a man."

"Yes, and as you have had reason to observe, a man is a spirit," said the chaplain, returning to his duties. . . .

about me like one of those invisible companions of little children, to whom they talk, with whom they play, from whom they receive intermittent but ample direction and consolation. I cannot recall any crisis but this very Vagueness

Vague Vagaries

has offered something to blunt or blur, to enhance, mitigate or pacify my special need. It is evident that I can speak of Vagueness but vaguely, else it would in the exploitation become its opposite. If I can, however, dimly shadow forth its evanescent face, impart something of its shaping power; if I can separate its adventitious weakness from its essential potency; if I can show it as a stage in our development and a crown upon our endeavor, with instances of lives it has fashioned-manipulating these into a sort of whole to prove that the best part of truth is that which evades our thinking, the best part of thought that which eludes our speech, and the best part of life that which escapes

I despair as I read my supposititious listing: if, if—but of course I cannot express the Vagueness that is next my heart, nor can I be quite at ease until I try. Even with Hardy's dictum in mind, that only those who half know a thing write about it; for those who know a thing thoroughly do not take the trouble—I still try.

our classification—I may help to dissipate

the traditional prejudice against this dis-

credited quality.

That some of my bias is physical I must "Why do artists always draw a allow. moon like that?" I once asked petulantly, pointing to a painted crescent. "How would you draw it?" questioned my mother. Whereupon I drew a proper moon with two horns on either side, and a little crescent tidily tucked into the arms of its parent. I was forthwith led off to the oculist, and my heavens stripped of half their glory. "No wonder you find four-leaf clovers!" exclaimed my same comrade, now sophisticated, after frantic but futile search in the grass to rival my vaunted pickings; "I could too if I saw double!" So if my Vagueness is a magic, in the exercise of which I

LL my life has vagueness hovered have only to pull off my spectacles, hers was a magic of the mind, the donning at will of wizard glasses which could rectify most of the prosaic literalism and the too-sharp-byfar focussing of a conventional world.

The principle, however, is the same. Just as misty morning assumes the similitude of dusky twilight, and each is more exquisite in my hemmed-in garden, when my shadow is the long trail leading to rising or setting sun, than is noonday's brilliance, when I wantonly tread down the black, amorphous shape myself creates. And just as misty morning progresses to dusky twilight, I trust that my own physical vagueness, instanced by astigmatic vision of waxing moon, will grow into the deliberately sublimated vagueness of my mother. "confounding the astronomers, but oh! delight-

The evolution of Vagueness seems to me something like this: The unconsciousness of it in Infancy; passing to adoption of it in Childhood; after which Youth's dawning recognition of it, growing dislike and distrust of it, with the effort, fostered by the schools, to overcome it. Manhood brings so-called victory. The mind is intensely keen, discriminating, far-seeing; so farseeing, so discriminating, so keen, that inklings come of a haunting vagueness, followed by faint praise of it, shy tests of it, tentative practice of it. This bourgeons into the luminous vagueness of Old Age, when there is no more search, no more question—then Vagueness. Thus like the winds and clouds it circles our little world, and for its perfect consummation it must be nowhere stayed or spent.

At birth, what a long way the ancestral vagueness has to go, "seeking among forgotten nocturnal silences, for the lost trails of the soul." Then, like Jeanne d'Arc, or Pelle the Conqueror, or any least one of us, comes a vague feeling of being chosen. "Even as a child it made Pelle look with courage in the face of a hard world. Light radiated from him, insignificant and ordinary as he was. God had given him the spark, the old man said, and he looked upon the boy as a little miracle of heaven." In another great foreign trilogy, Rolland reality. No reason accounts for such morefers to that singular gift, often remarked in the children of old families, of divining thoughts which have never passed through their minds before and are hardly comprehensible to them. Even the exact meaning of words is negligible to a child, a certain lack of precision seeming to stimulate his mentality more vigorously.

Shades of the prison-house! The child must pass from the vagueness he loves to the rigid rule of the educator. The wise teacher will avoid haste in putting exact ideas into his undeveloped brain, knowing exactness will be repugnant. This is why the influence of Arnold upon the majority of his pupils was "very good though very vague." From myth and Homer the youth is led to mathematics and logic and the exact sciences. The rainbow is reduced to the prismatic colors; analytic fingers dissect the old magic of flower and cloud and stream; the vein is traced, not by beautyloving eye on wrist and temple, but by the scalpel on the cadaver. Thomas must feel the nail-marks; Euclid must measure the sides of his triangle; Watt must press the cover down on the teakettle. "Therefore," becomes the habitual conjunction. hark! "Nevertheless" creeps in, with some apprehension of its meaning. Henry James got it earlier than most persons, "the intensity of meaning and vagueness that thrills us but once, the prime hour of first intuitions!" Even in his college days he had come to regard vagueness as a saving virtue; though "to be properly and perfectly vague one has to be vague about something," he concedes. Kipling, perceiving that his passion for exact definition failed to produce depth and shimmer and bloom, faced about, evolved a new obscurity, a mist not of dusk but of dawn, and the unsubstantial dream-stuff of Rewards and Fairies was minted into shape. So nobly wrote Dixon Scott, the young critic killed at Dardanelles. "For half of life." he comments, "is moonlit, and the image that would copy it exactly must be vague."

This is the stage in the evolution of the theme in which one would linger, to contemplate and to experience. But turn, my wheel! We find that what escapes us on the steady swing of it, glows as the pace "In rapid flashes, with the hurrying of the rhythm of time, we discern

ments; all poets, mystics, heroes, know them; moments when common things change in an instant and show the secret of the imperishable life they harbor; moments when the human creature reveals its Godhead; moments of danger that are perfect happiness, because the adorable reality gives itself to our sight and touch." It is May Sinclair who speaks, stirred from fiction to philosophy, which in her hands outstories story. "Are logical ideas tender. and facts hard?" she further questions. "No, facts have a notorious habit of elusiveness and liquescence."

Is there not cheer in this for Old Age—the relaxation of energy, the dimming of our light, the softening of the too-lucid focus? Watt still painted at ninety-five, typified by his blindfolded hope, listening intently to the music of the world. Yeats promises

"Though you have passed the best of life, shall trace Enthralled by the unconquerable delusion Magical shapes."

EOPLE who believe what they can-

not prove are not necessarily sinners against truth and justice. We constantly see the power of things which are not bring to naught the things which are. We see wide-spread human needs awakening to continuous if often vague social St. Paul's movements-"the soft, indefinite jellyfish retains its shape, and grows in wind and storm, because its particles are bound by an organic force." Ralph Cram comments on the vague heroes buried at Glastonbury: "St. Dunstan, the Venerable Bede, King Arthur and Guinevere, Merlin and Elaine. Why not? Actualities or emanations, they are facts. Even science, according to Herbert Spencer, discovers new veilings in every evolutionary advance, but these veilings are revealings." Probably every man, living at a certain intellectual level, has in mind an obscure inkling of the proximate discovery which is to change our views of nature; while the least thinker recognizes some subject about which his thought revolves, a subject whose very vagueness lends plasticity and hence usefulness to daily life. Perhaps I speak timidly of some theme over which I have long speculated. My friends do not understand. They catch me up in sharp disagreement. I cannot argue. I reach my conclusion somehow and then lose the thread of my own procedure and cannot quickly recover it. I am embarrassed and change the subject. Yet my mind has somehow made a spring beyond anything I knew before. Later, my friends recur to the subject questioningly. Their former surety has progressed to doubt. This is the law of life; even clarity must change or perish, adapt itself or die.

So I am less and less daunted by others' clear-sightedness and sure-footedness, their lucid statements, their concise terminology; and I trust more and more to reaching my own dim goal, even blindfolded, with uncertain steps, through unmarked paths. The air, I feel sure, will clear as I go, and my step become firmer as I advance. I am not seeking Vagueness, per se-I have enough of it already; but I repeat that it enters, as a slave, not a leader, into my philosophy of life. Mindful of the fact that the things which have ever most fascinated and influenced me were not accomplishments, but half-formed purposes, vague aspirations, unsuccessful attempts; conversation and reading about deep things which I could not understand: feelings not easily defended on the grounds of definite help given or wrongs done—I hold, in George Eliot's estimable phrase, to "the inalienable right of private haziness," and I concur with a later novelist, Mr. de Morgan, when he gaily advocates: "Do not try to say what you mean, because you can't, you are not clever enough!"

THE cruel business of sending rejection slips to hopeful authors gives very little time or place for the exercise of "the humanities." Indeed, the reader often enough wishes for an opportunity to express some sentiment besides stereotyped disapproval or lack of interest, for he The is generally wholly devoid of harsh Unpublished feelings, and not in the least bored by the floods of unavailable manuscripts that must go back whence they came. Contrary to public opinion, it is no fearful task to read and pass upon manuscripts. Instead, it is one of the most romantic of pastimes. One's fingers clutch strands from the far ends of the earth, and stow away into one place each day such a collection of the great and the lowly as would put an ordinary city street to shame. Here East meets West and all nations gather, striving in friendly fashion for that seemingly unattainable thing, editorial favor. And to the magazine reader, who merely picks the sheep from the goats, one great interest must always be the personality of the contributor.

How many strange people one meets, and how very well one learns to know them! Particularly is this true of the Unpublished. for they have not yet learned to hide all things under the cloak of art, or to serve up startling reality with the grace and inevitability of fiction. Their work is replete with life in the rough; they deal but rarely with pure fancy, and even then sometimes the alchemy fails—somewhere the art wears thin and the gilt of romance rubs off and reveals the reality beneath. One may probe with the analyst's full joy, and discover with surprising accuracy of what stuff contributors are made, and what experiences their lives have held. One may work in vast fields, for the trusting contributor pours out his all to the editor—his age and ambition, his heart's secrets and his financial status, his family skeleton—and lets them all gather to await the editor's momentary decision of their right to fame.

Personally I should be willing never to meet, editorially speaking, with the Published Great. Their ways are covered with an architectural grandeur; their remoteness does not tempt one to intrude upon it in the hope of possible discovery. But the Unpublished are a never-failing joy.

Some of them introduce themselves personally to you. The débutante from the Middle West, whose father is on the staff of the local paper, sends you a five-column clipping containing a lovely portrait of herself, and a note saying "A few words to tell you who I am." And thereafter day by day you are flooded with verse about the poor factory worker, and the miner whose young wife has died, and the earthquakeorphaned children. And back they must all go to her with nothing more than a printed slip for comment, when you would so like to add approval of her interest in the downtrodden poor, and more than that, a statement that you liked the picture and . thought the débutante's gown in every way equal to those of the New York shop-win-

dows. And in the same mail you have received another portrait, of a man who would surely advertise himself in a want column as an "aggressive live-wire." Boldness is written deep in his face, but very little candor. And oh, horror! He writes of his experiences in an insane asylum, and of playfully throwing jelly in the faces of the "Pure fact," he calls it, and urges that it be published to show how a man may be wronged-shut up in an asylum with no one to believe that he is not insane. The "story" runs a little thin at the end of the thirtieth page, but still bears the stamp of truth in a few places. You long to send it to an alienist of your acquaintance, instead of back to its author, whom you now picture running unguarded about the streets, throwing things.

Always the mails are flooded with verse. The lyric outcry of humanity, read only by the editorial profession, contains much material for the student of race development and of psychology, for here nothing is suppressed. All moods, all joys, sorrows, and passions, have poetic license. By example from the realists of the present day, nothing is too sordid or too vulgar, and by tradition from the infinite past, nothing is too beautiful or too holy to go unspoken. What does it matter, since only the editor reads them and he guards the secrets with his professional honor? What if contributors knew that it is not alone professional honor that prevents him from sharing his discoveries into the ways of the soul, but mostly his very great confusion at having heaped upon him the secrets of so many souls! After years of experience he has their emotions, for his job is that of picking fame. out literature, not revelling in life. No doubt that lesson takes very long to learn, and only the great accomplish it, and even they themselves are never so happy as when they come upon a "human document" that is at the same time literature, for this is rare indeed. But the reader for the magazine does not try to learn this lesson, lest it take away the chiefest of his joys.

How one looks for letters from the bride who has tacked her married name at the end of her maiden name in bold proud letters, and scratched out the "Miss" that

preceded it that last time her efforts fell into an editor's hands! She has, as you know, run the gamut of all the unmarried emotions, and you wonder what new possibilities will be brought to the surface by her richer life.

Here again among the very regular contributors is one who mentions the price he will demand if his manuscripts are accepted. How heavy a price, and possible to how very few publications! One regards this as arrogance unspeakable, especially when the information comes typed upon the most heavily engraved and embossed paper. Far preferable is the work of the gentle old lady—by her handwriting—who tells about her garden, each flower in a separate poem, "The Lily" written upon white paper, "Forget-Me-Not" upon blue, "Old-Fashioned Rose," upon pale pink, and "The Violets" upon that lovely lavender affected by old ladies, and, wonder of wonders, she offers you the whole dainty collection "Free, no compensation desired"! Almost as entrancing is the offering of a man from the gallant South, whose collection of "Songs of the Heart," written in red ink, contains an ode to each member of his family, entitled variously "Adored Father," "Darling Sister Jess," "Beloved Wife," and "Most Precious Baby," and there is even an "Esteemed Mother-in-Law!" Oh, perfect self-revelation, worthy of more than a mere reader's delight!

One grows to love the familiar names of the Unpublished, and to smile kindly and not scornfully at their urgent request that their writing be kept "strictly anonymous." The tasteful modesty of the unknown ones learned not to attempt a vicarious part in is refreshing amidst the hosts who yearn for

> What becomes of the returned writings of the Unpublished no one will ever know. Are quiet tears dropped upon them, or are they flung in scattering sheets about the room, wildly, to match the author's rage, or burned with bitter smiles in a cynic's fire? At least be it known that they have filled up with their diverting variety the craving after "human interest" in one reader, at least, who with all humbleness of spirit begs their pardon for editorial rudeness, and in entire sincerity wishes them well!



ABBOTT H. THAYER

(1849 - 1921)

By Helen M. Beatty

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY MR. THAYER

our foremost American painters. His pictures have enduring qualities, and this has for many years been understood and recognized wherever art is known. He had a type, although not primarily a portrait

tial character — the predominant, outstanding expression of man and nature. He had also an innate sense of appropriate design and a refined feeling for color. As a result of his profound knowledge of these elemental qualities, his works possess the power of truth, the distinction that always results from simple and masterly treatment, and in almost all of his works the pleasing quality of grace.

These are the dominating qualities that will make Thaver's works live, because their apprecia-

tion is not restricted to any age or nation. They live in the art of every period and people. They are universal.

Abbott Thayer's-portraits are profound expressions of character, wherein he seems to have fathomed the innermost meaning of personality as expressed by external form. As showing his grasp upon essential, dominating character a comparison of three of his important paintings will be convincing. In the "Sketch for an Angel," owned by

N his art, Abbott H. Thayer is one of Mr. William James, in the "Stevenson Memorial," and in the picture entitled "My Children" in the Carnegie Institute collection, the same figure appears, representing the supreme ability to see and realize essen- in any one of these. With unerring pre-

cision in each case. Thayer has portrayed the character of the girl, which he has understood in a profound and masterly way. The three paintings are revelations of his power in portraiture. It is not simply that we recognize the model. It is that we recognize unmistakably the character of the girl.

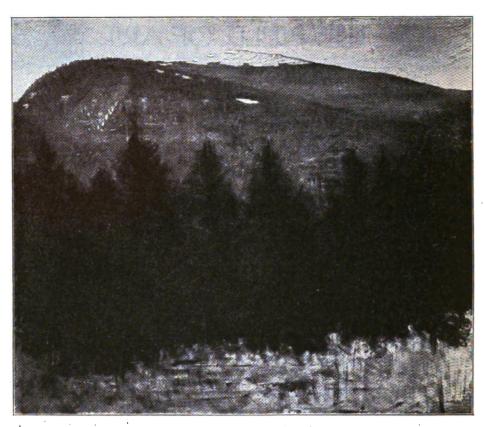
In the group entitled "My Children," the portrait of his son Gerald has been painted with such insight and knowledge that even in this child's head we see the man of later years.



Abbott H. Thayer, 1919.

To this, the power to realize character. Thayer added another important qualification—a sensitive response to beauty and nobility in life, whether in man or nature. Many of his groups and figures are especially fine in their expression of grace, and they always possess a rare distinction. He had a feeling for the beauty of symmetry as expressed in form, which is very evident in his compositions.

One of the most beautiful of his subject



Winter Sunrise on Monadnock. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

pictures is a small "Winged Figure" owned by Mr. John Gellatly. The symmetry and pure beauty of the wings form a background for the slight figure of the girl, the expression of whose eyes is arresting. In this phase of his art, where through physical beauty he idealizes the spiritual quality of womanhood, Thayer reaches the height of his power. This is the "type of beauty dearest to him and which he has long lived in worship of."

Another charm possessed by all of Thayer's work is that of beautiful color. Nothing could be more pleasing or subtle than the relation existing between the few masses of color as these appear in the painting entitled "My Children." The gray note represented by the young girl's dress as it comes against the mass of dark green gives a sense of the most perfect harmony and refinement. In this respect as well as in powerful characterization the work is a modern masterpiece.

Thayer painted few landscapes, but in those few we see again his profound knowledge of the truth of nature and his masterly skill as a painter. The "Winter Sunrise on Monadnock," in the Metropolitan Museum, and the "Sketch of Cornish Headlands" and "Winter Dawn on Monadnock," in the Smithsonian Institution (Freer Gallery of Art), are among the finest examples of American landscape that we have.

An expression by his fellow painter and lifelong friend, George de Forest Brush, on the subject of his art is of interest. He says, "Abbott Thayer stands alone in these times in the expression of the countenance, and his best examples rank him among the masters When his work shall be gathered in after years, it will be not only a satisfaction to the public, but a support to all younger artists of integrity, who are moved by repose and nobility." "There is no-

body," he adds, "who has painted such Smith College, which is dated 1889. His touching looks."

Abbott Thayer was worthy of the high re- monious and beautiful composition, the

gard that he was accorded. To those who knew him, his rare and lovable qualities of character will remain an endearing memory. His very human traits which made him so delightful a companion, his enthusiasm which could sweep everything before it, his absolute sincerity in trivial as in important matters, his high ideal of conduct in all relations of life, these are among the finest attributes of human nature.

He was a man of the utmost simplicity of life and manner, tender in his affection for his family and friends, but wholly absorbed in his pursuit of his art. Courteously but firmly he refused to allow other demands to encroach upon his time and strength.

During his boyhood, which was passed in New England, his interest in drawing steadily grew. His father gave him a sympathy which stimulated this interest, and encouraged him to follow his natural inclination in this direction.

There followed years of study in New York and then in Paris, where, under the influence of his master, Gérôme, his early interest in animal painting was supplanted by an interest in portraiture. This, thereafter, continued to be his aim.

When he returned to America and began painting portraits he made a great impression on his fellow artists. Even his earliest works possessed merit of a high order. The "Mother and Child," dated 1885, and the "Brother and Sister," dated 1889, portraits of his wife and children, belong to this period, and are direct, forceful, and yet very sympathetic delineations of character.

Probably the earliest "Winged Figure" that he painted is the one now owned by

interest from then on seems to have been As a man, no less than as an artist, chiefly in the ideal figure, where the har-



Caritas. In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

balance of form and the play of line, and the subtle, pervading tone-quality of the whole are combined with a poetic interest. These ideal figures are still portraits, however, for the human face was always for Thayer the most significant and absorbing of created things.

Following the period when he painted the "Caritas," now in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, the "Virgin," in the Smithsonian Institution (Freer Gallery of Art), the "Virgin Enthroned," and "My Chil-

dren" and some of his earlier winged figures, working in later years was his own analywe find his interest centered more in tone sis of his method. During the winter of than in form. Not that his form became 1919, which he spent in New York, he had less accurate or his compositions less har- in his studio three copies of one picture, monious, but the supreme quality of true, the "Boy and Angel," all unfinished. Re-

The Virgin. In the Freer Gallery of Art, the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

full tone values seems the thing he strove with perfect freedom, knowing that he could most earnestly to achieve. And we have a series of paintings such as the "Sketch for an Angel," one or two portrait heads, and other "Angel" studies that might be described as unfinished canvases, were it not for the fact that, as Thayer himself said of one of them, they are "essentially highly finished." In breadth of feeling and masterly execution they are even more forceful than his earlier canvases, although these are more finished in detail.

Of interest as explaining his way of closely.

ferring to them, he spoke of the difficulty he always felt when working; the fear of losing the merit already secured in an attempt to carry the picture further. Once lost, it sometimes required weeks and months of wearv effort to remedy the damage. So, as soon as a picture seemed to him to have any value, he stopped working on it, had an assistant make him a copy, and on this copy he would go forward again, "lighted by the measureless comfort of the original's safety, while it directed his handling of the replica, which under his hand soon outstripped the first." Sometimes he would then take up the first picture again, sometimes begin a third, always carrying forward the one that was least satisfactory until it became the best of all. Thus he could work

not lose what he had already achieved.

Thayer's letters are delightful-spontaneous and without a trace of self-consciousness, as was the man himself. He wrote with enthusiasm, as he talked, and vet always, even in a hasty note, with precision. Such records reveal the man in an intimate and delightful way. In more serious vein, as a postscript to a letter, he gave this interesting expression of his conviction on a subject that touched him the watch for the finest work yet to sud- called mimicry.

denly spring up 'out of Galilee.' The effort after the new is my 'Galilee.' I see it on all sides while to-day's sky is the sky of our forefathers, and to-day's woman essentially ditto. The old struck spontaneously where the pasture was richest, and in the same places it is richest today. I refer to the normal old arrangements of light and shade, and above all the painting only representations of unself-conscious human action and attitudes. absolutely not to be studied from models conscious of being observed."

A remarkable thing in his career and one that has aroused wide discussion was the publication of his book, "Concealing-Coloration in the Animal Kingdom, an Exposition of the Laws of Disguise through Color and Pattern." **Justify-**

ing his right to enter the field of science in this way, he points out that "The laws of color-correlation are, of course, the very axes of the art of coloring, and any intellectual painter inevitably is the scientist of all that is knowable in this matter." He gave much time and thought to the study and investigation of this problem—the inconspicuousness of nearly all creatures in nature—and certain theories which he advanced would seem to be amply supported by the evidence offered through his researches.

"Perhaps I should confide to you that I oration, Mr. Thayer tells us, is "the law of am fundamentally out of sympathy with gradation in the coloring of animals, and is the main drift of most contemporary art, responsible for most of the phenomena of though I know that one must be ever on protective coloration except those properly



Young Woman. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

"Naturalists have long recognized the fact that the coloring of many animals makes them difficult to distinguish, and have called the whole phenomenon protective coloration, little guessing how wonderful a fact lay hidden under the name."

Mimicry makes an animal appear to be some other thing, whereas this newly discovered law makes him cease to appear to exist at all.

"The newly discovered law may be stated thus: Animals are painted by nature The law which underlies Protective Col- darkest on those parts which tend to be

most lighted by the sky's light, and vice indication of his mental attitude with refer-

versa" (lightest on those parts which are ence to facts in nature, an attitude that in shadow), with the result that the "two has doubtless been a profound influence in effects cancel each other" when the ani- his study of nature with reference to his



Sketch for an Angel. In the collection of William James, Esq.

mals are seen under the light of the sky, so that they approach something like invisibility.

Not only did Mr. Thayer and his son, Gerald, make innumerable observations to prove this theory, but they have demonstrated it by making models, which may be seen in the Natural History Museums of London, Oxford, Cambridge, and other

His scientific study of this subject is an

art. We feel in all his paintings the evidence of sincere and accurate observation.

A lovable man, of the highest qualities of mind and character, alive to the stirring aspects of life as to its humorous side, spontaneous and very human, and, in his art, touching with masterly skill the loftiest and noblest conceptions of beauty, Abbott H. Thayer, it is safe to predict, will be regarded in years to come as one of the great artists of his age.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page >.



ECONOMIC CONVALESCENCE

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

N every period of economic readjustment, a time arrives when the force of reaction seems to have spent itself, yet

Condition of the Financial Patient

The condition which then exists in finance and industry suggests analogy with that of the patient whose dangerous condition has been over-

come by heroic remedies, who has passed the crisis of his malady and is on the road to convalescence, but who is left in a state of physical exhaustion and inertia. Under favoring circumstances, recovery should be continuous, sometimes slow, yet sometimes very rapid. Taught by experience, the doctors watch for any sign of fresh relapse. In economic history such relapse has frequently occurred, even after a season of promising recuperation—as with the very severe financial reaction which in 1806 followed a year of spectacular recovery from the hard times of 1803 and 1804. The return of weakness and reaction resulted either from too sudden a strain on a still enfeebled economic organism, or from distinctly unfavorable developments in the agricultural or political situation.

Even the preliminary convalescence is as yet in its early stages. The signs of promise at the end of this summer season have been in evidence mostly on markets which look far ahead. On the stockmarket the course of prices has been reassuring; more so, perhaps, than at any time since the great readjustment began at the end of 1919. The midsummer rise on the Stock Exchange was slow and gradual; it indicated largely retreat of speculators for the decline who, during the whole preceding year, had seemed to dominate the market but it carried prices 10 to 15 per cent above those of June. It was commonly ascribed to the fall in

money rates; which, indeed, was a very significant phenomenon of the day, comprising not only further reduction of their when no impulse toward revival is in sight. official discount rates by our own and nearly all foreign state banks, but a decline in rates on the open money market at New York to the lowest since midsummer of 1919.

> This was a change of basic importance, for precisely as the overstrain on credit which was a primary cause of the prolonged industrial reaction was indicated by the abnormally high cost of money in 1020 and the early months of 1921, so return of normal conditions on the money market should be evidence that at least this cause had been removed. But as yet the only visible result, outside of the Stock Exchange, was disappearance of the despondency which had previously colored every view of the future, and slow but unmistakable increase of hopefulness. That leads in time, however, conditions being favorable, to the state of mind known as financial confidence.

> NE familiar indication, in this earlier stage of recovery from prolonged and severe depression, is the turning of the business community's attention from its own disturbing symptoms to outside

influences which are making for relief. That does not hap-During pen immediately. many months of trade reac- Recovery tion, the financial and indus-

trial market will have been doing little else than feeling its own pulse. With markets as with individuals, the test is sure to be discouraging. Actual symptoms are exaggerated, imaginary symptoms are discovered. When the first hope of immediate recovery has to be given up, expert diagnosis is distrusted. Presently even visible signs of encourage-

In the

Early

ment are dismissed with querulous impatience. Recourse to the remedies of economic quacks is apt to follow.

Something of the sort was vaguely expected when the country was passing into this latest chapter of economic depression. There seemed to be reason to expect it when Western Europe was torn up with open war between labor and capital and Eastern Europe passing into the hands of revolutionary governments: During two or three months of 1919, a similar struggle was apparently imminent in the United States. That cloud passed over. It gradually became evident that some at least of these social and political occurrences of the older periods of depression were not destined to be re-Whether because of the savings from a period of exceptional prosperity, or because of better popular understanding of the currency problem, or because of unpleasant reminiscences of the high cost of living in 1919 and 1920, or because of the startling object-lesson provided by the paper inflation of Russia and Central Europe, the one political propaganda which has not materialized is the demand for more paper money.

The two or three Congressmen and the one Treasury official who have publicly argued for it on the present occasion were conspicuous because of their isolation. That this should have been possible when the hard times and unemployment coincided with retirement at an unprecedentedly rapid rate of the Federal Reserve note currency, was a highly significant fact. Taken along with labor's reluctant but peaceable recognition of the relation between rise or fall of wages and rise or fall of cost of living these phenomena of the day went a long distance toward confirming the predictions of thoughtful observers during war-time that the United States would emerge from the war the most conservative of all the nations socially and politically.

UT if Congress, recognizing the temper of the people, did not indulge in the old-time vagaries over the currency and the relations of capital and labor, it was nevertheless observant of the popular discontent and found other means of

with instinctive remembrance of the partisan advantage gained in the sequel to the Civil War by distribution

of public money through the Pension Bureau, it insisted on the so-called "Soldiers' tlement

Congress in a Period of Unset-

Bonus" Bill, whose exactions from the Treasury, according to the Secretary's official estimate, might have amounted to \$5,000,000,000 at the very moment when \$6,000,000,000 of the government's war obligations would be falling due for payment. Congress carried into law a peculiarly futile resolution of peace with the German and Austro-Hungarian Empires—a measure originally proposed for checkmating any participation by our government in the Versailles Treaty and the League of Nations: it passed that measure in the form proposed, notwithstanding the fact that the resolution would have to lean on the Treaty of Versailles to protect our people's rights in the settlement and notwithstanding the further interesting fact that the Austro-Hungarian Empire with which peace was to be concluded was represented now by three or four independent states created by the Versailles Treaty, to which the United States Senate had ostentatiously refused accept-

With the urgent problem of replacing the hastily constructed and economically wasteful war taxes by a system adapted to peace-time conditions, Congress refused to grapple, but its committeemen applied themselves with great enthusiasm to constructing a protective tariff bill with the highest potential duties in our political history. In this undertaking they undoubtedly followed precedent, but without very clearly grasping the nature of the precedent. Legislation increasing the rate of import duties was enacted in 1864, in the hard times after 1873, in 1890, and in the business reaction of 1807 and 1909. The tariff of 1864 turned out to be more of a revenue measure than a protective measure; the import trade increased; proceeds of the duty on imports rose from \$84,900,000 in 1865 to \$216,300,000 in 1872—the larger figure embodying more than one-half of the total revenue—and the large customs revoicing political infatuation. Possibly ceipts made possible the beginning of

(Continued on page 43, following)

KIDDER, PEABODY & COMPANY

FOUNDED 1865

115 DEVONSHIRE STREET BOSTON

18 BROAD STREET NEW YORK

BRANCH OFFICES

216 BERKELEY STREET BOSTON 45 EAST 42ND STREET NEW YORK

Foreign trade relations are as yet far from normal; domestic industry is at a low ebb.

But there is every reason to believe that because of these facts the present offers an opportunity for the conservative investor to buy securities at unusually attractive prices.

We shall be pleased to send you our list of investments

CORRESPONDENTS OF

BARING BROTHERS & COMPANY, Ltd.
LONDON, ENGLAND

"I guess

OO often a guess on investments means as little as a guess on the weather.

A carefully selected investment must be based on a study of facts—not guesses.

Our representatives who talk with an average of 3000 banks a day are welcome because they are offering securities which have been bought on facts, not guesses.

Select your investments as carefully as your banker selects his.

We invite you to get in touch with our nearest office. Write for Current List V. S. 167.

Offices in more than 50 cities.



The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York BONDS

SHORT TERM NOTES ACCEPTANCES

(Financial Situation, continued from page 386)

rapid reduction of the war debt. Even as late as 1897, while the tariff at first curtailed the public revenue and caused actual dislocation of trade, the fact that our own prices were low while Europe's, owing to increased gold production and scarcity of material were rising rapidly, led to an unexpectedly sudden expansion of our export trade, followed by similar increase in our imports even with the higher duties.

By this time, however, the United States was confronting the problem of its own aggressive competition in the world's export trade; twelve years later that was the country's paramount economic consideration. When, therefore, the higher protective Tariff Bills, tariff bill of 1909 was introduced Past and and passed, ostensibly as a measure Present of relief from the panic of 1907, it was received by the country with dislike. The protected industries themselves complained: the export trade was thoroughly angry at interference with the plans for international commerce; the protective clauses turned out to be so far prohibitive that both expectations of increased revenue and expectations of reviving trade were disappointed. Customs receipts were actually smaller after 1909 than in 1907. Home industry failed to revive, and, what was equally interesting, political sentiment turned so sharply against the government which had enacted the law that the majority party broke into factions. In the next two elections, Congress first and the Presidency afterward were turned over to the opposition.

The situation when the tariff of 1921 was reported from the Ways and Means Committee was peculiar. It was like the situation of 1909 in that the crucial question of our own economic recovery lay, not in the import but in the export trade. But it was unlike even 1909 in that this year's surplus of exports over imports was of immense proportions even after the trade reaction and that the maintenance of that export trade appeared to depend on permitting the outside world, Europe especially, to pay its accrued indebtedness and finance its own American purchases through shipments

(Financial Situation, continued on page 45)

Security Thirty-Five to One

RECENTLY we offered \$1,176,000 City of Toledo, Ohio, 5½% and 6% Public Improvement Bonds. This issue brought the total bonded debt of Toledo up to \$18,698,967. The assessed valuation of this city of 243,109 inhabitants is \$458,995,670. Thus the property on which taxes may be levied to retire the bonds is assessed at approximately thirty-five times the total amount of outstanding bonds. This issue is typical of the wide margin of security behind municipal bonds offered by us.

The issue in question was offered in maturities of 15, 20 and 30 years, giving the investor a choice of maturity. Those who selected long term bonds of this issue are assured of a liberal investment income for many years and will no doubt have the satisfaction of holding their bonds at a time when current yields will be considerably lower.

We are constantly offering high grade investments in tax free municipal bonds similar to the issue here mentioned, at prices to yield

above 5%.

Write for current offerings. We solicit your correspondence or a personal interview and the opportunity to serve you.



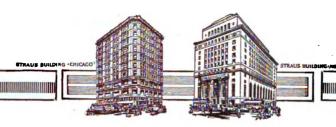
New York

Toledo

Cincinnati

Detroit

Chicago



Far-Seeing Investors



HOSE who look into the future are the successful investors. They judge securities by their record and by the safeguards which protect them. Far seeing investors demand

that the securities they buy be so thoroughly protected as to be safe in bad times as well as good.

Such investors find their severest demands are met in Straus Bonds. For thirty-nine years—a period covering two wars and four financial panics—their record has justified our statement that they are safe. For thirty-nine years principal and interest on these first mortgage bonds have been paid in cash when due, without loss, without delay.

If you wish genuinely safe investments, you should investigate the Straus Plan and Straus Bonds. Our Plan has made possible this thirty-nine years record of safety. Our booklet, "Common Sense in Investing Money", gives full information. Write for it today, with our Current List of offerings. Ask for

BOOKLET I-1110

S.W. STRAUS & CO.

Established 1882 NEW YORK - Straus Building

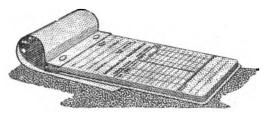
CHICAGO - Straus Building

OFFICES IN FIFTEEN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Thirty-nine years without loss to any investor

Copyright, 1921, by S. W. Straus & Co.

Digitized by Google



A Record Book For Your Investments

Distributed Free to Mortgage Bond Buyers

To make it easy for owners of First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds to maintain an accurate record of their holdings, we have prepared this simple Investment Record.

The book provides a most convenient method for keeping a correct account of your non-fluctuating securities. It is a flexible, pocket-size, loose-leaf book.

The preparation of this book, for your convenience, is only a small part of the thoroughly comprehensive service to investors maintained by the House of Greenebaum. Extreme safety, plus efficient service, is the basis for the complete satisfaction enjoyed by Greenebaum Investors for over 66 years.

If you wish a copy of this Investment Record, without obligation, just sign and mail the coupon below.

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company

66 Years' Proven Safety Correspondents in Many Cities

> Stockholders of Greenebaum Sons Investment Company are identical with stockholders of Greenebaum Sons Bank and Trust Company

Oldest Banking House in Chicago

anabarum Sons Investment Company

500 500 500 500 500 500 500 500 500 500
CITY
STREET
NAME
Send a copy of your Investment Record to
S. E. Cor. La Salle and Madison Sts., Chicago

of its own merchandise to this country. Nevertheless, the astonished public which read the first draft of the tariff bill found itself confronted with a measure which promised on the average higher protective duties than had been enacted in any measure during or since the days of "infant industries." It found, moreover, that whatever the imported goods might have cost the importer in the country of production, they were to be taxed on a valuation fixed by the price "at which comparable and competitive products of the United States were ordinarily sold at the date of exportation." In other words, not only was the rate of import duties to be capable of indefinite increase from the actual schedules of the bill, but the restraining influence of foreign shipments on such a wild and artificial rise as that of 1010 in the American cost of living was to be abolished by law.

IF this action of Congress on questions which I it had better have left alone and its inaction on other questions whose solution could not wait had made up the whole chapter of political incidents at this juncture of the financial situation, the effect would have A Legislabeen profoundly depressing. At a tive Črisis moment when reduction of the public deficit and reorganization of the government finances were paramount necessities, Congress was refusing to touch the taxes and proposing a huge increase in public expenditure. While recovery of our trade with Europe was anxiously awaited by the whole business community, and while revival of Europe's exports was believed to be the only key to the readjustment of Europe's international position, Congress was planning a law which might blockade both avenues of relief. Congress indeed was going further, and in face of the growing conviction that return to normal international conditions depended on co-operative action to insure the stability of international politics, it was manifestly taking the position that the United States had simply washed its hands of European complications.

Such seemed to be the legislative outlook. During the first half of 1921, it unquestionably emphasized financial misgiving and gave apparently good ground for suspicion that Congress might on this occasion, as in so many

(Financial Situation, continued on page 49)

A Country-Wide Investment Service

New York 140 Broadway Fifth Ave. & 44th St. Madison Ave. & 60th St. 268 Grand St.

ALBANY, N. Y. ATLANTA, GA. BALTIMORE, MD. BOSTON, MASS. BUFFALO, N. Y. CHICAGO, ILL. CINCINNATI, O. CLEVELAND, O. ERIE, PA. HARRISBURG, PA. HARTFORD, CONN. JAMESTOWN, N. Y. JOHNSTOWN, PA. Los Angeles, Cal. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. PHILADELPHIA, PA. PITTSBURGH, PA. PORTLAND, MAINE PROVIDENCE, R. I. READING, PA. ROCHESTER, N. Y. St. Louis, Mo. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. SCRANTON, PA. Washington, D. C. WILKES-BARRE, PA.

Our nearest Office will serve you promptly

The Current of Civilization



Electric power—have become fundamental needs in modern life. With cities and towns growing in number and population and the increasing electrification of industry, the opportunity of electric light and power producers for

both service and profit has been correspondingly broadened in scope.

The bonds of many such utilities are attractive investments. Over a long period these companies have shown unusual stability of earning power. With the gradual decrease of operating costs, net earnings are increasing.

As an example, for the year ended April 30, 1921, a group of light and power companies which we have selected shows an average increase in net earnings of 10.8% as compared with the calendar year 1920, and an increase of 25.9% as compared with 1919.

We shall be pleased to give you detailed information regarding bonds of these companies, which we recommend for investment.

Guaranty Company of New York

Leadership

IN every industry—in every branch of commerce—some man is inexorably rising to leadership because his fellows have confidence in his judgment and faith in his honesty and purpose.

Leadership is not a reward but a job—a command from society to make selfish interest serve the interest of all—to point the way for all to prosper.

The greatness of a merchant is measured by the number of people who believe in him.

To build a powerful organization, an employer must first win the loyalty of his employes by being loyal to them.

Business is pushing forward toward the solution of many problems. Men look for a broader acceptance of economic truths and for the observance of higher standards. From the tangle of international conflict, social unrest and commercial uncertainties must come an era of better methods, better banking, better business.

The leaders of business must assume responsibilities greater than men have heretofore been asked to shoulder.

Upon the character of our leaders—upon their vision, courage, determination, wisdom and honesty—depends our progress toward better times.

The National Bank of Commerce in New York cooperates with business leadership which measures up to the requirements of the times.



National Bank of Commerce in New York

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits Over Fifty-five Million Dollars

Our Reputation Is Your Protection

THE reputation established by the William R. Compton Company during the past thirty years is a valuable safeguard for your investments. You may be certain of this protection where you select Municipal Bonds from our lists which bear the phrase

"Bonds as Safe as Our Cities"

This stamp of our approval is based upon rigid investigation of every issue of bonds which we offer, in order to assure you that the most exacting requirements have been met.

The value of this assurance is evident to the investor, who necessarily places his confidence in the judgment and experience of his investment banker.

Write our nearest office for List "R-7" of Investment Suggestions and Booklet, "Bonds as Safe as Our Cities".

William R. Compton Company

Investment Bonds

ST. LOUIS NEW YORK CH CINCINNATI NEW ORLEANS other periods of depression, merely emphasize the unfavorable financial conditions through reckless experiments in legislation. Presently, however, signs began to multiply that the people had their own opinion in these matters and that there were other public men in a position of power and responsibility who could read the temper of the people as the Congressional majority had not read it. When the tariff bill, for instance, was introduced at the end of June, the majority and minority reports from the committee were flamboyant in language; the one describing the proposed act as "a Magna Charta for the perpetuation of American standards of living," the other characterizing it as "an economic boycott against the civilized world." and "a savage commercial war against the whole human family." Neither flight of rhetoric was taken entirely at face value by the people, who were probably aware that Magna Chartas which are voted down once every decade or so can scarcely be the palladium even of economic privilege, and that an economic boycott against mankind could not have been deliberately planned by the authors of the tariff bill.

NEVERTHELESS, it was immediately evident that the popular mind, regardless of party, had taken its own measure both of the tariff bill and of the report in favor of it, and had grasped the essential fact that its authors

were talking the language and using the formulas of thirty or forty years ago—a time when the Legislators United States was a "debtor coun-

try," its gold flowing out to Europe and its home producers struggling for a market. Outside of Congress, nobody seemed to overlook the fact that this economic position had been diametrically reversed and that even last year's Presidential platform of the party now in power had declared that "the abnormal economic and trade situation of the world, and the impossibility of forecasting accurately even. the near future, preclude the formulation of a definite programme to meet conditions a year hence." Protests began to submerge the unlucky tariff-makers, coming even from protected industries.

The statesmen were warned that no such increase of protection was needed; that the so-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 5:)

All the Advantages of Cash But None of Its Disadvantages

K. N. & K. Travelers Checks are an improvement on cash. They combine the advantages of identification, convenience and safety. Cash possesses only the one advantage—convenience.

IDENTIFICATION—Your countersignature placed on a K. N. & K. Travelers Check when you cash it identifies you wherever you may be.

CONVENIENCE—Banks, shops, hotels, railroad and steamship lines accept K. N. & K. Travelers Checks.

SAFETY-K. N. & K. Travelers Checks are safe because they cannot be used until countersigned by the original owner. Their value may be replaced if lost through fire, theft or negligence.

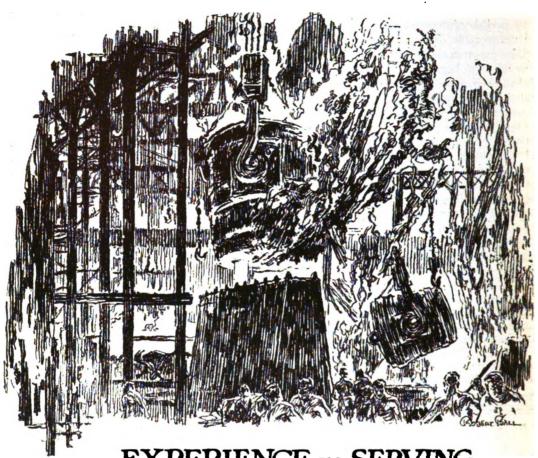
Your own bank is probably one of the thousands which sell K. N. & K. Travelers Checks and Letters of Credit.

Write for information



Knauth.Nachod & Kuhne

Equitable Building - New York



EXPERIENCE IN SERVING INDUSTRIAL AMERICA



HE strategic location of Chicago finds expression in the diversified business of The Continental and Commercial Banks.

Contact is easily maintained with every business center and every kind of banking facility is offered. A connection with these banks will save time and money.

Inquiries will receive prompt attention.

The CONTINENTAL and COMMERCIAL BANKS

CHICAGO

Complete Banking Service
More than \$55,000,000 Invested Capital

called "American valuation," by which a board of appraisers was to mark up even the stated basis of taxation arbitrarily to conform with the price of "similar goods," in the American market at the time of importation, would make an outright gamble of the import trade, quite obstructing the effort of Europe to pay its debts in goods, and finally, that retaliation of foreign governments against our own export trade would be inevitable. Wall Street and the business community, perplexed and bewildered in the first stages of this legislative interlude, presently began to observe a deepening line of cleavage between the White House and the Capitol. The President personally protested to Congress against the reckless Soldiers' Bonus Bill, against the delay in tax legislation and against several provisions of the tariff bill which, like the heavy import tax on oil brought from foreign fields exploited by American capital, threatened not only the discrediting of our foreign investments by rising prices but artificial scarcity in our own markets for an urgently needed product.

PURSUING a steady and consistent policy, the Administration did not stop with this. Actions, not vague declarations, began to indicate the State Department's purpose to restore the United States Government by degrees

Attitude of the Administration to the international position which it had held during the two or three months following the armistice. The hesitant financiers and the discouraged merchants engaged in our

foreign trade observed with reviving interest the series of diplomatic moves; the rebuff to Germany's plea for intercession, the discussion of co-operative help for Austria, the acceptance of Europe's invitation for American delegates to sit on various commissions arising out of the Treaty of Versailles, the negotiations for international regulation of armaments, the proposals for refunding and possible redistribution among private investors of the European government obligations held by our Treasury. In their changing mood, markets and public observed with approval as well as amusement the sequel to our ambassador's declaration at the Pilgrim's dinner, that our government "will not have anything whatsoever to do, directly or indirectly, with the League of Nations or with any commission or committee appointed by it or responsible to it"—a declaration which was promptly followed by instructions for that diplomat personally to represent the United States on those very commissions and by the termination of his public addresses.

That this changing political panorama had a profound effect on financial sentiment, there can be no doubt. If the stage had been set for the kind of Congressional Saturnalia which had distinguished 1877 and 1894, the curtain had been rung down. A spectacle of a different character was on the boards and, what was still more heartening to intelligent financial opinion, the public at large was clearly satisfied with the change. The season's incidents at Washington must be kept in mind by every one who is trying to frame his judgment on the financial outlook.

THESE important changes in the political situation did not alter financial and industrial conditions; it was not reasonable to suppose that they would. The new interest which the business community was taking in such

outside occurrences was recognition of the fact that the gradual steps toward straightening out the world's political entanglements

The Business Situation

were the indispensable preliminary toward restoring normal conditions of international finance and commerce also: but the influence on financial markets of such sound and consistent public policy is always difficult to trace at a time when powerful counter-influences of a purely economic sort are still at work. The effect is often negative; that is to say, it arrests the progress of financial misgiving and creates an underlying confidence which could not be drawn from the immediate course of trade and industry. But it at least removes the dread, always present at such times in the financial mind, of that governmental confusion and hysteria which existed in similar after-panic periods during 1877 and 1894, and which created a very similar state of mind in the financial markets also.

Yet in the business situation itself there was no impressive change. If the midsummer steel and iron industry were to be taken as the measure of industrial conditions, the position was growing worse, for steel prices were heavily reduced again, and in July the produc-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 53)

Serving the Corporation and Municipality

THERE are few corporations and municipalities that cannot employ the facilities of a well-equipped trust company to good advantage. This institution is now rendering invaluable assistance in handling all phases of corporate and municipal finance.

In serving corporations, the Old Colony Trust Company acts in a wide variety of fiduciary capacities, relieving its clients of a vast amount of routine labor, large overhead expense and much responsibility. Through the Transfer Department it acts as transfer agent and registrar of stock; depositary under corporate agreements, reorganizations and consolidations; and as the Boston agent for the payment of bonds, coupons and dividends, in which connection the corporation merely deposits the full amount with us. Our Transfer Department also executes such incidental details as the mailing of notices, annual reports or announcements of interest to security holders of the corporation.

Furthermore, the Old Colony Trust Company acts as custodian of securities for corporations, municipalities and individuals, and as trustee under corporate mortgages. It underwrites and certifies entire issues of municipal bonds and notes.

The authorized powers of this company are adaptable to almost every conceivable financial requirement. Our officers will be glad to confer with corporation and municipal executives and explain at greater length our complete fiduciary services as they may apply to any given problem.

We shall be pleased to forward you upon request a copy of our booklets, "The Services of this Company as Your Agent", and "The Certification of Municipal Bonds". Please address Department S.

OLD COLONY TRUST COMPANY BOSTON



Member of the Federal Reserve System



A Sure Road to Financial Independence

The Halsey, Stuart & Co. Investment Plan enables you to invest a part of your income regularly in SAFE BONDS and thus build up a substantial income from investments. Bonds may be purchased from us with 10% [par value] initial payment and the balance in monthly payments, on which we allow 6% interest until bonds are paid for.

Write for full details contained in our booklet SM-7.

HALSEY, STUART & CO.

NEW YORK 49 Wall St. DETROIT Ford Bide. CHICAGO 200 S. La Salle St. PHILADELPHIA Land This Blds BOSTON 10 Post Office Sq ST. LOUIS Security Bidg.

MILWAUKEE First Wis, Nat. Bk. Bidg. M

MINNBAPOLIS Metropolitan Bk. Bidg

Public Utility Investments

AT this time, when the attractiveness of soundly managed utility investments is fully apparent, we are particularly well equipped to serve the interests of investors.

We offer thoroughly tested and dependable securities based on utilities serving upwards of 500 cities and towns—institutions which have been built up and successfully operated for years by our own engineering and management organization. These companies have 25,000 home shareholders.

Ask for Special List S

H.M.Byllesby & Co.

CHICAGO NEW YORK
208 So. LaSalle St. 111 Broadway
Boston—Providence—New Haven—Detroit
Minneapolis—Madison, Wis.—Oklahoma City

(Financial Situation, continued from page 51)

tion of iron in the United States actually fell to the smallest total since December, 1903. This basic industry, in other words, was at a lower ebb than in the six months' industrial paralysis of the war panic of 1914 or in the excessively violent reaction after 1907. Barely one-fourth as much iron was produced that month in the United States as in last October and only a little more than one-third as much as was being turned out on the eve of the European war. The comparison, indeed, meant more than appeared at first consideration, because the plant and productive capacity of the industry had been doubled during war time, so that the actual curtailment of production and the actual list of idle foundries and unemployed labor were far more formidable than in the period of reaction from the panic of 1907. When the great Steel Corporation reported its earnings for the quarter ending June 30, its statement showed that the regular dividend on the common stock had not been met-a circumstance which had occurred only three times in the company's twenty-year history. Payment of the 5 per cent dividend for that quarter left a deficit of \$4,571,000.

THIS was certainly not encouraging, and it was made the basis of a good many gloomy predictions for the autumn situation. Yet on this occasion, as on many others, the steel and iron trade, although undoubtedly indicating appears conditions did not

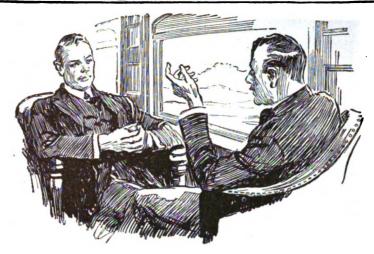
dicating general conditions, did not accurately reflect the tendency of the moment. While cotton goods,

In the Different Industries

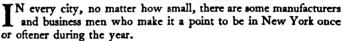
for instance, were selling only a trifle above pre-war prices and such commodities as corn and copper actually lower, the price of iron and steel, notwithstanding two reductions, remained nearly twice as high as it had been in the middle of 1914. That is to say, the readjustment which for other commodities began in the spring of 1920, had its real beginning in the steel trade only last autumn, and moreover, it had proceeded very slowly and tentatively. What Wall Street calls the liquidation in grain, cotton, copper and numerous allied industries had been thorough and drastic, and their gradual recovery was becoming visible long before producer and consumer had approached a common basis in the steel trade.

In normal years, the forecasts of the business

(Financial Situation, continued on page 55)



"As my bankers in New York said to me"



The Equitable has the privilege of serving hundreds of them. They arrive, register at the hotel, make their business calls, and then drop in at The Equitable.

Sometimes they have banking business to transact; sometimes they want merely to check up their own business observations and forecasts with those of men at the heart of the financial district. In either case their welcome is equally cordial and sincere.

We will be glad to have you numbered in this company of The Equitable's friends from out of town. Come in on your next visit to New York. You will bring us information from your section that will be of value to us; and we will find important ways to make our service valuable to you. Our Uptown Office, on Madison Avenue at 45th Street, is convenient to your hotel.



THE EQUITABLE TRUST COMPANY

OF NEW YORK

Banking-Trusts-Investments-Safe Deposit Vaults
Total Resources over \$300,000,000

37 WALL STREET

UPTOWN OFFICE: Madison Ave. at 45th St. London-3 King William St., E.C. 4

COLONIAL OFFICE: 222 Broadway
Paris - 23 Rue de la Paix

Franklin Revised!

"Nothing is sure in this life but death and taxes"—and

6% Prudence-Bonds!

Take a few minutes to look into this solid, seasoned, property-protected, first-mortgage security, and do it now!

Write for Booklet S. C. 133

Realty Associates Investment Corporation

31 Nassau St. 162 Remsen St. New York Brooklyn

Denominations \$100, \$500, and \$1,000°

ORMAN ARM MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS

What's the Use?

You save faithfully—as much as you can—each week and month. All sensible people do. But unless you put those savings to work for you, make them earn as much as they possibly can—with safety—what's the use?

Forman Farm Mortgage Investments, paying 7%, fully tested and secured, are the ideal income factory for savings. They make high income and make it surely. There are no dividends to be omitted. Interest has been paid without interruption for 36 years.

Our Monthly Payment Plan is the guide for savings investments. If you can't save all you want to, it will help you to save more —with the 7% interest as you save.

Let us send you our booklet explaining this easy saving plan. Ask for Circular S-3.

36 Years Without Loss To A Customer

George M. Forman

community are based very largely on indications for the harvests, and the midsummer government crop reports indicated a wheat yield which, though considerably below the war-time maximum, was larger than any prewar harvest. Coming as this indication did in the face of unfavorable news from foreign producing countries and with a moderate rise in wheat, the great mass of grain held back on the farms, because of unwillingness to sell at the great decline from the prices of 1020, began to move in quantity to market. In the last weeks of July the 22,000,000 bushels of wheat delivered at Western country markets made up the largest total in the history of the trade. As this great mass of wheat was sold, the farm communities paid off their bank loans; the problem of "frozen credits" in the West was being solved.

THE cotton crop told a different story. The government's first report, published in July, estimated the planted area as less by 2836 per cent than a year before, and the smallest since 1900, the average condition as the worst on record for that month and the indicated yield as barely two-thirds of the actual crop of the Cotton Crop 1920. On the basis of this estimate, cotton production in 1921 would be not only 5,000,000 bales under that of 1920, but would actually reach the smallest total of any season in a quarter of a century.

This remarkable change—the greatest change which has ever occurred in our history between two seasons except in the early years of the Civil War-resulted partly from a distinctly unfavorable start to the cotton season in the South, but mainly from the South's deliberate purpose. The individual planter would in any case have been compelled to curtail his programme for the coming season's production, partly because he had lost money heavily on the crop of 1920, produced when materials and labor were at the highest point of the inflated prices but marketed on the 50 or 60 per cent decline in cotton, but partly also because a great proportion of the past year's cotton yield had not been sold at all. Planters were heavily in debt, and even if they themselves had hesitated to reduce their acreage.

(Financial Situation, continued on page 57)

THERE'S good IN SAFE INVESTMENT

COMMERCIAL PROSPERITY

"Good Times" is only another term for free business intercourse. Money safely invested in bonds enables business to function smoothly by employing it where it is most needed.

Make your money serve this good and useful purpose by placing it in good, safe bonds. In making the selection you will find it to your profit advantage to co-operate with a reputable investment house.

You will find that the high standards by which we measure every security we sell, will effectively safe-guard your investment interests and assure the profitable employment of your funds.

> "Elementary Principles of Safe Investment" is an excellent guide-book for you to follow. Let us send it to you without obligation.

BLYTH, WITTER & CO.

NEW YORK

SAN FRANCISCO
Merchants Exchange

LOS ANGELES
Trust & Savings Bldg.

Yeon Bldg.

SEATTLE 812 Second Ave.



The facts-

secured in time—
often save losses in
investments

Every investor at times needs reliable, unbiassed information regarding securities.

In recognition of this fact, Scribner's Magazine maintains an Investor's Service Bureau, the purpose of which is to analyze securities and supply current news and up-to-date statistics regarding investments.

The personal attention of a conservative investment specialist is given to each inquiry received. For a thorough analysis of an investment a nominal fee is charged amounting to \$3.00 for one stock or bond, and \$2.00 for each additional security analyzed at the same time.

Many of our readers who have utilized this service have commented upon the quality and scope of the information received. If you have an investment problem write to-day. Address inquiries, accompanied by a remittance, to INVESTOR'S SERVICE BUREAU, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Once in a Generation

THE ERA immediately following the Civil War was one of golden opportunity for investors who could look ahead.

Bonds of all kinds were issued at rates of interest unheard of in peace times.

Then came readjustment.

The kinks in general business were gradually straightened out. Interest rates dropped back to the old peace-time basis and thus passed an investment opportunity such as has not been duplicated since-until now.

Bonds which a few years ago were selling to yield 4%, 5% and 6% can be bought today to yield 6%, 7% and 8%.

Write for List " SS"

ELLS-DICKEY COMPANY

SURPLUS & CAPITAL \$ 1,300,000 MINNEAPOLIS

38 YEARS WITHOUT LOSS TO AN INVESTOR For two generations THE GEORGIA LOAN & TRUST CO. has been selling Farm Mortgages, secured by properties in Georgia, Alabama and Florida. Present rate of interest 8%. No investor holds a mortgage bought from this Company that is not worth its face value and interest. Follow the rule—SAFETY first, and buy Farm Mort-gages such as are offered by THE TITLE GUARANTY & TRUST CO. THE FIRST MATIONAL BANK OF BRIDGEPORT BLDG BRIDGEPORT, CONN. HORTHERN OFFICE OF THE GEORGIA LOAN & TRUST CO. MACON, GEORGIA

Dependable Investment Bankers

The Financial Department of Scribner's Magazine exercises every precaution to limit its advertising columns to offerings of sound securities and to investment bankers and brokers with whom our readers may deal with confidence. We be-Here each financial institution advertising in Scribner's Magazine is worthy of the patronage of investors.

(Financial Situation, continued from page 55)

the Southern banks and merchants fixed the decision for them.

The position, as the planters' creditors saw it, was that the cotton-growing community might be unable to pay its past debts of 1920 until it could sell, at prices above the existing level, not only its crop of 1921, but the 8,000,ooo bales—three times the normal quantity carried over unsold from the American crop of 1920. They reasoned that another crop of last year's magnitude would not only keep down the price of cotton, but would so far meet the world's requirements of the next twelve months as to postpone still further the disposal of the unsold surplus which was already two or three times as great as in any previous normal year. Therefore both banks and merchants flatly refused to give credit to the borrowing planter until he should promise the cutting down of acreage on some such scale as 30 per cent. The present crop indication is the consequence. The outcome may be equivalent to what the cotton trade, ten years ago, would have called a harvest failure.

THE real interest in this cotton trade incident is the striking test which it may provide of the general problem of readjusting the markets both to present and future needs; in other words, of the influence of radically re-

duced production on the supply and demand position, on prices and The Plan on the future of international trade. The cotton experiment is Production still in its early stages. In 1919,

of Restricting

the government's preliminary estimate on planted acreage was 33,900,000 acres; it was subsequently raised to 35,100,000. A year ago the preliminary estimate was 35,500,000 acres; it was revised after harvest to 31,000,000 and the government's estimates of the probable vield in 1920 were successively marked up until at harvest time it was discovered that the crop of 1920 would be actually much the largest since the record-breaking harvest of 1914.

Present indications, however, point in a different direction, and an extremely unfavorable growing season has followed the undoubtedly very great reduction in planted acreage. If the government's predictions were to be fulfilled, no doubt the troubles of Southern pro-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 58)

Ask for S-170



Ames, Emerich & Company

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

105 So. La Salle St. 111 Broadway New York Chicago

1st Nat'l Bank Bldg. Milmanhee

Every Person with Dependents

Should secure and read a copy of "Safeguarding Your Family's Future," which may be obtained at a local Trust Company, or by addressing the

TRUST COMPANY DIVISION American Bankers Association

Five Nasseu Street

New York

Safety and 7 to 8%

It is just as simple to buy one of our 8% First Mortgage Real Estate Serial Gold Bonds as to make a household purchase.

We sell millions of dollars worth of bonds each year to banks, insurance companies and other investors large and small.

Take advantage of our Partial Payment Plan and make your money earn the highest interest rate.

American Rond & Mortgage COMPANY

127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. 562 Fifth Avenue, New York City mbus, Ohio Davenport, Iowa tford, Illinois Grand Rapids, Mich. Columbus, Ohio Rockford, Illinois

Pleas	e se	nd wi	thout o	bligation	on my	part full p Booklet	partic
ulars	OD.	your	Partial	Payment	: Plan.	Booklet	QSI

Name	• • •	•••	••	• •	••	• •	•	• •	•	• •	• •	•	••	•	•	• •	•	•	• •	•	•	٠	•	•	• •	•	•	•
Address	B.,		٠.	٠.	٠.		•		•		٠.	•		•	•	٠.	•			•			•	•		•	•	

(Financial Situation, continued from page 57)

ducers would be in the way of being solved. Yet, on the other hand, we should then have in the cotton trade, as we may have in many other industries also, the case of sweeping curtailment in production of a vital necessary at the moment when the consuming world was actually short of it. In the twelve months ending June 30, 1914, Europe bought for the ordinary needs of a year's consumption 8,600,000 bales of American cotton; in the twelve months ending June 30, 1921, it took 4,500,000 bales. This decrease of nearly fifty per cent occurs at a time when Europe's need of textile goods as indeed of all other products in which American production is being rigidly cut down—is actually greater than at any time in the memory of living men.

Yet that strange anomaly is, after all, only a very concrete and striking illustration of the present state of things in almost every productive industry of the country.

The cause of this condition is plain enough; communities and nations whose substance has been wasted in an exhausting war will eventually find that they no longer have the means to buy as they used to do. The solution of the problem on this occasion, as it has been in the aftermath of every other war, will be found in harder labor and larger production of their own goods by the European people, increasing purchase of those goods by nations such as the United States, which wish to maintain their own foreign market and consequent recovery of Europe's power to buy.

INFORMATIVE FINANCIAL LITERATURE

Following are announcements of current booklets and circulars issued by financial institutions, which may be obtained without cost on request addressed to the issuing banker. Investors are asked to mention SCRINBER'S MAGAZINE when writing for literature.

INVESTMENT BOOKLETS AND CIRCULARS

"Investment Safeguards" is an analysis of the fundamental safety tests of investment securities, including a brief dictionary of financial terms. It may be had free upon application to Ames. Emerich & Co., New York, Chicago, and Milwaukee.

A graphic circular showing the consistent gain in earnings over a long period by Standard Gas and Electric Company and its subsidiary properties is being distributed by H. M. Byllesby & Company, Chicago and New York.

Halsey, Stuart and Company's Circular of offerings contains information which will be of interest to any intending investor. Besides describing a wide variety of Safe Bonds, it includes comment regarding the bond situation; also interesting facts regarding the surprising results of systematic investing.

Blyth, Witter & Co., of San Francisco and New York, has published for distribution "Investment Opportunities of Today," in which is presented a selected list of sound investment offerings

"How to Figure the Income Basis on Bonds," a pamphlet recently published by Wells-Dickey Company of Minneapolis, treats a much misunderstood subject in an interesting and understandable way. Write for a copy.

"Tomorrow's Bond Prices," "Bonds as Safe as Our Cities," and "Municipal Bonds Defined" are a series of booklets recently published by William R. Compton Company, St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, and New Orleans. The first explains the significance of the present investment situation and the opportunity to obtain high returns over a period of years. The other two describe the various kinds of Municipal Bonds and the safeguards surrounding them.

BOOKLETS ON FINANCIAL SUBJECTS

"Concerning Trusts and Wills"—a brief outline of some of the more important advantages of the Trust Company over the individual as a fiduciary. This booklet suggests the proper manner of conserving estates and trust funds; insuring their management in the interest of the beneficiaries or owners. Send to Old Colony Trust Company, 17 Court Street, Boston 7, Mass.

"The Giant Energy—Electricity"—a booklet in popular form, which shows the attractiveness of carefully selected public utility bonds, and deals largely with the wonderful growth in the electric light and power business. Published by the National City Company, National City Bank Building, New York.

The Guaranty Trust Company of New York will send on request "Our New Place in World Trade," an illustrated booklet analyzing America's foreign trade and the opportunities of her new creditor position.

Bankers Trust Company of New York will send on request its booklet, "International Commercial and Financial Relationships and the Foreign Trade Financing Corporation."

The manner in which a great financial institution has come into being, together with facts and figures showing how this institution renders service to its friends and customers, is disclosed in a booklet recently published by the Continental and Commercial Banks of Chicago, Ill. The booklet is ready for general distribution.

A Quick-Reckoning Income Tax Table, aiding the investor to determine the gross yield he must get on a taxable bond to correspond to the yield on a tax-free municipal, is being distributed by Stacy & Braun, 5 Nassau Street, New York.

The Guaranty Company of New York will send "Investment Recommendations," a monthly booklet describing securities which it recommends for investment.

REAL ESTATE AND FARM MORTGAGE BOOKLETS

"Common Sense in Investing Money" is a comprehensive booklet published by S. W. Straus & Co., Fifth Avenue at Forty-sixth Street, New York, outlining the principles of safe investment and describing how the Straus Plan safeguards the various issues of First Mortgage 6% Serial Bonds offered by this house.

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company, La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago, will send on request, without obligation, a flexible, pocket-size, loose-leaf Investment Record Book, which they have prepared for free distribution to buyers of First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds.

The American Bond and Mortgage Company, Chicago, Ill., has just published, for free distribution, a book entitled "BuildingWith Bonds," which explains the principles and policies upon which this organization has been built.

"\$1,000 per year makes \$17,000 in twelve years," says the booklet published by the Prudence Bonds Corporation, 31 Nassau Street, New York. Mailed upon request.

"Selecting Today the Investments of Tomorrow" presents new facts regarding farm mortgages of interest to investors. Write George M. Forman & Company, 105 W. Monroe Street, Chicago.

The Title Guaranty & Trust Company of Bridgeport, Conn., will furnish upon application a list of mortgage investment offerings.



Practical Bank Operation

Prepared by L. H. Langston, under the direction of the Educational Committee of the

NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK

Describes in full detail all the operations of banking, basing its material on the methods of the National City Bank of New York. The two volumes deal with the characteristic functions of a highly organized bank—deposit, note-issuing, exchange, loaning and fiduciary and trust functions—as well as such facilitating operations as accounting, purchasing, personnel management, etc.

Every Banking Operation Fully Described

With many illustrative forms and diagrams, Mr. Langston gives a detailed description of all banking operations,

Receiving
Paying
Clearing
Collections
Discounts
Loans and Credits
Letters of Credit

Drafts and Transfers
Poreign Exchange
Fiduciary and Trust Functions
Auditing and Bookkseping
Mail, Telegrams, Supplies
Special Employment and Educational Systems

Valuable to All Who Deal with Banks as Well as to Bankers

"Practical Bank Operation" will be of definite value to all who want to take advantage of the many services every bank offers. Although based on the methods of one of the world's largest banks, it requires no special knowledge of banking terms. The volumes can be secured at bookstores or by the use of the attached form. Published 1921, two volumes, 713 pages, price, \$8.00.

The Ronald Press Company

Publishers
20 Vesey Street, New York

Publishers of Administration and Management Engineering.

At Bookstores

umOr by Mail

The Ronald Press Company, 20 Vesey Street, New York.

Please send me the two volumes of "Practical Bank Operation." Within five days I will either send you \$8.00, payment in full, or return the books. (All orders from outside the territorial limits of the United States must be accompanied by remittance. In case the book is not kept the money will be promptly refunded.)

Business Connection	
	309
Address	• • • • •
Name	• • • •

For catalog of publications on business, check here

SAFE SAILING



It's safe sailing with this Old Salt.

Why?

Because he knows-He knows every reef and rock-

Every light-house and derelict.

All the changing winds and clouds.

He knows how to steer through them or around them.

You have confidence in him be-

cause he has confidence in himself.

Why should you not have the same confidence in your investments?

Here are thirty-five booklets telling you how to steer around the rocks and reefs of risky financing.

1-How to Invest

2-Bonds and the Investor

-Investment Position of Municipal Bonds

-Partial Payment Investments

-Variety and Classes of Railroad Bonds

-Railroad Equipment Issues The Public Utility Field

-Public-Utility Securities as Investments

9-How to Select the Sound Utilities

10—The Future of Our Various Public Utilities

-Things to Know About Stocks
-Preferred Stocks—"A Middle Ground Invest-ment"

-Preferred Stocks, Pro and Con

14-Unlisted Securities-Whence Do They Come? 15—The Machinery of the Unlisted Security Market

16-Unlisted Securities-Where Do They Go?

17—Our Foreign Bond Holdings 18—"Internal" Foreign Loans and the Exchanges

19-Foreign Bonds to Suit All Tastes

20-Real-Estate Securities-Strong-Box Investments

21—The Unique Investment—The Mortgage Loan 22—The Mortgage in Retail Packages

23-Mobilizing Mortgage Money

24-Amortization of Mortgages 25-The Farm Mortgage as an Investment 26-How Sound Farm Mortgages Are Made 27-The Various Forms of Farm-Mortgage

Security 28—Story of the Farm Mortgage Bank-ers Association 29—What Is the Stock Exchange?

Attached

is check (or \

is check (or 30—Exchange Members and What money order) They Do

for \$2.00 for 31—The Sinews of the Market 32—Investment and Specu-lation which send 35

33—Dimensions of the Market (Long and Short) booklets. Investor's Service Department

34-The Committee SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE on Bus Conduct Business

597 Fifth Avenue, New York 35—The Odd

Address

1922 -What Will It Bring?

Are you looking ahead already, studying the trend of business conditions so that you may form plans that will bring a still greater measure of success?

The consistently accurate anticipation of the future is not a matter of instinct or "hunch. but of close observation and study. The principles involved are clearly and authoritatively explained in

BUSINESS FORECASTING

By David F. Jordan Asst. Professor of Finance New York University

In the various fields of business there are barometers which reliably forecast certain conditions. For instance, the cotton crop and the price obtained directly influence market distribution in the South during the following year. Again, marked building activity means the employment of large numbers of men, and their increased buying power, as well as a strong demand for building materials of all kinds. "Business Forecasting" explains in detail each business barometer and its exact significance. It tells you where to get the information and how to interpret it. It will enable you to anticipate conditions and take advantage of them.

Judge For Yourself

In order that you may appreciate the intensely practical nature of this book, we will gladly send it to you for 5 days' examination.

PRENTICE-HALL, INC. NEW YORK This will being you the book

	I ALL WILL DIING YOU HE DOOK
	ce-Hall, Inc. 70 Fifth Avenue, New York
Please and eithe	send me "Business Forecasting." I will examine it r send \$5 or return it within 5 days from receipt.
BFI	
Name	
Address	
Firm	

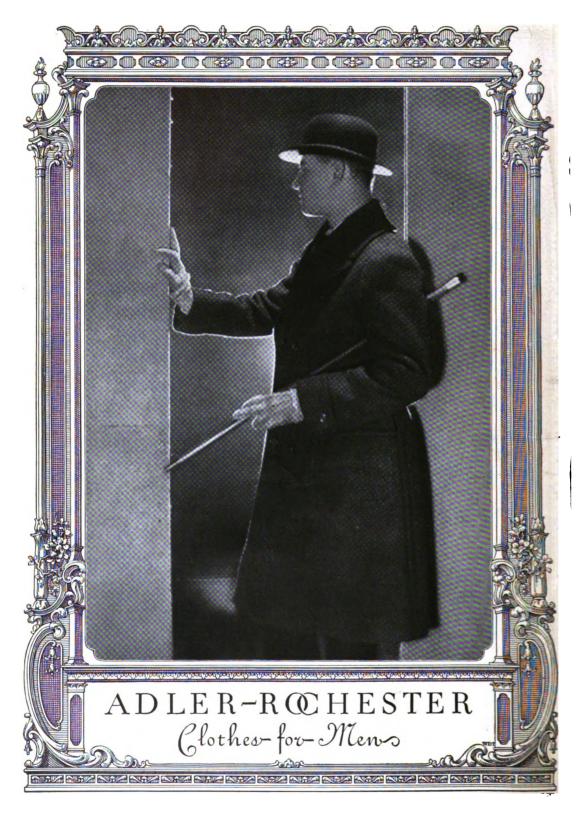
Vol. LXX · No. 4 35 CENTS

MAGAZINE



Special Articles							T.	
Cosmic Crucibles .							GEORGE ELLERY HALE	387
George Washington, Car	otair	of a	Ind	ustr	y		EUGENE E. PRUSSING	412
Beds Under Stars							ARGUERITE WILKINSON	
							-	
The Great Race — Eclips	se A	\gai	nst 1	the '	Wor	ld!	MAX FARRAND	
Oxford and Cambridge As Seen by American Soldier-S	:	. •	•				. EDWIN W. PAHLOW	477
The Island of Eugenia:	ruden The	ts Dh	anta	637 G	fal	F.	olish	
Philosopher	1 116	1 112	aiita	зу С	1 4 1		WILLIAM M-POLICALI	483
At Service in a Millionai	re's	Fa	mils	,	•	•	WILLIAM Marougall "A LIST"	493
Another Episode from My "Fo	ur Ye	ars in	the U	nderb	rush "		A (131	473
Stories							•	
							· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	<i>f</i>
Winged Sandals The Crystal in the Attic Button Swan	•	•	•	•	•	•		402
The Crystal in the Attic	•	•	•	•	•	٠	. GLC	429
Button Swan	•	•	•	•	•	•	C. GRAN'r	149
The Risk	•	•	•	•	•	•	V. H. FRIED ANDER	464
F oetry								
Panther! Panther!							JOHN HALL WHEELOCK	411
The Anniversary	•.						GAMALIEL BRADFORD	439
The Anniversary Love Walked With Me							CHARLES W. KENNEDY	456
Summer's Adieu							JOHN JAY CHAPMAN	492
Departments					è			
The Point of View	٠.				•			503
Concerning Top Floors -James					Style			
The Field of Art	•	•	•	•			. OLIVER S. TONKS	507
Realism and Idealism in 3.							THU ANDED DANA MOSTO	
The Financial Situation				٠.	•	A	LEXANDER DANA NOYES	513

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS NEW YOUR SONGE THE SCRIBNER TO CHARLES SCRIBNER JR. Sec. 597-599 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK + CONSTABLE & COMPANY LIMITED LONDON



SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

Contents for OCTOBER 1921

GEORGE WASHINGTON From the painting by John Trumbull, 1780.		. Fro	nhis	piece
COSMIC CRUCIBLES. Illustrations from photographs taken at the Mount Wilson Observatory.	George Ellery Hale Director of the Mount Wilson servatory.	о́ b-	•	387
WINGED SANDALS. A Story Illustrations drawn and engraved on wood by Harry Townsend.	Mary R. S. Andrews	•	•	402
PANTHER! PANTHER! Poem	John Hall Wheelock .			411
GEORGE WASHINGTON, CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY. FIRST PAPER Illustrations from rare prints and documents.	Eugene E. Prussing .	•		412
THE CRYSTAL IN THE ATTIC—A Story Illustrations by Rudolph Tandler.	Glory Thomas	•	•	429
THE ANNIVERSARY. Poem	Gamaliel Bradford .			439
BEDS UNDER STARS—ANOTHER CRUISE OF "THE DINGBAT OF ARCADY"	Marguerite Wilkinson	•		440
BUTTON SWAN—A Story	C. Grant La Farge .	•	•	449
LOVE WALKED WITH ME. Poem	Charles W. Kennedy	•		456
THE GREAT RACE—ECLIPSE AGAINST THE WORLD! Illustrations from contemporary prints.	Max Farrand	•		457
THE RISK—A Story Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty.	V. H. Friedlaender .	•	•	464
OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE—AS SEEN BY AMERICAN SOLDIER-STUDENTS	Edwin W. Pahlow Formerly Dean, American Sol Students in British Universitie	dier-	•	477
THE ISLAND OF EUGENIA; THE PHAN- TASY OF A FOOLISH PHILOSOPHER	William McDougail Author of "Is America Safe for Democracy?"	or Or		483
SUMMER'S ADIEU. Poem	John Jay Chapman .		•	492
AT SERVICE IN A MILLIONAIRE'S FAMILY—ANOTHER EPISODE FROM MY "FOUR YEARS IN THE				
UNDERBRUSH"	"A Novelist".	•	•	493
THE POINT OF VIEW—Concerning Top F	floors—James Huneker's To	p-Floo	or	503
THE FIELD OF ART—Realism and		-	•	J - J
Idealism in Art	Oliver S. Tonks .	•	•	507
THE FINANCIAL SITUATION—New Incidents of the Economic Depression	Alexander Dana Noyes	•	•	\$13

Copyrighted in 1981 in United States, Canada, and Great Britain, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Printed in New York. All rights reserved. Entered as Second-Class Matter December 2, 1886, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 2, 1870. Henred as Second-Class Matter, at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

SCRIBNER'S

for NOVEMBER

Chauncey M. Depew's

Autobiography

The memories of more than eighty years of a remarkable international figure begin in this number. with grace and humor, and the facility which has made Chauncey Depew a famous speaker and orator, this first installment will immediately capture the reader. It begins with his Peekskill boyhood, Yale College days in the fifties, and active politics in the sixties, when he was already Assemblyman, Secretary of State, and appointed Minister to Japan. There is also a first-hand view of Abraham Lincoln.

[To run through six numbers]

George Washington, **Captain of Industry**

Here is told for the first time from official records the history of George Washington's ownership of stock in the Bank of England.

A Woman Among the Luba Cannibals

Helen E. Springer, the wife of a missionary, was the first white woman to visit these savage people in the Congo region. It is a unique narrative with many pictures.

The Sidewalks of **New York**

Louis Dodge, the novelist, visiting the city for the first time in many years, sees New York from a new angle.

Picturesque Pittsburgh

Eight sketches in crayon by Frederick Polley reveal the striking contrasts of this great industrial city.

Stories, Essays and Poems

Among the contributors of these features are Mary Synon, James Boyd, W. J. Henderson, Maurice Francis Egan; also The Point of View (anonymous), The Field of Art (Frank Weitenkampf), The Financial Situation (Alexander Dana Noyes).

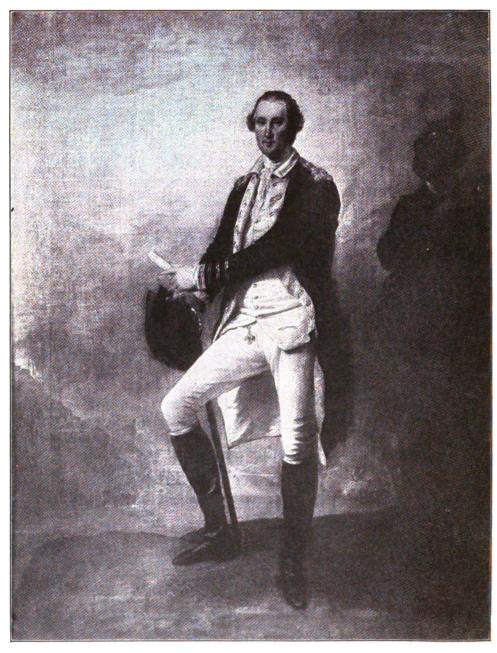
CHAI	RIFS	SCRIB	NER'S	SONS
FIFTH	AVE.	ат 48тн	ST., N.	Y. C.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed please find \$4.00 for a year's subscription to scribner's magazine beginning with Chauncey M. Depew's Autobiography in the November issue.

Name	Street	
City	State	





GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Painted 1780 by John Trumbull.

In the collection of Charles Allen Munn, Esq.

—See "George Washington, Captain of Industry," page 412.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXX

OCTOBER, 1921

NO. 4

COSMIC CRUCIBLES

BY GEORGE ELLERY HALE

Director of the Mount Wilson Observatory of the Carnegie Inscitution of Washington

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT THE MOUNT WILSON ORSERVATORY



HELTER during Raids," marking the entrance to underground passages, was a sign of common occurrence and sinister sugges-

during the war. With characteristic ingenuity and craftiness, ostensibly for purposes of peace but with bomb-carrying capacity as a prime specification, the Zeppelin had been developed by the Germans to a point where it seriously threatened both London and Paris. Search-Hights, range-finders, and anti-aircraft guns, surpassed by the daring ventures of British and French airmen, would have served but little against the night invader except for its one fatal defect—the inflammable nature of the hydrogen gas that kept it aloft. A single explosive bullet served to transform a Zeppelin into a heap of scorched and twisted metal. This characteristic of hydrogen caused the failure of the Zeppelin raids.

Had the war lasted a few months longer, however, the work of American scientists would have made our counterattack in the air a formidable one. At the signing of the armistice hundreds of cylinders of compressed helium lay at the docks ready for shipment abroad. Extracted from the natural gas of Texas wells by new and ingenious processes, this identified in the spectra of solar promisubstitute for hydrogen, almost as light nences, gaseous nebulæ, and hot stars. and absolutely uninflammable, produced Indeed, there is a stellar class known as in quantities of millions of cubic feet, helium stars, because of the dominance would have made the dirigibles of the of this gas in their atmospheres. Allies masters of the air. The special

properties of this remarkable gas, previously obtainable only in minute quantities, would have sufficed to reverse the situation.

Helium, as its name implies, is of solar tion throughout London origin. In 1868, when Lockyer first directed his spectroscope to the great flames or prominences that rise thousands of miles, sometimes hundreds of thousands. above the surface of the sun, he instantly identified the characteristic red and blue radiations of hydrogen. In the yellow, close to the position of the well-known double line of sodium, but not quite coincident with it, he detected a new line, of great brilliancy, extending to the highest levels. Its similarity in this respect with the line of hydrogen led him to recognize the existence of a new and very light gas, unknown to terrestrial chemistry.

Many years passed before any chemical laboratory on earth was able to match this product of the great laboratory of the sun. In 1806 Ramsay at last succeeded in separating helium, recognized by the same yellow line in its spectrum, in minute quantities from the mineral uraninite. Once available for study under electrical excitation in vacuum tubes. helium was found to have many other lines in its spectrum, which have been

The chief importance of helium lies in

New York. All rights reserved.

Copyrighted in 1921 in United States, Canada, and Great Britain, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Printed in

the clue it has afforded to the constitution of matter and the transmutation of the elements. Radium and other radioactive substances, such as uranium, spontaneously emit negatively charged particles of extremely small mass (electrons). and also positively charged particles of much greater mass, known as alpha particles. Rutherford and Geiger actually succeeded in counting the number of alpha particles emitted per second by a known mass of radium, and showed that these were charged helium atoms.

To discuss more at length the extraordinary characteristics of helium, which plays so large a part in celestial affairs, would take us too far afield. Let us therefore pass to another case in which a fundamental discovery, this time in physics. was first foreshadowed by astronomical observation.

SUN-SPOTS AS MAGNETS

No archæologist, whether Young or Champollion deciphering the Rosetta Stone, or Rawlinson copying the cuneiform inscription on the cliff of Behistun, was ever faced by a more fascinating problem than that which confronts the solar physicist engaged in the interpretation of the hieroglyphic lines of sun-spot spectra. The colossal whirling storms that constitute sun-spots, so vast that the earth would make but a moment's scant mouthful for them, differ materially from the general light of the sun when examined with the spectroscope. Observing them visually many years ago, the late Professor Young, of Princeton, found among their complex features a number of double lines which he attributed, in harmony with the physical knowledge of the time, to the effect of "reversal" by superposed layers of vapors of different density and temperature. What he actually saw, however, as was proved at the Mount Wilson Observatory in 1908, was the effect of a powerful magnetic field on radiation, now known as the Zeeman effect.

Faraday was the first to detect the influence of magnetism on light. Between the poles of a large electromagnet, powerful for those days (1845), he placed a block of very dense glass. The plane of

passed unaffected through the glass before the switch was closed, was seen to rotate when the magnetic field was produced by the flow of the current. A similar rotation is now familiar in the well-known tests of sugars—lævulose and dextrose—which rotate plane-polarized light to left and right, respectively.

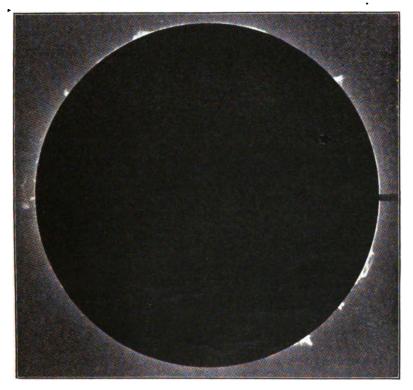
But in this first discovery of a relationship between light and magnetism Faraday had not taken the more important step that he coveted—to determine whether the vibration period of a lightemitting particle is subject to change in a magnetic field. He attempted this in 1862—the last experiment of his life. A sodium flame was placed between the poles of a magnet, and the yellow lines were watched in a spectroscope when the magnet was excited. No change could be detected, and none was found by subsequent investigators until Zeeman, of Leiden, with more powerful instruments made his famous discovery, the twentyfifth anniversary of which is to be celebrated next October.

His method of procedure was similar to Faraday's, but his magnet and spectroscope were much more powerful, and a theory due to Lorentz, predicting the nature of the change to be expected, was available as a check on his results. When the current was applied the lines were seen to widen. In a still more powerful magnetic field each of them split into two components (when the observation was made along the lines of force). and the light of the components of each line was found to be circularly polarized in opposite directions. Strictly in harmony with Lorentz's theory, this splitting and polarization proved the presence in the luminous vapor of exactly such negatively charged electrons as had been indicated there previously by very different experimental methods.

In 1908 great cyclonic storms, or vortices, were discovered at the Mount Wilson Observatory centring in sun-spots. Such whirling masses of hot vapors, inferred from Sir Joseph Thomson's results to contain electrically charged particles. should give rise to a magnetic field. This hypothesis at once suggested that the double lines observed by Young might polarization of a beam of light, which really represent the Zeeman effect. The

test was made, and all the characteristic one-hundred-and-fifty-foot tower telephenomena of radiation in a magnetic scopes on Mount Wilson, are especially field were found. Thus a great physical experiment is constantly being performed experiments. The second of these telefor us in the sun. Every great sun-spot scopes produces at a fixed point in a contains a magnetic field covering hun- laboratory an image of the sun about six-

designed for observing the course of these dreds of thousands of square miles, within teen inches in diameter, thus enlarging



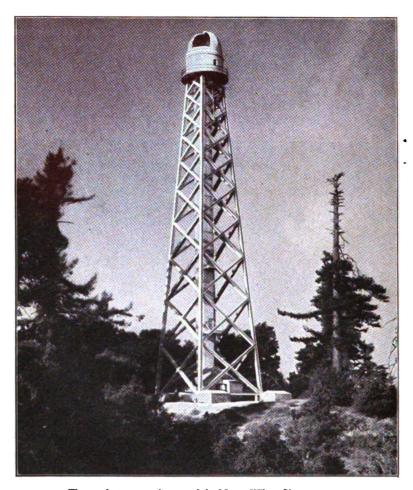
Solar prominences, photographed with the spectroheliograph without an eclipse.

In these luminous gaseous clouds, which sometimes rise to elevations exceeding half the sun's diameter, the new gas helium was discovered by Lockyer in 1868. Helium was not found on the earth until 1896. Since then it has been shown to be a prominent constituent of nebulæ and hot stars.

which the spectrum lines of iron, manganese, chromium, titanium, vanadium, calcium, and other metallic vapors are so powerfully affected that their widening and splitting can be seen with telescopes and spectroscopes of moderate size.

Both of these illustrations show how the physicist and chemist, when adequately armed for astronomical attack, can take advantage in their studies of the stupendous processes visible in cosmic crucibles, heated to high temperatures and influenced, as in the case of sun-spots, by intense magnetic fields. Certain mod-

the sun-spots to such a scale that the magnetic phenomena of their various parts can be separately studied. This analysis is accomplished with a spectroscope eighty feet in length, mounted in a subterranean chamber beneath the tower. The varied results of such investigations will be described in a later number of this magazine. Only one of them may be mentioned here—the discovery that the entire sun, rotating on its axis, is a great magnet. Hence we may reasonably infer that every star, and probably every planet, is also a magnet, as the earth has ern instruments, like the sixty-foot and been known to be since the days of Gil-



The 150-foot tower telescope of the Mount Wilson Observatory.

An image of the sun about 16 inches in diameter is formed in the laboratory at the base of the tower. Below this, in a well extending 80 feet into the earth, is the powerful spectroscope with which the magnetic fields in sun-spots and the general magnetic field of the sun are studied.

bert's "De Magnete." Here lies one of the best clues for the physicist who seeks the cause of magnetism, and attempts to produce it, as Barnett has recently succeeded in doing, by rapidly whirling masses of metal in the laboratory.

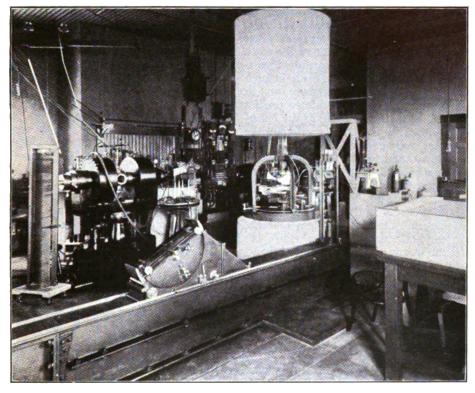
Perhaps a word of caution should be interpolated at this point. Solar magtion cannot be felt by the most delicate limitations of space forbid us to pursue. instruments at the distance of the earth, and would still be unknown were it not for the influence of magnetism on light.

deranged several Atlantic cables are due, not to the magnetism of the sun or its spots, but probably to streams of electrons, shot out from highly disturbed areas of the solar surface surrounding great sun-spots, traversing ninety-three million miles of the ether of space, and penetrating deep into the earth's atmosa netism in no wise accounts for the sun's phere. These striking phenomena lead gravitational power. Indeed, its attrac- us into another chapter of physics, which

STELLAR CHEMISTRY

Let us turn again to chemistry, and see Auroras, magnetic storms, and such where experiments performed in cosmic electric currents as those that recently laboratories can serve as a guide to the

investigator. A spinning solar tornado, temperatures of sun-spots, has been much incomparably greater in scale than the studied in the laboratory. The regions devastating whirlwinds that so often cut in which they exist, though cooler than narrow paths of destruction through town and country in the Middle West, grad-temperatures of several thousand degrees, ually gives rise to a sun-spot. The ex- attained in our laboratories only with



Pasadena Laboratory of the Mount Wilson Observatory.

Showing the large magnet (on the left) and the spectroscopes used for the study of the effect of magnetism on radia-tion. A single line in the spectrum is split by the magnetic field into from three to twenty-one components, as illustrated on page 304. The corresponding lines in the spectra of sun-spots are split up in precisely the same way, thus indicating the presence of powerful magnetic fields in the sun.

pansion produced by the centrifugal force at the centre of the storm cools the intensely hot gases of the solar atmosphere to a point where chemical union can occur. Titanium and oxygen, too hot to combine in most regions of the sun, join to form the vapor of titanium oxide, characterized in the sun-spot spectrum by fluted bands, made up of hundreds of regularly spaced lines. Similarly magnesium and hydrogen combine as magnesium hydride, and calcium and hydrogen form calcium hydride. None of these compounds, stable at the high July number of this magazine.

the aid of such devices as powerful electric furnaces.

It is interesting to follow our line of reasoning to the stars, which differ widely in temperature at various stages in their life-cycle.* A sun-spot is a solar tornado, wherein the intensely hot solar vapors are cooled by expansion, giving rise to the compounds already named. A red star, in our scheme of stellar evolution, is a cooler sun, vast in volume and far more tenuous than atmospheric air when in the

* See an article by the author on "Giant Stars" in the

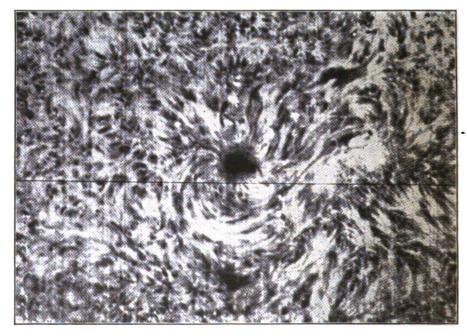


early or "giant" stage, but compressed and denser than water in the "dwarf" stage, into which our sun has already entered as it gradually approaches the last phases of its existence. Therefore we should find, throughout the entire atmosphere of such stars, some of the same compounds that are produced within the comparatively small limits of a sun-spot. This, of course, on the correct assumption that sun and stars are made of the same substances. Fowler has already identified the bands of titanium oxide in such red stars as the giant Betelgeuse, and in others of its class. It is safe to predict that an interesting chapter in the chemistry of the future will be based upon the study of such compounds, both in the laboratory and under the progressive temperature conditions afforded by the countless stellar "giants" and "dwarfs" that precede and follow the solar state.

It is precisely in this long sequence of physical and chemical changes that the astrophysicist and the astrochemist can find the means of pushing home their attack. It is true, of course, that the laboratory investigator has a great advan-

tage in his ability to control his experiments, and to vary their progress at will. But by judicious use of the transcendental temperatures, far outranging those of his furnaces, and (to name no other) the extreme electrical conditions, which he thus far cannot imitate, afforded by the sun, stars, and nebulæ, he may greatly widen the range of his inquiries. The sequence of phenomena seen during the growth of a sun-spot, or the observation of spots of different sizes, and the long series of successive steps that mark the rise and decay of stellar life, correspond to the changes that the experimenter brings about as he increases and diminishes the current in the coils of his magnet or raises and lowers the temperature of his electric furnace, examining from time to time the spectrum of the glowing vapors, and noting the changes shown by the varying appearance of their lines.

Astronomical observations of this character, it should be noted, are most effective when constantly tested and interpreted by laboratory experiment. Indeed, a modern astrophysical observatory should be equipped like a great physical



Sun-spot vortex in the upper hydrogen atmosphere.

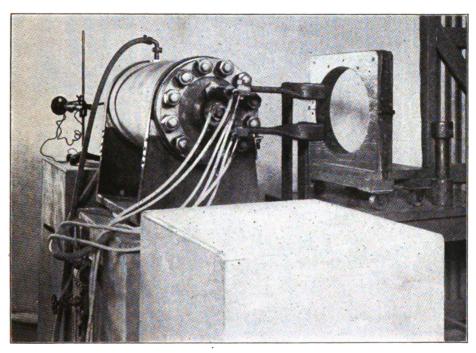
Photographed with the spectroheliograph. The electric vortex that causes the magnetic field of the spot lies at a lower level, and is not shown by such photographs.

investigator of radiation and the related physical and chemical phenomena. Its telescopes, especially designed with the aims of the physicist and chemist in view, bring images of sun, stars, nebulæ and law of physics-Newton's law of gravitaother heavenly bodies within the reach tion. Huge balls of lead, as used by

laboratory, provided on the one hand astronomer, who has often been able, by with telescopes and accessory apparatus making fundamental physical and chemof the greatest attainable power, and on ical discoveries, to repay his debt to the the other with every device known to the physicist and chemist for the apparatus and methods which he owes to them.

NEWTON AND EINSTEIN

Take, for another example, the greatest

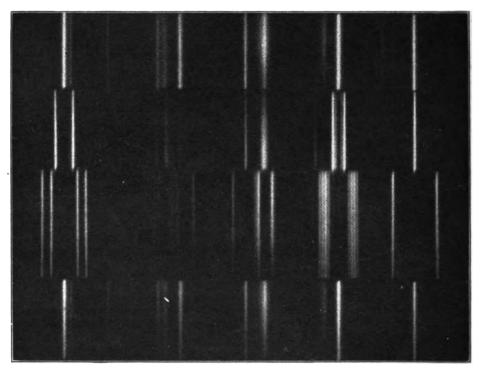


Electric furnace in the Pasadena laboratory of the Mount Wilson Observatory. With which the chemical phenomena observed in sun-spots and red stars are experimentally imitated.

of powerful spectroscopes, sensitive bolometers and thermopiles, and the long array of other appliances available for the measurement and analysis of radiation. Its electric furnaces, arcs, sparks, and vacuum tubes, its apparatus for increasing and decreasing pressure, varying chemical conditions, and subjecting luminous gases and vapors to the influence of electric and magnetic fields, provide the means of imitating celestial phenomena, and of repeating and interpreting the experiments observed at the telescope. And the advantage thus derived, from Mount Wilson stars falling with as we have seen, is not confined to the great velocity toward the centre of the

Cavendish, produce by their gravitational effect a minute rotation of a delicately suspended bar, carrying smaller balls at its extremities. But no such feeble means sufficed for Newton's purpose. To prove the law of gravitation he had recourse to the tremendous pull on the moon of the entire mass of the earth, and then extended his researches to the mutual attractions of all the bodies of the solar system. Later Herschel applied this law to the suns which constitute double stars, and to-day Adams observes of the millions of objects that compose Thus full advantage has been taken of the possibility of utilizing the great masses of the heavenly bodies for the discovery and application of a law of physics and its reciprocal use in explaining celestial motions.

galactic system under the combined pull high altitudes. All of the three chief tests of Einstein's general theory are astronomical—because of the great masses required to produce the minute effects observed: the motion of the perihelion of Mercury, the deflection of the light of a star by the attraction of the sun, and the shift of the lines of the solar spectrum



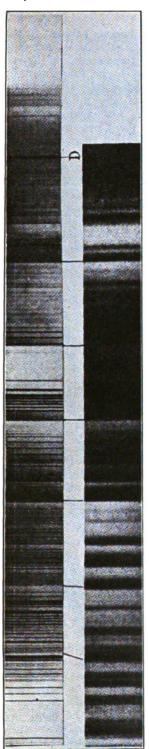
Splitting of spectrum lines by a magnetic field.

The upper and lower strips show lines in the spectrum of chromium, observed without a magnetic field. When subjected to the influence of magnetism, these single lines are split into several components. Thus the first line on the right is resolved by the field into three components, one of which (plane polarized) appears in the second strip, while the other two, which are polarized in a plane at right angles to that of the middle component, are shown on the third strip. The next line is split by the magnetic field into twelve components, four of which appear in the second strip and eight in the third. The magnetic fields in sun-spots affect these lines in precisely the same way.

Or consider the Einstein theory of relativity, the truth or falsity of which is no pletely answered. less fundamental to physics. Its inception sprang from the Michelson-Morley experiment, made in a basement laboratory in Cleveland, which showed that motion of the earth through the ether of space could not there be detected. This Miller on the summit of Mount Wilson to determine whether the absence of relaserved at low levels, is equally true at happens that astrophysical research is

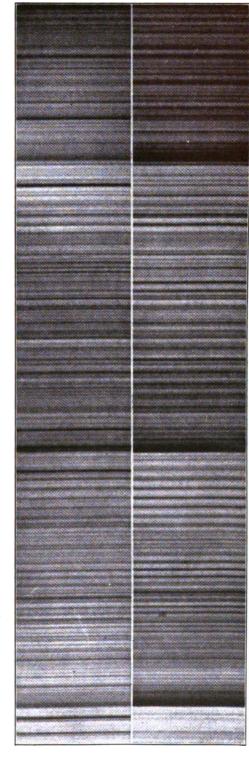
toward the red—questions not yet com-

But it is in the study of the constitution of matter and the evolution of the elements, the deepest and most critical problem of physics and chemistry, that the extremes of pressure and temperature experiment is now being repeated by in the heavenly bodies, and the prevalence of other physical conditions not yet successfully imitated on earth, promise tive motion of earth and ether, as ob- the greatest progress. It fortunately



Titanium oxide in red stars.

The upper spectrum is that of titanium in the flame of the electric arc, where its combination with oxygen gives rise to the bands of titanium oxide (Fowler). The lower strip shows the spectrum of the red star Mira (Omicron Ceti), as drawn at Stonyhurst. The bands of titanium oxide are clearly present in the star.



Titanium oxide in sun-spots.

The upper strip shows a portion of the spectrum of a sun-spot; the lower one the corresponding region of the spectrum of titanium oxide. The fluted bands of the oxide spectrum are easily identified in the spot, where they indicate that titanium and oxygen, too bot to combine in the solar atmosphere, unite in the spot, where they indicate that titanium and oxygen, too bot to combine in the solar atmosphere, unite in the spot, where they indicate that titanium and oxygen, too bot to combine in the solar atmosphere, unite in the spot, where they indicate that titanium and oxygen, too bot to combine in the solar atmosphere, unite in the spot, where they indicate that titanium are easily identified.

now at the very apex of its development, founded as it is upon many centuries of astronomical investigation, rejuvenated by the introduction into the observatory of all the modern devices of the physicist, and strengthened with instruments of truly extraordinary range and power. These instruments bring within reach experiments that are in progress on some minute region of the sun's disk, or in some star too distant even to be glimpsed with ordinary telescopes. Indeed, the huge astronomical lenses and mirrors now available serve for these remote lightsources exactly the purpose of the lens or mirror employed by the physicist to project upon the slit of his spectroscope the image of a spark or arc or vacuum tube within which atoms and molecules are exposed to the influence of the electric discharge. The physicist has the advantage of complete control over the experimental conditions, while the astrophysicist must observe and interpret the experiments performed for him in remote laboratories. In actual practice, the two classes of work must be done in the closest conjunction, if adequate utilization is to be made of either. And this is only natural, for the trend of recent research has made clear the fact that one of the three greatest problems of modern astronomy and astrophysics, ranking with the structure of the universe and the evolution of celestial bodies, is the constitution of matter. Let us see why this is so.

TRANSMUTATION OF THE ELEMENTS

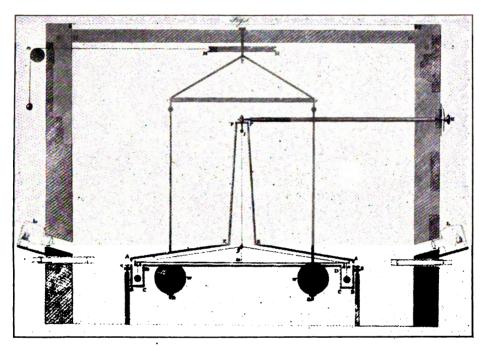
The dream of the alchemist was to transmute one element into another, with the prime object of producing gold. Such transmutation has been actually accomplished within the last few years, but the process is invariably one of disintegration—the more complex elements being broken up into simpler constituents. Much remains to be done in this same direction; and here the stars and nebulæ. which show the spectra of the elements under a great variety of conditions, should help to point the way. The progressive changes in spectra, from the exclusive indications of the simple elements hydrogen, helium, nitrogen, possibly carbon, and the terrestrially unknown gas

nebulium in the gaseous nebulæ, to the long list of familiar substances, including several chemical compounds, in the red stars, may prove to be fundamentally significant when adequately studied from the standpoint of the investigator of atomic structure. The existing evidence seems to favor the view, recently expressed by Saha, that many of these differences are due to varying degrees of ionization, the outer electrons of the atoms being split off by high temperature or electrical excitation. It is even possible that cosmic crucibles, unrivalled by terrestrial ones, may help materially to reveal the secret of the formation of complex elements from simpler ones. Physicists now believe that all of the elements are compounded of hydrogen atoms, bound together by negative electrons. Thus helium is made up of four hydrogen atoms, yet the atomic weight of helium (4) is less than four times that of hydrogen (1.008). The difference may represent the mass of the electrical energy released when the transmutation occurred.

Eddington has speculated in a most interesting way on this possible source of stellar heat in his recent presidential address before the British Association for the Advancement of Science (see Nature, September 2, 1920). He points out that the old contraction hypothesis, according to which the source of solar and stellar heat was supposed to reside in the slow condensation of a radiating mass of gas under the action of gravity, is wholly inadequate to explain the observed phenomena. If the old view were correct, the earlier history of a star, from the giant stage of a cool and diaphanous gas to the period of highest temperature, would be run through within eighty thousand years, whereas we have the best of evidence that many thousands of centuries would not suffice. Some other source of energy is imperatively needed. If 5 per cent of a star's mass consists originally of hydrogen atoms, which gradually combine in the slow process of time to form more complex elements, the total heat thus liberated would more than suffice to account for all demands, and it would be unnecessary to assume the existence of any other source of heat.

COSMIC PRESSURES

only a few thousand degrees, but vastly higher temperatures must prevail at their This, it may fairly be said, is very spec- centres. In passing up the temperature ulative, but the fact remains that celes- curve more and more elements appear, tial bodies appear to be the only places the surface temperature rises, and the in which the complex elements may be internal temperature may reach millions in actual process of formation from their of degrees. At the same time the presknown source—hydrogen. At least we sure within must also rise, reaching



The Cavendish experiment.

Two lead balls, each two inches in diameter, are attached to the ends of a torsion rod six feet long, which is suspended by a fine wire. The experiment consists in measuring the rotation of the suspended system, caused by the gravitational attraction of two lead spheres, each twelve inches in diameter, acting on the two small lead balls.

At one end of the scale we have the exof which, mysterious in its origin, retubes. Here we can detect only the lightest and simplest of the elements. In the giant stars, also extremely tenuous (the density of Betelgeuse can hardly exceed one thousandth of an atmosphere) we observe the spectra of iron, manganese, titanium, calcium, chromium, magnesium, vanadium, and sodium, in addiof these bodies, from which light reaches us, must therefore be at a temperature of loaded with a solid steel projectile of

may see what a vast variety of physical enormous figures in the last stages of conditions these cosmic crucibles afford. stellar life. Cook has calculated that the pressure at the centre of the earth is becessively tenuous nebulæ, the luminosity tween 4,000 and 10,000 tons per square inch, and this must be only a very small sembles the electric glow in our vacuum fraction of that attained within larger celestial bodies. Jeans has computed the pressure at the centre of two colliding stars as they strike and flatten, and finds it may be of the order of 1,000,000,000 tons per square inch-sufficient, if their diameter be equal to that of the sun—to vaporize them 100,000 times over.

Compare these pressures with the hightion to titanium oxide. The outer part est that can be produced on earth. If the German gun that bombarded Paris were 6,000 feet per second could be reached. Suppose this to be fired into a tapered hole in a great block of steel. The instantaneous pressure, according to Cook, would be about 7,000 tons per square inch, only 150000 of that possible through the collision of the largest stars.

Finally, we may compare the effects of light pressure on the earth and stars. Twenty years ago Nichols succeeded, with the aid of the most sensitive apparatus, in measuring the minute displacements produced by the pressure of light. The effect is so slight, even with the brightest light-sources available, that great experimental skill is required to measure it. Yet in the case of some of the larger stars Eddington calculates that one-half of their mass is supported by radiation pressure, and this against their enormous gravitational attraction. In fact, if their mass were as great as ten times that of the sun, the radiation pressure would so nearly overcome the pull of gravitation that they would be likely to break up.

But enough has been said to illustrate the wide variety of experimental devices that stand at our service in the laboratories of the heavens. Here the physicist and chemist of the future will more and more frequently supplement their experimental apparatus, and find new clues to the complex problems which the amazing progress of recent years has already done so much to solve.

PRACTICAL VALUE OF RESEARCHES ON THE CONSTITUTION OF MATTER

The layman has no difficulty in recognizing the practical value of researches directed toward the improvement of the incandescent lamp or the increased efficiency of the telephone. He can see the results in the greatly decreased cost of electric illumination and the rapid extension of the range of the human voice. But the very men who have made these plan for a comprehensive attack on the advances, those who have succeeded beyond all expectation in accomplishing the economic purpose in view, are most emphatic in their insistence upon the im- fected, and in large measure financed. portance of research of a more fundamental character. Thus Vice-President recognizing that the greatest need of I. J. Carty, of the American Telephone modern industry is an adequate supply

suitable dimensions, a muzzle velocity of and Telegraph Company, who directs its great Department of Development and Research, and Doctor W. J. Whitney, Director of the Research Laboratory of the General Electric Company, have repeatedly expressed their indebtedness to the investigations of the physicist, made with no thought of immediate practical return. Faraday, studying the laws of electricity, discovered the principle which rendered the dynamo possible. Maxwell, Henry, and Hertz, equally unconcerned with material advantage, made wireless telegraphy practicable. In fact, all truly great advances are thus derived from fundamental science, and the future progress of the world will be largely dependent upon the provision made for scientific research, especially in the fields of physics and chemistry, which underlie all branches of engineering.

The constitution of matter, therefore, instead of appealing as a subject of research only to the natural philosopher or to the general student of science, is a question of the greatest practical concern. Already the by-products of investigations directed toward its elucidation have been numerous and useful in the highest degree. Helium has been already cited; X-rays hardly require mention; radium, which has so materially aided sufferers from cancer, is still better known. Wireless telephony and transcontinental telephony with wires were both rendered possible by studies of the nature of the electric discharge in vacuum tubes. Thus the "practical man," with his distrust of "pure" science, need not resent investments made for the purpose of advancing our knowledge of such fundamental subjects as physics and chemistry. On the contrary, if true to his name, he should help to multiply them many fold in the interest of economic and commercial development.

Since the above article was written a constitution of matter, in which the joint resources of physicists, chemists, and astronomers will be united, has been per-The California Institute of Technology,

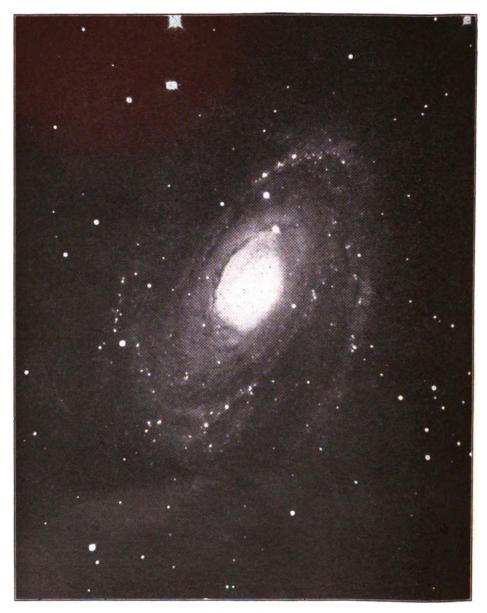


The Trifid Nebula in Sagittarius.

The gas "nebulium," not yet found on the earth, is the most characteristic constituent of irregular nebulæ.

Nebulium is recognized by two green lines in its spectrum, which cause the green color of nebulæ of the gaseous type.

of men trained for research in physics and chemistry, has made special provision for advanced study and investigation be needed, and for an extensive collection in these fields. To render this possible, of books on physics. The Southern Cali-Doctor Norman Bridge has provided fornia Edison Company has also provided funds for a large physical laboratory, a special high-tension laboratory, where



Spiral nebula in the constellation Ursa Major.

Luminous matter, in every variety of physical and chemical state, is available for study in the most diverse celestial objects, from the spiral and irregular nebulæ through all the types of stars. Doctor van Maanen's measures of the Mount Wilson photographs indicate outward motion along the arms of spiral nebulæ, while the spectroscope shows them to be whirling at enormous velocities.

highest voltage attainable (perhaps a milhave recently been added to the endowment fund of the California Institute. Provision for the proposed investigation on the constitution of matter and the nature of radiation will be made from this fund and from other gifts which the trustees expect to secure. The Institute will also provide the resources of the Gates Chemical Laboratory, which is well equipped for research. On the astronomical side, the equipment of the Mount Wilson Observatory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, with its six powerful telescopes on Mount Wilson, and its physical laboratories, offices, and shops in Pasadena, within two miles of the California Institute, will be available.

The work will be done under the direction of Doctor Robert A. Millikan, widely known for his researches at the University of Chicago on the electron and the constitution of matter, who has just been elected Director of the Norman Bridge Physical Laboratory; Doctor Arthur A. Noves, formerly Director of the Research Laboratory of Physical Chemistry and Acting President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, now Director of the Gates Chemical Laboratory; and the writer, as Director of the Mount Wilson Observatory. The large research staffs of the three laboratories comprise many well-known investigators, and these will be supplemented by others brought from various institutions in this country and abroad. Among these Research Associates, Professor A. A. Michelson is already at work at Mount Wilson on the ing and captive balloons are available for velocity of light, and is about to determine, by a new method, whether there is free air away from mountains. Finally, any evidence of relative motion of the the mild climate, the great amount of earth through the ether—the same ques- sunshine, and the long periods of very tion which Professor Miller is also re- dry weather needed for critical experitesting at Mount Wilson by repeating ments on static electricity will each serve the Michelson-Morley experiment. Pro- a useful purpose in the work projected.

a 100-kilowatt transformer, built for the fessor Russell, of Princeton, whose theory of giant and dwarf stars was outlined in lion volts), will be erected. Large gifts the July number of this magazine, is another Research Associate now dealing at Mount Wilson with some of the astronomical aspects of the constitution of matter. Others of equal eminence, including physicists, mathematicians, chemists, and astrophysicists, will soon be enlisted in the joint attack.

> In addition to the scientific personnel and exceptional equipment available for this undertaking, the site selected offers advantages rarely combined in a single region. Many physical experiments, some of which have been mentioned, must be performed at various altitudes in order to attain results that are free from possible suspicion. Thus Silberstein believes that at low levels the ether may be regarded as moving with the earth, while at an altitude of two or three miles the full effect of drift due to the earth's motion through the fixed ether should be apparent. If so, the whole Einstein theory must be abandoned. To test this question experiments may be performed within easy reach of Pasadena at altitudes up to twelve thousand feet. In some of these experiments, and in others like Michelson's present work on the velocity of light, the remarkable steadiness of the atmosphere, which led to the establishment of the Observatory on Mount Wilson, is no less necessary for physical than for astronomical "good seeing." Associated with this is the very low wind velocity, which will be especially useful in upper air experiments at the Army Balloon School near Pasadena, where driftinstrument platforms, often needed in the

WINGED SANDALS

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

"Winged sandals for my feet I wove of my delay." —William Vaughn Moody.

ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN AND ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HARRY TOWNSEND



HE judge's roadster flashed in through the gateway and was lost to sight where the drive ran through copper beeches of the Sussex country place. The tall boy in

white flannels, sprawled over the lawn, sat up as the horn sounded and shoved away a shower of little dogs with both hands to regard the car, as the car hid the "His stone balls topping the pillars. Honor," he stated, and five wildly excited West Highland puppies were upon him as he dropped back, at the word, recumbent. The judge, speeding past a moment later, heard the shrill staccato barking above the noise of his engine, and took note of the furious vortex of white motion, boy and dogs.

"Bobby's home for the week-end. Teasing the pups again." He smiled; what Bobby did was likely to cause the

judge to smile.

The small formalities of arrival being over, and the fact ascertained that the mistress was not yet in for tea, the judge had barely disposed himself with his newspapers, which were interesting reading this 7th day of April, 1917, when Bobby strolled in. He seated himself as one assured of a claim above journals.

"Your Honor," he flung at his father, quite as simply as men were that day flinging other grenades, "your Honor,

whý my name?"

The judge's even pulse missed a beat. And the next beat was a distressing affair; and the two or three after. "What do you mean, Bobby?" But he knew.

* This story is Dedicated to an American aviator, CAPTAIN LUCIEN HALE, of Fayetteville, New York. He successfully fought alone the sky battle described against eleven German Fokker aeroplanes, and received for that action a decoration from the hands of the Prince of Wales. No tribute could be enough for so glorious a deed, but this story is offered, with admiration beyond words, in appreciation and pride from a fellow American.

"Oh, I say." The boy grinned in remonstrance.

The judge temporized no more. "So somebody's been fitting together?" he

inquired.

Bobby nodded: "Geoff Peace. This morning the men down at Cambridge were talking about America coming in, don't you know, and Geoff said I-

"I'd rather not know what Geoff said," the judge interrupted. "What did you

'Gorry, I told 'em to go to blazes, sir; and that there was nothing to it, of course. They let it go at that. But I got thinking. It's a queer one, don't you know, and you must have had some reason, you and the mater. I can't remember that I've ever heard what. The others—John for you, and Curzon for grandfather, and Leslie for Uncle Les—I seem to know all of that, but not mine. I've never known."

"Have you ever asked?" suggested the

"I don't know that I ever gave a hang," admitted the boy easily, gazing at "But with his swinging white shoe-tip. this American excitement it's—well, it's a queer name to have, don't you know, of a 6th or 7th of April, 1917. Tell me about it, your Honor."

So the judge told him. Sitting there, the two of them in the large, dim room, with curtains blowing softly,—for the day was warm as summer,—and windows were open; with the sharp barking of the mob of little West Highlanders punctuating the quiet sentences, the judge told his youngest and dearest son a thing which he had dreaded to tell him.

"Your mother didn't like doing it," he ended, "but she named the other three, and I wanted this. It seemed disloyal

not."

"Disloyal! Funny word!" It was an odd laugh for Bobby. It was bitter. "So that's why you named me after a——"

The judge's hand shot out. The boy looked up with his sudden, winning grin.
"I was going to say a shunk" he ex-

"I was going to say a skunk," he ex-

plained.

For all of his genuine displeasure the judge laughed. "Bobby!" He always laughed when the boy broke into that Puck-like grin. Then he sobered. own blood mustn't say the word that was in your mind. Remember, if it hadn't been for one single sin, you couldn't have had a prouder inheritance. He was everything—brave, brilliant, splendidly handsome to look at, large-hearted, selfeffacing. And he was cruelly treated. Read history, Bobby; see how many. times he forgave slights and insults from cheap men because of his loyalty; how many times he let others reap where he sowed. There was everything to be proud of in him, if---"

"If!" Bobby repeated it concisely, and laughed again, the new, cynical laugh which his father had never heard be-

fore.

"He was my father's grandfather," the judge said with dignity, "and not one of his children, or his children's children, have carried his name, to the third and fourth generation. So I gave it to you. The name of a brave gentleman who suffered for one sin beyond most great sin-

ners of history."

The long figure in the big chair was motionless. The judge waited. This lad, immature, irresponsible, this happygo-lucky lad who, with latent strong qualities of brain and character barely breaking the easy-going surface now and again, had never waked to reality; who at seventeen was care-free as a child of twelve—this light-hearted, dear lad must speak now. The judge wondered how he would take it; he feared a bit to see it thrown aside as the boy threw his sweaters on the lawn of a hot day. He rather hoped that he would show depth enough to be upset a little. At length the boy spoke.

"Of course," he said, "this leaves just need? Oh, over there."

one play for me."

"One play?"

"Why, yes. It's up to me now to—to edeem."

"To redeem—what?"

"Oh, my word!" the lad flung back.
"The name. My blooming name that you gave me, of course. I can't muddle along through life named"—he shuddered a bit—"that without doing something about it. I've got to jump in and get—self-respect. I can't—breathe—named that. Not till I've put a new slant on it."

The judge felt a sudden ache in his soul. "You feel that I did you an in-

justice?"

"Injustice? Rath-er!" The lad glowered up at high rows of books on the wall opposite. "I've got to go off now—to fight. I didn't much like waiting till I was eighteen, anyhow. But this settles it. I can't sit back on your good name now. It's my job to do one for myself."

"Bobby," his father spoke, and paternal, judicial authority was nowhere in his voice; he was pleading as if for life; for a life more valuable than his own. "Bobby, don't insist, my boy. We've sent three sons into the service; it will go hard with your mother, with me, to let you go so young."

"Young!" exploded the boy. "Youth is nothing. I'm as strong as an ox." He doubled an arm, and big muscles stood

out.

The judge temporized. . "It will take time to get you a commission in the right regiment."

"Regiment!" Bobby burst out again.

"British regiment, you mean?"

"Where else?"

The boy rose, plunging long hands into his breeches pockets. "You don't understand, your Honor," he said. "You haven't got a sniff of what I'm driving at." He frowned a moment. "I'll take overnight," he said. "I've got to be clear in my mind, and then I'll talk to you, if I may. To-morrow, your Honor." He shot about and with lithe stride was out of the room. But in half a minute he was in again. "History books?" he inquired, his eyes wandering about the walls of shelves. "Where's the stuff I need? Oh, over there."

The judge watched as his son studied titles of volumes, pulling out first one and



then another. "You're giving yourself a bit of reading for overnight," he commented.

"I read fast," answered the boy. "I her," spoke the judge brokenly. think I'll manage it, sir. I never took stock in history before, but now- Gorry, but I'm interested." He turned again, arms piled with volumes, and the judge listened, staring at an empty doorway,

to the light tread of tennis-shoes as he went away down the hall.

Next day the judge waited in the library to hear that elastic step come back to him. Bobby had said at lunch: "Will you talk to me for half an hour before tea. your Honor?" So he waited. And the step came. And the boy drew up a chair and sat, his blond head against dark carving, regarding his father, a bit pale, a bit tense.

"Your Honor, I've fought it out. You mustn't try to balk me, please, for it's going to be done my way. There's nothing to it but this: I'm going into the American service."

"The American service!" The judge repeated the words in amazement. American—why, for heaven's sake, the American service?"

"If you'll think a minute, likely you'll know." Facing the youthful, grim face, he thought. It was evident he knew. "It's extraordinarily far-fetched, that fancy," he retorted after a moment's silence. "I see, of course, how you're reasoning. But it's false reasoning. It's far-fetched and quixotic."

"I didn't sleep a wink last night," stated Bobby, offering no connection for the fact with his father's argument.

"You—you were thinking this over?" The judge's voice was gentle.

"I was thinking it out. It's thought out. I read the whole blooming story. All the versions. I know what he did. I know what I've got to do. I want to do it with your and the mater's permission, your Honor. But I've got to do it anyhow."

The judge, facing this baby of yesterday, was aware slowly that he faced a man. And through this reluctant perception, through the shock of the loss of a child, shot a throb of pride that he was giving the world, rising from the ashes of his lazy, dear lad, a man of brain and courage and will. There was no more argument between them.

"Go to your mother, my dear, and tell

His family, who had considered him the most social of characters, would not have known Bobby at Ellington Field. With the young daredevils of the aviation



"You're giving yourself a bit of reading for overnight."—Page 404.

training-camp he was on friendly terms; with none was he intimate. He kept to himself, working more untiringly, more eagerly, than any one of them, catching the spirit and the subtleties of his supremely daring trade with a brilliancy, yet with a caution, which drew the notice of his instructors.

"You're not going to let yourself get killed, are you?" Captain Young smiled at him, when he had handled an aeroplane one day with amazing courage, yet amazing carefulness.

"If I can help it, not before I've put over the job I've cut out for myself, sir. Rather not," grinned Bobby, with the contagious young cheerfulness which made him a favorite in spite of his closemouthed ways.

accent like yours doing in a training-camp might be kept as instructor in some flying-

over here, anyway?" demanded the captain.

"Ah, that's a secret," answered Bobby, as he always did answer this frequent question. "But I'm a good little American, you see, sir. That's why I don't want to get bumped off. I've a bit of a job to do for America that's quite nec'ss'ry sir, first."

"Well, you're a good airman," asserted the captain, "and quite right to save yourself for a purpose, if killing Germans is it. Go to it, son"; and turned to the next, who was a native of western New York, and said "Gerrman" and "warr" with a horrid nasal burr, in sharp contrast with the conspicuous clear accent of Bobby.

There was a brief space of bad uneasi-The captain grinned back. "Rather ness when it looked as if the lad, because not!" he repeated. "What's a British he had worked so hard and so successfully, such a shelving, dreaded by all the bold new-by George, I will!" He lifted his one, and in a shorter time than common fist. he was in France. The American airservice was, as all Americans know, not a credit to any one, and it was a French "ship" in which the boy made his flights. More quickly than he had dared to hope he had brought down his five German planes; and was an ace. And immediately after that he crashed coming home from a flight, luckily behind his own lines, and was hurt, and from the hospital in England was sent, wires being pulled, to his home to get well. He was ill enough when they moved him down with infinite care to Baring-Coppers, and the journey was all but too much. They laid him in his own bed in his own old, airy room, and the sunset streamed in, carrying some of the bronze light of the ancient beech woodland. His mother, glad, terrified, sat with him when the doctor had gone, and the nurse was resting, and the boy lay ethereal in the white bed, and the low rays stained a glory about him.

Suddenly he sat up, wild-eyed, his very fair hair, grown too long in his illness, standing in all directions as it used, not so long ago, when he came in, a tired, dirty, shouting little fellow, with dogs looked not much older now, his mother thought. He wasn't much older—eighteen. A mere eight years ago he had been her noisy little boy, her baby.

"Mother!" he cried at her wildly.

"Yes, Bobby."

"Bobby!" He grinned with a quaint and faun-like twist of face which had always made his laughter irresistible. "Bobby!" he repeated. "You call me Bobby!"

"We always have, love. It's your only name in the family; I—didn't like the name father gave you. So we always

called you—just Bobby."

"My only name in the family." He said it again. "But I've got another name, mother."

"Yes, dear." She bent over his hand,

stroking it.

"Some day maybe you won't have to dodge my real name. Maybe you'll call

camp on this side. But the danger of shall! I'll make that name as good as and aggressive youngsters, passed for this strong young neck and shot out a clinched

"Oh, be careful, dear! Be quiet, or

you'll tear the wound."

"The wound!" He laughed and she knew that a touch of delirium was on him. The laugh was queer and unbalanced. He went on wildly, saying things which a boy's reserve would have kept unsaid. "What's one wound? Only a beginning. Before it's redeemed I've got to be wounded and wounded—and wounded. Don't you see? Don't you understand, old dear? Only all of my blood can swab out that stain. I've got to go on and on -and on." He sighed wearily. "And I'm so tired."

"Lie down, darling boy, and get strength—to go on and on." Her lip

quivered.

The boy fell back, gold hair bright on the pillow; he looked only about ten, she "Yes, I must." He nodded thought. and smiled. "I've got to have the Then at the end-" He sat strength. up excitedly again; his eyes were blue flames. "At the end— Oh, I say—do you know what he did?"

"What, my dearie? Who?"
"The poor old bloke. When he knew leaping and barking about him. He he was dying he made 'em put on his old American uniform with the—oh, I forget —the honors on it—some blooming honors. And he said he jolly well wished he'd never worn any other. And he died in it. I'll do that, mother. My American uniform. But mine won't be dishonored, no, sirree! It'll be redeemed. Yes, madam, redeemed! And if I have to die, I'll die in it, for I'm an American. mother, a truly-ruly American. But I'd rather not die," he objected. "I haven't got to die, have I?—to clean up the name? I'm quite keen to live and go to America and—" He fell back. tell you about it later. Hang on to my hand, mother. You're a good handholder, old dear. Hang on to my-" He was asleep.

> Of course he got well rapidly. Everything was in his favor—youth, beautiful physical completeness, eager desire to live.

"Fit as ever in my life," he wrote from me by it and be proud. By George, you France. "And keen for my job, and get-

ting better at it, I'm hoping. Anyhow, I his own country! Bless her-she's a made trouble for the Huns yesterday; I crashed two Fokkers behind their own lines. Poor devils killed, I fancy. Don't think of me as in danger, for it's getting to be like breathing, this job. It comes so naturally now. It's the quintessence of living, the exhilaration of fifty years tied up in a package of two hours. And, my word, but I'm proud of the chaps I'm working with—my fellow Americans. They're a ripping lot, mother, modest and brave and full of an initiative that's also found among Englishmen, but not so generally. Also they're not afraid, as Englishmen are, to have ideals and to own up to them. They're in this show for an ideal and not to save their skins, and they've got the thrill of it in their faces. Mother dearest, be glad for me that I'm an American, for I'm glad. And I'm almighty glad, above all, that I've made first base, anyway—that's good American baseball talk, mother—on the run I've set for myself, the run I owe America, the run I need for my own salvation. Every time I have luck I grin to think it's a bit of the black off my name. It's all down in your name, of course, Mummy. If I'm any good at anything, you made me so. Don't worry, old dear. I'm as safe as a bird in the blue. A lucky bird; nothing hits me."

Next day he was hit. But this time not a "blighty" wound; he was sent to a hospital in France, and shortly was well again, flying again—and in six weeks hit again. Yet there seemed no keeping him down, with his buoyant strength and his impetuous rush to get back into the

"It's a long road yet, sister," he whispered to the nurse, being flighty, as fever made him always. "It's only begun, the stunt I've got to do. Get me well, sister. Get me up there, with a machine-gunfifteen thousand feet, and—swoop! down we spin—close—down on the gray walls of devils—a hundred feet above 'em now —rushing—firing—running along over 'em—scaring 'em into fits! Ever do it, sister? You should try. Patch me up, quick. I've got to get back. You understand? It's for America. I owe America such a lot more—such a jolly lot more. How a chap can do things for of 'em."

great land to love, my America!" The blazing blue eyes shut smiling on the words, the blond, childish head rolled over; the lad slept like a baby.

So that, pushed by such a hungry wish to be at work, joyful in work splendidly begun, a distinguished flying-man already and high among the aces, known for his daring and resource even in the famous first pursuit group—so that, with all of this glory and his own secret and shining goal to come back to, with endless young strength to bring him back, the boy was well for the third time with abnormal

rapidity.

On an absolutely clear morning of July, being marked fit for service, he went up for the first time since his last injury, flying alone in a Spad, a French ship, from a great American flying-field, fifteen or twenty miles back of his lines. In the dim summer dawn five aeroplanes stood in a row on the huge field; except for a small noise of motors idling, all were perfectly still; at a signal the five engines burst into a roar and the planes began to move with a little bumping motion down the field; then they cleared the ground lifted a trifle, and with that shot, soared all together, keeping the formation. Up and up, like tireless birds, climbing, climb-Bobby, looking down, intoxicated with the new taste of the work he loved. saw houses and hills, rivers, towns—the earth, flattening out; suddenly as he got the sweep of the horizon like a sharp line all around him, and looking down saw earth below, with the force of a discovery it was borne in upon him that the world was round. Against the deafening noise of the engine he began shouting a chant.

"The round world and all that therein is," chanted Bobby, at twelve thousand feet in the air. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, and so are the cattle upon a thousand hills," roared Bobby, mixing Scripture a little in his pæan of joy to be fighting Germans. He was half improvising, half adapting, at the top of his lungs, a pagan-biblical manner of battle-song. "Lord, deliver mine enemies into my hand—oh, good Lord, deliver 'em and smash 'em into pulp, and make me for to pulverize the hairy scalp

And with that all the formation to- along a terror-struck line of enemies, cargether had seen a small patrol of five Fokkers, German pursuit or fighting planes. Instantly the five allied ships were after them, and almost as instantly one of the Fokkers separated and Bobby was hot on its trail.

"My lucky day," grinned the boy five minutes later. By that he had shot down the German. He looked about to find the rest of his formation; they were nowhere. "Oh, well," commented Bobby, grinning contentedly. The five Spads had gone up with no distinct object in any case-merely "good hunting." "Oh. well." He could now start out to do what damage he might find "delivered into his hand." Suddenly he remembered that an action was taking place at a small town-now, what the dickens was the name of that town? Chapelle—Chatel— He had it—Château-Thierry.

"I'll dive and see what trouble can be made thereabouts," considered Bobby, and dropped like a bullet to within a thousand feet of the world. "Lots of Americans fighting about these parts," he ruminated. "Too bad if a perfectly good American airman can't help American

infantry."

He looked about for an objective. With that, knowing the country as a proper aviator must, he found the city of Chateau-Thierry-little thinking that bright July morning how that name would echo forever on American lips. Rather far back of the German front, as he gazed down, was a long, solid mass, a line of German transport of perhaps five or ten With a smiling gleam in his blue eyes Bobby dipped, down, down-five hundred feet above earth, three hundred. not over a hundred now; and he skimmed along down the packed roadway at that, closer sometimes—sometimes only fifty feet above the gray, crowding ranks, his machine-gun going in continual bursts of fire, shooting down and forward always, so that he was seeing his work as he went -seeing the Boches dive off horses into ditches; seeing horses rear and plunge; seeing one or two of a team hit and the other terrified beasts plunging across a gully carrying the limber and field-piece in horrid confusion; seeing the Boches aiming up at him with pistols; riding so, rying death, with a daredevil exhilaration laughing aloud within him. And he realized not at all that the city of the battle into the midst of which he had whirled like a great joyful bird, that the battleground over which he had taken for ten minutes his daring and efficient part, would be holy ground, would be a sacred name as long as his "good land to love," his America, should last.

As he rode over the last gray lines, so close that upturned anxious faces were plain, he glanced above, and far in the sky saw a bunch of something—dots, clouds-ships.

"Oh, I say," confided Bobby aloud to his engine and to the crack of German guns, "that looks like my people."

Up he shot. Up he climbed, his eye on the vision, rather a vague vision, now, up yonder. Then, climbing still, at fifteen thousand feet again now, just as the vision faded out altogether, something happened. The boy all at once was aware of five Voisins, heavy, slow French bombingmachines, and at that moment diving at them, beneath him also, in the endless depths, he made out and counted, one by one, eleven German Fokkers. In a

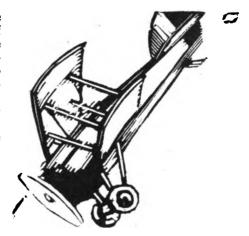


second's time he realized that there were two things possible: he could keep out of trouble by simply doing nothing, and the Voisins might perhaps escape even without help. Or-oh, well! Only eleven to one. With a grin Bobby pushed the joystick forward.

Two seconds later he was in the middle of such a fight as five years before would have been the dream of a lunatic. The tremendousness of those few minutes was on a scale of so unearthly a speed and intensity that Bobby never after recaptured exactly the sequence. He knew that on his first dive he had come on the tail of one of the Fokkers before any of them was aware he was there, and had crashed it without warning; he remembered sensing another one almost on top of him as he pulled his Spad back into a climbing turn, so bringing him into position to crash this second black-crossed machine. He saw it burst into flames: he kept a clear memory of a third German ship bursting into flames also before his tracer bullets. With that—with a glance at the bombing Voisons whom he had saved, now far off, safe, over the allied lines, with a rushing, upward glimpse of the whole Boche squadron swooping toward him-with a consciousness of tracer bullets passing close—he nosed precipitously down, falling three thousand feet like a piece of lead into the cover of a friendly cloud-bank.

Out of the cloud-bank he came, as he must come, and saw the Boche squadron still chasing him, but far back. They had guessed wrong as to the direction he would take in the clouds. Something was burning like fire in his left shoulder, in the shoulder which had been pronounced well only yesterday. He was surprisingly weak; his propeller was gone. Had he enough altitude to glide home behind the American lines? Of course making his home-field was out of the question. Would he himself last? It was queer how a blooming old shoulder could make a man limp all over. He touched it blood, all right. After that, vagueness.

The next event which stood sharp-cut khaki lifted him out of his cockpit. There was a dim recollection in him of a river shining below his slipping ship, of a kid! Some fight he must of pulled off.



thought that if he could only get over that river-

"Did I cross the Marne?" whispered Bobby, up into the face of a big grizzled regular.

"You bet you did!" came in a burst of hearty American from many throats, as men in the uniform he loved crowded about. And then Bobby stopped trying to live.

After they had carried him in tenderly as women, and put the sagging long figure into the surgeon's hands, the men went back and considered the ship.

"Some flier, that kid," spoke Sergeant McNally, the big regular, into an awed silence. "Youse take a look at this bus. Smashed, eh?"

One by one they discovered and announced the casualties of the "bus." Every instrument in the dashboard was shot away; there were twenty or thirty holes through the wings; the fuselage was riddled; the two wing-struts were so shot through that they were almost crumpled; the radiator was pierced and the propeller wounded and out of service.

"Gee!" spoke a tanned lad with a corporal's two stripes on his sleeve. "I guess some blamed angels must have flew him home. I know I wouldn't trust my was a manner of waking up as men in skin without a coupla heavenly spir'ts in no such bus as that."

And Sergeant McNally added: "Some



"This officer of mine has done a thing which might be called a miracle."—Page 411.

Hope he won't die till we get the dope about it."

This wish of the sergeant came very near being disappointed. This time Bobby, with the scarcely healed shoulder shot up again, was very near dying. This time the elasticity of him seemed to be stretched too far, and his buoyancy used to the end. It was ten days before he was conscious, and then for a while he was far too weak to take any interest in life. Slowly, very slowly, he was better, till at last he was dressed and able to crawl out on a nurse's arm into the sunshine of a French garden, part of the château-hospital. With that, in a day or two he went about, slowly and feebly enough, alone, and then, of a bright morning an orderly came to him out in the garden and told him that he was to report at once at the office of the commanding officer.

"What's up?" demanded Bobby, but the orderly only looked inscrutable, and the boy's uncertain pulse thumped a startled beat. Was something wrong? Oh, why the devil couldn't they let him alone in the sunshine? He got up carefully to his gaunt six-feet-two.

"Oh, I say, just give me an arm to the C. O.'s office, will you?" he begged of the orderly. "I'm wabbly to-day."

At the door the orderly stopped. "Better go in alone, sir," he suggested. "And likely you won't need help when you come out."

What the devil did the chap mean by that? "Thank you," answered Bobby civilly, and strayed into the office with a weak lurch for which he hated himself. There was a group of half a dozen officers, and for a second the young blue eyes wandered among them, and suddenly stopped short, glued with startled sur-

prise on a soldierly figure almost as tall, statelier by far, than his own. Was he dreaming? Was this—Bobby choked and coughed on an audible gasp—could it be Pershing?

Somehow the group divided and dropped off a few feet on each side, and the boy stood, pale and swaying, in his uniform of an American aviator, in the centre of the room, before the Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Force. Things about him swam. Had C.-in-C. himself must punish? Was it, possibly, that he had had the cheek, with his name—? He saluted sharply.

"I sent for you, captain," spoke a

eves met a famous smile.

a great man? He did not know. He flushed scarlet, wondering, and the instinct to refuse honors not his decided.

"Beg pardon, sir—only lieutenant," Bobby brought out. He was sick then smile broadened. There was something tain Benedict Arnold."

marvellously engaging, marvellously reassuring, about this great man.

"I seldom make mistakes in the rank of my officers," spoke the friendly tones. "This time I'm right. I sent for you to have the pleasure of telling you. Also that I have recommended you for the Congressional Medal. We Americans call that the highest decoration in the world."

The boy stood wide-eyed, petrified, swaying, a mere dumb lump, staring at the splendid figure of a soldier before him. He was conscious of seeing nothing but he done something unspeakable that the four stars on broad shoulders. The

shoulders turned a bit.

"General," spoke the voice which seemed now to Bobby to have been known to him and beloved by him all his pleasant, deep voice, and the boy's dazed life—and for the first time he was aware that another soldierly presence, in British Was it proper to correct a mistake of uniform, this one, stood a step back of the American—"General Haig," spoke the C.-in-C., and laid a hand on Bobby and slewed him about, "this officer of mine has done a thing which might be called a miracle. He's given back to at his own presumption. What did his America a name lost to us almost a hunlittle title matter? His own voice dred and fifty years. He's redeemed it sounded strange. He licked his lips and and cleaned it, and given it back glorious. gasped out loud again. The famous General, I wish to present to you Cap-

PANTHER! PANTHER!

By John Hall Wheelock

THERE is a panther caged within my breast. But what his name there is no breast shall know Save mine, nor what it is that drives him so, Backward and forward, in relentless quest: That silent rage, baffled but unsuppressed, The soft pad of those stealthy feet that go Over my body's prison to and fro, Trying the walls forever without rest.

All day I feed him with my living heart, But when the night puts forth her dreams and stars The inexorable Frenzy reawakes: His wrath is hurled upon the trembling bars, The eternal passion stretches me apart— And I lie silent, but my body shakes.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY

By Eugene E. Prussing
Of the Chicago Bar

[FIRST PAPER]



ROFESSOR JOHN BACH MACMASTER, in the second volume of his "History of the People of the United States," at pages 452-3, notes the death of

Washington with this comment:

"George Washington is an unknown When at last he is set before us in his habit as he lived, we shall read less of the cherry tree, and more of the man. Naught surely that is heroic will be omitted, but side by side with what is heroic will appear much that is commonplace. We shall behold the great commander repairing defeat with marvelous celerity, healing the dissensions of his officers and calming the passions of his mutinous troops. But we shall also hear of his oaths, and see him in those terrible outbursts of passion to which Mr. Jefferson alluded, and one of which Mr. Lear describes. We shall see him refusing to be paid for his services by Congress, yet exacting . . . the shilling that was his due. We shall know him as the cold and forbidding character with whom no fellow man ever ventured to live on close and familiar terms. We shall respect and honor him for being, not the greatest of generals, not the wisest of statesmen, not the most saintly of his race, but a man with many human frailties and much common sense, who rose in the fulness of time to be the political deliverer of our country." *

Washington, the man, is unknown. Upon this text, I offer this sketch.

Washington came of a race of captains. It will not be necessary to go back to

*I have omitted from this paragraph a statement which seemed to me upon investigation not entirely justified by authority. Yet I do not regard Washington as "a cold and forbidding character." He was dignified, cautious, and seldom familiar, which misled many men into thinking him "difficult," cold, and forbidding. Even Hamilton in his youthful anger thought so.

Washington's ancestry beyond this country to prove that.

Colonel John Washington, the immigrant, and his brother, the former being Washington's great-grandfather, left England during Cromwellian times because they were loyalists, and by way of the West Indies came to Virginia at Jamestown, about 1659. They settled on lands between the Rappahannock and the Potomac, in what is to-day Westmoreland County. Colonel John Washington acquired much land, as well as fame and title as an Indian fighter, and was a noted man in his time, full of enterprise and energy.

His residence, known as Wakefield, was on the bank of the Potomac River, near Pope's Creek, and there he married his second wife, a daughter of Colonel Pope. His first wife and two children had died soon after their arrival in Virginia. He was an extensive planter, and besides was associated with one Colonel Nicholas Spencer in bringing colonists to Virginia from the mother country. For such services he and Spencer received from Lord Culpeper five thousand acres of land on the Potomac, between Epsewasson and Little Hunting Creeks, and now known as Mount Vernon.

He was a member of the House of Burgesses in 1665, was commissioned a colonel and proved his valor in aid of Bacon's Rebellion and in putting down the Indian incursions, which were of yearly occurrence. Colonel Washington commanded the joint forces of the Maryland and Virginia Rangers, and stopped for all time the depredations and massacres east of the Blue Ridge. The last stand of the red man in this territory was made on what was afterward known as the River Farm of the Mount Vernon estate.

Digitized by Google

Colonel John Washington died in 1677, at the age of fifty-four, after eighteen years of American enterprise and industry, and lies buried in the family vault at Bridge's Creek, near Wakefield. His estate was probated in Westmoreland County, showing that he left a will and ample provision for his family. To his elder son Lawrence he devised the homestead, Wakefield, and his share of the five thousand acres held in common with Colonel Nicholas Spencer at Mount Vernon.

He provided further that a tablet inscribed with the Ten Commandments should be presented to the church at Wakefield in Washington Parish, named after him. This was procured from London.

"Thus it will be seen that Colonel John Washington the immigrant was not only a very wealthy and very prominent man, but also a very pious one, which from every available source of information was a striking characteristic of his early descendants." *

His son Lawrence Washington was born at Wakefield in 1661, and married Mildred, the daughter of Colonel Augustine Warner. He died at Wakefield in March, 1698, at the age of thirty-seven and lies buried there. Little is known of his career, but his will, probated March 30, 1698, in Westmoreland County, shows him to have been wealthy. After making numerous bequests to friends and distant relatives he divided the rest and residue of his personal estate, which appears to have been considerable, between his wife and three children.

To his eldest son John he gave the ancestral home, Wakefield, to Augustine he left large landed interests up the valleys, and to his daughter Mildred the twenty-five hundred acres on Hunting Creek and the Potomac, which had been set apart to him in a partition with the Spencer heirs. These twenty-five hundred acres are that part of the Mount Vernon estate which immediately surrounds the mansion house. Augustine

Washington bought them from his sister Mildred and had tenants for some years there. In 1733 and 1734 he lived there with his second wife, Mary Ball.

Augustine Washington was the father of General George Washington, the eldest son of this second marriage. Like his famous son, he was truly a captain of industry. He was well educated, active, and a successful business man of large affairs. Not only was he sent to Appleby in England for what we would now consider a high-school education, but he sent there his two eldest sons, Augustine and Lawrence, born of his first marriage, and undoubtedly would have also sent his next son, George. He was prevented by his early and untimely death on April 12, 1743, when but forty-nine years of age.

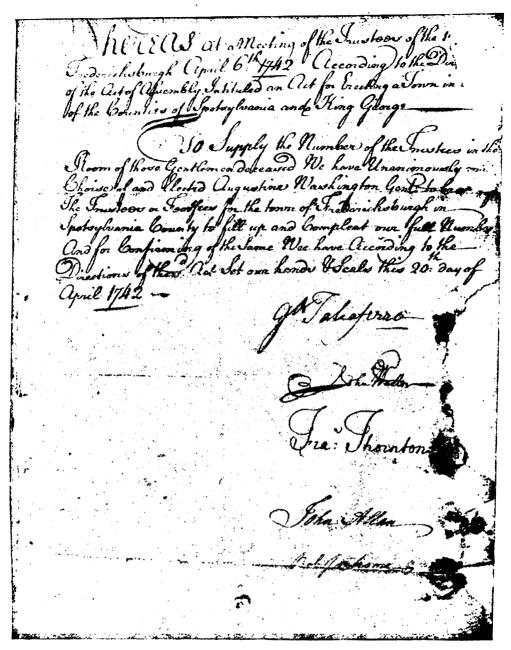
Augustine Washington was an important man in the community. He owned six plantations on the Rappahannock and the Potomac and in the country back of them. He owned the ferry across the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, and was part proprietor and manager of the iron-mine and works at Accotink, in which he had a twelfth interest, and represented the remaining owners, a company with headquarters in London.

He was elected a member of the board of trustees of the town of Fredericksburg in 1742, and so must have been a proprietor of land in that city as well as being a resident of what we now know as the Cherry Tree Farm across the Rappahannock from that city. There he lived after the first house, which he built at Mount Vernon, was destroyed by fire.

Like his grandfather Colonel John Washington, Augustine Washington engaged in transporting emigrants from England to Virginia, and among them found a schoolmaster for his son George. Parson Weems's legends indicate that he took a keen interest in the moral training of this son, and was one of the chief factors in his mental and moral development, and no doubt his mental characteristics descended to, and were developed in, the boy.

It is well known that George Washington received his physical characteristics from his mother, together with certain elements in his disposition. He loved frequently in his youth and had a hasty

Authorities are not cited in this article except in the text. They will perhaps appear in some later publication of the matter. It is but fair to say that the story of Washington's forebears is compounded from the various well-known books on the subject accessible in most large libraries and largely from that of my friend Charles H. Callahan, Esq., entitled "Washington, the Man and the Mason."



Copy of Augustine Washington's election to the board of trustees of the town of Fredericksburg, Virginia.

temper, but he learned to control both could and did apologize when he exceeded these tendencies properly, and, while a just anger. never perfectly in command of himself at all times, he realized his faults, kept the which our Washington discovered in his faith he pledged with his affections, and whole career, integrity and enterprise,

Two of the greatest qualities, however,

were probably acquired chiefly from his father, for he it was who had been abroad for his education, went repeatedly to England on business, "adventured" in immigrants, plantations, and iron-works, and was the trusted agent of foreign capital. He also donated four hundred acres of land to found a public school in Westmoreland County. He was the captain of his own vessel as well as of the industries of his neighborhood.

When he died after a brief illness in 1743, in much the same manner as his illustrious son did many years later, this Captain Washington left a large and valuable landed and personal estate, and by his last will amply provided for his sons, Lawrence and Augustine, born of his first marriage (to Jane Butler), and his second wife Mary Ball and her children, George, Elizabeth, John Augustine, Charles, and Samuel. The careful draftsman of Augustine Washington's will referred to his alliance with Mary Ball as his "second venture."

To Lawrence he left the Mount Vernon twentyfive hundred acres with the mill he had built thereon, and the big brick barn, still standing, together with some land at Maddox Creek in Westmoreland County, and his interests in several iron works.

To his daughter Betty, afterwards the wife of Col. Fielding Lewis, he gave two negro children and required Lawrence to pay her four hundred pounds sterling in cash.

To Augustine he gave Wakefield and some negroes, three of which Lawrence was to buy from the proceeds of the iron works and present to him.

To John Augustine he left seven hundred acres on Maddox Creek in Westmoreland County, and to Charles he left seven hundred acres in Prince William County.

To George he willed the Cherry Tree Farm on the Rappahannock opposite Fredericksburg and a share in other lands, as well as ten negroes.

To Samuel he gave seven hundred acres on Chotank Creek in Stafford and one half of lands on Deep Run.

To his wife Mary Ball he left the crops "made on Bridge's Creek, Chotank and Rappahannock waters" at the time of his death, and the privilege of working the "Bridge's Creek quarters" for the term of five years after his decease, during which time she "might establish quarters on Deep Run."

He required Lawrence and Augustine to pay half his debts and bequeathed to them one half of what was owing to him. In a codicil he left to George one lot of land in the town of Fredericksburg.

Mrs. Washington enjoyed not only the

specific provision above mentioned, but had the use of her childrens' estates until they arrived at twenty-one years of age. In fact, George Washington said after her death, more than forty-six years later, that he had never received anything from his father's estate during her life.

Lawrence Washington, the eldest brother of George Washington, was born in 1718 and, like his father and other forebears, was an enterprising man. Educated at Appleby, he returned to Virginia in 1738 or 1739. He joined the English expedition under the command of General Wentworth, in the service of Admiral Vernon, to attack the Spanish city of Cartagena, in Colombia, South America, as a member of the Virginia infantry. When this proved a failure he returned to Virginia with the remnant of its brave but unfortunate forces, the command of them having devolved upon Captain Washington after the death of Colonel Gooch.

He thereupon built a home on his father's estate on the Potomac to which he gave the name of Mount Vernon, in the spring of 1743, just about the time of his father's death, and shortly afterward married Ann, the eldest daughter of Colonel Fairfax, whose plantation, Belvoir, adjoined this.

Ann Fairfax, first mistress of Mount Vernon, left a mansion for a cottage, for Mount Vernon was then an unpretentious dwelling, constituting but the middle portion of the structure we now know, but its location and its vistas and nature's beauties were wonderful then as now.

Lawrence was devoted to the army and the church. He soon became adjutant-general of the Northern Neck, had the rank and pay of major, and devoted himself to farming and the iron industry. Though a conservative member of the Episcopal Church, he was a firm believer in religious liberty, and on occasion, at least, opposed the narrow-minded local policy and advocated the admission of other sects into the State in the interests of its progress.

He was active in local affairs, became a member of the House of Burgesses, secured the passage of a bill incorporating the city of Alexandria in 1748 and, with Lord Fairfax, Colonel William Fairfax, George William Fairfax, and others, became one of its first trustees, as the bill provides, "for designing, building, carrying on, and maintaining said town and laying off its streets and market-place."

He took a prominent part in what was known as the Ohio Company, the object of which was to establish amicable commercial relations with the Indians, and open up for settlement the vast country south and east of the Ohio River and west of the Blue Ridge. The Ohio Company was composed of the ablest and wealthiest men in the colony, with Thomas Lee, president of the council, at its head. Such men as George Mason, William and George William Fairfax, Lawrence Washington, and, later, Governor Dinwiddie were among its directors and stockholders.

They obtained a grant from the crown under certain favorable conditions of five hundred thousand acres of land in that section of the territory "on the western waters of Virginia," which lies north and west of the Great Kanawha, and south of the Ohio. They pursued a plan to secure the rich fur trade of the Ohio valley, and to hasten the development of the territory beyond that great river known as "the king's part," in distinction from the Virginia part on the eastern bank. They established trading-posts at regular intervals of some fifty or one hundred miles, and hoped to form a chain of settlements from tide-water on the Potomac up to and down the Ohio River.

It has been suspected that it was really an attempt to try out the claims of England to disputed territory, in which France was becoming active, beyond the Alleghanies to the Rockies, comprising the great and fruitful valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi.

Christopher Gist, the famous pioneer and explorer, was employed to examine the country, select suitable locations for settlements, and make a report. He started on his journey August 1, 1749, and, 'taking an old Indian trail up the Potomac, penetrated the unknown forest and followed the headwaters to the divide and then down the Ohio and Kanawha Rivers, traversing portions of the country beyond the Ohio, returned to

his home on the Yadkin River in North Carolina, in the latter part of May, 1750.

He soon went to Williamsburg, Virginia, and reported the results of his journey to the company. Pleased with his descriptions, discoveries, and negotiations, they immediately prepared to push forward the movement, and, regardless of French protests or menaces, Mr. Gist, under sanction of the Virginia legislature, proceeded in the same year to survey lands along the Ohio as far down as the Kanawha.

In the midst of these activities the executive head of the Ohio Company, the Honorable Thomas Lee, died, and the responsibility devolved upon the next in command, Major Lawrence Washington.

Major Washington was then showing symptoms of serious debility. He had never fully recovered from the effects of the Cartagena expedition, and had worked so hard since as to tax his enfeebled constitution to the utmost. Under the advice of his physician, he made a journey on September 28, 1751, to Barbados, the southernmost island of the West Indies, next to Colombia, and more than fifteen hundred miles southeast of Mount Vernon.

He was accompanied by his brother George. They reached their destination on the 3d of November. This was the only time that George Washington travelled beyond the boundaries of the United States. He acquired there the smallpox, which detracted from his good looks ever afterward.

It required only a few weeks' residence on the island to show that Lawrence would not improve there, and he decided as a last resort to go to Bermuda's delightful shores.

George was sent back to Mount Vernon to bring Lawrence's wife and infant daughter to Bermuda, but before he could do so, letters from Lawrence reached Mount Vernon saying that he was returning at once. "If I grow worse I shall hurry home to my grave." He reached Mount Vernon in May, and on July 26, in the thirty-fourth year of his age, he fell a victim to consumption.

Of his four children only Sarah, a few months of age, survived him, and she died several months later. Ann Fairfax George Lee within two years.

Lawrence Washington in his will, dated June 29, 1752, admitted to probate in Fairfax County on September 26 of that year, provided amply for his wife and, subject to that provision, bequeathed his entire estate to his infant daughter, but in the event of her death without issue directed a distribution of his estate among his brothers. To his brother George he left, in case of the death of the wife and daughter, all his land in Fairfax County including Mount Vernon and the improvements thereon, and also an interest in other lands, and named George one of the executors of his will. When Sarah died a little later. George acquired Mount Vernon, then an estate of two thousand seven hundred acres.

George Washington had been since his sixteenth year a member of Lawrence Washington's household. Lawrence had stood to him for four years in loco parentis.

George had learned the art of surveying, had been commissioned county surveyor of Culpeper County, had surveyed many thousands of acres for Lord Fairfax in his dealings with tenants and purchasers, had been Lawrence's assistant in matters of the Ohio Company, and, but a year before, had succeeded Lawrence as adjutant-general of the Northern Neck with the rank of major, at the age of nineteen, and was receiving as pay one hundred and fifty pounds Virginia currency per annum.

Lawrence Washington had purchased two hundred acres adjoining Mount Vernon from the Spencer heirs, so that he held at the time of his death twentyseven hundred acres there, besides many thousand acres in other counties. The Mount Vernon estate upon the death of Sarah Washington descended to George, subject to the widow's use for life, and though then but twenty-two years of age, George promptly bought the widow's rights, after her marriage to Colonel George Lee, for an annual payment of twelve thousand pounds of tobacco, which he promised to make as long as she lived. or, in lieu thereof, the commuted rate per pound in cash.

Before he was of lawful age, therefore, George Washington, "my beloved position. Both farming and soldiering VOL. LXX.-27

Washington, his widow, married Colonel brother," as Lawrence called him in his will, in addition to the legal title to the lands left him by his father, acquired this even then magnificent estate on the Potomac, and shortly after got the full right to possess it at once. He early became a country magnate.

This young man was six feet and two inches tall, strong, large-boned, and fair. . He was trained to endure hardship and practise energetic enterprise by hard work on his mother's farm and in the frontier fields as a surveyor.

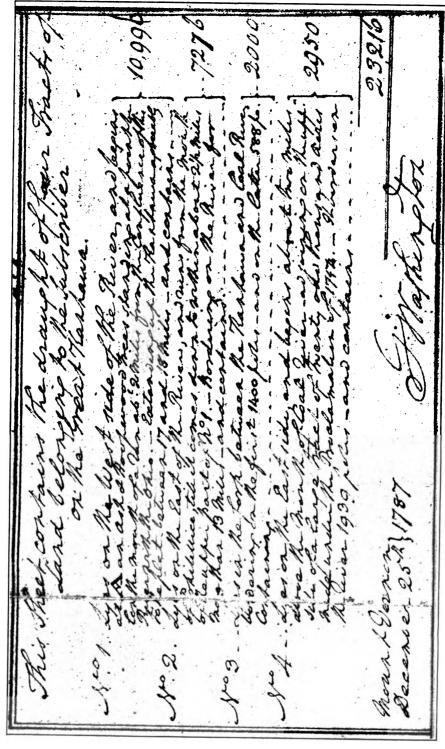
He had the friendship of Lord Fairfax, the greatest proprietor in Virginia, and also that of his cousin and agent, Colonel William Fairfax, and the latter's son. George William Fairfax the surveyor, all of whom had shared Lawrence Washington's fondness for the youth, and had done and continued to do all that they could to forward his career.

He had met Sally Cary Fairfax in 1740, the bride of his bosom friend, George William Fairfax, and had been inspired with an admiration for this splendid ornament of her sex, who had become his kinswoman according to Virginia ways because she married the brother of his brother Lawrence's wife.

She also became the inspiration of his mental activities at seventeen, and taught him to read and enjoy Shakespeare, Addison, Pope, The Spectator, and many other books with which she was familiar in her father's splendid library at Ceely's on the James.

She, her sister, and their friends drew him into amateur dramatics, and he tells us that he yearned to, if he did not actually, play Iuba to her Marcia.

The young bachelor proprietor of Mount Vernon now devoted himself to his farm and his militia duties. former made and kept him an early riser all his life, keen and observant, who did half a day's work before breaking his fast. The latter took him far up and down the great valleys of the Rappahannock and the Potomac, and made him acquainted with all his neighbors, humble and polite. He was the local leader by virtue of his office and his succession to his brother and father, and soon developed the qualities in himself which entitled him to the



Reproduction (actual size) of the record appearing in the lower corner of the survey on the opposite page.

The river is cut into three sections and grouped for convenience. On the opposite page is a full-size reproduction of Washington's note appearing in the lower right-hand corner. Survey of four tracts of land upon the Great Kanawha River owned by George Washington. In the collection of Charles Allen Munn, Esq.

kept him in the saddle daily from four to ten hours, all his life, and maintained that mental and physical energy and capacity which always distinguished him. Together they bred that sanity and caution which is said to have aroused John Adams's envious anger even when gazing upon Stuart's portrait of his otherwise revered and feared predecessor.

The Ohio Company was one of the charges left him by his brother Lawrence; and it was not unnatural, therefore, when the reports came that the French were threatening the Ohio posts of the company and were stirring up trouble among the Indians who lived between the Blue Ridge and Lake Erie, that George Washington was keenly interested in what would be done about it.

Lieutenant-Governor Dinwiddie, a stockholder in the Ohio Company as well as the king's representative in the Old Dominion, cast about for an agent in October, 1753, who would be bold enough to venture over the mountains and carry his message to the French commander, who had penetrated the wilds below Lake Erie on his way to the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers to seize the point of vantage now known as Pittsburgh.

It was interest and enterprise as well as patriotism that prompted the volunteer offer of Major George Washington to take the perilous journey though he was but twenty-one years of age. And no wonder the old Scotch governor, as he handed him his instructions, on October 30, 1753, said in his broad brogue: "Thou art a braw laddie."

The story of that bitter winter trip from Williamsburg to the French fort just south of the present city of Erie, across the six mountain ranges, and through the deep forests, over the great rivers, amid hostile Indians and inimical French, with only three companions, part of the time, and only one on the return, has passed into history.

The diplomacy, persistence, prudent care, and wise observation of the young ambassador, his hairbreadth escapes from death in treacherous assault and floods, his careful notes of his observations, and his hurried marches despite the bitter snow, sleet, and ice and other fearful con-

ditions, are fairly comparable with the greatest efforts of military or other enterprise.

His classic report of eight thousand words, written without rest in the twenty-four hours after his return to Williamsburg on January 16, 1754, made at the command of Governor Dinwiddie and published by him there, and soon after in London by the home government, made him famous on this continent and in all the chancelleries of Europe, and formed the basis of the English declaration of war against France.

That year, and for four years thereafter, Washington's activities, though at war, were not chiefly military. He was the business captain of the war in Virginia. He was practically his own quartermaster-general. He belabored the governor. the council, and the House of Burgesses constantly for provisions, munitions, arms, and appropriations. He made numerous trips between Fort Cumberland and the Alleghanies and Williamsburg, the capital of the colony, and berated the authorities and bemoaned their dulness in his letters. The spirit he displayed and developed was inspired by military enterprise, but had a basis also in the Ohio Company interest, to which reference has been made.

Thackeray has summed up some of the consequences of the French and Indian War in a way which will bear quoting here.

"It was strange that in a savage forest of Pennsylvania a young Virginia officer should fire a shot and waken up a war which was to last for sixty years, which was to cover his own country and pass into Europe, to cost France her American colonies, to sever ours from us and create the great Western Republic, to rage over the Old World and distinguish the New; and, of all the myriads engaged in the vast contest, to leave the prize of the greatest fame to him who struck the first blow."

Enterprise, patriotism, and fame eternal were thus woven together.

To encourage enlistments, which were slow upon his call for troops to engage in this war, Washington advised Governor Dinwiddie to offer some bounty in excess of the ordinary small pay which Virginia allowed her militia. In the spring of 1754 Dinwiddie, therefore, by proclamation in the king's name, promised to

those who should engage to serve the colony in its attempt to repulse the French from what she regarded as her territory, though it afterward turned out to be part of Pennsylvania, two hundred thousand acres of the land which they were expected to conquer, to be divided in such proportions among officers and men as should be later determined.

In 1759, when the war in Virginia was over, Washington and his men had become entitled to this vast tract of land, and he made himself the trustee to secure from a busy and negligent home country the faithful performance of Dinwiddie's promise, which had been confirmed by the later proclamation of the king.

Meanwhile, in March, 1758, on one of his numerous expeditions to Williamsburg from Fort Cumberland in pursuit of the sinews of war, Washington had met the widow of Daniel Parke Custis, the beautiful Martha Dandridge Custis, and shortly afterward became engaged to marry her.

The only letter of that time which she preserved, written in camp, indicates his feeling and runs thus:

"July 20, 1758

"We have begun our march for the Ohio. A courier is starting for Williamsburg and I embrace the opportunity to send a few words to one whose life is now inseparable from mine. Since that happy hour when we made our pledges to each other my thoughts have been continually going to you as another self; that an all powerful Providence may keep us both in safety is the prayer of your ever-faithful and affectionate friend,

GEORGE WASHINGTON."

What became of his interest in Mrs. Fairfax under these circumstances is "another story."

Washington resigned from the army after the successful campaign against Fort Duquesne, on the ruins of which he planted the British colors, in November, 1758, and in January, 1759, married the widow at the White House, her residence with its six chimneys, in New Kent County. He acquired with her a family consisting of a beautiful daughter of four, named Martha or "Patsy" Custis, and a

those who should engage to serve the lively son of six, John Parke Custis, comcolony in its attempt to repulse the monly and deservedly known as "Jack."

The late Colonel Custis's estate was considered one of the largest in Virginia. Exactly what it consisted of has long been doubtful because the records of the General Court at Richmond and other records bearing upon the subject were destroyed by fire after the capture of that city at the end of the Civil War, and the papers of Washington relating to the distribution of the estate were all supposed

to be lost in the passing years.

"How much Washington got with the widow" has long been a matter of curiosity, debate, and surmise, and naturally the amount has been magnified. No one seems to have carefully investigated the subject. Chief Justice Marshall and Washington Irving in their respective standard lives of Washington agree that the amount was large, and the latter places it at fifteen thousand pounds sterling, or seventy-five thousand dollars, which, to put it into modern proportions, would need to be multiplied by about ten.

George Washington Parke Custis, in his "Recollections," assumed that Washington received from his wife one hundred thousand dollars, and this has been

generally accepted.

In Washington's ledger "B," in the Library of Congress, there is a note that the accounts which he kept with his wife's children as their guardian were to be found in "the little marble covered book" which he used in rendering his accounts to the General Court. This has disappeared.

When the writer of these lines became interested in the subject-matter, while preparing a book which he has been engaged on for the past five years, and which will be published shortly under the title "The Estate of George Washington Deceased," it became necessary as a part of that preparation not only to investigate the records of its subject but to go back into the life of Washington to answer the question which forced itself upon his attention at every turn, and which undoubtedly his readers will wish to have answered: "Where did he get it?"

In pursuit of that inquiry a careful study was made not only of the subject but also of all the sources of Washington's million-dollar estate. Washington's ledgers, which begin with his eighteenth year in 1749 and end in 1792, are marked respectively "A" and "B," and then refer to a transfer of all accounts to a ledger "C," which presumably ran down to the time of his death. The latter was either lost in the Alexandria warehouse fire of 1859, which consumed many of his private papers, or has passed into the collection of some one who has not published the fact of his ownership.

Ledger "A," which begins in December, 1749, covers a period of twenty-three years, ending in 1772. It was a large stout volume of nearly four hundred heavy pages, and was bound in pigskin.* It is ruled like a cash-book, and contains his cash accounts with the debit on the left-hand page and the credit on the next. Both pages are numbered alike, i. e., the first two pages used are numbered one, the next two are numbered two, and so on through the book.

After a series of pages containing cash entries, a series of double-entry ledger accounts is interposed, the pages being numbered in the regular manner indicated above. Then there is another series of cash-entry pages and then a batch of ledger accounts follows, and in like manner this persists throughout the book. Nearly every word of the book is in Washington's beautiful handwriting, not quite as round and firm in the beginning as in the end, but careful and precise at all times.

In April, 1918, I went through the body of the ledger and found no account concerning the estate of Colonel Custis or his children. Surprised at this, I turned to the index in the first part of the book, and found three accounts noted as follows:

"Estate of Colo. Custis dec'd.	PAGE 57"
"Custis, Patcy Miss	57"
"Custis, Jnº Parke	64"

Turning to find the pages of the ledger thus indicated, the pages appeared to be missing. In running through the cash accounts I had found a number of entries of receipt of money for these accounts, but I could not find the ledger accounts.

I thought some error had been made in the indexing, and so I began a careful examination of each of the sheets of the book from page 50 to page 65, within the range of which the Custis accounts were said to be by the index. This revealed only the *irregularities* in numbering caused by the missing pages—page 56 was followed by page 58 and not by page 57, 58 by 60, and 63 by 65, but offered no explanation.

In handling page 56 again and also page 58, which followed immediately, I noticed the leaves to be of unusual thickness, and, holding them up to the light, I saw that each was double thick, and that in fact what appeared to be one sheet consisted of two sheets which had been pasted together, face to face, and that thereby ledger pages numbered 57 debit and 57 credit and 50 likewise were within on the backs of the others. The entries were quite visible through the paper and clearly revealed the existence of the accounts there. Turning to page 63, which preceded the lost page 64, the same thing appeared. In each case the next two pages were glued together and contained entries visible by holding them up to the light.

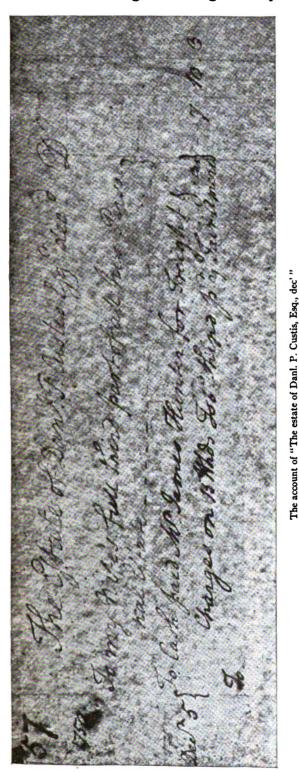
I called the attention of the official in charge of the manuscript division of the Library of Congress to the facts, and to the careful work done in the pasting of the pages, which had escaped detection of all the many students and careful searchers of the book since the death of Washington, including Bushrod Washington, Chief Justice Marshall, Jared Sparks, Washington Irving, J. M. Toner, and perhaps hundreds of others.

The careful work of the repair man in the Library of Congress enabled a disclosure to be made after several days' preparation of the sheets.

The first pair contains the account of "the estate of 'Danl. P. Custis, Esq., deceased,'" the next, the account of "Miss Patcy Custis," and the last pair shows the account of "Mr. John Parke Custis," all in the handwriting of Washington, beginning shortly after his marriage to the widow.

The account of "The Estate of Danl.

^{*}The volume since the discovery related below has been taken from its binding by the authorities of the Library of Congress, and each page has been carefully repaired and mounted and the whole incased. The binding also is preserved. The book/therefore, must be referred to in the past tense, though its substance still exists. A photostatic copy is in the Massachusetts Historical Association Library at Booton.



the amount is not inserted. It is made certain, however, by the entries in the children's accounts. "Jno. Parke Custis" and "Miss Patcy Custis" are

each credited with a "third part of the Estate of Danl. Parke Custis, Esq., decd as per settlement"-sterling £1617, 18s. and currency £7618, 7s. 111/2d. The pound in Virginia Reproduced from Washington's Ledger in the Library of Congress, Washington.

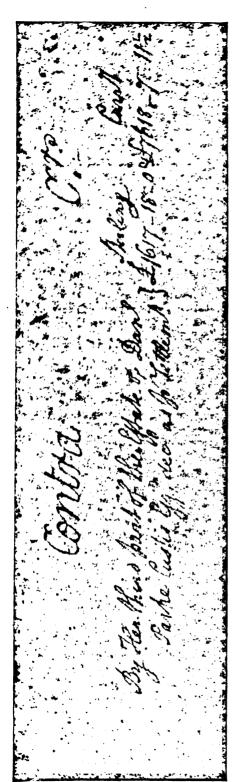
P. Custis, Esq., decd.," is charged "To my Wife's full third part of all his Personal Estate ---," but

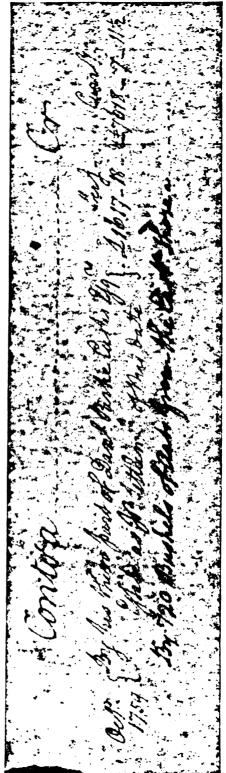
currency was worth only three and one-third Spanish dollars in sterling money, while the latter was valued. at five Spanish dollars to the pound; the rate of exchange on London fixed this value.

Calculating the amounts so credited them on this basis we find that each received from the father's estate eight thousand and ninety dollars and fifty cents in sterling, and twenty-five thousand three hundred and ninety-six dollars and sixty-five cents in Virginia currency, the two making the total sum of thirty-three thousand four hundred and eighty-seven dollars and fifteen cents. Mrs. Custis, the widow, was entitled to receive the same amount and it passed to Washington as her husband, under the then existing law, which made the husband and wife one, and the husband that one.

In substance, therefore, Washington received as the administrator of his predecessor's estate a total sum of one hundred thousand dollars, in part in sterling and in part in Virginia currency.

Digitized by Google





The accounts of "Miss Patsy Custis" and "Jno. Parke Custis." Reproduced from Washington's Ledger in the Library of Congress, Washington.

the story of the three black crows has been applied to that part of the Custis estate which the general received with the widow, the actual amount being only onethird of the amount supposed.

The photographic reproduction of the accounts of the estate of Daniel Parke Custis and Miss Patsy Custis, shown on preceding pages, is the first publication of this disclosure.

The entries on the debit side of the John Parke Custis account were illegible. but fortunately the entries on the credit side were clear and also proved the interesting fact. This unquestionably leaves to Washington's credit the great bulk of the estate of nearly one million dollars which he left at his death to Mrs. Washington and to her and his heirs in his will.

The Ohio Company enterprise was practically dissolved by the French and Indian War, and after peace was finally restored in 1763, although Washington made efforts to revive the undertaking, there was a conflict with other similar efforts made in London by Walpole and others which prevented the consummation of any of them, and all became futile in 1775 by the outbreak of the Revolu-

In the course of his surveying experience from 1748 to 1750, Washington acquired considerable lands from Lord Fairfax and Colonel William Fairfax, both on the eastern side of the Blue Ridge and in the valley of Virginia, for his services and by purchase with his earnings. The Custis money he received went largely into land also.

Washington was elected a member of the House of Burgesses in 1759, soon after his marriage, and held his seat continuously for either Frederick or Fairfax until he was chosen a delegate to the First Continental Congress in 1774.

The fifteen years of legislative training and business experience which he thus acquired have never been fully exploited by his biographers or historians of his time.

Only his relation to the Fairfax resolves and similar resistance to the stamp tax and tea duties have been detailed. We are left to guess what he did from day to day and year to year, in committee and own estate of Mount Vernon, increasing

This furnishes irrefragable proof that in the House, or socially and privately, to train him for that ability and soundness of judgment which he later displayed in the national field, in the Revolution, the Constitution, the presidency, and the French crisis.

> But there is a record of his endeavors as a business man from 1759 to 1774, the years of his career as a private gentleman and Virginia legislator, though little of it has been emphasized in the books.

A few of its items are these:

In 1750 he succeeded his wife as administrator of the estate of Daniel Parke Custis, her deceased husband, consisting of one hundred thousand dollars in cash and securities, belonging to her, and through her to him, and to her son and daughter, in equal shares.

He also succeeded to the long guardianship of the two children's shares in this personal estate and doubled its value in the seventeen years in which he administered it.

He was guardian and manager of "Jack" Custis's forty-five thousand acres of cultivated and wild lands. were scattered through half a dozen counties in tide-water Virginia, and were farmed in part by many slaves, managed by overseers, or were leased on shares to tenants. Their product must be planted, husbanded, reaped, watched, warehoused, and then shipped to and sold in English and West Indian markets, and the returns secured, collected, and accounted for.

The result of his labors was that young Custis became at twenty-one years of age the richest young man in the Old Dominion.

Mrs. Custis had been advised in writing by her lawyers to get the ablest manager in the colony to superintend this vast estate if she would conserve it, a thing she was herself not qualified to do, and that she ought to pay him any salary he might reasonably ask for the service. That she chose wisely in marrying the young colonel, and got the best of a good bargain, is the opinion of many besides Mr. Moncure D. Conway, who scores the point in his "Barons of the Potomaç."

Washington furthermore managed his

it, through these the years of his prime, from twenty-seven hundred to eighty-two hundred acres. He ran the mill his father established, conducted fisheries at wholesale along his nearly ten miles of riverfront, teeming with shad and herring, shipped flour and salted fish to England and the West Indies in annually increasing quantities. He maintained a ferry across the Potomac at a profit and to the great convenience of the public, built a village of houses at Mount Vernon, and enlarged the mansion-house to double its original size. He established half a dozen "quarters" for his slaves on the various farms of his estate, increased their number by leases from his neighbors, and watched the welfare of these dependents with prudent care and fair-minded dis-Their ignorance, shiftlessness, cipline. and general unprofitableness, as well as their unfortunate place in society, were a source of his constant anxiety and conscientious yearning to see them freed, and their condition and that of the colony improved accordingly.

In 1763 and for five years thereafter Washington managed the great Dismal Swamp enterprise. This involved the drainage and lumbering operations on forty thousand acres of "spongy" forested land below Norfolk in Nansemond County, Virginia. It required the building of a number of miles of canals, the maintenance of yards and docks at Suffolk, the building of roads and camps, and the usual labor of timber-cutting and

shipping on a large scale.

To this Washington devoted the greater part of six years as managing director of a company of twelve "adventurers," of whom this list survives: William Nelson, Thomas Nelson, Robert Burwell, John Robinson, George Washington, Thomas Walker, Fielding Lewis, Anthony Bacon & Co., J. Syme, Samuel Gist, Robert Tucker, and William Walters.

A little later he bent his efforts to create the Mississippi Company and to procure for it a grant of several millions of acres of land in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys from the crown. He was the manager of the enterprise and for some years it engaged his best endeavors. He invited the participation of his Virginia friends, and from 1765 to 1772 struggled, but in

vain, in competition with London and court influences, for the royal favor. Then the Revolution dissolved all the rainbows of hope in that direction.

Throughout the years 1750 to 1772 Washington was constantly engaged in the patient endeavor to compel the British Government to make good Governor Dinwiddie's promise to give the Virginia veterans of the French and Indian War two hundred thousand acres of land on the western waters. It took him thirteen years to get justice done. He constituted himself, with their full approval, of course, the agent and trustee of his soldiers, advanced all the expenses of survey and allotment, and finally distributed the lands to officers and men in due proportions, so that no complaint by them or their heirs seems to have remained of record.*

*In that connection an illustration of his painstaking methods is to be found in a letter, of which a copy exists in the letter-book record in the Library of Congress, dated June 24, 1771, which is here given as amended and com-pleted on inspection of the original letter, recently shown me by E. Byrne Hackett, Esq., of New Haven, Connecticut.

Fairfax County Virga.

Fairfax County Virga.

June 24th. 1771.

Your letters of the 15th of Decr from Georgia and 20th of April from Charles Town, came duly to hand. In answer to them I have only to inform you that my advertisements (which you speak of) issued in consequence of Instructions from our late Governor and Council, and that I have nothing more to do in the affair, than to receive, and deliver in to them the several claims of the respective Officers and Soldiers who Imbarked in the Service of this Colony in the year 1754 (Under a Proclamation of the then Lieutenant Governor, offering a reward of 200,000 Acres of Land to all those who should voluntarily engage in an Expedition to ye Ohio for certain purposes) among whom your Son was one, & well entitled not only by Proclamation, but by his Merit and Bravery to a Lieutenants share of the Land, which no doubt he, (if any of us do), will obtain, as I have exhibited your claims to that end.

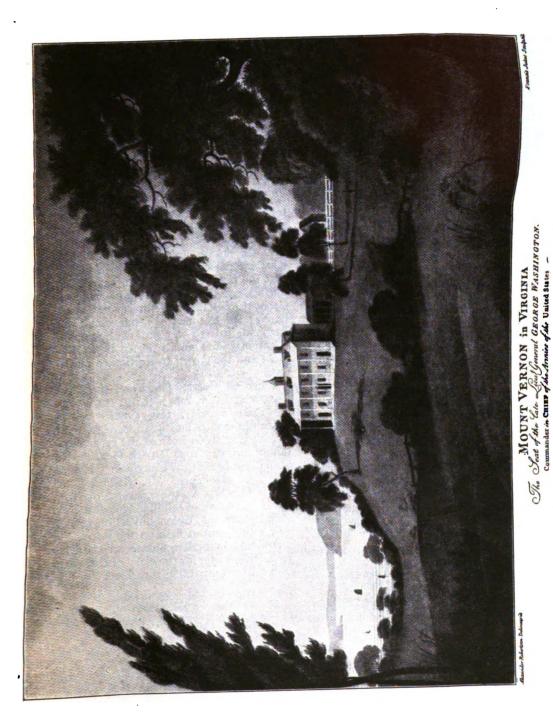
Nothing final however is determined, in respect to this matter you will stand on the same footing with the rest of the Claimants provided you contribute in the same proportion towards the Incident Charges attending the Survey &c which is now set about & for which each Subaltern Officer has already been called upon for the respective Sums of Six nounds and four pounds ten shillings cut Mosec, of

&c which is now set about & for which each Subaltern Officer has already been called upon for the respective Sums of Six pounds and four pounds ten shillings curt Money of this Coly, in order to prosecute the Work; It will behove you therefore to give some Person a power of Attorney to act on your behalf who must be furnished with the means of contributing your quota's past & to come, for the furthering of the Bussness, which must from the Nature of it be accompanied with trouble and expense, & I know of nobody better qualified to serve you in this matter than the One who first exhibited your Claim, I mean Mr. Alexander Craig, who is a resident of Williamsburg—A Man of very fair Character, and lyes more in the way of receiving your instructions, and communicating any Information which may be proper for you to receive than I should or any else that I could recommend.

It may not be amiss to add for your further Satisfaction,

could recommend.

It may not be amiss to add for your further Satisfaction, that all the Claims are now in, consequently the proportion and Value of the Land, which may fall to each officers share, now fully known, and that we have many difficulties, and some uncertainties to pass through, before our Right to these Lands can be fully recognized—such powerful Solicitation is there from People of Power in Great Britain for the Lands to the Westward of us, where our Grant was Located—and such the opposition we met with; the 'it is boped that the equity of our right will at length prevail, in which case



In the collection of Charles Allen Munn, Esq.

Washington received ten thousand acres of this land on his own account and purchased much more in the open market from those who preferred a bit of cash in hand to much land in the bush. He made the journey to the Ohio in 1770 and selected the lands along the Ohio and Kanawha Rivers, and other streams best suited to agriculture, for his soldiers and himself.

He further caused Colonel William Crawford and his brother Valentine in this and the subsequent years to locate for him many claims in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the present West Virginia, until such purchases, together with his share of the bounty lands, amounted to fiftythree thousand acres of the best bottomlands on the Ohio, Great Kanawha, and Little Miami Rivers, as well as the Great Meadows, on which he had surrendered Fort Necessity, and a great tract in the heart of the now famous Connelsville coke region. Incidentally he also acquired two large farms in Maryland, and jointly with General George Clinton, while waiting for the signing of the definitive treaty of peace with England in 1783, he bought six thousand acres in the Mohawk Valley near Utica, New York. Washington had no money at the time, but Clinton loaned him twenty-five hundred dollars for the purpose, on his note at seven per cent interest, which was promptly repaid, partly out of the first crop Washington raised after the Revolution and partly from sales of the land.

It was work of this kind which employed the ripening years of the busiest

ployed the ripening years of the busiest

the Land will be worth the trouble and expenses notwithstanding its remote distance from Navigation.

I am very much obliged to you for the favourable opinion you are pleased to entertain of me—I wish I may always continue to deserve it, and approve myself

Your Most Obedient Servant
To
GEORGE WASHINGTON.
John Polson Esq., Now in Jamaica, to the care of Mr. Hugh
Polson Sheriff of Kingstone.

and biggest man in Virginia just before the Revolution. It was thus he became acquainted with his neighbors and fellow countrymen. It was because of these peaceful pursuits and great engineering enterprises that he learned to know the needs of the colonies and foresaw their future. It was his informed vision which made practical the possibilities of expansion when the French and Spanish menaces were removed or made innocuous by the Seven Years' War. So it was that he became the leader of the Old Dominion. of the South, and finally of the entire thirteen colonies, and felt and knew the rights. the interests, and the sentiments of each.

Therefore, when the clash of the tea tax, the stamp duty, and the Boston massacre came, he was clear in his mind that the rights of Englishmen were being infringed at the behest of an ill-balanced German autocrat, and for several years he rejected the idea of separation from England, insisted on repeal of the unconstitutional laws, and a return by Parliament and the crown to legitimate methods.

When all protests failed and the First Continental Congress met in 1774 it was for these reasons, this experience in peaceful pursuits and just interests, that Washington stood forth as the great captain of industry, and Patrick Henry said of the members of the Congress: "If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina is the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is by far the greatest man on the floor."

And now in modern phrase, written by John Drinkwater for the glory of the only man fairly comparable with him:

"When the high head we magnify And the sure vision celebrate, And worship greatness passing by, Ourselves are great,"

THE CRYSTAL IN THE ATTIC

By Glory Thomas

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RUDOLPH TANDLER



HE room was very quiet, but it was not a dead quiet. There was a mellowness and warmth in the atmosphere that could not be entirely attributed either

to the softly shaded lights or to the fire that glowed steadily in the old-fashioned fireplace. Mrs. Denton was sitting in the corner of the big divan, reading one of the French books Sheila had given her for Christmas, and occasionally glancing from it to the pocket "Larousse" which lay beside her. Across the room, the light from the lamp on the table falling over his shoulder onto the evening paper, sat Mr. Denton.

It was a pretty picture, the lamplight making iridescent pools of color in the drapery of Mrs. Denton's tea-gown, and softening the effect of the room. It was this way that they always sat for the hour or so after dinner, and it was always just this picture that Sheila unconsciously saw when she thought of the word home. The grandfather's clock in the diningroom struck ten, and Mr. Denton looked across the room at his wife.

"I think I'll be going up-stairs in a while, dear," he said, throwing aside the

paper.

"I would, Peter; you've been looking tired lately. I'm glad we're going to the country next month; you need the rest."

"Oh, I'm all right, Helen. I've worked a bit too hard over the book, perhaps. I wonder how Sheila will like it out at the old place. There won't be much of this beaux and late parties business for her, I'm afraid," and Mr. Denton's eyes lit up with an unexpected twinkle as he thought of the social life at "The Willows."

"Sheila worries me a little lately, Peter."

"Overdoing it, you mean?"

"No, not that. But she used to go out on parties with all the young people, and. Denton had been obliged to travel on

it was never with the same boy twice in succession, but lately she's narrowed down to seeing just that McHenry boy, and I don't like it." Mrs. Denton's perplexed sigh told more clearly than her words how little she liked it.

"Well, it seems to me most girls do narrow down sooner or later. Sheila's going to get married one of these days,

you know."

"I know, Peter; but Sheila's still pretty young, and she isn't the girl she'll be in a few years. She's going to develop, and she's going to do big things when she gets out of this rut of parties and-

"Why, Helen! Can't a girl do big

things after she's married?"

Mrs. Denton smiled at her husband.

but her eves were still troubled.

"Of course she can, dear, if she marries the right man; but Sheila wouldn't know the right one if he did come along now. Of course I may be mistaken, but I think she might as well bury herself alive as marry Sid McHenry. I know that all he'll do with life will be to make a little money, show a mild interest in politics, and play poker. His mind couldn't even soar to bridge, and I'm sure his idea of literature is confined to the sporting and financial sheets of the newspaper."

The twinkle faded from Mr. Denton's eves, and he started walking up and down the room with his hands behind his back, a habit he had when his attention was

really engaged.

"Are you sure she's in love with him?"

he asked, after a few minutes.

"Not sure, no, dear; but she's been reserved lately, and she's been with him so much. Oh, I wish you two were closer!"

She had not meant to say it, but in her mood of helplessness before the situation she apprehended, it had slipped out.

Before Sheila came out Mr. and Mrs.

business, and for several years Sheila had spent her winters in boarding-school and the long, quiet summers with her aunt in an Adirondack camp. The last two vears, since the family came back, she had been busy dashing to dinners and dances, and to house parties in summer. Sheila and her father had been close chums when she was a little girl, and in her tombovish school-days they had ridden around the farm for hours together. Sheila would come running up in her diminutive ridinghabit, and say: "Where's Peter?" There was something almost like a caress in the way she called her father "Peter." When she came back from boarding-school, however, there had been a strange shell of reserve about her which Mrs. Denton had pierced, but Mr. Denton had been swamped with work, engrossed in writing a book, the success of which meant a great deal more to the family than Sheila could realize. He had been aloof, as he always was when absorbed in his writing, and that first aloofness had intensified Sheila's reserve till it had become almost a breach between them. Peter Denton felt this keenly, his wife knew, and when she saw the hurt look he turned away quickly to hide, she would have given a great deal to call back the careless remark. A few minutes later she came up to her husband and, laying her hand on his shoulder, silently asked forgiveness.

"I may be mistaken," she said. "It may be only a passing affair. I wish I

knew."

"Well, we can't do much about it tonight, Helen, and perhaps when she gets to the farm she'll see things differently. Shall I leave the light in the hall for her?"

"Yes, do. She'll probably be in late."
Mrs. Denton picked up her husband's newspaper and laid it on the table, and turned out all the lights but one, which she always left burning when Sheila was out. She stood for a few minutes looking at Sheila's picture—the one that stood on the table by the lamp. The wide, wistful eyes that looked out at her from the face in the frame seemed to be asking her for advice.

"Wait, Sheila! Wait! There are bigger things than a McHenry, with his polo and parties, in store for the little girl with the poetry in her eyes," she said out loud

to the picture, before following her husband up-stairs.

Several hours passed. The house grew still except for the grandfather's clock, which was carrying on a reproachful monologue. "She should be home—I wish she'd come. She should be home—I wish she'd come." When the hands were at half past two the storm-door closed with a metallic clang. There was the sound of a key in the lock and the inside door creaked ajar; then a girl's voice, pitched very low, with a poignant note in it, half sleepy, half pleading:

"Please go now, Sid. It's too late to come in. I've had a heavenly time, and thank you loads, but do be good now and

say good-by."

"But, Sheila, it's to-morrow you go. Don't you feel at all the way I do about it? I just can't go till you tell me one way or the other."

"Sid-I can't-I don't know; and I

must go in."

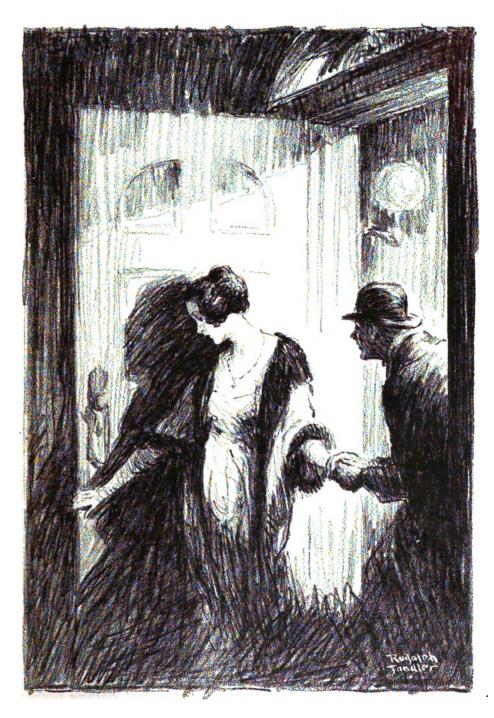
"But, darling, I want you so much. Why won't you marry me? I can give you anything in the world you want, and that's more than most boys can say. Your family will get used to the idea of me. You like me; you've said you do.

Please say 'yes,' Sheila!"

Sheila stood, her hand in his, a little dazed. It was very inadequate, spoiledboy love-making—not at all what Sheila had dreamed of. Yet he was right; she did like him. He seemed so in need of help. All the foolish, wild things he did only seemed to endear him to her, even though at the same time they made him grow further and further away from the ideals she had always had. But now. when he talked this way, making all the big decisions so imminent, she had an hysterical desire to run away from the whole thing. She wondered why she felt that way. He was the sort of person she had seen her friends marry, but she had always known she wanted some one different, a little more like the people she read about. As she thought of the "some one," she drew her hand away.

"I've explained it all, Sid. You know I like you, more than like you, but I——"

and parties, in store for the little girl with "Sheila, are you still looking for that the poetry in her eyes," she said out loud darn Greek god of yours? Believe me,



"Sheila, are you still looking for that darn Greek god of yours?"—Page 430.

you won't find him. They don't exist outside of books. Why, just be honest. Can you think of a single one of our friends that's the least bit like him?"

"No. But there must be-

"Sheila, don't be a baby, looking for Prince Charming. You think too much, dear. Now listen. I'm awfully in love with you, and you like being with me. What more do you want?" and Sid laughed. He had a contagious laugh. which was one of the things Sheila liked best about him. He was right; she did think too much, and at times when she had that funny tied-up feeling from brooding, his laugh could drive it away like sunshine and wind.

"I don't know, Sid, I-

"Come here, little girl, and you'll know

it's all right."

Deep in Sheila's heart there was the feeling, perhaps intensified by "little girl" -she'd always hated to be called thatthat it wasn't ever going to be, but she was very tired, and a long succession of parties had robbed her of the power to dig down and find the real Sheila, and easier to find, and nearer the surface, was the "why not" of the just New York Sheila.

She took a step forward. There was a little silence, while the clock ticked "She can't do it—he's not the one. She can't do it-he's not the one."

"Sheila, does that mean-

"I don't know, Sid."

"But you've always said you'd never

let anybody-

"I know, Sid, but please go now. I'll You must say good night," and she slipped in and closed the door. She stood for a minute looking at her reflection in the hall mirror, as if it were some one from whom she wanted very much to learn something. All she saw was a small, flushed face, yellow hair rather carelessly fixed, and two startled, abnormally bright gray eyes. She stared for a few minutes, and then, as she gathered up her things, a sob brought the words to her lips: "I wish there was somebody to tell me what to do." But Mrs. Denton was asleep and couldn't repeat the words she had said to the picture.

the farm. Sheila was excited at seeing the old place again. It was seven years since she had been back. The brook was tumbling and laughing over the rocks down the lane of willows by the pasture, and everything looked just as she remembered it. As they drove up the long gravel drive she felt the thrill she used to feel when she was about to start off on a canter with Peter. It was queer to think she had called him that; he was so distinctly "father" now. Everything was the same, even old Jeanne, who stood by one of the pillars fingering her apron as the car stopped in front of the house, and Sheila forgot that she was a great, grownup débutante as she jumped out of the car and flew into her old nurse's arms. It was one of those thrilling home-comings when everything is right. Mr. and Mrs. Denton had rented the farm while they were abroad—to Henri and Jeanne's disgust. The two old French people had been with the family for years, and had taken their duties as caretakers very literally, keeping everything as much as possible as it had always been, to the amusement of the tenants, who were friends of the Dentons. And now to have the family back! "Et Mademoiselle Sheila! Mais qu'elle est grande, et si jolie, mais pas encore un mari!" and there was much laughing. Henri must immediately take Mr. Denton to see the garden, and Jeanne, with many whispers, led Sheila off to see the great-grandchildren of the very same Maltese kitten she had romped with when she was "une toute petite fille," while Mrs. Denton was busy with the new Irish servants, who were looking extremely haughty and completely unmoved by the surrounding display of emotion.

Two happy hours followed. There is nothing in the world that has the magic power to change grown people into children again as a glimpse of their old homestead. It is a very universal transition, but every one believes it to be peculiarly his own. The Dentons were no exception. Each one made solemn pilgrimages to his favorite haunt, claiming motives prosaically practical, if not strictly truthful. Mrs. Denton crept down the stairs It was a clear, breezy day with plenty leading from the attic with an armful of of sunshine when the Dentons arrived at miscellaneous articles, among which were distinguishable a pair of small shoes, and what looked suspiciously like "Miranda," Sheila's old rag doll. When she bumped into Sheila coming in search of her, she assumed a businesslike air and stated that some one must undertake the job of clearing the attic soon. Mr. Denton could not be found anywhere in the house, but on being called, came walking from the direction of the stables.

"Treadwell and I will have to do some work on the old barn if we expect to find room for both cars," he remarked casually, as he hitched his chair up to the table. But if one were to judge by the appearance of his coat, he had been contemplating parking one of them in the

hav-loft.

They had a large and festive dinner, laughing inordinately when Mr. Denton said, as he had said hundreds of times before: "Ah! butter-balls from our own

garden!"

After dinner Sheila broke the spell. She became first extremely quiet, dropping out of the "do you remember the time?" conversation they had been carrying on; then she grew restless and walked about the room, aimlessly glancing at the covers of some of the magazines the tenants had left; finally she stood looking out of one of the darkened windows. At last the telephone gave the prolonged toll call.

"I'll answer it, mother," and Sheila darted from the room, closing the library door behind her. Mr. and Mrs. Denton

went on talking.

"Wasn't that the time we were so frightened about Sheila and the little

mare, Peter?"

"Yea, you remember, she took her out and played cowboy with the Randalls' cows."

"I knew she didn't get in till after dark, and we were nearly wild, but I'd forgotten the reason."

There was a pause. Mr. Denton looked at his watch.

"Twenty minutes after— Hmm! Sheila doesn't seem to realize it. I thought every one was always supposed to stop talking then."

Mr. Denton got up and started walking up and down the room, whistling softly. The murmur of Sheila's voice drifted in

faintly from the next room.

Vol. LXX.--28

"Who's she talking to do you sup-

ose r

"I don't know, Peter. Sid McHenry, possibly."

There was another silence, and again Mr. Denton took out his watch.

"D'you say he had a lot of money?"

"Yes, dear; why?"

"Oh, nothing! Only he won't have it long at this rate," and Mr. Denton's watch snapped with an angry click.

"I'm going to take the police pup out for a walk, Helen. Say good night to Sheila for me when she gets through, will you?" Mr. Denton kissed his wife good night. She heard him picking out one of his canes from the rack in the hall. She called out another cheery good night, and sat looking thoughtfully into the fire, as his footsteps faded down the gravel road.

In a minute Sheila came into the room again with an assumed air of casualness. Without taking her eyes off the fire Mrs. Denton held out her hand to her. Sheila drew up a stool and sat down close beside her mother. For a while neither of them spoke. The fire, with its gentle stirrings and indescribable cosey sounds, gradually harmonized their moods. Sheila leaned her head against her mother's knee, and Mrs. Denton slowly smoothed the silky hair that looked quite tawny in the firelight.

"Do you love him, sweetheart?"

The head nodded a little uncertainly. "I didn't know you'd noticed, muddy

—yes, I think I do."

"I see," and Mrs. Denton tried to keep her anxiety from showing in her voice. This was a shy little girl of hers, whose confidence was not easily won. Mrs. Denton had always vowed that when the time came she would not interfere in her child's choice, but when common sense, experience, and, above all, instinct, told her it was all wrong, how could she just stand by?

"Sheila, everybody falls in love in his own way, of course, and there isn't much one person can tell another about it. But before you marry, I want you to find somebody that in your eyes is pretty close to perfect. At least, you wouldn't have one imperfect inch of him the slightest bit

different for the world."

"Mother! That's the way books go on about it. The Prince Charming idea is only real in books. Mother, girls are different nowadays; their eyes are wider open, and I guess that's the trouble. Real Love is always shown blindfold, isn't without noticing its title, she picked out he?"

had more inner resources then than she could summon up now. All that a rainy day, and a chance for solitude, had meant in the last two years was a rallying of the clans and endless rubbers of bridge. Without noticing its title, she picked out one of the books from the well-stocked

Mrs. Denton's glance became more fixed. Youthful cynicism is a hard thing to grapple with. She ignored Sheila's remark and went on.

"And another thing, when you're in love with a man, really, being with him or even thinking of him ought to make you wonderfully happy and content, and not worried."

"You don't understand, mother, how much more practically every one looks at things now. It was just books and illusions and old-fashioned dreams that used to make people feel that way, I'm sure." But it was a suspiciously damp cheek she pressed to her mother's as she stooped to kiss her good night.

"I wish you'd talk to your father about it," Mrs. Denton whispered, as she returned the kiss.

Sheila straightened up and answered a little coldly:

"He couldn't understand." At the door she turned to add: "Besides, I—I am happy." But she didn't convince Mrs. Denton, nor did she completely convince herself.

A few days later Sheila was alone in the house, Mr. and Mrs. Denton having started out for town in the motor early in the morning. It was gray and dismal out-of-doors, with a high wind swaying the poplars. Sheila was ashamed of herself for being so completely bored. She had wavered between the alternatives of putting on heavy clothes and going for a tour of inspection around the farm, or of staying indoors by the fire. It seemed more lonesome in the house, somehow, but she finally decided to stay in, as Sid had promised to telephone during the morning. Sheila could remember in the days before the family went abroad how she had looked forward to days alone on the farm; long days alone with the books, and no one there to tell her to go out and get some fresh air. It was a distinctly

could summon up now. All that a rainv day, and a chance for solitude, had meant in the last two years was a rallying of the clans and endless rubbers of bridge. Without noticing its title, she picked out one of the books from the well-stocked book-shelves and carried it over to the big chair by the fire. Opening it at random, her attention was caught by some descriptive passages, devoted to the eligibility of the hero. "Oh!"—she almost said it out loud—"why are people allowed to write books about people who never could exist? It just makes other people discontented, and mixes things all up. Here's this beastly hero; he's been out West and done big engineering feats and mastered men. He's only twenty-eight, and, what's more, adds the polish of a New York bachelor to his rugged qualities. That just doesn't happen. It isn't only that I don't know any men like that; none of my friends do. They don't exist." Then, glancing at the book again, she became absorbed in it, and against her will was once more the Sheila of long ago, with the unsullied illusions. On and on she read. sharing the emotions of the heroine. She was deeply in love with her engineer hero, and things were entirely in his hands. She admired him and looked up to him a great deal too much to try to win him with any of the arts at her finger-tips. She could only show him her best and hope that that was what he needed. Sheila compared them to herself and Sid. to whom she said anything that entered her head, often to be misunderstood, but never fearing criticism. She read on a few pages. At last the hero won his lady, and home from the week-end, back in his bachelor apartment, was busy trying to express his feelings to her, with pen and paper.

"DEAREST PERSON:

but she finally decided to stay in, as Sid had promised to telephone during the morning. Sheila could remember in the days before the family went abroad how she had looked forward to days alone on the farm; long days alone with the books, and no one there to tell her to go out and get some fresh air. It was a distinctly disagreeable sensation to realize that she "Even these old diggings are different. The room seems to be smiling. But your picture on my desk, so cool, and formal, days before the family went abroad how and distant, makes me wonder if I only dreamt the things that happened last now, dear, because if I dare to send this it must be true. I've often wondered, when I've looked back over the funny scattered

the crossroads I had taken the right turnit all has won your love, there hasn't been one regrettable instant in the whole from start to finish."

Sheila looked up from the book. In her pocket was a letter that had arrived in the morning mail from Sid. Phrases from it flashed through her mind. "Quite a party last night. Wish you were here. Can't seem to have much of a time without you."

"There I go doing it again," she thought, checking herself. "That engineer is just invented. In real life a man that wrote letters like that would probably have long, shiny hair and wear a flowing tie." She dropped the book on the floor with an impatient gesture.

It was almost time for Sid to telephone if he was going to do it at all. Sheila experienced a sense of excitement at the thought. Dear old Sid, there were certain things that were pretty nice about him—his laugh, and his gay, companionable streak. At last the bell rang. Sheila ran to answer it at the extension in the hall. "Hello!" It was a warm, friendly "Hello!" she sent out. She had begun to fear he never would call up. A strange "Is this Mrs. voice drifted back to her. Denton's house? This is the express-The meat from New York is at the station." In a changed voice Sheila thanked him and said good-by. As she turned from the instrument her eyes filled with tears. That she had been working on her imagination all morning never entered her head. To her mind there could be but one cause for her disappointment. The second time the bell rang it was Sid. Sheila fairly bubbled over, but the usual response was lacking, and Sid answered in monosyllables. At last he interrupted

"Look here, Sheila, dear, I called up specially to-day because things have come to the point where I've simply got to know where I stand. You don't know how hard it is being here in town without you, and—well, there are loads of things going on and people wanting me to do things, and, of course, I've been acting just as I said I would, as if we were en-

life I've led, whether here and there at gaged and everything, but I've been thinking it over, Sheila; you said you ing. But darling, darling, if the sum of wanted a certain amount of time to make up your mind, and—well, I've just got to know one way or the other.

"Hello! Sheila? Can you hear me?"

"Yes, Sid, but--"

"Please, Sheila, you must answer me." "But, Sid, aren't things all right just this way?"

"I'm sorry, dear, but I'm afraid they

aren't for me."

"Sid, don't you think if you really felt as you've said and written that you do, you could wait a little?"

"It's just because I do love you so much that I can't wait, darling. You must know now how you feel."

Then central's nasal voice breaking in: "Your time's up. Deposit another quarter for three more minutes, please.

Sheila's heart was beating fast. did it all seem so complicated? Sid's voice again:

"Hello? Sheila?"

"Yes, Sid. Oh, I don't know what to do. It must sound foolish to you, but I don't know what to say."

"Listen, dear; I've got to go back to the office. I'll call you up again to-night. Will you tell me then?"

"Not to-night, Sid."

"Yes, dear, to-night. If you don't know then, there's no use. Good-by, darling, I've got to run. Please see things my way by to-night. Good-by, dear.' "Good-by, Sid."

For a minute Sheila stared at the little black instrument. It didn't seem quite fair. She walked back into the other room and picked up the book she had tossed aside. As she put it on the table she glanced at the cover and read, "Where the Silence Broods," and below it in gold letters, "Denton." She turned to the fly-leaf, again the title, and on the next page, "E. P. Denton, 1898." Her father had written it. She wondered why she had never seen it before. It must be one of his first books. So he, too, was in the conspiracy to fool people. And in the back of her mind always the thought: "To-night. I've got to know to-night."

After lunch she slipped into warm

wooded lanes around the farm, her mind travelling on ahead. When she came back there was a set, determined look about her soft red lips. She glanced at the clock. There were two more hours before the family would get back and before Sid would telephone. She wondered how to fill them. She reached for the book again, but shook her head as she read the title. "Dreams like yours have fooled me, daddy; no more brooding for me. If this is what real life has to offer me, this is what I'll take." The book still in her hand, she started up the stairs in search of occupation. On the landing she remembered her mother's injunction to clear the attic, and ran up the next flight of stairs two at a time.

The attic reached all the way across the house, and was the most story-book of attics in every way. Four tiny dormerwindows let in the light, which now in the clearing sunset streamed in golden and slanting from the west. Decrepit trunks were tucked in under the eaves, an oldfashioned spinning-wheel stood leaning against the brick chimney. At one end of the room a long mirror with a jagged crack down the middle was propped against the wall, and stacked in the centre of the attic were a crib and a rockinghorse. Sheila's old blackboard and boxes and boxes of books. It was easy to see why no one had as yet tackled the job of clearing it. Sheila was overcome with the immensity of the undertaking. Then she smiled. It wasn't going to be Sheila playing in the attic, but the new Mrs. McHenry, grown-up and efficient, starting in housekeeping. I'll tackle the trunks first, she thought, and, kneeling down, pushed open the creaking top of the biggest one in the corner. A faint odor of mustiness mixed with an almost imperceptible whiff of lavender greeted her nostrils. The trunk was so closely amalgamated, wrinkle fitting into wrinkle. On top was an old Paisley shawl. Sheila dug down till her hand touched someof creamy yellowed satin. Something dropped to the floor from its folds.

clothes, and for an hour or so walked the miniature, badly painted but full of charm, the picture of an old-fashioned bride, head held high, eyes smiling. Sheila turned it over; on the back was painted in tiny black letters: "To Helen, with love, from Peter, who's no artist!" Sheila smiled and examined it more closely. The hair was smoothed off the forehead and dressed in a close knot low at the neck. The dress was of the hugesleeved, tiny-waisted style, more unbecoming than any women have ever adopted. Nevertheless, the resemblance was striking. It might have been a portrait of Sheila herself, except that the mouth was smaller and the expression of the eves that of a person more at rest with the world.

Sheila walked over to the mirror and, slipping out of her sport suit, put on the faded satin. She stood looking at her reflection, and then at the miniature in her hand. The similarity was uncanny! "To Helen, with love, from Peter!" The practical Mrs. McHenry tiptoed from the room a conscious intruder, leaving just Helen or Sheila—which was she?—and

the shadowy Peter.

As if in a dream Sheila walked over to the small trunk by the spinning-wheel. Sitting on the edge of one of the boxes of books, the miniature still in her hand, she examined its contents. There was a bundle of childish letters, an unfinished fairy story—Sheila remembered writing that a cluster of shiny yellow curls—how excited she had been when shorn of those; she had stood up slim and short-haired like a boy; and underneath, at the very bottom, a tiny riding-habit. Sheila could almost see before her the little girl that was herself and yet wasn't, and a wave of motherliness swept over her. Fiercelv she wanted to guard the dreams and ideals that glowed back of the wide gray eyes; and Peter must help her. The bright cover of one of the books in the packed that the clothes seemed to be box beside her caught her eye. It was a gayly colored volume of nursery songs. How she had cried over the verses of "Pimminie's" death until Daddy Peter thing cool and slippery. Drawing it had been obliged to improvise an extra out into the light she unfolded masses verse with a happy ending, and how exalted she used to feel when they all sang: "'Come,' said the wind to the leaves one Sheila stooped and picked up an oval day!" Oh, but life had stretched out

in those days! And now that she had climbed up from the shadowy valley of nursery land, what could she see ahead in the clear enlightenment of youth? Sheila's eyes grew fixed and her expression less like the face in the miniature. The horizon looked rather bleak after looking back at the colorful shadows in the valley. There would be the wedding, of course. Most of the ushers would probably be extremely festive—most ushers were—and Sid's friends would be sure to be. Muddy and Peter would be smiling and trying to make her believe that they felt that it was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened, but she would Then she would be leaning over the balcony in her going-away clothes. holding her bouquet high, ready to toss it into the crowd. Some of the bridesmaids would probably cry, Agnes Dowd for one. Then the mad rush to the waiting car. Then Sheila and Sid. riding off somewhere alone, Sheila smiling a little at Sid saying the things she'd always know he'd say. "My, but you're pretty, little girl," and "above all"—he wouldn't say that, of course, but he'd think it-"you're mine." Glimpses of scenes flitted across Sheila's prophetic vision: a married Sheila in ecstasies over some decorative scheme about the house, and Sid exclaiming: "Haven't you got too many colors? Why not have a few things match? . . ." Sheila reading out loud, "Dark brown is the river," and a laughing Sid saying: "Why all the poetry? I bet they'd rather have me read them one of the newspaper's bedtime stories." Sheila shuddered a little. But, then, that's the wav men were. To think of anything else was just dreaming. Life wasn't made up of dreams, and wishes seldom came true. She might as well, right now, along with the Sheila of nursery land, have one last game in the realm of dreams.

She reached into the box again and drew out a fat red book with uneven edges, tied around with a narrow ribbon. She untied the ribbon. On the fly-leaf was written in a fine, slanting hand, "My book and Peter's," and below it in parentheses, "and Sheila's when she grows up."

The book was divided into three parts: the first mostly close writing, the second

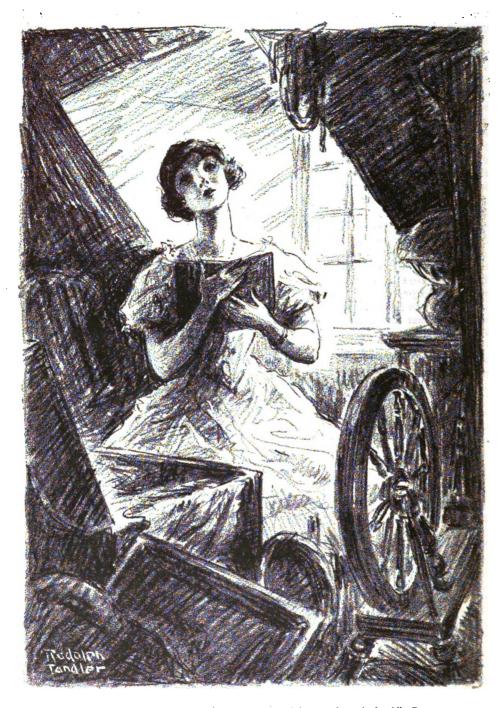
sweet and full and rich with hazy promise what seemed to be mounted letters, and in those days! And now that she had the third clippings. Sheila felt the shad-climbed up from the shadowy valley of owy Peter drawing nearer, and with nursery land, what could she see ahead another glance at the miniature turned in the clear enlightenment of youth? the page.

She skipped through the book, back and forth, reading a letter here, glancing at the clippings, and always turning back to the writing that explained it all. It was more engrossing than the most skilfully written book, and as full of faith and poetry as if Thurston had written it, and true, every word of it true. As she read, the wide-eyed Sheila of the curls and the fairy story crept back into her heart, through the door that had so nearly been closed to her for always.

First Sheila looked at the back of the book. At the top of one of the clippings was a photograph of a man of twenty-nine or so, a strong face, and about the eyes a familiar twinkle. Below it she read: "The first photograph of E. Peter Denton to appear since his novel, 'Where the Silence Broods,' was published." He was nothing but a boy, Sheila realized with a start, like any of the boys she knew, except that the things she had wanted, but never found, were there shining out of the face in the picture. The clipping beneath the photograph was too long to have been taken from the book review page. Peter's first novel had caused a real stir. A brief account of his life followed. Ordinary enough at the start: the life of a boy born in comfortable surroundings—school and then college. Perhaps he had worked harder at college than the average, but he had found time to make friends, and had been well liked. After he left college his life followed rather closely the description of the young engineer's career in "Where the Silence Broods," the one whose authenticity Sheila had doubted.

The next paragraphs were devoted to discussion of his book, in terms of praise that brought a glow of almost personal pride to Sheila's eyes. He was compared to the best of the contemporaneous English writers in his unusual combination of strength and subtlety.

There were clippings about each of his books in turn, all in the same tenor, with the exception of a few that disagreed with some of his views. None could deny his



"Oh, Peter, wishes can come true if you stick to them long enough, can't they?"—Page 439.

skill or the unfailingly helpful mission at the back of each of his books.

still clutching the miniature, she started down the stairs. As she reached the land-

Sheila turned back to the front of the book, where in Mrs. Denton's simple, sincere phrases was set out the account of her first days with Peter—a plain enough little journal, but on each page another of her wishes was granted, another of her dreams was realized. Sheila's eyes filled with tears. Here and there Mrs. Denton referred to some letter Peter had written her. Sheila found them, too. They were full of depth and originality, unexpectedly whimsical and inexpressibly tender. When she had finished the last one, Sheila held the book close in her arms. The man she had loved instinctively just as father had suddenly be-"And come her creed and her lode-star. you were just a boy. Oh, Peter, wishes can come true if you stick to them long enough, can't they?" She said the words out loud and the sound of her voice broke her revery.

The attic was growing dark, and Sheila suddenly wanted to get back to lights and people. Putting on her own clothes, but

still clutching the miniature, she started down the stairs. As she reached the landing she heard the car at the door, then the sound of the telephone. It must be Sid. Mr. Denton was answering it in the hall.

"Hello? Just a minute. I'll see." And with his hand over the mouthpiece he called: "Sheila! It's Sid McHenry. He seems very anxious to speak to you."

Sheila came down the rest of the stairs. "Father, just—just tell him I can't come to the phone."

Mr. Denton delivered the message, and then held out his arms for his welcomehome greeting. As Sheila stood face upturned he held her off for a minute and, looking into her eyes, asked laughingly: "What's the matter, dear? Don't you want him any more?"

Much to his bewilderment, Sheila turned away quickly, and nestling close against his shoulder, murmured back in a muffled, sobby little voice: "I don't want anybody but just you, Peter—for years."

But Mrs. Denton, who had recognized the miniature in Sheila's hand, understood, and stole up the stairs unnoticed.

THE ANNIVERSARY

By Gamaliel Bradford

THE mighty tides of fate still ebb and flow.

The mighty moons of fortune wax and wane.

Death and disaster out of pleasure grow

And God's high ecstasy returns again.

Some green, delightful oases are found In the enormous desert of despair, Some lovely acres of enchanted ground, Some sunny regions of celestial air.

But that which grows where nothing flourisheth,
And that which blooms where ruin else would be,
And that which heals the sting of even death
Is love—and I love thee and thou lov'st me.

BEDS UNDER STARS

ANOTHER CRUISE OF "THE DINGBAT OF ARCADY"

By Marguerite Wilkinson Author of "Bluestone," "New Voices," "Beauty," etc.



despised the princess in the mind joyful. fairy-tale who could not quilts of silk and down because, underneath the last

and lowest of them, a rose petal lay crumpled. Now I have compassion for her, for those who recline on sevenfold silk and down spread between themselves and rugged reality never rest at all. If there be no crumpled rose petal, the thought of one suffices to disturb them. Pillowed upon a softness that thwarts or denies reality, we may have witless slumber and illusory dreams, but valid repose is for those who do not fear that which is hard. Our rest is on reality.

Our peace is in reality. This thought I have found growing near the gnarled roots of trees that have sheltered me in the woods at night. I have found it, also, flourishing in chilly sand at the heavy ocean's edge. Whenever and wherever I have slept upon the ground at night I have caught glimpses of it by the light of the first stars. And I have looked at it again in the morning as soon as a new dawn has made it possible to see thoughts growing. I have tried to transplant it into my mind.

Whenever and wherever I have found this thought growing I have found rest. The ground, the underlying reality for our bodies, that from which there is no falling away, is the best of all beds. It is the bed of heroes before they die in battle and find rest in it forever; it is the bed of hermits who keep vigil for the soul's sake; it is the bed of the quaint company of the poets who wander up and down the highways of the world forever, seeking the tunes that will echo longest in the minds of men and the images that men's tears bed on which Christ slept in the wilderness. It is the clean refuge of the poor. night by a flat surface.

HEN I was a little girl I Resting on it makes the body firm, the

To find this firmness and joy, to achieve rest easily on her seven this rest upon reality, nobody needs to endure more than all manhood and womanhood should be able to endure. It is not necessary to be uncomfortable night after night. Times will come when no amount of foresight can prevent a certain amount of discomfort. But such humorous hardness should symbolize for us that discipline of heart and mind without which we reach no intellectual or spiritual reality. As a rule, after the first two or three nights in the open, aching

> bones are either a myth or a stupidity. It seems strange to me now to remember that, whereas my ancestors, for thousands of years, could have had no other bed, I lived for thirty years in a world full of groves and wild skies without ever spending a night on the ground under the stars. Then it came to pass, at last, that my husband and I set out on our first adventure, the seven weeks' cruise down the Willamette River in the boat which we built ourselves and christened The Dingbat of Arcady. Our first night on the ground was spent near Albany, Oregon, in a forest of maples.

After a hot supper cooked by the water's edge we made our boat fast to a sapling and then, carrying our blankets and two long strips of heavy canvas, we entered the grove. We found a superb maple with a stretch of level earth under it about eight feet square on one side, and sloping away from the roots. It was summer and the branches above were in full I leaned against the trunk and watched while Jim loosened the earth in the open space with a hatchet and made a slight hollow (as travellers do in the Western desert) for the hips to rest in. will never wash away. The ground is the This is an essential of comfort. The spine grows weary when held at an angle all

Digitized by Google

When the earth was arranged, which took not more than five minutes, we spread out the canvas and laid woollen blankets on it. As much depends on blankets underneath as on blankets on top when sleeping on the ground. Then came light cotton blankets—the "sleepbetween" which could be washed easily and served as protection against the dust that always gathers in wool. On top of this we put more woollen blankets. We kept the second strip of canvas at hand for protection if it should rain. We had no tent.

No roof stood between us and heaven—none but the broad, deeply cleft leaves of our tree. On one side even these did not hide the sky. On that side there was not even a mist to mask the street-lamps of the eternal cities above us as a light fog from the harbor sometimes veils the stars that are New York at night. Climbing through that aperture in the branches on rays of starlight, my vision rose into the everlasting blue and my spirit followed.

No walls were between us and the voice of the river to deaden the long sound of its chanting—none but the walls of quiet air through which that chanting came. My lips moved with the desire to shape words to the tune of it and I gathered vague syllables together into heaps in my mind as I listened, only to throw them all away again at last. It had to be a song without words.

There was nothing between us and the nervous life that plays sensuously upon the surface of the earth. The ground whispered when an insect moved in it or over it. The hush of night was broken, occasionally, by the passing of the little night-hunters of the wood, scurrying across leaves and twigs to and from their hidden homes, talking with their quick feet. Sometimes something fell. Then silence closed in again deeper than before. The air near my face was moist and full of sober fragrances. I wanted to stay awake all night and get the uttermost joy out of the experience. But even as I resolved to keep watch over the world with the stars I lost them. . .

In the woods, although I wake earlier mittent breeze, and the first gentle patthan when I am at home, I usually wake tering of rain upon their leaves. The more beautifully and gradually. If the thought of a shower roused us, for, as I

wood be thick, or the day cloudy, my first awareness of waking is the half-conscious answer of the mind to the calling of birds near at hand that seem, in my dreamy state, to be very far away. At first I lie quiet with no desire to move a finger, opening my eyes for an instant from time to time to see the robust trunks of trees define themselves and emerge from vanishing mist or kindly shadow. Then I realize that the tip of my nose is cold. I lift a hand to my hair and find that it is heavy with dew. I turn stiffly. I listen consciously to the bird song. One by one more trees add themselves to the number of those that I can see. A shaft of keen light falls through arching branches upon the floor of the grove. The grass becomes visible, stiff and spangled. If there be flowers near my bed I notice them. Then it is time to get

On the first morning of our trip the waking and rising happened in this way. I walked slowly down to the river, getting used to my legs almost as if I were learn-The stream was smooth ing to walk. from bank to bank as if the ripples still slept. It steamed with light, white mist. An evanescent foam or scum clung to the small reeds near the bank, and in quiet places bubbles floated. A fish jumped. The sun stared at me ruddy and imperturbable from his low house in the East. I saluted him. Then I plunged in for my morning swim. My mood that had moved to an expectant andante now quickened to a happy allegro. I gathered some pieces of dry wood barkless and bleached, like the bones of a tree, and made a fire and cooked breakfast. The day had begun.

On the next night of the trip and on several succeeding nights, although there was as much beauty to be enjoyed, there was more hardship, for it rained. On our second night out we camped with the maples again, but in another grove, farther down the river. When we had been asleep only a little while we were awakened by a noise strange to us, the shy, slow, perturbed fluttering of the top branches of the trees shifting in an intermittent breeze, and the first gentle pattering of rain upon their leaves. The thought of a shower roused us, for, as I

have said, we had no tent. We had been too poor to buy one. We put all of our clothing under the canvas folded on top of our blankets. Then we waited, wondering whether we should soon feel the rain.

For quite a long time not a drop of water came through to fall upon us. The leaves held the first fallen drops until their surfaces must have been thoroughly wet. Then the shower became too heavy for them to hold and they began to drip. From layer to layer of leaves the water fell, and then onto our canvas. It was like William H. Davies' lyric "The Rain," exactly like it.

"I hear leaves drinking rain;
I hear rich leaves on top
Giving the poor beneath
Drop after drop;
'Tis a sweet noise to hear
Those green leaves drinking near."

When the rain did splash through on us at last we did not know whether to keep our faces out and let our hair get wet or to duck under the blankets and feel smothery. We decided to let them get wet. In the morning my hair was drenched and I looked very bedraggled, like pussy with wet fur, but otherwise I was quite dry and warm. We put on sweaters and hunted for wood dry enough for a fire. Under fallen trunks of trees or in hollows of dying trees we found plenty and made our matutinal coffee without much difficulty while occasional drops of rain sputtered against the hot sides of the pot.

Since then we have learned to carry calcium carbide which, when dropped into water, makes a gas that burns well and will dry twigs for a fire in no time. In this way fire can be had in the wettest We have learned, also, to dig a weather. V-shaped trench inverted at the head of the bed when rain is expected. water then drains off at both sides of the bed and not into it. Rain is beautiful, but I do not love it the better for having it flow down my neck at night. We were novices in those far-away days, and had not learned how comfortable it is possible to be out-of-doors even in wet weather. Nevertheless, we were quite cheerful. We were like children in our enjoyment of the thought that we had slept out in the rain all night and cooked breakfast in the rain successfully.

When rainy day followed rainy day and rainy night followed rainy night for the better part of two weeks I must admit that we were not always cheerful. Once we agreed that we would keep a fire burning all night. I was to keep watch until twelve, for Jim had been rowing all day and was far more tired than I. Then he was to keep watch for the rest of the night while I slept. But at twelve o'clock Jim was sleeping as deeply as the logs he should have been chopping up for the fire, and I simply could not rouse him. I turned in and let the fire die.

Through all the rain we kept well. Not a twinge of rheumatism, not a hint of a cold did we have although we travelled down-stream most of every day in the leaky little *Dingbat*, barefooted because we thought that wearing wet leather might bring on chilblains, and although we slept at night in blankets that did finally get damp, since there was never

sun in which to sun them.

Then came a day when we saw the sun again, hot and glorious—a day of emeralds and diamonds. In the strong light we saw that everything we owned was—muddy. We must have washing day at once while the sun was out. But we needed to go on down the river, too, for we were short of certain kinds of food that could be bought only in towns. How could we do the washing and the travelling too? That was the question.

Jim answered it. He bored a hole in the middle of the cover plank at each end of The Dingbat. Into these two holes he inserted two sticks about five feet tall. From the top of one to the top of the other he tied a stout cord. That was to be the drying line. Then, while The Dingbat floated on down-stream, carefully guided by Iim. I leaned over the stern with a cake of laundry soap in one hand and a dingy garment in the other, rubbing and scrubbing to my heart's content. We left a thin trail of suds in our wake. We flaunted personal banners in the sun. At noon, when everything we owned was washed and dried except the big cotton "sleep-between," we rounded a bend in the river and thought for a moment that we were drifting into the Dingbat's home port—a boatman and a washwoman in Arcady!

It was only a strip of shelving pebbly beach that we saw, with a clump of birches white in a dazzle of sun and flutter of air. But a virginal freshness of atmosphere made the place delightful to us who had struggled long with the rain in thick dark groves. In all directions we saw wild, untouched country. No sign of man! What a place for a rest and a frolic! It was very hot. Jim decided to stay for a couple of hours and row on down-stream later in the day when it would be cooler. We stopped, put on our bathing-suits, and walked into the river.

We had a delightful afternoon. I sat down joyfully in the current where the water was on a level with my shoulders, and ducked my head under from time to time to let it have the fun of tugging at my hair. We washed the blankets and hung them on bushes to dry. Then I gave myself up to delight in the weather. I was wild with golden sun and blue water and white solitude. One swim was not enough for me. All afternoon I ran in and out of the river. Jim washed the boat and then rested quietly. It was not until about five o'clock that we packed our clean, dry things into a clean, dry Dingbat, and pulled reluctantly out of the port of Arcady to finish the day's cruise. We had to travel until about eight o'clock to make up for our afternoon of leisure. We did not know then that it would have been wiser to remain where we were.

But soon after we had left Arcady behind us I felt a strange, drowsy pain waking in my feet. At first I paid no attention. The pain persisted and grew worse. A sudden twinge when I moved one foot eventually challenged attention. I looked at my feet and saw that something quite unprecedented was happening. Thev were rosy purple, and in form resembled the chubby feet of Michelangelo's cherubs. I tried to stand and discovered that it had become an agony merely to bend them at the ankles. I sat down in limp distress. It was an exceedingly bad case of sunburn, the result of my intemperate revelling in sun and water.

It was evident that we could not camp for the night anywhere where walking would be necessary, and that we had better stop at the first flat beach. When we found a suitable place my feet had swollen to about twice their normal size and were aching furiously. Jim lifted me out of the boat and set me down on the shore like a pathetic bundle. We had no curative lotion with us, nothing that could be used but a little lard left over from cooking. Jim made a bed on the beach and put me into it with my melancholy feet uplifted on a typewriter and a suitcase. It was only toward morning that the pain eased somewhat and permitted two or three hours of slumber.

Even so I was awakened early by a shadow directly over my face and I looked up into the countenance, humorous and pointed, the two beady eyes and sharp snout of a friendly little pig. To show him that I was not good to eat and did not intend to be eaten, I said, "Hello!" Whereupon he replied with an exquisitely modulated "Oi, oi, oi," that made me think of the Greek syllable without the rough breathing. After this polite salutation he trotted away. For me, however, he was symbolic. Never since then have I let intemperate pleasure lead to sunburned feet. So Apollo taught me, as he taught the Greeks of old, that there is temperance even in beauty.

By the time my feet were well again we had stopped all of the leaks in The Dingbat with pitch and oakum, and we sometimes found it convenient to sleep on the floor of her while she rocked quietly all night on the lonely waters of that little river. When evening came we would tie her securely by her long rope to some sapling on shore and then let her float inside of a log boom, or in some shallow cove. At first, when we slept in her in this way, we covered the floor with branches of the firs, laying our blankets on top of them. It was a fairly good bed, though less comfortable than the ground in the forests. Then, one day, we met a farmer, who told us that there might be wood-ticks in the fir branches and offered us hav instead. We took big armfuls of it from his little red barn and offered to pay for it, but the farmer would accept nothing. It was only hay, he said! We spread it out where the fir branches had been and rested fragrantly on it while our boat was tipping and slipping about gently on water that lapped softly against the fourteen-inch planks that were her

sides. We could watch the moon light a silver pathway for the feet of some spirit like Christ. . . .

But the strangest bed that we have ever slept in we found at Oregon City, when we had floated that far down the stream. A big fall spans the river at that point, and to pass it one must go through locks. We knew this, and when we were near enough to the place to make it by eight hours of hard rowing, we were told that if we reached the locks before five o'clock of that day we could get through. Jim did his best, pulling hard on the oars all afternoon. We did not stop for food, for we had cold things for luncheon and enough raw potatoes to provide a dinner. All day we hurried down-stream.

After many hours we heard the roaring of the falls ahead. Riffles sing soprano and rapids a beautiful combination of alto and tenor, but big falls boom in basso profundo. The current quickened perceptibly as we bore to the left, hugging the shore as we had been advised to do. Faster and faster we moved. We got into the swift guard-locks stream. Jim stopped pulling and made it his only care now to keep the boat to the left and close to land. Ahead of us we saw the gates of the locks. At the right, between the dam and the locks, was a paper-mill, evidently running on a night-shift. At the left of the locks was a perpendicular bluff about ten feet high. We went on and soon brought up hard against the gates of the locks. They were closed. What to do next we did not know. We hallooed.

At first nothing happened. Then a man, coming out of the paper-mill, saw us. He said that the locks would not be opened until eight o'clock next morning, when some large boats would go through. Then we realized our plight. Bluff to the left of us, gates in front of us—falls to the right of us—volleyed and thundered! Behind us was a current up which only motor power could have pulled *The Dingbat*. We had no food for the evening meal but potatoes, still raw, and we had travelled far. The thought was disconcerting. The kind man realized our plight.

"You can't get your boat out," he said, "and you'll have to spend the night here if you want to stay by your things. Wait a minute. I'll speak to the boss."

The boss came out and looked us over. "You have your wife along," he said meditatively.

Jim admitted what was obvious.

"Well," said the boss, with a hospitable wave of his hand, as if he were welcoming us to the dear old Waldorf-Astoria, "well, if you can get up to it, you can spend the

night in my heap of junk!"

We followed the gesture and noticed what we had not seen before, several heaps of shavings on top of the bluff and three sections of iron pipe. Each section must have been about seven feet long and six feet in diameter. Jim looked at me with a gleam of intelligence in his eyes and I answered with an understanding gleam. It could be done. We would spend the night in one of those pipes! We thanked the boss and accepted his offer. He grinned and told the kind man who had discovered us to help us up the bluff.

This man, who turned out to be the night-watchman for the mill, just come on duty, crossed a high bridge from the mill to the bluff and told us to pull over to the left. This we did and Jim threw our long rope to him. He pulled us upstream a short distance and into a niche where the current was not felt. Then he tied the rope to a tree on the bank above Jim managed to get our blankets and other necessaries hoisted up to him by the use of oars and another rope. Then, with some assistance, he scrambled up himself. And finally the two men hauled me up, bumping and scraping against the bluff in clumsy fashion. We were landed.

After that all went well. The heaps of shavings were clean, refuse from the pulpmill. We spread them thickly on the bottom of the interior of one of the pipes. On the shavings we spread our blankets, all but one, which covered the back of our strange house. The canvas covered the front entrance in a similar way. Our house was ready for us.

In front of our front door we sat down and built a fine little fire of shavings and small blocks of wood. We cooked our potatoes, a plentiful, if somewhat plain, dinner. While we were eating, the night-watchman came over for a social smoke with Jim. He told us, as men always do

ventures. They made ours seem a little bit tame. Once he had rolled all the way down the side of a mountain on his horse. breaking a large number of his bones. He had been unable to work for a year after that, but he was fairly well mended by this time and glad to have a quiet job. He was a zestful man and good company. The stars were out when he shook the ashes from his pipe and left us, assuring us that we would be perfectly safe.

Then we crept into one of the queerest shelters ever inhabited by a teacher and a poet. If you should ever be troubled with insomnia as a result of sleeping on a box spring and hair mattress with coverings of linen and silk, my friend, I suggest that you row all day on a sunny river and then, at nightfall, find a large, clean iron pipe, line it with shavings, spread out your blankets thereon, eat a dinner of plain boiled potatoes, turn in, and find your cure.

Such surprises as the finding of a pipe suitable for a residence when the need of shelter is great have been rare in our experience. But we have often had the finest of æsthetic surprises. Once in Southern California Jim and I started on a short trip that yielded most gracious memories.

We had built a second oblong boat like The Dingbat of Arcady, already mentioned, to take the place of that dear, queer first craft, sold for two dozen cans of salmon before we left Oregon. This second boat was larger than the first and better built, for which reason we called her *The Royal* Dingbat. We were near Coronado at the time, and wanted to row her out through the bay to the main channel of San Diego harbor where the water rides in at high tide between North Island and Point Loma.

We expected to spend the night at the extreme end of North Island, almost desolately lonely in those days, where the ocean washes one side of a sharp angle and the water of the channel washes the other side. We expected to camp there all night and fish early in the morning when the tide, turning toward land, would bring fish in with it. But The Royal Dingbat, like The Dingbat of Arcady, was too exhaling an intense and seductive per-

in the open world, the story of his ad- vals to fish for mackerel, of which there were many in the bay, and as a consequence it was late when we reached our destination. The moon was not up.

Iim cleaned the mackerel that we had caught, and I cooked them over a fire of driftwood flaming green and golden. Then we decided to get to rest at once that we might be up early. We took the long rope fastened to the end of The Royal Dingbat and carried it up the beach to the tide line, where vegetation begins. There we tied it to a stake firmly fixed, so that our boat would not float away in the rising water.

Then we carried our blankets up above the tide line and spread them out according to our custom. We were to sleep on sand lightly covered with growing things, and sand is said to be the worst of all beds for a camper. But it was too beautiful under the open sky to remember that. In California the days are topazes. the nights, sapphires. Lofty and serene the sky bent above me, showing sharp frost-points of the stars, like diamondtipped spears of gods fallen on a sapphire floor. The Milky Way was like the record of some gorgeous rout and pursuit through heaven. When a fog comes in, this light of sapphires and diamonds is beautifully beclouded. The blue becomes opaque, as if milk were poured into an azure goblet. But on this night, I remember, there was no fog. I remember the blue-and-white wonder above me and the chanting of the ocean. After long looking and listening I lost consciousness.

The next morning we were awakened by the untroubled sun, just as Homer must have been awakened very often, although he could not see it, like an opening daffodil, when he had slept beside the "wine-dark" sea. The first rays of it, falling obliquely, touched our cheeks delicately with a warmth always unknown to night, waking the sleeping flowers and waking us. Then I saw that my bed had been made in Paradise. Around the edge of our old brown camping-blankets the wild beach primroses blossomed in lavish glory. Growing among them were palepurple beach verbenas, each fragile flower-head borne upon a sticky stem and clumsy for speed. We stopped at inter- fume. Beside these blossoms the hearty

garden verbena might have seemed blowsy and crude. Verbena and primrose, pale purple and clear yellow side by side, blessing the bed that I lay on as well as ever Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John could have blessed it, surrounding me with beauty, head and hand and foot, drooping over my face as I looked up to greet the sun! When we had made our camp the night before we had not known!

For those who take to the open road in all honesty and simplicity, who are not afraid of reality, such pleasures are numerous. Nor is California the only land where they may be found. In the East, too, even in late autumn or in early spring, such surprises may await the camper around the bend of any road. One of my happiest memories of waking up in the open belongs to a trip made to Delaware Water Gap in the first week of

April.

We were driving in our little ramshackle Ford and we had a tent with us, for that is always necessary for privacy and protection in thickly settled Eastern country. As we drove through New Iersev the willows were vellowing and the brush in the swamps reddening for the The birds were returning for their season of mirth. The day was slightly overcast with clouds, but mild and pleasant. Twilight came early. When it came we began to look for a place to spend the night, but it was dark before we rolled along to a curve where a narrow, rutty dirt road turned off from the main road into a strip of light woodland and fallow beside a swift and narrow stream. We stopped, cooked our supper with water from the stream, and pitched camp in a hollow near it.

In the morning, when I opened my eyes, I saw that we had rested in a bed of dog-tooth violets. Looking out across the earth with my eyes on a level with it made them seem like an army of yellow elves coming to storm the citadel of my mind. I capitulated at once. When we arose that morning there was a blessing on us and we knew it. We made coffee, fried bacon, and toasted bread joyfully. Then, before we went on, we covered the remains of our fire with water, earth, and moss, that no black ashes might make an ugly spot in that perfect place.

We went on toward Delaware Water Gap, driving rapidly and living frugally with our bodies, but for our spirits it was to be a day of miracles. At noon we stopped on a country road that crossed a brown-shadowed stream that looked as if it might be a happy home for trout. We had only tea and bread and butter for luncheon, so, while I prepared it, I suggested to Jim that he try a cast or two. At the first cast he pulled out a fine trout which we promptly fried and shared. Again we were blessed. We went on happily

Early that afternoon we found the trout-stream for which we were looking and, as a light haze descended upon the land near it, between the little hills that guided the flowing of it, we pitched camp in a meadow still clad with last year's grass, now being lifted by new green blades. The trout-brook made promises to us all night long of what it would do for us next day. The mild air gave us slow, deep breathing. Again we were

blessed.

Morning came warm and sparkling. We took our tackle and pushed up-stream, fishing as we went. Above the meadow where we had camped the stream ran through wilder and more troublesome country, over mighty boulders, between rough and jagged banks covered with dense undergrowth and brooded over by stalwart trees. We found a clear, delicious spring and drank deeply.

After a long walk we were hot and came upon a pool where it would be just possible to swim a few strokes. Below it were two great rocks and a plunging gush of waters between them. We went in swimming. Cold, cold as ice recently melted, but stinging sweet to the spirit that loves hardship, was that clean water. Shuddering for a moment when the water first clashed upon us, then rising to feel the kindly warmth of the sun, we were blessed once more. If death should be like that. . . .

I sat enthroned between two boulders with water rushing headlong across my shoulders. It seemed as if such cool, clear energy must wash away not only the fevers and foibles of this world, but even many faults. In that chilly dazzle of flying sunlight and leaping water I could not

think ill of any one, not even of myself. When I changed my wet clothing for dry I was clean of heart. And on the way back I picked long streamers of ground moss and little vines newly budded out, a few sprigs of arbutus, and one bloodroot, the wonder-star of April. We caught few fish that day, but we were content.

At supper-time it was cool and a light wind blew up. The wind grew bolder and colder. By ten o'clock as much of a gale as the little valley would hold was blowing over us. For once the tent would not stay in place over the top of our car, or indeed, anywhere else. It was made of light (though waterproof) material, and we were afraid it would be torn to ribbons if we left it up. We took it down and tucked it over us, flat on the ground. The wind ripped and tore at it even there, and sometimes it slithered coldly across our faces. The night grew colder and colder. Jim let the water out of the radiator of our car. A film of ice showed on the water in our drinking-pail. The ground under us stiffened and then froze hard. Yet under the blankets and the tent, wrapped in our warmest clothing, we were not cold.

Rising in the morning was another matter. When I went out to make a fire the gale blew this way and that. We were obliged to set our small stove inside of the car in order to cook on it. I washed hands and face in the stream in which I had been swimming happily the day before, and the cold of the water and air now made my fingers stiff and numb so that I fumbled badly with the frying-pan and coffee-pot. But when I was once warmed through by a good breakfast I got joy of that gusty morning, such joy in hardship as I had never known before. Truly, I had been blessed.

These things, frost and wind, realities of the physical life to which we had gone back for a time, were they not fit symbols of the stresses of life that we had left? These things, frost and wind, had been conquered by man, the indomitable, long ages before my birth. By claiming our share in the heritage of conquest might we not conquer also, in the end, that world of steel and stone realities wherein men and women of to-day face dangers

and difficulties more subtle than any that their forefathers knew?

Other beds I have had where the children of this world could not have rested easily. In hidden lanes we have cut heaps of weeds and set up our tent on them. A bed of nettles has more than a figurative meaning for us. We have used reeds to cover wet and boggy ground when, for one reason or another, it has been impossible to go on to a better place. A bed of dried leaves is one of the finest to be had, as all country children know, and autumn is the best time in all the year for real campers. But it is good, at all times, to rest near big trees. Once, on Sevenoaks Common, on the Pilgrims' Way to Canterbury, in England, I made friends with an old beech-tree. It was in this manner.

In England summer days were opalescent, softly clouded and shot through with light fire. It was the end of May. The holly-bushes had just put out their new leaves, delicately thorny, shiny, almost translucent, and quite unlike the thick, opaque leaves we know at Christmas time. The wild berry vines were blossoming. The ivy had sent out an apostolic succession of new and sensitive shoots along the climbing ways and over the ground. The bracken was uncurling. The trees were in new leaf. Many of them were not perpendicular, but ran at sudden angles one with another and bent in several ways. In the midst was a great beech. In front of it, at a short distance, so that we might look at it, we put up our tent while the soft sunlight of an English afternoon fell away to ghostly yellow among all the mingled greens and made a silent symphony of the colors of rest. We ate our supper and sat idly watching the night coming.

The night was like a fairy corridor cut in moss-agate, misty and magical, through which we moved haunted by whims and strange wisps of thought born with our bodies and souls of the experience of our race. I watched the shadows deepen around the old beech, thinking how the young Shakespeare might have slept out in this same country, under such trees, or how Chaucer might have walked on this very common many a time, picking the daisies that he loved. The tree became a stalwart Shakespeare, a portly Chaucer,

a symbol of the mellow greatness of the English mind at its best. If the leaves of it had changed suddenly to the crimped white ruff worn by the bard of Avon and if he had spoken to me of the "darling buds of May," I should not have been greatly surprised. If the branches of the beech had suffered metamorphosis and become the smock that Chaucer wears in his portrait in the National Gallery, I should have taken it, I think, as a matter of course. I should have waited to hear him say,

"O yonge fresshe folkes, he or she,
In which that love up groweth with your age,
Repeyreth hoom from worldly vanitee,
And of your herte up-casteth the visage
To thilke god that after his image
Yow made, and thinketh al nis but a fayre
This world, that passeth sone as floures fayre."

We spent many a beautiful night camping on the English commons, treated always with courtesy and kindness by all classes of people with whom we came in contact. Nor did we find anywhere a dirty, unpleasant, or unsightly bit of country. Every inch of rural England that we saw had been loved so well that it had been kept undefiled. May travellers say as much for this country in the future!

We camped once on "'Am Common" (Ham, preferred) near Richmond, by advice of a kind policeman, only to discover next day that it had been against the law for us to put up a tent there, or to run our little motorcycle combination into a space between clumps of bushes. Nobody knew that we had done it, however, and we were not molested. Nor should I have known that it was against the law if I had not seen a sign next day denying the privilege of camping to all gypsies and to other peculiar people like teachers and poets.

The bushes around us were furze—what the friendly policeman had called "fuzz-bushes." They were merry with golden bloom. And never, even in California hills, have I heard such a full chorus of bird song as woke on Ham Common that morning. Cuckoos called out loudly, as they never do with us, that summer

was "icumen in." The larks and other English birds that we did not know tossed carols into the air as fast as a fountain tosses spray. It was a jubilant festival.

But, after all, it is in one's own country that the bed under stars is dearest. It was good to return in the autumn to the red-and-golden woodlands of New York where there is a tang of wildness in the frosty air unlike anything that ancient England's cherished garden ways can offer. Resting under red-and-golden trees while the first fallen leaves rustle crisply on the ground makes me think, always, of how beds in the open prefigure the last narrow bed in which I have to lie some day.

This thought came to me, not tormentingly, not even sorrowfully, once when I was sleeping in a cosey hollow at the top of a hill in New York, in a grove of trees red with autumn. Wood smoke from a dying fire scented the air. The thought of death became grandly inevitable in my mind, as death is in actuality, but it was not unlovely. To give back to the earth the body broken by life's hardness, to let it be dissolved again to feed the roots of upstanding trees and through the roots the fruits of them—that did not seem terrible in the night. I ought to be glad. I thought, to be renewed in such beauty. To let the flesh become a rainbow might be enough. Perhaps many years later, I told myself, young people glad of that into which I had been translated would come to this very place to enjoy, with senses more acute than mine and a finer understanding, all that I had known and loved.

To scatter abroad over the earth the separable parts of my spirit, like red leaves in a wind—perhaps that would not be altogether tragic either. My dreams and deeds, capable of mutation and combination through some splendid chemistry unknown to me, might yet be immortal and indestructible in the world that I have known. Facing the firm realities of rest upon the rugged earth had enabled me to face the final reality of which we know nothing save that it is real for us all.

BUTTON SWAN

By C. Grant La Farge

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERMAN LEROY EDGAR



HE other day, being caught in a "tempest," as Elizabethan Rhode Island calls a thunder-squall (never a thunder-storm, mind you), I had to make a harbor in

Third Beach, where there is a lee in any breeze from the westward, though I was none too sure of the holding-ground. On this point I consulted a local fisherman. with whom I then had that kind of conversation so common between those who know the vagaries of the sea. He told me how he had seen me sailing past him, hauling his pots, as I made the entrance to Sakonnet River, running before the stiff sou'wester in the rough tide off Sachuest, and how she was a-flyin' and he could see by the way I was handling the tiller that I was having a great sail. So I told him what was the truth, that in a steep jump and dead before the wind I was always in fear of a jibe. I guess every boatman is, especially when there are backstays to think of.

This led to talk of sailing, tides and tidal currents, and keeping one's bearings over longish courses in thick weather, and so it was I discovered that he did not know how to sail a boat. A native Rhode Islander, born within a mile of the beach. a professional fisherman for over twelve years, at sea every day—and he did not know how to sail a boat! The gas-engine has done it. I might have known it; perhaps I did without noticing it overmuch. But this brought the whole thing before me, flashed its sudden light upon the great change that has been wrought in the longshore life since the days when I went fishing with Button Swan.

He was a Newport fisherman, which is to say, one of the most characteristic products of the New England coast, and is also to speak of a race now as extinct as King Philip's Indians, and of ways of life quite vanished, probably forever. As all this was part and parcel of what made land seaboard a tremendous gale; what

Newport the Colonial seaport town that I remember, that gave it a savor now gone from it, trampled out by the trolley and the merry-go-round and macadam and all the other evidences of "progress," it is worth recording. Those were the days when the old stock owned the farms and brought their lusty sons up to work them: when the slow ox-teams drew the great loads of strong-smelling seaweed from the beaches innocent of excursionists: when Easton's beach was the homely, unsophisticated fashionable bathing-place, and the lonely marsh behind it, now diked and, well, damned, was the haunt of snipe and rail, of ducks and all the baybirds; when some remainder of the old gentlefolk still lived in the dear old houses on the wharfs, and I used to call upon the two ancient ladies in one of them who remembered the day when my greatgrandfather left Newport to win the battle of Lake Erie; when the serried nets did not yet line every shore and beset every tide-way that is the fishes' avenue, so that the great bass and the fierce bluefish and the swarming schools of mackerel abounded, and there were weakfish and scup galore.

In those days lived Button Swan. Once there was a famous Newport fisherman named John Swan, but commonly called "Jorn Sworn" in our native dialect. Under his protecting wing he took a little boy, one William Henry Munro, who went along with him on his boat. The boy's diminutive proportions earned him the nickname of "Button"; his uncle's name became attached to him, and so he remained Button Swan to the end of his many days. It is with a youthful experience of his that I introduce him, O, ye cruisers in power-boats who think that those are fishermen you see put-putputting from buoy to buoy.

Somewhere about the middle of the last century there fell upon the New Eng-

Digitized by Google

we of the shore call a no'the-easter. It strewed the coast with the bones of tall ships and it carried away the Minot's Ledge lighthouse. From Point Judith we local folks call it P'int Jude P'int-to Newport entrance the course is northeast, and the distance is ten nautical miles. Off Point Judith that gale caught John Swan and Button, in their little open sixteen-foot Newport fishing-boat, and in the terrible sea that wind and tide make in those waters they beat the long, long gray miles of spindrift, dead to windward every foot of it, and came safe into Newport Harbor. That was, I do verily believe, the very utmost showing of absolute seamanship, of craft and vigilance unterrified, that could be found. That it has been equalled I have no doubt: it cannot have been surpassed.

There was another little sail of Button's that would have been the end of any but one who was as much a part of his boat as its keel, and as at home upon the sea as a gull. In September of 1869 we had "the Great September Gale," a southeaster that drove vessels ashore in the harbor, that lifted the roof off our barn and blew it into a field, that broke all the south windows of our house and uprooted the elm-trees along Paradise Button was fishing in Hull's Cove, the little bight north of Beaver Tail, when that storm broke, which it did very suddenly. He had some warning. and got out before the full strength of it was upon him, but it was in a fearful gale that again, wind abeam, this time alone, he came unscathed into harbor.

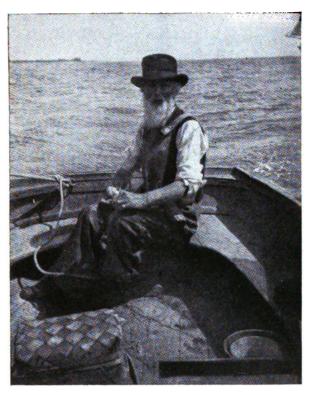
They were wonderful things that the Newport fishermen did with their sturdy little ships, whose design was peculiar to the place. Before I tell of what they did and how, I shall speak of the craft themselves. Sixteen feet, sometimes eighteen, was the standard length; rather broad, and with a low free-board. Lap-straked, and no part decked over; fairly deep keel and inside ballast, under the floor. There were two thwarts, the longitudinal space between them occupied by a well, boxed in like a broad centreboard casing, and divided by a fore and aft partition into two compartments. The well, from holes in the bottom of the boat, remained always full to the load water-line of clear

green sea water. Abaft this, what may be called the cockpit with transoms. The mast was stepped clean in the bows just forward of a third short thwart, and held in place by a hinged iron clamp, so arranged that it was quickly cast off and the mast taken down and laid lengthwise of the boat to make her ride at anchor more easily in a seaway. The rig was of the simplest: a mainmast with single halyard and a main-sheet. The sheet was made fast, not to a cleat, but to a pin under the rail, by a sort of looped halfhitch, so that the strain on the sheet held it securely but a quick jerk cast it off. There were sweeps and thole-pins for rowing, and a scull hole alongside the rudder. The anchor was a three-pronged grapnel, called killick, the hawser being bent at the foot of the shank; it was loosely held at the head by a turn of marline. Thus a straight strain on the hawser brought none on this loop, but when the killick was wedged in rocks, a quick strong yank on the hawser, hove short, broke the marline and upset the killick. This was a very important matter, for these boats were constantly anchored in places from which they had to depart without any loss of time whatever. They were always painted dark green, the upper strake white, and a line or so of bright red or yellow; inboard, according to the owner's fancy. I know of only one that might be said to be decorated—one of John Swan's, in which he took devotees of fishing to their sport and which had some pertinent mottoes for landsmen painted along the rail, such as: "Heave to Leeward."

In sailing qualities they varied, as boats will, but in some essentials were alike; they made well to windward if not pinched too close; were quite fast for their size and rather short rig, off the wind; quick and reliable in stays, and very stiff. They did not smash and pound into the seas, but rode quietly and smoothly over them. It was this buoyancy, their stiffness and the quickness with which they could be handled, that made possible such exploits as I have spoken of. Into the building of these stout little vessels went craftsmanship such as that Norman ship-building art that so splendidly assembled the open-timber roofs of

mediæval France and England. Each sat in a friendly circle, those nice old nacasion of his doing so was a waterside times and the sea. All the while, back event. Never were there more blissful in the endlessly fascinating shop, amidst it must have been in the last of the '70's— of rigging and tools and boats a-building,

fisherman built his own boat and the oc- tive Newporters, and gossiped about old days for a boy than those of the winter— ropes and anchors, blocks, forms, all sorts when Button decided to build. Oh, those Button plied his craft. There was no



Fishing . . . was something that meant niceties of accurate boat-handling.—Page 452.

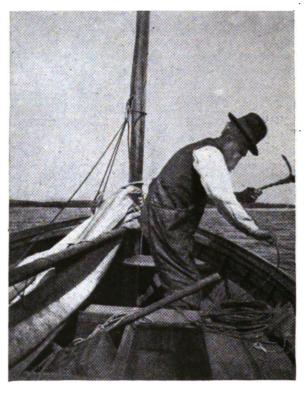
long Saturday afternoons when, school green lumber went into such a ship; being dismissed early, I followed my beaten path to Jim Hart's boat-shop on Long Wharf!

Long Wharf was a place of boat-shops then, but as Button made Jim Hart's his headquarters, that was to me the shop of all Newport. Always, on those afternoons, there assembled there a little accustomed coterie. Hart, tall, bowed, gaunt, and spectacled, a very gentle soul and honest boat-builder, talked sometimes of California in '49. Mr. Hammett,

every stick and plank had been seasoned to perfection. Keel of clear white oak and planks of sweet-smelling cedar that made such lovely shavings as he cunningly shaped each strake to fit its compound curve. And the knees—oh, the knees! No miserable makeshift shapes those, sawed as best the grain would permit. When the good Lord made New England apple-trees grow in such fantastic crooks and bends, he must have had in mind the needs of the boat-buildthe bookseller, about whom clung some ers. Button had amassed a strange coldelicate aroma of his calling, discoursed lection of these crooked limbs, and of their upon books and learned matters. They tough, close-grained wood he made knees

vessel.

that received scarcely a cut across the everywhere outside it is all the water you grain. So passed the late winter months, need for any ordinary draft; a little and in the spring the fisherman was beyond it rides the light-ship, from which ready to go down to the sea in his new you may conveniently take your departure and lay your course for wherever Fishing, for that breed of men, was you may be bound, to Cuttyhunk or something that meant niceties of accu- Cadiz. But from inside that buoy, all



Heaving anchor.

rate boat-handling beyond the comprehension of those who haul pots and traps with engine-propelled craft.

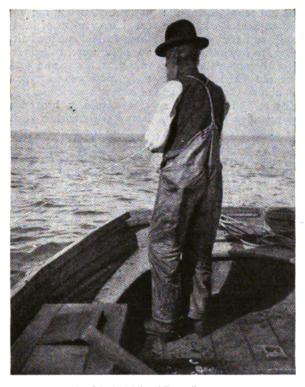
Aside from the common exigencies of weather, the two prime matters they had to reckon with were the tides and the character of the bottom. As the tides dent, you will give it a good berth. pour into and out of Narragansett Bay and the waters east of Long Island Sound, they make very strong currents, running in various and changing directions, and subject to many modifications with different winds. These currents are further complicated by obstacles such as shoals, rocks, and reefs. As you sail out of New-

the way to the shore, stretches as grim a set of teeth as ever ground ribs and planks to splinters-Brenton's Reef. All around and through it, the veering tide currents raise a broken, lumpy sea, on it the big waves dash into foam. If you are pru-

But it is just amongst such ragged ledges that many of the fishes feed, and there Button and his like went after them, not timidly and haltingly, but with firm assurance. Right into the very edge of breakers, in places that looked to the unaccustomed nothing short of impossible. We go by the buoys and the charts, port a great red can buoy tells you that most of us, on greater or lesser marine

Button those buoys were sometimes a moorings. If I looked in the well I would convenience, as among the innumerable see lobsters, for those were the days when range marks, by which he placed himself they were so plenty that it paid to use accurately on the exact spot where his them as bait, and he could get all he anchor should be hove. But as for using wanted from the pots he had at various

highways that are all staked out. To he sculled out to his boat, lying at her them to find his way, they were to him convenient points. What were the fish-



He fished with hand-line.-Page 454.

about as are street signs to us in districts ing prospects? "Well, no bluefish have we travel daily. He knew the bottom of those waters as you know the stairs in your house.

A day's fishing with Button always meant fish of some sort, though you seldom knew for sure just what they were going to be. Early in the morning I would go down to Long Wharf's row of old-time boat-shops—now no longer there. In front of Jim Hart's was the little bronzed bow-legged man waiting for me, and ready to predict that the light north- sailed to another wharf where, from Pete erly breeze will hold for a while, but that Albro's fish-market, we took aboard a box it will be in from the south'ard later on. of fresh menhaden carefully packed in We climbed down to the little skiff and cracked ice, and then, rounding Fort

been taken yet, but it's about time for That southeast blow r'iled the 'em. water up considerable and they been gittin' some big barse down to Graves P'int. If it comes in to the south'ard early enough and blows kind of mordret, might be wuth while to try for 'em on the reef; the tide'll be right. And anyhow, there's plenty tautog, so we'd ought to git somethin'."

So, to be prepared for everything, we

Adams, with fair wind and the end of the ebb, we dropped down past Castle Hill and Butterball Rock to Brenton's Reef. Although an offshore breeze made the sea smooth, the reef was breaking in dazzling white, for the great rollers of the recent storm were still coming in from the ocean. Until the flood-tide made and the wind shifted. Button was not ready to try the reef, so we held on to Seal Rock Ledge But don't suppose we went around Brenton's Reef to reach it. There is a gap in the reef, with good water; it is narrow and, as the old Eldridge Coast pilot used to say about Wood's Hole, "no place for strangers." But it was a plain short cut by an alley for Button, provided there was enough sea running. For the only safe way to steer through that gap is with the hissing foam close on either side of you to show you the course.

Seal Rock Ledge was a simple matter of picking up some ranges and heaving anchor. Then we set to work. He fished with hand-line. I with rod and reel. The under side of the well-cover made a bait board; on this he deftly cut up the big green lobsters into juicy morsels that were tied to the hooks by the bait-threads each one was provided with. The tautog is not exactly a game fish, but he is a stubborn fighter, and when he runs to good size—my best was fourteen pounds —takes some pulling; he is, moreover, a most excellent table fish and one of the best for chowder. If you want to know just how marvellously good to eat he can be, here is the receipt.

First catch him off the rocks on a crisp blue October day. Then make a big hot fire and in it heat a lot of stones, thoroughly. Bury a barrel in the sand to within a few inches of its top, and have ready a great heap of fresh rockweed. Scale the fish—don't skin him—split him and sprinkle with salt and pepper, fold him again and sew him in cheesecloth. Put a bed of rockweed at the bottom of the barrel, then your piping-hot stones, then a layer of rockweed. On this the fish, and then fill the barrel with rockweed, cover with an old canvas, and go take a swim. In fifty minutes dig out the fish and praise God. Corn and potatoes, to say nothing of soft clams, cooked in the same way, are a revelation to those who deliberate movements that were never

have not met them. Of course, some way of regulating the use of the Eighteenth Amendment helps quite a bit.

Inside of an hour the flood-tide was making and the wind died all away: then a dark-blue line to the southward showed that the sea breeze was coming fresh. It was time to move. We had a good catch of tautog, a few big flounders, and the usual assortment of inferior fish, some of them to be kept for baiting lobster-pots. So lines were coiled or reeled, anchor raised, and we got under way for the reef. Now was to come the real showing of expert knowledge.

Bass feed in broken water. When a heavy sea smashes against the rocks it tears up the seaweed and whirls about in the turmoil all the marine life that shelters itself there, crabs, shedder lobsters, small fish, many crustaceans. The great fish then has the table spread with his choicest fare, and it is into that tumultuous banquet that your bait must be cast. That means that if you are fishing from a boat, it must lie at the very edge of the

breaking seas. In principle the thing looks simple: to use the balance of opposing forces, the wind and the tide. The ledge to be fished, an irregular jagged mass of submerged rock, had to be approached from windward or very nearly so, the boat lying in a sort of bight in the reef, with rocks to leeward and on one hand. The tidal current, setting across the wind and away from that side of the reef, would hold an anchored boat clear of danger and broadside to the fishing-place; this so long as the balance of forces held right. With falling of the wind the tide would swing the boat out of reach of the ground; with slackening of the current the wind would drive her into peril. There was about an hour of safety to be counted on, and during that time a watchful eye forever kept. But if this looks simple in theory it was far from being so in prac- . tice. It needed the closest judgment to determine that the elements were right; it needed something more than that to sail into the edge of that riot of sound and motion and to trust to the little killick. But Button did it with the same impassive unconcern, the same apparently

as the boat danced on the steep seas, lobsters were cut into little bits and heaved overboard and some menhaden squeezed into the water-"chum" to attract the fish. A plump, oily menhaden had his fat sides neatly sliced off with a sharp knife; one of these, split down the middle, was folded on itself, the hook passed through it, the bait-thread tied about it, and it was cast into the surf and allowed to sink. Then all the chogset and sculpins and such bait-thieves went at it for all they were worth; the strong wash of the sea dragged it about over the ragged bottom; the hook and the line caught on ribbon-weed as it was slowly reeled in again. The bite of a bass, even a huge fish of fifty or sixty pounds, is a little nibble, not unlike that of the small fish; but these disappear from the scene when the big fellow comes around, so there is generally a cessation of the miscellaneous submarine activity before the great event. And if the nibble is a bass. and your strike hooks him, the subsequent proceedings are a very different affair from the tame struggles of any of the lesser sorts.

On the day I am telling of we caught bath-houses then on Hazard's Beach. no bass. A moment came when to none but the practised eye was there any And you would never have guessed from his demeanor that Button, busy with his own line, with renewing your and his baits, occasionally asking you "Feel ary one?" was all the time watching with unflagging vigilance; but he hauled in and said we had to leave. And indeed, by the time the little man had tidied up the boat, gone with his strange gait forward into the eyes and coiled down his hawser, hoisted his mainsail, taken the tiller and filled away closehauled into the lively breeze and the jumping sea, you saw a change in the way that sea was breaking where you had just been fishing. It was like the flight of birds from a coming change in the weather.

I sailed with him for years. With him I fished all the waters about our shore. from the first biting of the tautog in the windy spring until, with almost frozen in all Narragansett Bay. Good fun that

misplaced, as though he were picking up fingers, we hauled the big cod sluggishly his moorings in a tranquil harbor. Then out of the depths as winter was closing down. He told me, over and over again, everything I ever asked him to tell me, and time was when I really knew a good bit about these fishing-grounds. But that last perfection of skill I never learned, try as I might; and you can learn it in only one way: live upon the sea.

> Noon was near. What next? A little way to the eastward, terns were screaming and dipping down to the water with their springy, crisscrossing flight. Button thought it probably meant a school of bluefish and suggested we take a turn at trolling. It's a poor way, so far as sport is concerned, to catch any kind of fish, but I agreed, with the proviso that if we took any we should go ashore and plank one for lunch. So eelskins came out of pickle and were drawn over the longshanked rigs and we had a brief spell of lively work with these voracious mack-erel. Then we headed for Gooseberry Island and ran in through a narrow passage, set with rocks, that looks troublesome but is really quite simple, into a pleasant quiet cove, anchored in still water under the lee of the island and landed on the rocks. There were no

Before we went ashore Button gaffed a big bluefish out of the well, cut its change in the conditions of wind and throat, scaled it, cut off head and tail, and split it very clean and close to the back-bone. He also extracted from the well a thick hickory plank he kept in soak, and nailed the fish to it. We made a lively driftwood fire, and he propped the fish up in front of it. That was as near being fresh fish as mortal man can well accomplish. When it was about done, it was spread with butter and given a final browning. If there is anything better to eat, I have never had it. By the way, did you ever eat fresh American cheese with a pilot biscuit dipped in sea water? Try it.

> The afternoon was left, and some run of the flood-tide. The pleasantest and most profitable sport was bluefishing at the Dumplings, so we put to sea again, beat out of the passage, crossed the reef, and squared away into the bay. We anchored in quiet, deep water, the deepest

used to be. The tide carried your line well out and you got either bluefish or nothing. You'd be drowsing, very likely, when there would come a sudden, savage onslaught upon your tackle that woke you up with a start as the tip of your rod was dragged, perhaps, under water. Then order of life, as things appear to you a tough tussle and at last the darting, snapping, steel-blue fish was hauled near the boat and Button made a sure stroke with the gaff, hoisted him aboard, grasped him firmly between his oilskin-clad knees, and took the hook from jaws that would tides remain. To me they must always bite off a careless finger. Once running, sing of the days I knew when Rhode they came along as fast as you could Island bred seafarers, men who sailed, handle them, and then, all at once, it was when her fishermen were such as Button over. Up anchor and head for the harbor.

The sun was near its setting as I chose the fish I wanted to take, and Button Utterly contented, I cleaned them. landed at the old wharf, said good night to him, and went home. It all seemed a part of the natural, settled, permanent when you are young. He is gone. The seaworthy little craft have vanished as completely as have the long ships of the vikings. The fish are gone. The rocks, the winds, and the everlasting Swan.

LOVE WALKED WITH ME

By Charles W. Kennedy

Many an hour of many a day I walked alone a winding way Through fields of clover, up the hill, Where pines croon low, and waters spill From rock to rock, from pool to pool Moss-edged with velvet crisp and cool.

Many an hour, by many a way, I watched the pageant of the day; Saw beauty veil in golden mist The willow boughs that Spring had kissed; Heard beauty run in golden notes That filled the air like dancing motes: Found beauty's footprint, found her trace, But never met her in her grace, Although the heart stood still to hear The rustle of her presence near Stealing from her worshippers, Stirring as the tall grass stirs, Or creeping through the scented clover At hide-and-seek with those that love her.

On a new hour of a new day Love walked with me that leafy way, And life found fragrance and heart's ease Amid the quietness of trees. Yea! all the hours of all the day Love touched the known, familiar way With magic from the heart of May-Then in each secret, shadowy place Mine eyes saw beauty face to face.

THE GREAT RACE-ECLIPSE AGAINST THE WORLD!

By Max Farrand

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM CONTEMPORARY PRINTS



OR myself, when reason returned. I found that I was raised on tiptoe, grasping with no feminine hand, the arm of my neighbor (an entire stranger to me, but

who, in his turn, was so preoccupied as to be insensible to my familiarity) and holding in my breath, as if a single expiration might have interrupted the gratification I enjoyed—mechanically but heartily, I had swung my hat in the air, in honor ofthe victory."

We probably should not describe our feelings in quite such a stilted way, but most of us who have lived through the excitement of a great athletic victory should consider ourselves fortunate if we did nothing more unseemly than grasp "with no feminine hand" the arms of our neighbors and wave our hats in the air. But when we realize that this was written nearly a hundred years ago, and that it is the confession of a dignified and conservative gentleman who had gone to a race-course for the first time in his life. it becomes more interesting. The occasion was a race in the spring of 1823 between a Northern and a Southern horse for \$20,000 a side. It was more than an ordinary horse-race for large stakes, however, and in order to appreciate its importance it is necessary to relate certain events of the preceding months.

In the summer of 1822 a horse-lover and horse-breeder, Mr. James J. Harrison, of Brunswick, Virginia, had been having astonishing success on Southern racecourses with his horse, Sir Charles. At the same time in the North, Mr. C. W. Van Ranst, of New York, was having similar success with his horse, Eclipse. It so happened that both of these horses were

In the early fall the owner of Sir Charles challenged the owner of Eclipse to a race on the Washington course in November. The phrasing of the challenge is so characteristic of that time that it is worth quoting in its entirety:

Brunswick, Va. 30th Sept. 1822.

To the Owner of the American Eclipse.

SIR—I did have a great desire to attend the Long Island Races this Fall, and in all probability should have done so, if the owner of the golden Sir William had not given notice, that he should run him at Lawrenceville, 4 mile heats, and that he wished every race horse in the nation could meet him. I met him with Sir Charles and they ran single handed, and sir, I have to inform you that this Golden horse, that commanded the wind to stand still, and all creation to bend before him last winter in South Carolina, has now taken a western direction to seek his level with the depreciated currency of that part of the country; and as I have been told that Eclipse is a fine race horse and would be benefitted by southern fame, I have thought proper to offer you the only opportunity in my power, for him to realize the character necessary for a fine stud— Now you have it in your power to try his superiority, for if he can beat Sir Charles, he may stop his running career, as he stands victor in the southern states. I will run Sir Charles against the American Eclipse, over the Washington Course, four mile heats, agreeably to the rules of the course, the 15th or 20th of November next, for Five or Ten Thousand Dollars, provided I have due notice of the same by the 15th or 20th of October next. Now, sir, you have it amply in your power to grandsons of Diomed, the famous winner test Eclipse as a racehorse, and I think of the first Derby, who had been import- the world will not say the proposition is ed from England by Colonel Hoomes. illiberal, as Charles has already run two

races, and in all probability, will run two more in the season, admit you accede to the proposition, as the New Market races will commence the 8th of next month, and then I propose to meet you on the half way ground. I am, respectfully,

JAMES J. HARRISON.

Mr. Van Ranst accepted the challenge, the date was fixed for November 20th, and on the 1st of that month the cashier of the Bank of the United States in Washington issued a formal certificate that each of the two owners had deposited in his hands \$5,000 as "the forfeit mentioned in the agreement between C. W. Van Ranst and J. J. Harrison."

Horse-racing was almost the only form of out-of-door sport in which people indulged in those days, and great interest was naturally aroused in this event. The fact already stated that both horses were grandsons of Diomed gave an added interest, but a greater significance was found in its being a challenge of the South to the North, and the race was always referred to as the "National Race." Great was the excitement when Eclipse started early in November to make the trip to Washington. It was remarked that "the newspapers pay as much attention to the movements of Eclipse as Court Gazettes in different parts of the world bestow upon the perambulations of crowned heads." The New York papers each day reported the bulletins received from his owner. Before the days of railroads and box cars it was no slight undertaking to transport so valuable an animal from New York to Washington, and it was a relief to all concerned when the news was finally received that Eclipse had arrived safely and that he had come, as Mr. Van Ranst wrote, "as quiet as he would have been in his own stable, and in as fine condition as when he left home."

On the 20th of November one of the Baltimore papers reported that "the road between this city and Washington for the last two days has been thronged with travellers all going southward," and on the day before the race it was announced that the city of Baltimore was nearly depopulated by the departure of its inhabitants. "The bets are immensely heavy. We have heard of one bet ten-

dered on Sir Charles of 800 negroes valued at \$300 each, . . . More interest is excited, more money is betted and more persons will be on the ground than at any race we recollect in the United States." It was said that a million and a half of dollars were wagered on the result. On the day of the race over ten thousand people were reported to have been on the course. "a greater number than had ever before congregated in Washington." Undoubtedly the papers were given to exaggeration then as now, but in New York interest was so keen that it had been arranged to have a special messenger come direct from the course with the news of the result. It was expected that he would arrive by noon of the day following. Accordingly it was announced that in case Eclipse had won the race a white flag would be the signal and would be displayed from a conspicuous flagpole.

When the New York Evening Post went to press, at two o'clock on the afternoon of the 21st, it reported to its readers that the express had not yet arrived and, incredible as it may seem, it promised, if the news came later, to get out an extra edition for the benefit of its subscribers.

Lest one should be accused of exaggeration, it may be well to repeat an amusing account that appeared in the New York Commercial Advertiser and was widely

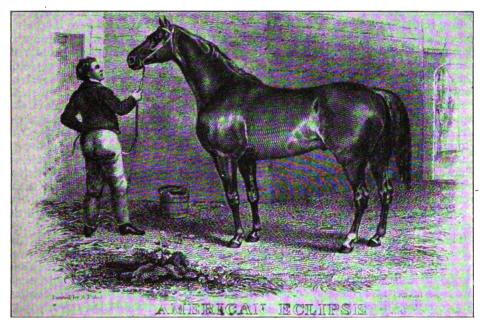
copied in other papers:

"Yesterday was a day of great anxiety among the sportsmen of this city, in fact we may say among those who are not sportsmen, for the interest in the great National Race seemed to be universal. It was understood that an express was engaged to leave Washington with the news of the result, the moment the contest should be decided, which was expected to arrive in this city by 12 o'clock; and such has been the language of bravado and boasting upon the subject at the south, that no one dreamed that the owner of Sir Charles, instead of Sir Charles himself, would bolt.

"About half past 11, one of the signal flags was displayed, to the delighted eyes of hundreds who at once believed their bets secure. But by 12 o'clock, it was discovered that there was a mistake—the watchman upon the wall having mistaken the wing of a wind mill on the Jer-

sey shore for the appointed signal of vic- appearance of Eclipse—his bone and tory. The hours of one, two, and three muscle—and bright eyes, and distended rolled heavily on, without tidings, which nostrils, breathing defiance, having proinduced many to believe that it was about duced a lameness of Sir Charles, and intime to change Eclipse's name. In the duced his owner to leave the field-and meantime, the faces of our citizens grad- his five thousand dollars stake-money ually lengthened, while the eyes of the into the bargain. The effect is quite re-Virginians, Carolinians, and Georgians, sparkled with joy and triumph. Had being quite as long today, as those of the Eclipse led the field, all believed we should Gothamites were last Evening."

markable, the faces of the Southerners



Reproduction of the frontispiece to American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine, of February, 1830. From the original painting, the property of Charles Henry Hall, Esq., of New York.

have heard the news. The Citizen's Coach arrived, but no news. Night at length set in, and Old Mistress Darkness hung up her curtains—but still there was no news. Surely, said the wise ones, 'Sir Charles has beaten, and Crawford will be President.' In this state our jockies went to bed; but some of them were so deeply 'in for it,' that they rolled and tumbled all night, without enjoying anything more refreshing than fitful naps and feverish dreams. Morning came, and the downy pillows were early deserted. But

What had really happened was that the Southern horse, Sir Charles, had gone lame and as the race consisted of three heats of four miles each Mr. Harrison was fearful of the consequences. He accordingly had mercifully withdrawn his horse and forfeited the five thousand dollars. Mr. Van Ranst wrote to his wife that he was greatly disappointed, for he had counted upon winning very much more than that. In order to offer some compensation to the large number of spectators who had come a long distance, let those at a distance picture to them- it was agreed to have an exhibition race selves the universal disappointment when of a single heat of four miles for fifteen the mail arrived with the intelligence hundred dollars. The exhibition race 'that there had been no fight.' The very was run the following day, when the lamethat he could not finish and Eclipse won easily.

In the excitement which followed—it may well have originated in the exhilaration of the banquet that night—another race was agreed upon. The Southerners were naturally eager, and their first offer was for a race at \$10,000 a side. But the Northern horse had won and it was therefore possible for his owner to name the conditions. He declined to race Eclipse in the South, and when the Southerners doubted whether Sir Charles would ever again be in condition to race. Mr. Van Ranst offered to race his horse on the Long Island course against any horse the Southerners might produce for \$20,000 a side. The challenge was promptly accepted on behalf of the Southerners by Mr. William R. Johnson, of Petersburg, Virginia, and the date was set for the last Tuesday in May of the year following. Thus arose the cry in which the Northerners delighted: "Eclipse against the world!"

Again the money was deposited in a branch of the Bank of the United States.

This was more than an ordinary horse-The long-standing sectional jealousy and rivalry between the North and the South had been rapidly developing into a direct antagonism of interests, and this occasion offered a welcome opportunity for a display of feeling between the two sections. Newspapers and travellers' note-books are filled with references to the race with such expressions as "The North against the South!" "The Free States against the Blacks!" and "It was indeed made quite a party question; all the Free States wishing success to Eclipse, and the Slave States to Sir Henry."

It was the year before the presidential election and, in a desultory way, the campaign had already begun. There happened to be no sharply defined political parties, and so many candidates were in the field for the presidential office that it was and still is referred to as the "scrub race for the presidency." John Quincy Adams stood out more conspicuously than all the others in the North, while the machine candidate and the most prominent from the South at this time was William

ness of Sir Charles proved to be so genuine a little superstitious feeling that the race might forecast the political election, and the New York American on the week before the race announced: "The decision of this sectional sporting feeling may, and by some will, be received as indicative of the result of a more momentous question; and we are ourselves willing to commit the cause of Mr. Adams to Eclipse, and give Mr. Crawford what chance there may be for any Southern racer."

At last the time approached for the great event. The race was to be run on the Union Race Course, which was in the town of Jamaica, Long Island, about nine miles out of New York. The people of the latter city were not accustomed to such exciting sporting events, and some of the descriptions in the papers of the interest aroused and of the preparations made were both naïve and amusing. The accommodation of the large number of visitors was a serious problem and, if one may judge from the complaints of foreign travellers who had the luck to reach New York just at this time, the problem was not successfully solved. It is little wonder, for one of the English travellers recorded that "What occasioned the city's being unusually full was the arrival of about 20,000 people, chiefly Virginians and southerners, who had come to see a great horse race which was to be decided in the neighborhood of the town."

There were many people, of course, who could not go to the race-grounds, and for their benefit a primitive forerunner of the modern baseball score-board was devised: "Mr. Niblo, an enterprising inn keeper of the city, announces that immediately after the termination of the match race between Eclipse and his antagonist, on Tuesday, he will despatch a rider on a fleet horse, with the result, which will be made known by displaying a white flag from the top of the Bank Coffee House, if Eclipse should be victorious. If his opponent should win the race, then a red flag will be raised to denote the fact. By this arrangement, the result will be known in the city in about forty minutes after the race is run. Should the race not take place, the United States flag will be displayed to indicate that result." The clerk of the Fulton Market, thereupon, an-H. Crawford, of Georgia. There was not nounced that that important establish-

"place of reception for those ladies and gentlemen who may not have it in their power to attend the race tomorrow, but may desire to be early informed of its result. The market being opposite the white flag at Brooklyn, which will be hoisted about two o'clock, affords a convenient place of expectation."

But every one who found it possible went to the race and every one who could do so travelled in a carriage. There were all sorts of notices and advertisements announcing special boats to Brooklyn and setting forth the advantages of some particular route to reach the course. But from the main ferry it was said that the carriages stretched in an unbroken triple line all the way to the grounds. They were driven rapidly and in such close connection that when one of them stopped suddenly the poles of at least a dozen carriages broke through the panels of those preceding them.

In describing the extensive preparations that were being made for handling the expected crowds, one of the papers ended "and finally a sufficient number of peace officers, together with the sheriffs of Kings and Queens, will attend to preserve order." And it was well that so much care had been taken, for it was a record-breaking crowd of which the estimates ran from fifty to over one hundred thousand. For a quarter of a mile on either side of the judges' box the crowd was packed so tightly that it was only with the greatest difficulty that the course could be cleared for the race.

In a stand directly opposite the judges' box some of the elect were gathered. In the front of the jockey box sat John Randolph, the great though eccentric congressman from Virginia, who was said to have wagered upon the race much more than he could afford to lose, but who was planning a trip to Europe out of his winnings. Josiah Quincy, of Boston, a few years later to be president of Harvard, was also there, and many another character well known in the political, social, or sporting world.

The Southerners had been given until the moment of the race to produce any horse they pleased upon the course, and great mystery surrounded their decision.

ment would be cleared and prepared as a Several days before half a dozen of the best horses in the South were brought up. and all that was known was that one of them would be chosen. By the day of the race, the 27th of May, the choice had narrowed down to two, but Cadwallader Colden, who was so much interested that he had gone to the field very early in the morning, reported that both of the horses were walked about and treated alike, and that both were in readiness for the race. It was not until the signal was given from the judges' box to bring up the horses that the competitor of Eclipse was seen to be Henry, a half-brother of Sir Charles. He was just under four years old, and according to the rules of the course he had to carry the regulated weight for a fouryear-old—one hundred and eight pounds. This was felt to be more of a handicap to him than the one hundred and twenty-six pounds carried by Eclipse as a nineyear-old.

The race consisted of three heats of four miles each with half-hour intervals between. The track was a flat oval of a mile, consisting of a straight stretch of a quarter of a mile on either side and a quarter-mile turn at each end. Just before the race it was learned that Mr. Purdy, the regular jockey of Eclipse, had had some difficulty with the owner and had refused to ride. Accordingly, the horse was ridden by one William Crafts. Henry was ridden by a Virginia boy, John Walden.

The witnesses, judges, and even riders. differ as to some of the circumstances in this interesting race: but the main facts are generally admitted. In the first heat Eclipse had drawn the left or inside station next the poles. The starting signal was the single tap of a drum. The horses came up evenly, they got away together, but Henry was apparently the quicker and by hard riding he was given a lead of about three lengths in the first quarter-mile turn. This advantage he maintained pretty steadily for over three miles. On the last quarter-mile turn Crafts made a supreme effort to bring Eclipse to the front. Whip and spur were used freely, and as they finished the turn and swept into the home stretch over half the lost ground had been recovered. Eclipse was evidently distressed, however, and Wal-

petitor, was apparently not disturbed, for he kept Henry at his steady pace without resorting to either whip or spur. His confidence was justified, for his horse won easily and in the record-breaking time of seven minutes, thirty-seven seconds.

"The result was so different from what the northern sportsmen had calculated upon that the mercury fell instantly below the freezing point." The betting. which had been even, changed to three to one in favor of the Southern horse, and even at those odds there were few or no takers.

That his horse had been mismanaged, as well as beaten, was too much for Mr. Purdy, and with tears running down his face he besought Mr. Van Ranst to allow him to ride in the next heat. When he appeared "he was welcomed with tumultuous cheers from the multitude."

In the second heat it was Henry's turn to be on the inside, and his rider promptly made use of this advantage again to take the lead from the start. But Mr. Purdy, knowing that to win the race he must rely more upon the endurance of Eclipse than upon a burst of speed, pressed closely behind, forcing a harder pace than in the prévious heat. This was kept up for three miles, and on the quarter-mile turn, at the beginning of the fourth lap, Mr. Purdy made his run. He first closed up the slight gap so that the horses were running nose and tail, and at the sharpest point of the turn he tried to pass.

"At every spurt he made to get ahead, Randolph's high-pitched and penetrating voice was heard each time shriller than before: 'You can't do it, Mr. Purdy! You can't do it, Mr. Purdy! You can't do it, Mr. Purdy!' But Mr. Purdy did do it." Some said that by making a demonstration as if to pass on the outside he led Henry's rider into turning his horse a little in that direction in order to force Eclipse farther out. Whether or not that happened, Mr. Purdy at just the right moment fairly lifted his horse up and made a dash on the *inside*. It was taking a big chance, for the other rider by turning in might drive him into the poles. The important thing is that it succeeded, and by the time the turn was completed Eclipse was fairly ahead. Whip and spur

den, turning around to look at his com- were freely used to keep him to the top of his speed, and his lead was slowly increased. It would seem as if Henry's rider realized that the heat was lost, for he apparently made no effort to regain his place. In fact he seemed to hold his horse back, allowing Eclipse to win with a lead of at least two lengths. The time of this heat was seven minutes, forty-nine seconds.

> "The air was now made to resound from every quarter, with Purdy forever! and, as soon as he had been weighed, the populace bore him off on their shoulders across the course, in spite of all the entreaties he could make to the contrary. The mercury in the sporting thermometer immediately rose again to pleasant summer heat and the backers of Eclipse were now ready for anything that offered. They proposed to bet even, but there were no takers."

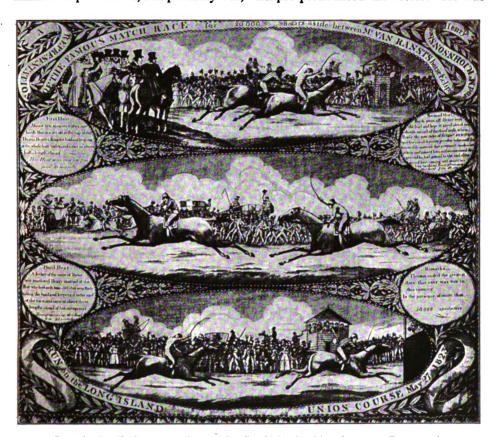
> ... Before the third heat was run, the manager of Henry rode up to the front of the jockey box and called out to Mr. Arthur Taylor, reputed to be the greatest trainer in the South: "You must ride the next heat; there are hundreds of thousands of Southern money depending on it. That boy don't know how to ride." He absolutely refused, saying that he had not been in the saddle for months. The manager begged him to yield, and John Randolph was brought in to help to persuade him. When the horses appeared Mr. Taylor, in jacket and cap, was there to ride Henry. Unfortunately it was impossible for him to ride under one hundred and ten pounds so that Henry had to carry two pounds over a weight already considered excessive.

> In the third heat Mr. Purdy took the lead with Eclipse at the start, and, using whip and spur incessantly, forced the pace. He was apparently relying upon the staying power of Eclipse, and was hoping to keep Henry using so much of his speed and strength that he would have little reserve for a spurt, especially at the finish. It was evident, however, that Henry was being run "under a pull," and, as if to try him out, his rider more than once closed up the gap between the contestants and then restrained him again to wait for the finish.

In the last quarter on the straight home

flank. Eclipse seemed, and probably was, Eclipse pronounced the victor. He was

stretch Henry was given his head and sand deep, leaving no ground to bring the urged to his best speed. With a dash he horses to the stand so that the riders covered up the interval of about five yards could be dismounted and weighed. Order, between him and Eclipse, his head cov- however, was at length restored, the riders ered the leader's haunch and then his were weighed, every thing found right, and



Reproduction of a large souvenir cotton handkerchief, printed in red upon a yellow ground. In the possession of Louis E. Stoddard, Esq., of New Haven.

incapable of any faster speed; all he could do was to hold his pace. For some two hundred yards Henry steadily gained, but the little distance that was left to win was beyond his powers. He fell slowly again to the rear, and Eclipse had won the third and final heat. The time was eight minutes, thirty-four seconds.

"The air was now rent with shouts of extacy from the New Yorkers, and the press around the judges' stand for a short time was so great that nothing could overcome it. The whole course was blocked

then marched off the field to the popular air of 'See, the Conquering Hero Comes.' Thus has ended the greatest race that ever was run in this country."

The Southerners bore their losses like gentlemen, yet, while they made no complaint, they could not but feel that their horse had suffered a little from running on a Northern course and from the excessive weight he had carried. So, immediately after the race, Colonel Johnson challenged the friends of Eclipse to run him against Henry in the fall over the Washup in one solid mass of men, ten thou- ington course for any sum up to \$50,000.

The challenge was declined, for the owner of Eclipse vowed "never, on any consideration, to risk the life or reputation of the noble animal whose generous and almost incredible exertions, have gained for the north so signal a victory, and for himself, such well-earned and never fading renown."

Whether or not Mr. Randolph lost quite as much as was commonly reported, he certainly did not lose his assurance or his quickness of retort. When he was asked as to how far he thought the race might forecast the presidential election, he replied: "If the question of the presidency could be settled by this assembly there would be no opposition. Mr. Purdy would go to the White House by acclamation."

It is indicative of the interest taken that the mail as it went out from New York through the western part of the State carried a red flag (Eclipse's color), on which was inscribed "Eclipse forever to-the "Great Race."

-Old Virginia a little tired," and it was said that "all the people as it passed through the different little villages and towns turned out and huzzaed, such an interest did they take in what seems to be an omen of political superiority."

Even Josiah Quincy seems to have been affected by the general feeling of the political significance of the race, for when he wrote his account many years later he said that "It seems to have foreshadowed the sterner conflict that occurred forty vears afterwards. The victory resulted in both cases from the same cause,—the power of endurance. It was, in the language of the turf, bottom against speed."

The thrilling excitement of the struggle, the record-breaking time, and all the attendant circumstances of sectional rivalry and amounts at stake justified the title which it bore for a generation or more in American racing history and by which it is even now sometimes referred

THE RISK

By V. H. Friedlaender

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

I



RESSING early for dinner, Max Falconer came downstairs and turned into his study. There, leaving the door open, he picked up a book, changed the posi-

tion of his armchair slightly so that he could see through the door, sat down, and waited.

But, after all, he did not read while he was waiting; he found himself glancing curiously about him, and appraising, as though it were new to him, as much of his house as he could see without moving.

His room, large and pleasantly oddshaped, was furnished with a handsome austerity that suited both it and him; yet, looking round it, he confirmed his

of late was definitely disagreeable. Nor did he disguise from himself the cause of that disagreeableness: it was the desk, commanding the room from the middle of it, and looking, in its order and bleak bareness, like the desk of a man dead . . .

Well, what of it? He faced the truth resolutely. That was what was the matter—that his work no longer interested him supremely, and that, in consequence, he did less and less of it. Not that his skill as a writer had in any way abated; on the contrary, it was just because he had brought his individual form of writing to such a perfection of finish that he was tired of it; in the particular world that he had made his own there was nothing fresh to conquer. He had extracted from life art, fame, and money; but during the last year he had been disimpression that the effect it had on him covering that, in spite of these things, he

was now bored and even lonely. It was tract in the least from the pleasure—the against such a contingency as this that he had always kept one thing in reserve; it might not prove a success, but at any rate it was the only thing left, and the moment for trying it had come.

he could see beyond it made a long and eminently attractive vista. It began with a fine, oak-panelled corridor, opened out into the brightly lit hall, narrowed again to the doorway of the smokingroom, swept through that into the lamplit glow beyond, and came to a happy ending in the leaping flames of a log fire.

A gracious, comfortable, homelike scene; but not new to him—decidedly not new, he reflected, analyzing his sensations. No: all that was new was his own attitude toward his house. He had built and furnished it eight years earlier, and ever since then he had shared it (in fulfilment of a promise to his dead father) with his stepmother and her four children. Now he was proposing to share it with a wife; that was what made the difference, what made the familiar and the established look so new and so oddly untried. He was amused at himself.

And a moment later he was amused at some one else. Laying down his book, he stood up; for he had seen what he was waiting to see, what he had expected and planned to see: the figure of Hester Shannon.

The girl came lightly and swiftly down the stairs into the hall, and turned, without a glance in his direction, into the smoking-room. Her haste, her bent head, the way she drew up abruptly when she reached the fire and stared down into it, all gave her an appearance of absorption and unconsciousness. But Falconer was the very last man to judge by appearances, and he had not a doubt that this girl who had been governess to his two young stepsisters, but who was leaving his house on the morrow, was perfectly well aware of his approach, and had, as deliberately as he, planned this meeting to take place during the halfhour or so in which the mother of her pupils was likely to be off guard, because she would be saying good night to the children.

VOL. LXX.-30

purely æsthetic pleasure—that he always felt in the girl's presence; it was responsible only for his expression and for the quality of his smile.

That expression and that smile were He glanced through his door, and what mirrored, as he reached the hall, not in a looking-glass but in the original of a certain famous cartoon that had followed in the wake of his own fame—the fame which had come of his capacity to reveal to every man his neighbor, not only at his worst, but at his worst made witty. That ironic, downward drag of the lips, that destructive gleam between narrowed lids, that essence of the man to which the artist had added the device, "Suburbia is my washpot; over Philistia will I cast out my shoe," was peculiarly in evidence on this particular evening as he made his way toward the girl whom he intended to marry.

For he had on the subject of marriage, as on all others, no illusions. Above all, he had none on the subject of this particular marriage. What he proposed to himself, with regard to Hester Shannon, was the striking of a bargain, and the utmost he expected was that she would keep to its terms. The affair involved, of course, inevitable risks; still, on the whole, he inclined to think that she would play the game—not, indeed, on his account, but on her own; for he had noticed that she had, beneath a deceptive exterior, a certain vein of shrewdness and sound sense. She would not, he thought, be likely to quarrel with bread so generously buttered as that he had to offer her. He was forty, she in her early or middle twenties: what he had to offer was not love. It was marriage and position and financial security in return for youth, grace, and a possible stake in the generation to come. Brutal? Perhaps. But, at any rate, better than sham sentiment; better than lies.

He reached the smoking-room door and looked in. The girl had not moved. She had a natural picturesqueness, a slack, easy slimness that was of the very spirit of youth; and on this evening she was wearing a dress that had been new for the boys' Prizegiving on the previous night; a clinging, silken, tawny-colored His certainty on the point did not de-thing—but without the wreath of berries and leaves wound into her dark, loose hair that had turned her into some "fairy's child" of the woods. He entered the room and shut the door behind him.

"Well, Miss Dryad," he said in his deliberate, rather indolent voice, "where is

your crown?"

"Crown?" She looked bewildered. "Oh, that!" she remembered, and smiled. "But crowns are for party nights, when there are bands and colored lanterns and—speeches; not for ordinary evenings when there is just home work and supper in the schoolroom, and when—nice little boys get whippings."

He was unprepared for the boldness of her ending, but he did not show it. "It was not Roger's whipping," he assured her with amusement, "that you were thinking of—with that melting expres-

sion—as I came in!"

"It was; it was!" He had never seen her so moved, so delightful. "Oh, don't you know—can't you guess—what has really been the matter with Roger yesterday and to-day?"

"Certainly I know," he replied readily. "My young brother's complaint is easily diagnosed: an attack of sheer

impudence."

"No-no!" She leaned eagerly toward him, her voice shaken, her eyes

dewy. "It was hero-worship!"

He gave her a keen glance, thinking rapidly. What was she driving at? In a series of lightning pictures his mind recalled the circumstances to which she referred. Roger's blunder—or design involving him in being the guest of the evening at the school Prizegiving; his annoyance—mitigated later by a happy inspiration concerning his speech; the speech itself-with Roger wriggling helplessly on the pin-end of every urbane and polished sentence; the succès fou of that speech among Roger's masters and school fellows. Then the return home, with Roger sulking over a punishment that had so neatly fitted his crime; and, this morning, the boy's burst of passion, his reckless, outrageous impertinence . . .

"Hero-worship?" Despite his surprise, Falconer's voice remained effectively dry. "Well, whatever it was, it appeared to me objectionable, and I

thrashed him for it."

She nodded. "But when he came to your room this evening wasn't he—didn't you notice anything?"

He reflected again. "Yes," he allowed. "It did strike me that the youngster was wearing his rue with a difference.—an idiotic, exalted sort of difference. But I trust it didn't affect my business arm. You see, he had by that time added disobedience to his other offenses; a silly trick apparently caught from his brother. He turned up an hour late, and without excuse. So I doubled his punishment, as I had doubled Basil's last week. Any complaints?"

"From Roger? Oh, no!" Her tone was light, but still uneven. "For Roger is in thrall—to you. You have become his god. That is why your speech hurt him so unendurably, why he was outrageous. And then, when Basil insinuated that Roger was your favorite—"

"So he is," said Roger's stepbrother

and guardian bluntly.

"Ah, but the suggestion was that you would show favoritism; that Roger would not suffer as he had suffered; no, not even if he were late—"

"The young liar," Falconer remarked

pleasantly.

"Of course. Only now, you see, it is proved. Roger has proved it!" Her face flashed triumph and tenderness.

"Proved? Roger?" Falconer's eyes, lazily half shut as usual, opened wide as he considered the implications of that. "But you don't mean to say—you're not telling me, are you, that the child delivered himself late into my hands just to—iust to—"

"Yes! Just to prove to Basil—and to himself—that his god was incapable of anything less than even-handed justice. If you had overlooked his lateness you would have broken his heart; because you doubled his punishment for it as you had doubled Basil's—well, his mother is now engaged in trying to comfort him, and is feeling thoroughly perplexed. For Roger cannot be comforted; he treads the floor of heaven; he has joined the goodly company of the hero-worshippers who see themselves justified of their worship!"

"Nonsense. You don't find the human boy asking for trouble like that."

sharing the emotion that was starry in her eyes, tremulous on her laughing lips. He crushed it down as utter weakness; the sort of weakness that for years he had not so much as remembered, but that had made him suffer when he was a dumb. awkward, lonely lad going to and from his abhorred labor in a London shipping office—when he had not yet adopted cynicism as a shield against the intolerable blows of life, or found that there was self?" he pursued. money and fame in cynicism, provided it was disguised as humor. "Or, if you are sketch." right," he gibed more casually, "what does it prove but that Roger is a young fool? Hero-worship! Don't we all go through the phase? And doesn't life and the hero-make haste to knock a hole in the floor of heaven?" He met her eyes squarely.

"Do they?" She was still smiling, but now, nevertheless, she was a different girl. He noted the change, as he had often noted it before. At some word of his she would undergo this transformation; it was as if between the watcher and a lighted room shutters were suddenly put up. It had intrigued him, that odd blankness, until he found the name for it—until he discovered that it was always her answer to some more than usually frank statement of his mocking philosophy of sophistication and disillusionment. After that it had amused him. For of course it meant only that she felt a woman's instinctive rebellion against all such philosophies. Illusion being women's whole stock-in-trade, they naturally feared and were antagonistic to any man who had outlived or outthought illusion's sway.

"They do," he maintained easily. "And we fall through. And after that we develop an obstinate preference for plain earth, however hard." He glanced at the clock; there was no more time for trifling. "And talking of plain earth," he added, "in what part of it do you propose to spend the holidays?"

"I shall be at home." She accepted the change of subject as casually as he made it.

He nodded, well pleased. Her home

His voice had its most cutting edge—be- enough why she would be staying in it; cause for one instant he had felt himself how else could she bring this affair of their marriage to a conclusion? But he liked her coolness, her economy of explanation. He suspected her, indeed, of employing it because she was quick enough to guess that he would like it; but then he was prepared for that; he enjoyed quickness—as long as it could not deceive him. And presently she should know that it could not.

"What shall you be doing with your-

"Oh, when I've time I expect I shall

"Here?—in the woods?" This was better than he had hoped; he spared a moment to admire her cleverness in making things thus easy for him.

"Yes.

He reflected. "You'll be leaving us early to-morrow morning, of course. Shall you be sketching in the afternoon?"

"I had planned to go to the woods—

The crucial moment was upon him; he did not hesitate. "May I join you there for tea, then?" he asked. He put the question without significance; nevertheless, it was for him as binding as if he had already asked her to marry him.

And she knew it—or, at any rate, recognized it as a definite revelation of opportunity; he could tell that by the way she looked at him. A strange look—direct, yet veiled; he almost thought there was something like tragedy behind the veil, and he felt a moment's genuine compassion for her. After all, it must be hard for youth—even feminine youth—to resign its wild chances. Perhaps, too, she had a young lover. . . . At any rate, he was prepared to allow her time for that backward glance of farewell to the primrose path of "untravelled possibility," before she took the safe highroad that he offered—that prudence and common sense advised.

But the next instant she had made him feel a fanciful fool. "You could, of course," she allowed merrily, "if there were any tea! Only, when I'm sketching, I generally manage with ginger beer."

His momentary annoyance gave place was near at hand, and he knew well to renewed admiration. How adroit she was! She was putting their new relationship on a footing of easy good comradeship; having once seen the noose well and truly laid about his neck, it was enough for her; she was not going to resort to the immediate crudity of tight-

"To such desperate lengths in the service of art," he declared smoothly, "you cannot expect an elderly novelist to go." (It amused him to underline the difference in their ages; he could see, by a quick contraction of her brows, that she disliked his determination to prevent any juggling with the facts.) "But if you could so far relax the austerities of youth as to share my tea-basket?"

She laughed. "Oh, I've not the least objection to luxuries that are no trouble! I'll reserve my ginger beer till all hope of you and the tea-basket has vanished."

Still, he noted, with pleasure in her finesse, she left open for him the way of retreat; and still, because of it, he felt the more morally bound. It showed a comprehension of his character to which his stepmother, in all the years of their contact, had not attained.

And at that moment his stepmother entered the room. She was the ruins of a handsome, dark woman, and her nose had such a high bridge to it that all her life she had been able to count on its carrying her over almost anything. It was of no use to her, however, in her dealings with her stepson, and she knew it, and it made her always ill at ease with him. But it could not teach her to alter her tortuous methods; she was not clever enough for that.

So now, although it was she who had engineered Hester Shannon's departure on the pretext of sending her two little "I'll see about it, then, in the morngirls to school, she spoke with effusive affection. "Well, dear Miss Shannon, "Good night." He let her cross the your very last night! How we shall all miss you!"

Her eternal falsity sickened the man who heard her, the man whose dominant characteristic was a high personal integrity. He read her with the utmost ease. She was afraid of his marrying Hester Shannon—of his marrying any one. She knew of his promise to his father to look after her and her children, but she could not trust him to keep it at all costs; being untrustworthy herself, she could only

trust him to keep it as long as it did not clash with any project of his own; and such a project, notably, she argued, would be marriage. Well, then, let her think it! That had always been his remorseless verdict; he had never taken the least step to reassure her. And, incidentally, it was her fundamental misreading of his character that had enabled him to remain master in his own house. Because she did not know that he would keep his word at all costs, she was afraid to defy or thwart him; she contented herself with trying to circumvent him. That was what she was attempting to do with regard to Hester Shannon. And now he suddenly thought of a way in which he could make her smart for it. During the evening he enjoyed elaborating his little plan to a deadly perfection, and when the girl said good night and left them it was ready.

Mrs. Falconer was dropping a series of her sprightly, insincere remarks as she collected her belongings preparatory to packing them for the seaside on the mor-"Dear Max—if you would only row. join us for once! The sea would do you so much good—and I am sure you need a

change!"

His eyes followed her in a sort of idle contempt. To talk like that—after the affair with Roger-when she must be hating him! "Thanks, mater," he replied at his suavest, "but you and the children shall have your usual change from me. And I shall amuse myself at home, you know. In fact, I think of picnicing in the woods to-morrow afternoon."

"Why, how nice! Do, dear!" Her relief was ludicrously transparent to him. "You'll take the picnic-basket, Max?"

"Thanks; yes.

room. "Oh, and by the way, mater---" "Yes?" She turned brightly, jauntily in the doorway.

"Tea for two, please." Skilfully he shot his poisoned arrow; curiously he

watched it sink home.

She was smitten to stillness where she "Two?" she repeated almost stood. inaudibly.

"Yes." His look was darkly steadydaring her to question him.

And she did not dare. She went out,

nodding assent in a pitiful effort to disguise her sick inability to make one of

her smooth replies.

When she had gone, his eyes lit their demon lamps. For five minutes he sat on, smoking and enjoying the thought that during this one month, at least, she would pay, in suffering, for her years of tacit insult to his honor. When she returned from the sea it would be time enough to let her know that, although he was going to marry, he was still a man of his word, and she and her children

He turned out the light; he went to bed; he slept.

II

AT the end of the month nothing was yet irrevocably settled—except in Falconer's mind. Three or four times each week he had met Hester Shannon in the woods, and conducted his cool and critical courtship under the convenient screen of her sketching operations. But he had not declared himself. An elusive quality in the girl, her skill in evading the pitilessly analytical scalpel of his mind had entertained him. There was, he admitted, something in her to be discovered —and the longer she could hold him back from that discovery (disappointing and trivial as it was bound, at best, to be) the more it would please him. So for six weeks he drifted, and she let him do it. When at last she called a halt, he felt that he had no reasonable ground for complaint—although ground enough for his usual mental comments of instructed misanthropy.

He had planned to speak when the weather broke, but she, it seemed, was not content to wait quite so long. It was on a still, hot day of mid-September that the end came. She was sketching, as usual, and he lay on his back in the heather beside her. For the hundredth time he admired, with his satanic shrewd- last to his. ness, the skill with which she had chosen and set her stage. The easel in the heather; the pond and the trees below, that she was drawing; the green silk it—that he had seen on her face once besmock that made the slim lines of her body so childlike, so ethereal; all were extraordinarily effective, he acknowledged, in helping her to strike her indi-

like some free, wild spirit of the woods. She—who was only waiting to be invited. to feed out of his hand! He drew his unfailing, bitter entertainment from the deceptiveness of appearances.

Presently his gaze shifted idly. "Best day we've had, I think," he observed.

She looked up, as though the commonplace held something arresting. "Is it really? I thought perhaps it was only its-lastness that made it seem so."

"Lastness? Why are you talking nonsense — not to mention gibberish?

There's no sign of a cloud."

"No." She resumed her work. "But it's the last for me. I go to my new post

the day after to-morrow."

So the time had come; she was forcing the pace. Well, so be it, then. Now or in a few days—what did it matter? Without haste he drew himself up from the heather and stood over her.

"Oh, no, you don't, Hester," he said with a touch of cajolery. "You know

that!"

Her color rose at his first use of her name, but she was silent; she made a feint of continuing her work.

"Come!" he rallied her curiously. "You're not going to tell me this is so

sudden, are you?"

Still she was dumb, with downcast

"My dear girl," he protested incisively, "do oblige me with a little plain dealing! It is all I ask—not to be taken for a fool. Don't imagine that I expect you to pretend this is a case of love's young dream. I am neither giving nor asking the impossible. What I have to offer is a certain assured position in the world, a home, freedom from worry and poverty in the present, security for the future. What I ask in return is that you—pretty, clever, charming, and much too young for meshall marry me. Is it a bargain?"

"No," she said, and raised her eyes at

The look in them took him by surprise. It was not *pique*; it was not confusion; it was a look—he suddenly remembered fore: there was tragedy in it. Yet why? Why tragedy? And, above all, why "No"?

He regarded her quizzically. "A wovidual, sylvan note, in making her look man's no, Hester?" he suggested.

of rose-color, perhaps, added to the plain in every word you say. You take it for waters of the truth?"

She shook her head. "No," she re-

peated. "Tust no."

And at that anger began to stir in him. "Please don't play with my proposal," be made again. So I ask you to take it or leave it-to-day."

She began to collect her sketching things. "I leave it," she said in a low

voice.

Two impulses warred in him: the one to go from her instantly and forever; the other to pierce somehow, before he went, to the heart—the assuredly paltry heart —of the mystery that she had always been to him. It was the latter instinct the ruthless pull of his curiosity as an artist—that prevailed.

she stood still. "Didn't you know I was

going to ask you to marry me?"

"Yes."

"And didn't you intend me to do so?"

"Then don't you now owe me at least an explanation?"

"Yes. If you want it."

"I do."

"Well, then, I wanted to be able to say no."

The childishness, the absurdity of the explanation almost made him laugh. mean it? Did you never hear about hurt?" young women gathering rose-buds while they may? It doesn't sound nearly so well, of course, if you substitute 'husbands' for 'rose-buds'; but, after all, that's what the pretty thing amounts to, doesn't it? Come—be sensible. You've said your 'No,' then, and (I hope) enjoyed it. Now say 'Yes'—because, at bottom, you want from me what I want you." from you: marriage. Don't you?"

She shook her head. "You've never to rise. known what I want from you."

"No? Tell me!" he mocked.

"It is respect. You have never given it to me yet, but I am going to have it now." Her body straightened, as though relieved of a weight. "For a year you've creed, don't you, of thinking the worst of you love the truth, even when it hurts.

am to try again another day—with a dash every one? It is in all your books; it is granted that there is no such thing as honor or honesty in the world-except your own. Well, there is; that's all. And now you'll find it out."

"Interesting," he observed, and meant he warned her unsmilingly. "It will not it. For he felt an added respect for her cleverness. He had not thought her capable of such a spirited, eleventh-hour attempt to throw dust in his eyes. "And how shall I find it out?"

"By my not marrying you."

"I see!" (She was going too far in her assumption that he was a simpleton.) "But—excuse me—when your real motive in all this comes out, when you marry some one else at present undefined but doubtless not non-existent, some one richer, or younger—what then?"

"Then you can be witty at my expense. "One moment, please," he said, and Until then it's too soon. But you don't mind about that, do you? You've been deceived and hurt by people in your life, and so you're a cynic, and proud of it. Yet what is there to be proud of? Aren't we all deceived, all hurt? What does it matter? It's still a good thing to believe, to trust, to take risks!"

He smiled. "How pleasing," he murmured, "is the idealism of youth. Becoming, too," he added, with a mischiev-

ous glance at her color.

It deepened, but she ignored it. "Idealism?" she returned. "And what "Scalp-hunting?" he asked incredu- is a cynic—what are you except an ideallously. "My dear girl—you can't really ist who is not big enough to bear being

> It gave him an odd shock—the sort of shock that he recognized as having sometimes preceded his discovery of a truth. But he managed to maintain outwardly his smooth impassivity. "So that's that," he remarked. "Anything else?"

> "Yes—the reason why I had to let you get to this point of asking me to marry

"Had to?" He allowed his eyebrows

"Would anything less have convinced you?" she challenged, without heat. "But now that you've asked me and now that I've said no-you'll see it. Not today, while you're furious with me, but some day. You won't be able to get out thought the worst of me; you make a of seeing it because it's true, and because



Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

"Two?" she repeated almost inaudibly.—Page 468.

Since I have nothing in the world—position, prospects, money, or a lover—and yet refuse to marry you, you'll see that I'm straight, as straight as you are. And from that you'll be forced to see that your whole philosophy is false—not to be depended on, and you'll change it. And then—" She hesitated seeking words for her thought.

"Yes? Then?" His eyes glinted malicious laughter. "I come back to you? I eat humble pie? We live happy ever after, as a Sunday-school story?"

"Then," she said, still in that grave, low voice that he secretly found disconcerting because it held no anger, "you'll be what you were meant to be from the beginning—not a clever man but a great one."

For an instant her eyes, absorbed and detached, were on him; the next, she had gathered together her belongings and turned to take the woodland path.

He stood and watched her go. And as she went a strange, new feeling was born in him—a sense of confusion, loss, panic he could not give it a name. It was as if she were taking something of his with her, dragging away some essential part of himself, so that he must follow her, if only to retrieve it. For a time he resisted the feeling, but it grew stronger; as she disappeared at a bend in the path it mastered him, and he started in pursuit, walking quickly. For there was something, it seemed, still to be said, something incredibly important. At the moment, indeed, he could not think what it was: but he would know when the time came; he felt sure of that. And meanwhile the essential thing was not to be too late. He started to run.

But when he reached the bend in the path she was not in sight. He was astounded. She ought to have been still in sight. Tall bracken, seas of heather, stretched on either side; but for a square mile, at least, there was not a tree, there was nothing to hide her.

A speck of color caught his eye. It was green, yet not quite the green of nature. Her scarf? She had dropped it as she went? He plunged, waist-high, into the bracken that bore on its surface that clew.

But, once on the spot, he did not see it, for it was not only the scarf that was there; it was the girl as well. The world

went suddenly black round him. For she lay face downward, and the tall fronds, parted by her body, closed in—all but met again over it. The utter apathy, the sagging stillness of her attitude terrified him. She looked—for all its absurdity he could not combat the thought—drowned; a body bruised and broken by some cruel sea, and then cast ashore, lifeless.

"Hester!" he cried sharply—and on the sound knew beyond all question what was the matter with him, what he had

come to say.

She twisted round at once, and then sat up. But she was still lifeless—a creature come to the end of feeling. "So you know," she said slowly. "Well, it can't be helped."

He dropped to his knees beside her in the bracken, his face unmasked—alive as she had never seen it. "Not till this minute," he stammered. "Hester—not till this minute! That I—love you."

"You?" Color leaped to her face. "Oh. I meant——"

By her surprise, by her sudden agitation, but above all by that spent attitude in which he had found her, he knew now what she had meant—knew, yet could not believe. "You?" he said in his turn. "You?"

In her answering look was sadness—was (ah, this was why, then!) tragedy. "Of course," she said. "From the beginning. I wonder you never guessed."

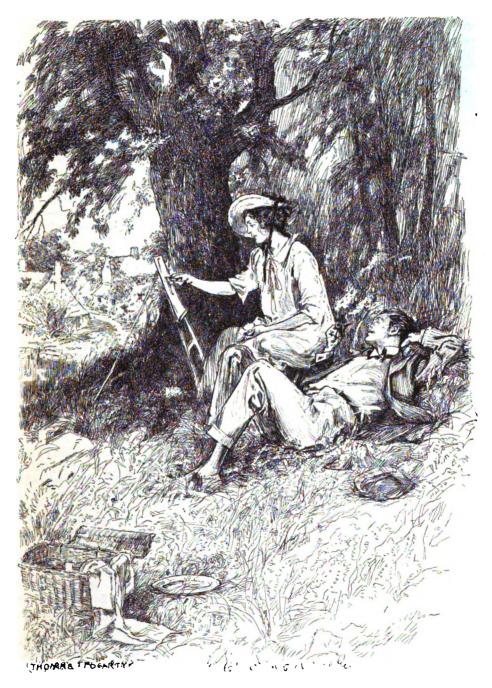
"Guessed—? You wonder—?" His voice had lost all trace of its cool, leisurely effectiveness. "When I—daren't believe it even now that you say it?"

"No—of course." She shrank. "I'm not asking you to believe me. Naturally, it makes no difference."

The flood of happiness in him found vent in a laugh that was not in the least like his usual dry mirth. "No difference? When you care—and I care—and that confounded optimist is justified of his 'All's right with the world'?"

She smiled, but it was hopelessness that still looked out of her eyes at him. "How long would it be," she asked—"think—before you were admiring my cleverness in having worked up this situation? For how long would you believe in me, in my love?"

He did think, and he was staggered;



Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

He drew his unfailing, bitter entertainment from the deceptiveness of appearances.—Page 469.

for it was true. Of course! That was what she had a right to fear, because that was what he was like. And yet—was it? From where, then, came this conviction that now there was for him a new heaven, a new earth? And how persuade her to believe it, to trust him? Trust? The word brought back a memory, and he clutched at it.

"Hester—I know. I don't deserve it. But won't you? Won't you remember what you said yourself—that it is a good thing to believe, to trust, to take risks?"

"Risks?" She hung for a moment on the word. "Ah, yes." Then she turned away, and he felt the finality in her mind. "But this, you know, is a certainty."

Certainty . . . The silence seemed to echo and re-echo the word. They were alone here together in the beauty, the stillness of this golden sea, and between them was love, newly confessed; yet he was helpless to move her. Words came to his lips, but only to mock him; for there was not one that he, a master of words, could make ring true to this girl who loved him and whom he loved. He might not even cry out against his punishment, for it was just; it was inevitable. He reaped only the doubt, the settled mistrust that he had sown . . .

So, presently, he got to his feet. "Yes—I see," he said, and now his voice had taken on the same quietude, the same deadness that had been all the time in hers. "Of course I see. You could never trust me, never feel safe. And it is my own doing. I made a bid for an imitation pearl. And it is real. So now it can't be cast before—me. I will go. But there is one thing you can be sure of: I shall suffer for what I have done."

Once more she met his eyes; once more he read the wonder and the tragedy in them. "And I?" she asked.

It was true; again she had smitten him with the truth. Even the grim satisfaction to be obtained from suffering for his offense was to be taken from him—because she was to suffer, too; she who had not offended . . .

Instinctively his face resumed its old, mocking mask; there was no other way in which he could keep a hold on self-control. Without another word he turned and made his way back to the path.

Ш

SHE was right; he discovered that she was quite appallingly right; for at home, as she had prophesied, came reaction. After a few hours he found himself reconstructing the whole scene in the woods from his old standpoint, and wondering (with mockery both for himself and her) what her next move would be. What excuse would she make for not going to her alleged new post? And would she write—to declare that, after all, she could not live without him? Or would she come? He visualized the extremely effective entrance that it would be possible for her to make—say at his study window one evening after dinner. He saw her arriving (at the end of a long walk in which she had "thought things out"), hatless, in a charming disorder, bringing with her that sharp, pure breath of the woods that was native to her. And he would pretend, perhaps, that it was too good to be true—that she was a dream . .

Novelettish; insincere; everything that he hated! But then—didn't he now want her, no matter what she was?

The evening went by, however, and the next day; and she made no sign. He passed the time in experiments, half idle, half serious. An experiment, for instance, on Roger.

His idea had been to make some amends to the boy for an old injustice for what he now half acknowledged to have been an unfair weapon with which to punish a child: his speech at the Prizegiving. He had sent for Roger and explained this to him as best he could, and had then told him that, as compensation, he might have the dog on which he had set his heart. And Roger would have none of his explanation; Roger had elected to receive the dog, not as compensation, but as a dazzling, unmerited gift from his god. The god's attempt to insist on his own feet of clay had hurt Roger; he had mumbled with embarrassment that he had been "a beastly nuisance" and "a rotten sneak" over the affair of the Prizegiving, and so (by inference) he had established that all his subsequent suffering has done no more than square the account between him and his god. Hero-worship—the real thing. As she had said—as she had said . . .

From that he had gone on to various other small tests among the members of his household, and all with the same result. She was right, then? To believe, to trust, to take risks—these were good things—not only an absolute good in themselves, but even good and pleasant in their immediate results? It almost seemed so. And then there had been that moment with his stepmother—that astounding moment after tea, when he had asked her to wait and speak to him.

The interview had begun as all their interviews began—with her superficial air of ready acquiescence, her inward trepidation and secret schemes for outwitting whatever he might be planning. In order that that should not irritate him, as usual, to the point of cruelty, he had sat looking out of the window (so that she was slightly behind him) as he spoke. He had explained to her simply and clearly that he was not getting married, but that he had decided, nevertheless, on a change. In future their relationship would be on a different footing; she and not he would be in control of that portion of his income which, in fulfilment of his pledge to his father, he had always regarded as hers and her children's. She would be free. If she chose. she might continue to share his house; but, if she preferred, she would henceforward have the right and the means to live with her children elsewhere. He had outlined the necessary legal steps to this mother had said of her? "She must be end that he was about to take, and had wondered a little why she was so slow with her generally effusive thanks; then he had looked round. And what he had seen in her eyes was what he had never seen before: tears.

For a second the two of them had remained like that, silent, but in an unprecedented, throbbing intimacy of silence. The next, she had been behind his chair, bending over him, speaking hurriedly, brokenly.

"She must be a dear, good girl, Max. I am sorry—oh, I am sorry it has not come right. We will stay with you, of hope that she had left behind her, but please, if you will have us, unlessuntil . . ."

any case, the kindly hope that the last But was that all? Yes; except that he two words had implied, but she had, be- had mocked her motive once more, and

quick pressure of her hand on his shoulder, the delicate breath of a kiss on his hair: Kindness, spontaneity, sincerity and from such a source! His philosophy false—not to be depended on. As she had said.

By the third day he had to do something—had, at any rate, to find out what she was doing. He sent Roger, during the evening, to return a book that she had left behind her.

"Well?" he demanded when the boy, with the least possible expenditure of time, had got back.

"She's gone away," Roger reported breathlessly. "This morning. To teach at a school somewhere in the North. She won't be home till Christmas, but they'll post the book to her." Something in his listener's face gave him courage to add a question. "I say, Max, why did you let her go? She's jolly. I wish she were here still."

At first his brother said nothing. Then, on an impulse to which rarity gave enchantment, he drew the child for a moment within the circle of his arm. "So do I, old man," he said . . . and was presently alone.

It was true, then; proved to the hilt. He was astounded—and yet he had always known it. She had said she was going; and she had gone. She had said she was straight—as straight as he was; and it was so. What was it that his stepa dear, good girl." At the time he had dismissed that as just one of those irrelevancies to which women were so maddeningly liable; now he saw that it was simply the root of the whole matter. A dear, good girl—a dear . . . and he had lost her. She had slipped through the mesh of his elaborate mistrusts; he had broken her heart with them (had she not said that she loved him?) but he had not broken her beautiful spirit; she had saved her soul alive from him, and gone—

He searched his memory for any word there was not one. She had said, indeed, that presently he would see the truth be-He would have known, of course, in cause he loved it; and now he had seen it. fore she vanished, reinforced them with a that she, intent on the sequence of her

but had said what she had to say and no more—that then he would become what he was meant to be: not a clever man but

Something happened in his mind, something that first shook it like a rushing wind and then flooded it with serene light. He stared at his desk—so neat, so desolate in its suggestion of being done with. He had written himself out there one capacity to which he had restricted himself—as a man of the world. Suppose he were to begin again—to write at last simply as a man—as the man that, beneath all his disguises, she alone had recognized him to be? Should he—could he abandon his witty, trenchant attitude toward life because he now saw that, however effective, it was essentially false and cheap? Or, rather, was there not room for wit, for trenchancy in the sweep of a larger art? What was that other thing she had said? That a cynic was only an idealist who could not bear being hurt. And she had known him for an idealist—a poet—at heart. Not that he would ever write poetry; but the poet's outlook on life had been (he knew it now as well as she) his birthright. Had he the courage, after all these years, to reclaim it —to write a book that would be unrecognizable, by the world in general, as his?

Yes—for she would recognize it! If he succeeded, she would be his. He knew it beyond question. For this was what her spirit had all the time been demanding of his—that he should remake himself in his own image, the image that twenty years ago he had railingly discarded. And, failing this, she had left him.

Well, was it not what he now demanded of himself—and not only because she wanted it, but because he did? Oh, she would understand that, too, when she read his book! He had only to write it.

Only. His lips twisted to their wry smile, for he began to see what he was in Six months—twelve months—who could say how long? And, during the whole of it, never to see her face, hear her voice. During the whole of it, too, to live under the sword of risk; risk of defeat at the hands of the art that for years he had impiously confined to one narrow channel; risk that one or other of the menced author!"

selfless thought, had not even heard him, cruel chances of life would make him, even though he succeeded, too late.

> He winced already beneath the artist's peculiar scourge: that of suffering all things twice over; once in reality and once —a hundred—a thousand times in imagination. But he braced himself to endure both torments. For was there not, in the end, such a possibility as the purification of suffering? It was for him to earn it.

A book . . . The fighter in him rose —yes; but only, he now perceived, in the to the challenge; the writer in him leaped to meet the new, exhilarating demands of art. He was aware suddenly that he had never yet exerted a tithe of his powers. Surprised and engrossed, he sat down at the bare board that had become again his desk, his arena.

> It was in the still hour before the dawn that there was a knock at his door, and his stepmother stood on the threshold.

> "Oh, Max-you are here. You're all right? I've been listening for you to come up-I began to wonder-

> He perceived afresh that out of gratitude for the gift of her freedom had arisen some simple, spontaneous feeling for him. She was no longer afraid of him; and she felt toward him, for the first time, something solicitous and protective, something of the mother. It was extraordinarily pleasant.

> With a smile he rose, stretching limbs that were cramped and cold. His arm, as he did so, caught a pile of loose papers and they scattered on the floor. Her eves followed them.

> "You've been writing, Max?" she exclaimed. "At this time of night?"

> He laughed. No wonder she was astonished. Was he not astonished himself? How many years was it since he had last felt that urge, that divine drive that recks not of times and seasons? Had he, indeed, ever really felt it before?

> "No," he said, picking up the pages and shutting a drawer on them, "not writing. Not, so to speak, just writing." His eyes took their impish glint; she saw that he meant to mystify her. But she saw also that, however unlikely it might seem, he was, at this moment, happy; her solicitude was appeased.

> "To-night," he told her dryly, "I've taken the wildest risk known even to that dare-devil animal, man: I've com-

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE

AS SEEN BY AMERICAN SOLDIER-STUDENTS

By Edwin W. Pahlow

Formerly Dean, American Soldier-Students in British Universities



the April following the Armistice the general hubbub in the centre of London had ceased, those who went by the Connaught

Rooms would have heard strange noises coming from the great banqueting-room -noises which would have meant nothing to them, but which would most likely have warned their forefathers two hundred years back that the Mohawks were again on the war-path. Blood-curdling warwhoops and weird covote cries rent the air, alternating with longer calls, among which an American might have been able to catch a Haaaa-vard, a Prin-stun, or many another college name, for the Connaught Rooms held—or tried to hold—four hundred khaki-clad Yanks, who were celebrating their return to college life. The harrowing days of war and the deadening time-marking weeks which had followed were behind them; before them stretched a glorious vista of three months of study and travel in a lovely land, whose dwellers showing the gratitude they felt because we had aligned ourselves on the side of the Allies. Small wonder that it was a time for merrymaking, and that the old college vell, unheard for many months, would not be suppressed. The stately majordomo, decked out in crimson and gold, who announced the speakers in aweinspiring tones, was put to a test that tried his mettle, but he stood his ground well even when, after his sonorous "My Lords and Gentlemen, His Excellency, the and pillows!" This and the pleasant Viscount Bryce," the whole assemblage sprang to its feet and broke forth into pandemonium as the venerable statesman, blinking nervously under his bushy enough. But most of them went afield, eyebrows, rose to respond.

of two thousand officers and men, known on bicycle, by motor or train or boat,

F on a certain evening in Detachment in British Universities, who had been sent to the British Isles on detached service for a period of three months' study. Four times two thousand had wanted to come, but the British institutions could not absorb them all: indeed, it was only by a considerable (though gladly made) effort that the two thousand were accommodated. The banquet, which was given under the auspices of the American University Union, was merely one episode in what proved for many to be the most romantic chapter of their lives, and what was perhaps the most romantic chapter in American educational history. Never before had such a host of our students swooped down upon a foreign land. It was a veritable invasion. And if, as Ambassador Davis warned the British guests at the banquet, the invaders were going to leave after three months much richer than they came, this was as their hosts would wish The efforts of town and gown and countryside to make their stay a pleasant and profitable one are unparalleled in the were already vying with one another in annals of hospitality. Even the atmosphere joined in, and gave them three such glorious months as the Isles have rarely seen.

Their arrival having coincided with the Easter holidays at most of the colleges, they found themselves free for a week or two to do as they pleased. Many were content to stay in their college town and revel in their new surroundings and the return to the amenities of civilian life. "Oh, boy! Beds, real beds, with sheets realization in the morning that it was not a bugle but only their buddy's heavy breathing that awakened them were trusting to find these comforts every-The banqueters were a part of a group where. Singly or in parties, on foot or officially as the American Soldier-Student they went their way (each armed with a

travel-pass with which to ward off the unwelcome advances of our military police, who were still in evidence in all the larger towns), till there was scarce a corner worth seeing, from the Dover Cliffs to the Scotch Highlands, Blarney and the Lakes of Killarney, that was not sought out by some of them.

After the holidays the soldier-students were to be found in practically every college town from London to Aberdeen, and from Cambridge to Galway, and their composite schedule spread over the curriculum as completely as they were spread over the British educational world. For the most part they were zealous students, eager to make up through this unexpected stroke of good fortune for the time they had lost while in the army, or, in the case of graduates (especially the doctors and lawyers), glad of the chance to regain the civilian point of view before resuming their professional life at home. So everywhere there was at least an undercurrent of seriousness, in spite of the well-meant (and rarely ineffective) efforts of the British to consume their time in social affairs.

The detachments at Oxford and Cambridge, each about two hundred strong, were made up of upper-class men or recent graduates, many of them from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and other leading colleges. Taken as a whole, they were a splendid group of all-round college men, well above the average. Like the soldierstudents in other parts of the British Isles, they sent fortnightly reports to the headquarters of the Army Educational Corps, A. E. F., in London, and it is upon these reports, as well as upon impressions gained during visits to the two detachments, that the following observations are based.

Oxford and Cambridge were new places to most of them, though they seem to have made up their minds as to what sort of places these were-"mysterious and awe-inspiring, with an atmosphere heavyladen with learning and the station-master speaking in iambic pentameter." The new Oxonians' first glimpse of their new alma mater was brief, but it was long enough at least to dispel some of their misapprehensions. When they arrived

up all night), the atmosphere was heavyladen with cold March rain, and the station-master spoke to them in simple, unadorned and yet not unsympathetic prose. So did almost every one else; and before many hours had elapsed, they had found their respective colleges, deposited their luggage in their new quarters either within the college or in the town, and were off again for a few weeks of exile. The reason for the exile was that they had arrived in the Easter vacation, and Oxford has a prejudice against having its undergraduates around during holiday-The veterans of Chateau-Thierry bore up well under this harsh treatment -better than did their compatriots at Cambridge, for whom, as a mark of special consideration, a series of vacation courses was given.

With the opening of the spring term, the soldier-students entered upon the life of one or other of the score of colleges which together make up the university. They found each college to be a more or less complete entity, with faculty and administrative officers, chapel, library, classrooms, dormitories, dining-hall, playingfields, and boat-house. Most of them lived within the college walls, and all of them dined in hall. Breakfast was served in their rooms, and luncheon too, if desired. Their studies were directed by a tutor with whom they met in conference each week. They attended some lectures -not many-and for the rest read extensively in their chosen field and wrote essays for their tutor. They spent the afternoon on the river or on the playingfields, and the evenings in study or social

What first impressed them about their new academic home was its antiquity, the essence of which, as far as their student life was concerned, they found in the institution of dining in hall. The ancient. timbered rooms, from whose dimly lighted walls a host of British leaders in thought and action looked down on black-gowned students and dons at the high table, seemed at first to be almost part of an unreal world. They soon found themselves, as one of them said, "reeking with tradition, and speaking of 1492 as if it were but yesterday." But before long (at five in the morning, after having sat they encountered other evidences of an-

tiquity which were not so appealing, in tutions and our American ones, which was the beginning, at least. Coming from the army with its intensely centralized organization, they thought the system of a score or so of separate colleges very inefficient. They never gave their approval to the paternalism which regulated the student's coming and going at night, the size of the bills he could run up with the tradesmen, and other restrictions upon the liberty of the subject; accustomed to the freedom of American college life, they felt that they were back again in "prep" school—with the one difference that at school they had not been able to atone for their sins by money payments. They found a leisurely, care-free method, or lack of method, of getting under way at the beginning of the term, which seemed hardly in keeping with twentieth-century "It was with a certain degree standards. of disappointment, I might almost say disgust," wrote one of them, "that I completed my first week of residence at Oxford. Like most Americans with whom I talked. I could not find out just what was expected of me, or just what I could do. Talks with tutors were vague and unsatisfactory. The value of many of the lectures seemed problematical. In fact, it seemed that if we derived any benefit from our stay, it would be in spite of the Oxford system rather than because of it. But," he goes on to say, "as time passed, we became accustomed to the method. and what had seemed indifference and procrastination were found to be careful deliberation and conservatism."

Conservatism continued to meet them during all their stay. Near the end of the term one doughboy tried to pay his term bill so that he might send the receipt to headquarters for reimbursement, but he found that bills were not supposed to be paid till after term-end. "In this case, however," he expostulated optimistically, "since the United States Army demands a receipt, I fear you will have to change your peratice." "In this case," responded the bursar imperturbably, "I fear the United States Army will have to change its practice."

On the side of scholastic method, they encountered at the outset a fundamental difference between the two British insti- prehension did not exist, the general ver-

put in a nutshell by an Oxford don, when asked by a soldier-student where he might get the text-books for the courses he was going to take. "My dear fellow," said the don, "we don't use text-books; we don't even write them. And we don't 'take courses'; we study subjects." There you are. The system is simple. Guided by his tutor the British student reads widely in a limited field, and after a year or two he comes up for examination. "Many of the devices to make men study, to which we were accustomed at home, were lacking," comments one. There were no daily roll-calls, no required attendance at lectures, no recitations with text-books, and no frequent tests "such as we had at the University of Pennsylvania, which enabled the student to know just how he stood in all of his courses all the time." On the other hand, the English student was kept up to the mark by his tutor, with whom he had a contact much more intimate than the American student has with any member of his faculty, and who is not merely his instructor but his guide, philosopher, and friend. The results of the system were as surprising as the system was novel. The circumscribed field of study seemed destined to produce specialists, but the direct testimony of some and the indirect testimony of practically all was that the average Oxford or Cambridge undergraduate had "a more thorough knowledge of more branches than the average American bachelor of arts." How is this to be accounted for? The soldier-students' comments give a partial answer only, but the points they do make are significant. In his particular field of study the English student "is made to think for himself more than we are at home, where we are supplied with facts and ready-made answers," and beyond his special field, "he learns more by absorption than we do."

With regard to the relative amount of work done by English and American students there was a considerable difference of opinion, caused partly by the misapprehension on the part of some that attending a large number of lectures or taking many courses necessarily implies doing a great deal of work. Where this misap-

least as much work as the American, but that it was not so apparent. "The Oxford student is more casual and does not appear to be doing as much as he really is." "At Harvard, the idea of study is constantly before you. If it isn't, the dean is after you rather rudely. But at Cambridge work is carefully hidden behind a screen of sport and pleasure. There is plenty of study, but it isn't so painfully evident." "The most striking trait of English character, as exemplified by the Oxford man, is a remarkable power of diversity of thought and action. In the American there is a sharp line between work and play, and he shifts with difficulty from one to the other. The Englishman works at odd moments and is cannot easily lay the one or the other aside."

The range of subjects in the curriculum seemed to many of our men too limited for a modern university, and out of touch with the twentieth century. The material equipment, too, seemed to be antiquated or inadequate. Much of the apparatus that our students were used to finding in the laboratories at home they were expected to construct for them-"Perhaps this accounts for the remarkable successes achieved in the Cavendish Laboratory," is the comment of a member of the Cambridge detachment. With regard to the yearly or bi-yearly examination, its value in demanding a grasp of an entire field of knowledge rather than a familiarity with various "water-tight compartments," as is often the case under our system, commended itself to many.

The athletic system was as novel as the educational one. Here were two institutions in which practically every one engaged in sport daily—rowing, tennis, cricket, or some other form of outdoor activity. "In the afternoon every fellow goes out for exercise in as matter-of-fact a manner as he goes to breakfast in the morning. If you win at your game, well and good, but whether you win or lose, play something!" This general participation was made possible by the fact that almost every college had a boat-house and playing-fields. As one soldier-student ex-

dict was that the English student did at pressed it, "the athletic system was designed for the individual and not for the institution," and it was due to this system that our men were able to get into the athletic life of their respective colleges in a manner impossible for a similar group of foreign students visiting, let us say, Harvard or Yale for three months. On ten crews at Cambridge there were at the start thirty-eight American soldier-students, some of whom won their seat in the May races. At Oxford six made their college crew and rowed in the Eights Week races, and two of them rowed later in Henley regatta. A number of others won places on their college tennis teams, and two (one at Oxford and one at Cambridge), made the varsity team.

Besides the general participation, there never so absorbed in work or play that he were several other features of the athletic life which impressed our men. Athletics did not seem to be such a serious business as with us. "At home, college athletics is handled in a serious and businesslike way, and forms one of the greatest stimuli to college spirit. At Cambridge it is participated in by the majority, but apparently without such rousing enthusiasm." "Many more take part in sports than with us, but that whole-hearted, enthusiastic spirit which we had at ---- College is lacking among the English. I have attended some of the championship cricket matches, and to my surprise there were scarcely ever as many as fifty spectators, usually far less than that number; and the utmost silence prevailed among the players." (A rather naif and illuminating comment.) Since the English student would rather play a game himself than watch others, the material for an organized cheering section was lacking, and the college cheer and cheer-leader unknown. Finally, since athletics was not the monopoly of a small group of men fed on a special diet, trained by highly paid coaches, and gazed at and applauded by the great mass of their fellow students, "a man's position is not determined as much by athletics as in our colleges," and athletic aristocracies such as, to judge by a considerable number of comments, rule some of our universities, were absent.

> The English point of view with regard to the purpose of sport, as it appeared to the soldier-student, is interesting on ac

count of the inference one is led to make. "With the English, the idea of winning is not uppermost. If the type of cricket in a match game was good, it was immaterial who won." "The idea of winning is not paramount. All that is required is that the game should be well played and that the sport be clean." "They win or lose with the same British indifference." "They play more for the sake of the game than for winning. Sportsmanship is as much a part of the game as the game itself."

Taking the system as a whole and comparing it with ours the opinion seemed to be that theirs tended to make students sportsmen, whereas ours tended to develop two distinct classes, students and sportsmen.

After exercise came another institution even more startling than universal participation in athletics—TEA! It was more or less of a shock to find that the fellows who outrowed you on the river or outplayed you at tennis went to their own or some other fellow's room and drank tea. This ushered in the third phase of the day's life—the social phase.

The social life centred in the colleges. In this, as in other phases of Oxford and. Cambridge life, the university was, as one soldier-student expressed it, "very unobtrusive." The colleges were homes where at the evening meal all the members came together as in a large family. They proved to be very democratic places; much more so, many thought, than our American colleges. There were no "exclusive clubs," or, if there were, they were inconspicuous enough not to call forth comments from a single soldier-student. while a number remarked upon their absence. The absence of fraternities commended itself to many who regarded the college system as having all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of the fraternity system, and as being the best antidote for it. Finally, there were no co-eds, which was "a great relief" to at least one soldier-student, though plenty of others were not at all sorry that there were women's colleges near by. One Yank informed his tutor in philosophy that he had added to his schedule a course in Girton, to which the don replied that he

hoped he would make better progress there than he was making in Aristotle.

The first impression the soldier-students had of the English student—and it was a pretty general one—was that he was hard to get to know - "self-contained, inhospitable, a veritable iceberg." But this feeling wore off after a while, and "what had seemed to be snobbishness was really in many cases shyness or a conservative waiting to see how we took things." "Once the stiffness is worn off, the Englishman is a splendid mixer. An American will get along much better with a Frenchman for the first hour, but over a longer period the Englishman wears better." "Hospitality at Cambridge is so delightful that it shatters completely one's preconceived notions of English reserve and unsociability." "We were taken into more things," wrote a soldier-student from one of our smaller colleges, "than we should have been in one of our larger universities at home." But this was done in the British way, which one writer de-scribed as being "diametrically opposite from ours. They first regarded us with curiosity, then they became used to us and scarcely noticed us, then they made friends. We were made to feel that we were a part of Oxford, and old enough to find amusement and friends, and we were not made to do a lot of things that we didn't want to do." Another draws the following picture of an English student: "Our most common pre-war notion of the Englishman undoubtedly tended to gloom. We had heard something of hereditary haughtiness and nicely suppressed, passive enthusiasms. We should have been surprised if we had found Cambridge a centre of high spirits and bold actions. We came looking for learning and large leisure, and were prepared for an easy display of all the social graces, for nice adjectives and an inflection under perfect control, but we certainly did not expect real, if undemonstrative, camaraderie.

"The undergraduate proved to be quite approachable. It was perhaps experimental, but nevertheless genuine, geniality. And further, he proved to be quiet, reasonable, likable, and seldom dull. Well-informed, knowing something of everything, he almost invariably had the advantage of authority if authoritatively

speaking. His manner of disagreement was irritatingly agreeable. In looks he spite careless, characterless dress, but there was usually an air of distinction, regardless of appearances. His generous self-esteem (if he had it) was rarely aired. He was well-mannered at the table, despite the table. He seldom effervesced, but his suspicious earnestness about indifferent things was as natural as our habit of reducing everything to the ridicular size of mits. was a agreeable a surprise as were size of merous comments—comments so enthusiastic as almost to give the impression that it was a revelation to the writers to side of social life existed. There was a wide-spread interest in debating, which apparently afforded more pleasure and recreation than with us. It was taken seriously; "it was no joke" and "standing room only was not uncommon at the bates, of which the English system adless."

What at first seemed perhaps stranger than his manner was his enunciation, but here again time healed offended susceptibilities and even brought converts. "I am getting so that I can say 'rather' without thinking of father, and 'ripping' without thinking of pants," wrote one, while another evolved the following measures:

"I have the Oxford atmosphere to thank
For many great improvements in my speech.
I thought that Oxford language was all swank,
But now I know a blighter cannot reach
A higher level in the art of yap.
I'm fed up with the language that I had.
The talk of every blinkin' mouthy chap
Whom once I knew now almost drives me

More lucid than elegant, and perhaps. a bit rough on the great American language.

mad."

Although liquor was allowed in the students' rooms, there seemed to be less drinking to excess than was the custom in some of our colleges. "Never once did I hear a 'whiskey tenor' running the gamut of minors as a quartet rendered a little close harmony," writes one. There did not seem to be a great deal of gambling.

But it was the intellectual side of the social life which called forth the most nu-

siastic as almost to give the impression that it was a revelation to the writers to find that such a thing as an intellectual side of social life existed. There was a wide-spread interest in debating, which apparently afforded more pleasure and recreation than with us. It was taken seriously; "it was no joke" and "standing room only' was not uncommon at the Union." The general participation in debates, of which the English system admits, was as agreeable a surprise as were the subjects debated. These Britishers knew "a lot about democracy, and more about Lincoln than many of us"! As debaters they had wit and humor and a great facility of speech, but in general their delivery did not seem impressive, and gestures were either absent or might better have been. But what impressed the soldier-students most of all was the sort of thing the English students talked about over the tea-cups or the Scotch or port. As likely as not it led them into the realm which American students seem to relegate to professors and other highbrows-history, philosophy, politics, economics, art, education. Here "intellectual fencing was remarkable for its high order and general practice." "What particularly struck me at Oxford was that the student reflects his scholarship in the ordinary course of affairs, and does not wait until he has set out into the world." "As one sits in an undergraduate's study, sipping port, he finds the conversation touching on the large subjects of the day." "In ordinary conversation there is a readiness to discuss intellectual problems and an absence of that self-consciousness, inspired by fear of pedantry and affectation, which represses spontaneous outbursts at home. The Oxford undergraduate proceeds to solve the problems of the universe without the solemnity or ponderosity which would mark such an attempt by one of his age here. Whether he gets nearer the solution or not is another matter, but the fact remains that he is willing to focus his mind on things that really count, outside the classroom as well as in." "Nowhere have I met a more cultivated, well-informed, and 'all-round' lot of men than here. With us there is too much emphasis on

make better use than we do of leisure. How many young fellows in American colleges are fair amateur critics of music, painting, architecture, poetry, or the drama?"

All the comments were frank, and, inevitably, some were unfavorable. One soldier-student declared his new alma mater to be "a conservative, unprogressive, rather over-rated institution of learning," and believed that "we have dozens of better ones in the United States." A number of others thought for Americans. "Cambridge might be the time." "It's all as beautiful and rest-ful and quiet and lonesome as a Sunday bridge is not primarily a place of learning sults in a greater love of learning, but the where you live three years."

amusements that do not improve the finished product seems to lack the brute mind or the finer sensibilities. They strength and aggressiveness of the American undergraduate."

But the impartial observer cannot fail to receive from these hundreds of reports an impression of the great English universities that is highly favorable, though novel to the average American mind. They present a picture, not of a system of education, but of a type of life. Oxford and Cambridge are, in their essence, simply the opportunity for a threefold development, physical, mental, and ethical: the three key-notes of their life are (1) general and continual participation in that Oxford and Cambridge were well athletics, (2) the development of the enough for the British, but not the meat power to think, rather than the acquisition of knowledge, and (3) a spirit of toltermed a state of far-reaching seclusion, or erance and open-mindedness, an apprecia-(since the Yankee invasion), a staid tran- tion of the finer things of life, and a conquillity temporarily enlivened by acci- tempt of anything that is not fair play. dent. And we shall leave it like the As the Master of Corpus Christi, Camw. k. backslider from Christian Science bridge, said, in discussing a proposal to who was tired of being so contented all exempt colonial candidates for degrees afternoon." "The tutorial system re- or a place of examination. It is a place

ISLAND OF EUGENIA: THE PHANTASY THE OF A FOOLISH PHILOSOPHER

By William McDougall

Professor of Psychology, Harvard University; Author of "Is America Safe for Democracy?"



miserable end, asked me:

fifty millions?" The question brought back to my mind a scheme which I had conceived in the enthusiasm of youth and had even committed to paper. That paper had lain forgotten for thirty years. friend, welcome to my summer retreat. But stimulated by my child's question, I I can hardly believe that thirty years found it among piles of unpublished have passed since we were roommates in manuscript. Reading it again, I decided the old college and discussed so seriously that thirty years' growth of worldly our plans for reforming the world.

NE of my children, after wisdom had not made the scheme, conreading Mr. McKenna's ceived in all the ardor and ignorance of story of the youth who in- youth, seem any less desirable or less herited fifty million pounds practicable. I have therefore recast my sterling and who came to a original draft, in the form of a dialogue between two men of middle age whom I have "Dad, what would you do if you had named the Philanthropist and the Seer, or the Practical Man and the Scientist.

EUGENIA

The Practical Man. My dear old

but vesterday that we took our great decisions, you to devote yourself to the making of a great fortune, I to give myself wholly to the study of mankind: you with the conviction that science can do little without the power that money gives: I in the belief that men can easily be led to do the right thing, if only we have certain knowledge to guide them in the choice of what is worth doing.

- P. Yes, I remember it all. I did desire the power that money gives; and in all these years, during which I have been piling up the dollars, I have never forgotten my resolve to make good use of any wealth I might acquire. And now. as you know, I have made my pile; I have been successful. Good fortune, great opportunities, and good judgment have combined to make me one of the rich men of this rich country. I have arrived at the stage at which my wealth accumulates almost automatically, and for many months now I have been turning over in my mind the question—What shall I do with it? How can I best fulfil my youthful resolve?
- S. Bravo, old fellow. I congratulate you. I had supposed you had gone over to the Philistines and sold your birthright for a mess of pottage. I can't tell you how delighted I am to find I was mistaken.
- Thanks. But I want from you more than congratulations. I have persuaded you to come down here, because I want your advice. I want to take up our old discussions. I want you to advise me, to help me to make use of my wealth. You have spent thirty years in studying human nature and society. You have made a name for yourself in these studies. I want you to tell me whether, in the light of all your thinking and knowledge, you still have any of your old faith in the power of intellect and the good-will to promote human welfare. Have you been disillusioned? Are you content to support your family respectably, to bear an honored name in the academic world, to add a little to scientific knowledge, and then to pass away with the vague hope that things will come right somehow, if only science progresses?

The Scientist. No, indeed. It seems few years taught you that the increasing control of the physical resources of the world which science brings does but add to the difficulties and dangers of mankind? Isn't it clear now that civilization is in danger of destroying itself by the very means which science has so triumphantly provided? Is not the fate of Germany, its moral degradation, its political disorder, its economic chaos, is not all this a terrible warning? Does it not show that things of the sort that you and I have been doing since our college days are in themselves futile to save the world. or even to make it a better place than we found it? Germany excelled in our two lines of work, in economic development. the development of big business, and in the organized pursuit of science; and see what a mess she has made of her affairs. Her people were the most instructed, the best organized for peace and for war; her cities were excellently administered; her hospitals, her schools and universities were models for the whole world; her agriculture was scientific; only her churches were decaying. Does not the recent history of Germany show us only too clearly that all the things our philanthropists aim at, hygienic conditions, universal education, including popular interest in art and music, a rising standard of life, abolition of poverty, universal suffrage, that all these good things will not suffice to secure the moral health of a nation? Doesn't it look as though the mechanism of civilization which men have built up were getting too big and complicated for their control? When I contemplate putting my money into the promotion of any philanthropic scheme, the question rises in my mind— Will it do any good in the end? Won't it merely accelerate the process of increasing the scale and complexity of the mechanism of civilization?

S. I agree with you and I sympathize with you in your perplexity. The example of other rich men who have tried to make their wealth serve mankind is not altogether encouraging. Carnegie's many millions are already beginning to seem a mere drop in the ocean. It is possible to doubt whether the world has been appreciably benefited by his gifts. Mr. Have not the terrible events of the last Rockefeller has founded a great university and a great medical research institution. But the country can well afford to make and support its own universities; and it is thought by some of my friends that the existence of large endowed research corporations has great drawbacks, even from the limited point of view of increase of knowledge.

Clearly, what you have to seek is some way of using your money which will fulfil two conditions: first, it must bring lasting benefit to mankind; secondly, it must be of a kind which a rich democratic country will hardly adopt as a public measure.

- P. Yes, you define my wishes exactly. I don't want merely to put a plaster on some local sore, to run soup-kitchens for starving millions, or maternity homes for deserving maidens. If there is no prospect that mankind, or some part of it, will achieve something more satisfactory than our present industrial civilization, then I would say, the more millions that starve, the better; and the less maternity, the sooner this miserable race of men will come to an end.
- S. I see you are not an easy-going optimist. But I agree with you. You and your like should not devote your wealth to the applying of social plasters; not should you give it for the support of institutions of the kind which should be and are supported by public funds. In the latter case your gifts would merely diminish in a hardly appreciable degree the rate of taxation throughout the country; and, in a country so wealthy as this, the effect would be hardly worth considering.
- P. Well, you seem to have closed all possible roads for me. Is it really impossible to use great wealth to secure great and permanent goods? I have seen that proposition laid down most emphatically. But I have not been able to bring myself to accept it, and it is just because I don't see my way out of the difficulty that I am asking your advice. The people who make that statement are, I take it, the socialists or communists, those who think that all will be well, if only private property can be abolished. And, upon my word, unless it is possible to find a way of spending wealth well, I don't see how its accumulation by indi-

viduals is to be justified. And yet, if we had a thoroughgoing communism, what would be the result? The masses of the people, especially the lowest strata of unskilled workers, would breed enormously, and this great country after a few generations would be filled by hundreds of millions of low-grade population; we should become a second India. The game wouldn't be worth the candle.

- S. I agree again. In that last remark you come near the essential problem. The only lasting benefit that can be conferred on mankind is the improvement of human qualities. Our social theorists propose all sorts of transformations of social and national organization, in the belief that mankind only needs to live under some particular form of ideal organization of society in order to be forever happy. The truth is that forms of organization matter little; the all-important thing is the quality of the matter to be organized, the quality of the human beings that are the stuff of our nations and societies. Under the best possible organization of society, civilization will decay and go to pieces if the quality of its human stuff is poor. Under the most anomalous and imperfect social forms, men will thrive and civilization will advance and improve if the quality of the human stuff is sufficiently good. This is true on both the small and the large scale. The finest institutions will work miserably in incapable hands. Whereas, if your population is of sufficiently good quality, morally and intellectually, any institution will work tolerably; and in the extreme case, institutions and organizations, governments and churches may all be decently interred in favor of a complete anarchy.
- P. Ah! I see where you are leading me. I begin to remember some wild scheme you used to talk of in our college days. An island to be called Eugenia, wasn't it, devoted to the production of supermen? It seemed to me, I remember, the wildest romantic nonsense. I didn't believe you were serious about it. Don't tell me that you are still hugging that fantastic notion in your middle-aged bosom.
- to find a way of spending wealth well, I S. Yes, indeed I am. Thirty years don't see how its accumulation by indiof study of man, of his history and insti-

tutions, have only confirmed my youthful conviction that such a scheme is profoundly worth while, that it is practicable, and that the world is ripe for it, and needs it more urgently with every year that passes.

P. But look at the history of all such Utopian schemes. They have all fizzled out, or been converted to ordinary humdrum industrial communities after a very

short time.

S. Yes, but all of them have been run on wrong principles. You cannot argue that, because various imperfectly designed schemes of human betterment have failed, therefore every such scheme must fail. We are only now acquiring the knowledge that is essential for the wise designing of any such scheme. I only ask you to let me outline my plan and to give me the benefit of your criticism as we go along.

P. Very well, I'm ready to listen and play the critic. It's the least I can do in return for your willingness to advise me

in my perplexity.

S. I begin then by stating the principles on which Eugenia is to be founded. Civilizations decay because they die off at the top; because, as they become increasingly complex, they cease to produce in sufficient numbers men and women of the moral and intellectual caliber needed for their support. So long as a nation produces in each generation a fair number of persons of first-rate caliber, it can carry an enormous tail, without fatal decline. But the number of such persons tends to become not only relatively but absolutely fewer with each generation: because civilized societies breed from the bottom and die off at the top. I don't stop to substantiate this generalization. The evidence on which it is based is overwhelming. Instead, I will prescribe you a course of reading which will convince you of its truth.

The supply of persons of first-rate caliber can only be maintained by the fruitful mating of persons of superior strains. At present, as in all highly civilized societies, such persons tend to be absolutely or relatively infertile. Eugenia is a scheme for bringing persons of such strains together in fertile unions which will give to the world an increasing number of persons of similar caliber.

P. Then you are going to institute the human stud-farm à la Plato. Seeing that his scheme has been before the world more than two thousand years, why trouble to advocate it once more?

S. Not so fast. Plato's scheme involved the destruction of the family, the denial of conjugal affection and parental responsibility. No scheme which ignores the strongest tendencies of human nature can hope to succeed. Eugenia will avoid this fundamental error. It will be founded on the cult of the family. Its religion will be something like ancestorworship, tempered by a reverence for the progeny and a great faith in their value to mankind. It is to be a place in which persons of superior strains shall come together in marriage and, under ideal conditions, produce the largest number of children compatible with the perfect strength and health of all concerned. It is to be an endogamous community, recruited by the admission of most carefully selected members from without, and improved by the rejection or extrusion of any of its native members who fail to come up to its standards of quality.

P. Then you propose to impoverish the rest of the world by bringing together in this community all its choicest spirits; no doubt in some such way an ideal community might be achieved. But it would be at the cost of the rest of the world. The essential selfishness of such a scheme

condemns it to failure.

S. You are going too fast again. Eugenia is not to be ruled by a selfish regard for itself. It will be animated by the spirit of world-service. Its children will be brought up with the noble ambition to serve the world. They will be aristocrats, but their tradition will be noblesse oblige. The community will be a closed one for the purposes of marriage and education only. Membership in the community will be attained in every case by formal admission, after fullest inquiry into the family history and intellectual and moral qualifications of each candidate. The advantages of membership, the attractions of life in Eugenia, the privileges of participation in its exalted aims, will no doubt attract many candidates from the outer world; and the best of these will be admitted. But, once it

has become a "going concern," Eugenia men in the fullest sense of the word. will recruit its citizens largely from the children born within its borders. Such children will not become citizens by right of birth alone. They also will attain membership only by formal admission. At the age of seventeen years they will become eligible; it may be supposed that the great majority of them will desire to become citizens, and that of these the majority again will not fail to satisfy the strict requirements of family and personal qualification laid down by the fundamental laws of Eugenia.

P. Then, if Eugenia is to be a closed community only as regards marriage, it will not require to be a community dwelling within a territorial boundary. Its members may live where they please.

S. Yes and no. Eugenia must certainly have its own well-defined territory, a homeland over which it must exercise complete authority. To that question we will come back presently. At this point I want to define the relations of the members to the homeland. Since the people of Eugenia are to serve the world, they will be free to come and go, to dwell in other lands and to take up any honorable calling in those other lands. The only essential requirement is that they shall spend the years from five to twenty mainly, if not wholly, within the borders of Eugenia. After being educated in the family, in school and in college, the young people will be encouraged to complete their education in the great universities of the world; only after doing so will they decide whether they will return to take up their life-work in the homeland or enter upon careers in some other country. And those who choose the latter course will not thereby sacrifice their membership. It will only be required of them that they marry within the community, that their homes shall be in Eugenia, and that their children shall be educated there. The relations of such members to the homeland may be illustrated by pointing to the relations of Indian civil servants to England. The Indian civil service has been a corps d'élites of Englishmen, who have accomplished one of the than the exception, and that Eugenia greatest tasks of recorded history, living will swarm with beautiful, strong, and and working far from their homeland. perfect children, the delight and pride of

They have married Englishwomen, their children have been brought up in England, their homes have been in England; and to those homes they have returned. when their years of service in India have been completed.

Р. That's all very well. But the parallel fails in one important point. Your Englishman in India does not want to marry an Indian woman. But your young Eugenians will go among people of their own race and of similar civilization. They will meet attractive persons, will fall in love and will marry and so be lost

to Eugenia. S. It is true that we shall probably lose a certain number of our young people in that way. But Eugenia can afford it; and that will be one of the principal ways in which she will be of service to the world at large. Every year she will contribute in this way to the population of other, countries a number of splendid specimens of humanity, perfect in body, of excellent moral disposition and character, and of outstanding intellectual capacity. But we may safely anticipate that we shall retain enough of the best to maintain the numbers and the quality of the community. The young people of Eugenia will be encouraged to look forward to early marriage; and they will not be prevented from doing so by economic or prudential anxieties. Every member will know that all of his or her children. born in lawful wedlock with another Eugenian, will be amply provided for and given the best opportunities for bodily and mental development that the world can provide. We may confidently expect that, before going abroad in the early twenties to complete their education, very many will be already engaged, and many even married. They will have been led to see that early marriage and the production of many children is their greatest privilege, at once their highest duty and their best guarantee of happiness. May we not hope that, under such favorable conditions, families ranging from five to ten children will be the rule rather But they have not ceased to be English- their parents and the hope of the world?

P. But how about the womenfolk? We are told that the greatly restricted family, which has become the rule among the professional classes and the better-class artisans in all civilized countries, is mainly due to the repugnance of educated women to become mere bearers of children and domestic drudges. Will not the highly educated young women of Eugenia take the same view and follow the same practice?

S. Undoubtedly some may do so, some in whom the maternal instinct is weak or who for any other reason fail to absorb the ideals of Eugenia. And these will go out into the world and will not return. But the moral atmosphere in which the girls will grow up, and the high esteem in which parenthood will be held, the appeal to all that is best in them, will prepare the majority of them to face with enthusiasm the sufferings, the trials, the sorrows, and the joys of motherhood. And as for the domestic drudgery, the whole plan of life in Eugenia will be directed to diminish to the utmost the more mechanical and menial of the domestic tasks. The mother of a large family will be aided in a hundred ways; not only by perfection of household arrangements, but by having helpers who will find their highest happiness in such work. Grandmothers, widows, spinsters, all the women who have no young children of their own to care for, will give at least a part of their time to helping the mothers. And so the young mother, instead of being worn down to premature old age by anxiety and drudgery, will find abundant helpers, educated gentlewomen like herself, to whom she can intrust the partial care of her brood with perfect confidence.

P. I begin to think there may be some sense in this phantastic scheme of yours. Assuming that you can secure a fine stock of human beings to begin with, you count on their multiplying at a natural rate under the favorable moral and material conditions you hope to provide; from this natural increase you discard constantly the least fit by denying them membership in your community; and you seek further to improve the stock by admitting from time to time a certain number of highly selected persons.

S. Yes, that's the essence of the other hand, have flourished greatly and

scheme. It is to secure all the advantages of a most rigid selection, not by the cruel methods of nature, whose great instrument is death or the selective deathrate; but by a purely beneficent selection, which substitutes for the death penalty merely deprivation of the right to marry within the community, or more strictly, exclusion from the community of all those who undertake marriage or procreation in defiance of its laws. And, by admitting new members selected from the whole world according to the strictest principles, the immense benefits of rigid selection within the stock may be indefinitely augmented. Every biologist will tell you that, if such a scheme can be worked for a few generations, you can count upon producing a remarkably fine stock. Whether we can hope to secure in this way the production of many men and women of the first order of intellect, actual giants or geniuses, that is a further question, the answer to which is open to debate. But there is no room for doubt that we may expect to have a stock almost every child in which will be fitted to attain eminence in some walk of life and to render great services to his fellow men.

P. Well, I'll grant, for the purpose of this discussion, that you may fairly anticipate this magnificent result, if, as you said, the scheme can be worked. But what a large "IF"! How are you going to start it? How bring together your choice spirits, the new Adams and the new Eves? And, if once started, how can you hope to guarantee it against the fate that has swiftly overtaken every other community of cranks, namely, dissension and dissolution.

S. I admit that most of the many "crank" communities have had short lives and have been fit objects for the world's derision. But let me point out that there is at least one exception, namely, the Mormon community. All those others, from Brook Farm to the Oneida Settlement, have suffered the fate they deserved, the fate that might have been confidently foretold by any one with a little knowledge of human nature; for they ignored or defied the fundamentals of human nature. The Mormons, on the other hand, have flourished greatly and

have achieved a community which in professional schools and centres of postvery many respects outshines all competitors. That is because their fundamental principle was in accordance with an outstanding, an undeniable, fact of human nature, the polygamous tendency of the human male. Now, as I have said, Eugenia is to be founded on monogamy. For, though man is polygamous, woman is not. Woman, when her nature is unperverted, prefers to have her own man and her own home and her own children about her. And, unless it could be shown that the biological welfare of the group absolutely demands polygamy, the ideal state must demand of man that suppression of his polygamous tendency which the happiness of women, the stability of the family, and his own spiritual welfare alike require.

P. I had forgotten the Mormons. I admit they are an exception to the rule. But let me hear how you propose to ini-

tiate your great experiment.

This is where you come in with your millions. Other rich men have given vast sums to endow universities, libraries, research institutions, peaceprizes, and so forth; none of these, as you yourself have so clearly seen, promises any lasting benefit. I offer you now a means of applying your wealth in a way which far surpasses all these in its prom-If you adopt my plan, you may feel a reasonable confidence in the attainment of great results. And when, at some future time, you and Andrew Carnegie look down upon this world from some distant star, you will point out to him with legitimate pride the sons and daughters of Eugenia, and will unroll before his envious eyes the record of their great achievements.

The first essential is a suitable territory. An island would have many advantages. Whether an island or not, it should be not less than five hundred square miles in extent, and might with advantage be as large as ten thousand square miles. It should have a white man's climate and a reasonably fertile soil. It should have some natural beauty. The more diversified and beautiful its natural features, the better it will serve our purpose. There you are to found a great university for vantages. These also will be selected both sexes, the nucleus of a group of great from the swarm of applicants with due

graduate study and research.

By offering adequate salaries and ideal conditions of living and working, you will attract a brilliant staff of instructors. In appointing them, regard will be paid, not only to the personal qualifications of applicants, but also to their family histories; and, in the cases of those who are married, the personal and family qualifications of wife or husband will be taken into account. In other words, your instructors will be persons not obviously disqualified for membership in the community, but rather prima facie qualified for admission. After some years of service, the question of their admission to full membership will arise; and each case will be carefully considered on its merits. He (or she) who does not desire full membership, or has not the necessary qualifications, will resign his post and transfer his talents to some other sphere. Those who desire full membership and who have the required qualities will be solemnly admitted. Whether they will suffer rites and mysteries at their initiation, the taste of the community may decide; but some formal and public recognition of their admission must be made. In this way you will secure a nucleus of Eugenians. This nucleus will grow rapidly by natural generation; for marriage and parenthood will be held in high honor. And everything will be done to make smooth the path of family life. The brilliant young teacher or writer or scientist will not be torn by the conflict between his ambition, his desire to do great work, his sense of the supreme value of the intellectual life, and his natural desire for marriage, a home, and a family. In this happy land, duty and inclination will coincide; the two chief goods of human life will not be incompatible. Failure to marry and sterility after marriage will be serious bars to the continuance of tenure of position; the bachelor and the childless will enjoy no economic advantages over those whose quivers are full.

And this nucleus will be recruited by many of the best among the students who will flock to your university from all parts of the world, attracted by its unique adregard to racial and family, as well as to of Eugenia? Do you see it under its own personal, qualifications. And, when they shall have passed one, two, or more years and sending out its ambassadors to lie within the walls of your university, they abroad? will become eligible for membership in the serve a probationary period after election.

Then you propose to create a community of lily-fingered scholars, living on imported tinned meats, jam, and pickles, a swarm of parasites, not one of whom could do a decent day's work, or earn an honest living, if thrown on his own resources.

- S. My dear sir, when did you acquire this exaggerated respect for the hornyhanded sons of toil? Eugenia will be in a certain sense and degree parasitic; just as every university, every institution of the higher learning, of art or of science, so far, namely, as the Eugenians will not own laws and political constitution. be wholly or chiefly employed in securing the prime necessities of life. But, like those other institutions, and in a far higher degree, Eugenia will justify its parasitism by the great services it will render to the world. Symbiosis, rather than parasitism, is the right word to use in describing its relations to the world at large. But, granted a partial dependence upon the outer world as inevitable, Eugenia will not forget how Adam delved and Eve span. Every child will be taught a trade, will learn how to use his hands as well as his head; and, when he grows to man's estate, he will not need to relieve the tedium of his leisure with interminable rounds of golf or sets of Games will not be taboo; but every man will be expected to devote a part of his time to practical labor of an immediately useful kind. The professor of astronomy will milk the cows; the expert in chemistry will handle a Fordson tractor with a satisfying efficiency; the social anthropologist will look after the beehives; while the professor of fine arts or philosophy may be expected to cultivate his sense of humor by attending to the pigs. I think we may hope that, when once the little state shall have got into smooth running order, it will become nearly self-supporting, will rely more and more on its own economic activities and marketable products and less upon its endowments.

flag, maintaining its own army and navy,

S. No, certainly not. It is clear, I community. They will probably have to think, that it will need the protection of a great Power, and that it must fly either the Stars and Stripes or the Union Jack. It might well be a territory of U. S. A. or a British Protectorate. Sarawak might serve as a model in this respect; a little country, about as big physically as England, ruled most happily by an Englishman and a small handful of colleagues, but protected from aggression by all the might of the British Empire, while free from all interference by the British Government.

P. Then Eugenia is to be as nearly as is parasitic, as you and I are parasitic; in possible an independent state, having its

Yes, that is the most desirable status for it. Its constitution might be very simple and its laws few. It should approximate to that happy condition dreamed of by the philosophic anarchists, in which laws and courts of justice and police for their enforcement are all outgrown. But I recognize that it may be difficult to secure for it a suitable territory not already subject to the laws of one of the Great Powers; and I think you might be content to see it subject to the laws of either America or Great Britain. I can see no harm in that, so long as the community owns and controls its territory. In the beginning its territory and public buildings and financial resources should be controlled by a board of trustees; which board might well be recruited, as time goes on, in accordance with the principles of representative democracy.

If your plan is successful and your Eugenians multiply freely, as you wish them to do, they will double their numbers every twenty years or thereabout; and so your little state will soon be threatened by the spectre that dogs every successful state, the spectre of overpopulation; quite apart from those desirable new recruits whom you design to attract

from all parts of the world.

S. There again Eugenia will be in a peculiarly happy position. The more her people multiply, the more she will feel she is playing her part in the world well and P. And how about the political status truly. As soon as the community shall

have attained to such a number as seems discontented paranoics, seeking refuge the best for her territory, she will from a world that has proved too hard need to retain in her service only two for them? members of each family of children; the others—three, four, five, or more—will be that score. There are thousands of launched upon the world to seek their fortunes. They will go out, splendidly equipped in mind and body and with noble ideals of service, to play their part of life that is really worth while? You in the great world. No doubt many a and I, my dear fellow, when we burned one will tear himself away with a heavy with the ardent desire to do some good heart; just as many a youth has found it in the world, were not rare exceptions. If hard to leave the happy scenes of his only you and your fellow dyspeptics will college life. But, the step once taken, they will soon make for themselves honorable careers. They will be the salt of the earth, leaders in all the professions, bound we shall practically be able to select our together and to their Alma Mater by memories of their happy youth and by their sense of their part in the realization of a great ideal. And this surplus increase of population will give to Eugenia the opportunity of a sustained and stringent Rome, of England. Perpetual colonizaselection which, if wisely used, will result tion has been the essence of the history of in a continued evolution of human qualities to which our reason can foresee no limits and which our imagination cannot depict.

P. I foresee that your plan will require all of the fifty millions sterling of which you spoke at the outset of our talk, if it is to be adequately launched and endowed. I must put it before some of my fellow dyspeptics who, like myself, can't stomach all their wealth. Meantime, do you work out your scheme in greater detail and submit it for criticism to your colleagues. Get together a group of biologists, psychologists, sociologists, and people of that kind, and let them pull it to pieces if they can. Then we will meet again and have another talk on ways and means. But one last objection before we turn in. Obviously, your scheme will encounter the derision of all Philistines. I don't know that that need trouble you. But is there in the world any considerable number of persons of the right sort who would uproot themselves from the welltrodden pathways of national life in order to venture their lives in the crazy bark imagined by you? I mean—Is there any hope that a group of reasonably well-endowed persons could be got together to a future which we may contemplate withinitiate your colony? Won't you have out horror and despair, it can achieve to be content with a collection of cranks such a future only by deliberately assum-

S. I haven't the least misgiving on young people asking themselves at this moment—What is best worth doing? How can I devote myself to some course do your part, Eugenia can be made so attractive, so appealing to all that is best, all that is idealistic in human nature, that members from the whole human race. Candidates for admission will surge around our doors. The deliberate founding of a colony is not a new and unheard-of proposition. Think of Greece, of the Nordic race. That fine race seems in fact incapable of surviving, when it ceases to migrate and colonize. It is one of the merits of Eugenia that it offers the prospect of saving a remnant of that disappearing race, of perpetuating the stock and restoring and perhaps even enhancing its ancient virtue. But I don't want to raise the racial question, with all its inevitable prejudices. The effects of race-blending and the many allied problems of human biology will be a principal field of research in the University of Eugenia. We may confidently expect that this department will attract the most brilliant of our students. Historical study will no longer mean only minute research into ancient charters and forgotten personalities; it will be a subdepartment of anthropology. The science of man will for the first time receive adequate recognition; that is to say, it will dominate the scene. To it all other sciences will be duly subordinated; and they will be valued and studied in proportion as they contribute to the solution of its supremely important problems. For underlying all the activities of Eugenia will be the conviction that, if the human race is to have and failures, ill-balanced visionaries and ing the control of its own destiny,

SUMMER'S ADIEU

By John Jay Chapman

THE lanes are green; the skies, bedight
With puffs of fleecy clouds, are bright;
All else, asleep—you'd almost guess—
In deep midsummer leafiness.
But ah, the twinkling poplar-spray!
A little breeze has found its way
Under the beech and cherry tree,
Penetrating busily,
Muttering as it passed the dell
To every fern: "Awake, farewell!"

They stir, they flutter, shift and search
Like maiden dames that doze in church;
Fan themselves and blink again,
While the parson drones, Amen;
Then the summery sleep descends
Half-way before the sermon ends.

Another gust: the gossip leaves, Roused by the rustle of the sheaves In neighbor corn-fields, catch the news And waft each other fond adieux. Oh, a joyous scene is then Acted in every little glen; For the branches toss their tresses In good-byes that are caresses:— Farewell, sisters, we have known Secrets to the world unshown, Friendships, follies all our own; All day long such merry meetings, With our eager whispered greetings; Sober talks, amusing chatter, Scandal sweet, and idle patter On some dear delicious matter; Starry nights when we have stood Bathed in a beatitude By the still, celestial mirth Of the silent midnight earth: Fleeting dreamlands when the moon Swam like a dolphin in a swoon O'er the mist-encumbered meadows Chasing the affrighted shadows, And the daylight came too soon. We have lived and counted gain Shower and sunshine, mist or rain, Loved and lived and loved again.

Thus the leaves in every dell Bend and nod and bid farewell.

AT SERVICE IN A MILLIONAIRE'S FAMILY

AN EPISODE FROM MY "FOUR YEARS IN THE UNDERBRUSH"

By a Novelist

[SECOND PAPER]

THE evening of November 8, 1916, I walked out of the National Arts Club, New York, and into the underbrush of the greatest jungle of civilization. I became a working woman to get copy for another novel.

All during those eventful four years I remained in the underbrush—the world of the unskilled working woman. During that time I held twenty-five different positions in almost as many different fields of work.—The AUTHOR.



pounds, while Alice cancould not look worse had I

been buried and dug up. Such backhanded compliments did not encourage me to take either of them into my confidence. And, though Alice remarked on the length of time it had taken me to get from Atlantic City to New York, it did not seem necessary for me to mention having stopped off at a station in Pennsylvania long enough to be interviewed by the housekeeper of Sutton House. Neither did I feel called on to confide that the housekeeper had engaged me to take the position to be left vacant, three weeks hence, by Mary's cousin.

Having returned to New York six dollars poorer than I quitted it, the necessity of paying in advance for my room and my food left me no time to loaf. Though experience had taught me that Tuesday is the least desirable day in the week to hunt a job I determined to take my chances in spite of Mrs. Wilkins and Alice urging me to remain in bed and rest. Both offered to lend me money.

The most promising advertisement in the help-wanted columns that morning was that of a biscuit factory on Long Island—women and girls at seven dollars a week. The advertisement stated that only one car-fare was needed from Manhattan—such an important detail that it might be called an inducement.

N my return from Atlantic debated with myself the wisdom of follow-City Mrs. Wilkins insisted ing the advice of Alice and the hat-trimthat I had lost twenty mer—waiting until later in the week. My antipathy to borrowing money of my didly assured me that I friends finally outweighed my unwillingness to pay car-fare and I set out. Though I reached the biscuit factory a half-hour before the doors opened there were seven women ahead of me. Fiftyone came later.

> After Sea Foam, I enjoyed standing in the open air and chatting with the women and girls. It was a balmy spring morning, and a sheen of soft green covered the trees and fields. My fellow applicants were all comfortably dressed and appeared to be cheerful. There was no pushing and crowding for place near the entrance.

> When finally the doors were opened we filed in smiling and in order. The bare little employment office was spotlessly clean and there were plenty of seats.

> The method of selection was unusual. The manager asked all who had worked for the factory to stand up; fifty-three rose. As he took the name of each girl and woman he asked why she had left, and if she preferred to return to the department in which she had previously worked. About half claimed to have left because they were needed at home, many had tried other work in hope of bettering themselves, and one had been discharged.

Instead of asking this girl the reason for her discharge the manager handed her paper and pencil and requested her to write it out while he attended to us other Begrudging this sixty cents a week I applicants. Not knowing how to spel'

me what she had written—she had been sent away from the factory because the boss in the packing department said she needed a bath.

When my turn came I elected to be sent to the packing department, and for the single reason that I wished to see and know the boss who had enough courage to send home a worker who had neglected to wash her face and hands. This boss, Jane Ward, proved to be one of the most admirable characters I have ever known and one of the most capable of women. It took her about three minutes to show me how to pack crackers—I began with saltines.

The packing department filled one floor of the huge factory. It was perfectly lighted, heated, and ventilated. women and girl workers wore all-enveloping blue cotton aprons with becoming Dutch caps to match. These caps covered the hair as completely as the aprons covered our dresses. The men, both workers and managers, wore coats and caps of white cotton. These garments were all supplied and laundered by the factory, fresh ones being distributed every other day.

Like folding circulars and addressing envelopes, packing crackers is monotonous, though neither fatiguing nor disagreeable. Indeed, for the first few days I found it uncommonly pleasant—workers being allowed to eat all the crackers they wish providing they take none from the building. Several times during my first morning Jane Ward, when making her rounds, would fill my apron pockets with several varieties. And the girls working at the machines would make it convenient to pass me along a handful of fresh ones from the wide iron flats on which they came hot from the ovens.

During the first day I ate ravenously. By the afternoon of the second day it did not require much self-denial to pass a machine without sampling that bake. At the end of the week I was entirely content to allow Mrs. Wilkins and Alice to consume the bag of fresh broken crackers which I purchased at one-third the regular price and took home with me every evening.

The happy faces of my fellow workers

word this girl, who sat next me, showed were a continual source of pleasure to me. In no place where I had worked had I found such unmistakable evidence of general contentment. In spite of the fatigue resulting from my Atlantic City experience I found myself even on my first day feeling more and more encouraged as the hours wore away. By lunch-time I had become almost light-hearted.

> But when Jane asked a girl who worked at the same table with me to take me with her to the lunch-room conducted by the factory for its employees I drew back. My memory of the lunch-room conducted by the department store for its employees was still too vivid. Never again would I be caught in such a trap! I thanked Jane, but when she had passed on I told the girl that it being my habit to take a walk in the fresh air during the lunch-hour I would look for an eating-place on the street.

> "I've never been able to stomach the food in these joints around here," the girl replied. "And their prices is something fierce."

> On my inquiring if the food she got in the factory lunch-room was really eatable she very wisely advised me to come and see before putting on my hat and coat. Stepping inside the door of the restaurant I stared in amazement at the food, the helpings, and the service.

> It was a cafeteria with the servingcounter shaped like an elongated horseshoe. A squad of men, all in spotless white, stood within the hollow of the horseshoe serving the workers as they passed along, the women on one arm of the shoe, the men on the other. On paying their score the men turned into the men's dining-room, and the women into that reserved for women workers.

> That, my first lunch, as recorded in my diary, consisted of two slices of roast beef, each as large as my hand and almost as thick, on a mound of mashed potatoes with a-plenty of brown gravy; one-eighth of a large apple pie; bread and butter; a cup of coffee with grade A milk and all the sugar I wanted—all for eighteen cents. Everything was deliciously cooked and carefully served. After the atrociously cooked and slovenly served meals of the Belgrave this factory lunch-room seemed to me nothing short of marvellous.

That night I recounted my experience

to Alice, the hat-trimmer, and the little my appearance. The scales proved that organist. They all threatened to give up their jobs and go to packing crackers. Every evening after that they never failed to ask:

"Well, what did you have for lunch today?"

The portions were so surprisingly generous that I often found it difficult to eat it all. It may have been that our stern course of appetite suppression had affected me. Be that as it may, there were several days when only shame prevented me from asking permission to take home with me the slice of meat I had not been able to eat. Mrs. Wilkins and Alice would have been glad to get it.

At that time meats of all sorts were so high that none of us women on the top floor thought of having it oftener than once a day. Potatoes were so expensive that Mrs. Wilkins and the organist had stopped buying them-Alice and I were rice-eaters. Milk had gone up a cent a pint, and the loaf of bread for which we were then paying eight cents was decreasing in size so rapidly that each time we bought one we wondered if we would not be forced to use a magnifying-glass to be able to see our next.

Ah me! The time came all too soon when I had to leave this job of good food and cheerful surroundings—a whole week before the date set for me to take the position left vacant by the marriage of Mary's cousin. And I bitterly resented the circumstances that caused me to leave though it was the offer of a promotion.

"We never promote a girl until she has been here two weeks," Jane Ward said to me late in the afternoon of my second Friday. "Your second week won't be up until next Tuesday, but you have done so well that the manager says I may put you in charge of that machine." She indicated a machine which at the time she spoke was bringing down hot gingersnaps from the oven on the floor above. Then she added: "It means a dollar a week raise for you and it is a sit-down job."

For two whole days I debated with myself the question—to accept the promotion or not to accept. Those bountiful well-cooked lunches were a real temptation. Alice and Mrs. Wilkins had re-

I had regained seven of the fifteen pounds lost while in Atlantic City. If Jane had not been so eager to reward me! Or if only I hadn't been so eager to make good.

Late Sunday afternoon I posted a letter telling Jane that it would be impossible for me to return to work the following day as I was needed at home. Though untrue, that excuse represented the awakening of my sense of personal responsibility.

For had I accepted that promotion I would have taken the place of some woman who really needed the dollar a week raise. Besides, I would have given Iane the trouble of training me. No such qualms of conscience had troubled me when the manager of the premium station offered me permanent employment though I was perfectly aware that fiftysix other women had been hoping and working for the position.

Before turning away from the biscuit factory I wish to state that even to-day, after my experience in so many different lines of work, I have but one criticism to make: There is no reason why women should be forced to stand while packing crackers.

This may seem a small matter, but to the woman worker it is most serious. In all my experience I have never found any work so fatiguing as standing on my feet continuously for several hours at a time. The fact that the feet are incased in pointed-toed shoes with high heels does not lessen the strain.

Women should have better sense than to wear such shoes to work. Indeed? Let any one making such a protest try to buy, in New York, a pair of shoes with round toes and moderately low heels when the other style is in fashion. I have tried, and though I succeeded, it was after much searching and always at an additional cost of several dollars. Besides, because a woman works for her living does not make her any less a woman; and every woman, unless she is a fool, wishes to appear well dressed—in the fashion.

Though I was up and out before eight o'clock the next morning, I returned to my room late in the afternoon without having secured a position. It was not for the lack of trying. I called at nine places marked more than once on the change in advertising for workers. At the first place there were twenty-two applicants for two vacancies. At another there were forty women waiting when I arrived, and several came later—only six vacancies. Before the door of a down-town candy factory I was one of more than fifty women and girls. Many of them had been waiting since eight o'clock. At twelve a man came out and roughly ordered us all off. When some of us protested he burst out laughing and informed us that all vacancies had been filled before eight-thirty.

The next day I was more fortunate—that is, I was taken on at the first place to which I applied. This was an up-town candy factory. After packing fancy chocolates during the morning I was sent to another department and assigned to the task of helping a chocolate-dipper. This position, so my fellow packers informed me, was very desirable since the next step up is chocolate-dipping, a work that always commands a good wage.

"It's grand!" one little girl, who looked as though she had not washed her face or combed her hair for a week, assured me. "You'll learn how to dip. They make big money, dippers do. I've gotter cousin who married a dipper. She used to make as much as eighteen a week. She has the swellest clothes!"

During my first day in this candy factory I imagined that the unneat appearance of my fellow workers was caused by dirt accumulated since their arrival that morning. The next day taught me better. There were precious few of them, either men or women, who had the appearance of having washed their faces before leaving home.

The apron handed me on my second day was so soiled that I asked the woman in charge how often she had them washed.

"Wash these things," she cried, laughing, as she held up another apron in a worse condition than the one she had given me, "they ain't never washed sence I been here. When they gets so sticky and stuck up that they spoil your clothes they take 'em away and give me some more. I guess they burn 'em. They ain't fitten for nothing else."

"If customers knew that, perhaps they wouldn't pay such high prices for your candies," I suggested.

"What folks don't know don't hurt 'em none," she retorted.

That night I had a severe bilious attack and when morning came I was too sick to think of going to work. Had it been the biscuit factory or any other position in which I had worked, excepting the department store, I would have gotten Alice to telephone and give my reason for not reporting.

Two days in that candy factory were enough for me. Even the money due me—at the rate of eight dollars a week—was not sufficient to draw me back. Now when I see the name of that firm on a candy box I very gladly allow other people to consume it. Yet I am fond of candy.

Fortunately, on Friday morning the postman brought me a letter from the housekeeper at Sutton House enclosing a railroad ticket. When I told Alice that I had engaged to go as head chambermaid she rose in wrath. A domestic servant in a hotel was bad enough, she protested, but going in a private family was a disgrace for which she could not find a name.

"Yet when you are at home you make beds, sweep the floors, and do other socalled menial work," I reminded her.

"I'm a college woman," she haughtily informed me.

"If a lack of education in the worker renders the work disgraceful," I replied, trying to argue with her, "then surely my degree together with my attainments as a writer should remove the stigma."

But she would not argue. It was disgraceful of me to go as a domestic servant. Nobody would ever have any respect for me and that was all there was to it. It was the one subject to which there was but one side. Domestic service was disgraceful.

This in the country that my ancestors had struggled to found—that all under its flag might be free and equal.

The family at Sutton House comprised Mr. and Mrs. Sutton, both under thirty, their only child a boy eight years old, and his tutor, a young college man.

The place was very beautiful. The house, Southern colonial, was large and dignified without being showy. The park and gardens surrounding it contained

eleven acres—at least the chauffeur, who brought me from the station, so informed me. Certainly they were ample and perfectly kept. The trees were noticeably handsome, all of them indigenous. Though an unusually elaborate establishment for America, it was not an imitation. Perhaps its most striking feature was that it did not suggest England or any other foreign country. It looked to be just what it was—the country home of a well-bred American family of large fortune.

The American atmosphere was so distinct that—watching the house as we approached along the wide drive, I had a subconscious expectation of seeing an old negro, immaculately dressed, make his appearance. He didn't come. Nor when we passed near the stables and garage was there any sound of laughing or singing. At the side entrance I was met by the housekeeper, an Englishwoman.

There were fifteen servants besides the men in the stables, in the garage, and the gardeners. Every one of them foreigners.

"Why will Americans persist in surrounding themselves with indifferent foreign 'help' when they might have the best servants, and most loyal Americans, for the asking?" was the question that I asked myself that night after my arrival at the Sutton House, and I am still asking it.

I have known many foreign servants. Even the best of them was not so good as a competent negro would have been in the same place. I am a Southerner born and bred among negroes. Besides, I am descended from a long line of slave-owning ancestors. I do not believe that Abraham Lincoln himself was a more loyal American than the present-day descendants of the people he fought to free.

Yet in spite of their excellent qualities, their loyalty, we turn them down. Just let an American family get a little money, and the first thing they do in the way of display is to secure as many "help" as their pocketbook will permit.

Being foreigners, all the servants at Sutton House were, of course, "help." Even the French maid spoke of herself as "Madame's porsonal help," and even the fact that she received sixty dollars a month in wages, her laundry, a room to herself, and all the clothes that her mis-

tress did not care to wear the second time did not prevent her from disloyalty. A negro girl would have given better service than this woman and never have permitted her to be criticised in her presence.

Under my direction there were five chambermaids, a scrub woman, and a man for cleaning. The man was a Swede and the maids all Irish. My wages were forty dollars a month with the laundry and a room to myself. Because I chanced to take the fancy of the house-keeper I took all my meals with her instead of with the other servants. Had it been otherwise I would have heard more back-stairs gossip than I did.

Certainly I heard enough to make me know that, excepting the housekeeper, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Sutton had a friend among their "help." Unlike the horde of foreigners who have usurped their rightful places, the negro servants are loyal to their employers. A negro, as a rule, has too much self-esteem to belittle the person from whom he takes wages.

Sutton House was crowded with guests every week-end, but from Monday noon to Friday afternoon Mrs. Sutton was generally alone with her little son and his tutor. Mr. Sutton usually returned to the city with the first of his guests to leave Monday morning and seldom made his appearance before Saturday afternoon. He stood well in his profession, was a hard worker, and might have been devoted to his home had the distance between his office and Sutton House admitted of his spending his nights there.

Mrs. Sutton, so I learned from the housekeeper, was an only child of wealthy parents—the darling of her old father, who had insisted on humoring every whim. It being her whim to come to Sutton House before her husband's business permitted him to leave town, the family had moved out.

Compared with the department store, the premium station and the Sea Foam hotel this position was a holiday among perfect surroundings. It is true that week-ends every servant had as much as he or she could properly do. The rest of the time the chambermaids finished their work before ten o'clock. After that I arranged for them to go off, leaving two on watch until lunch time. At

Vol. LXX.-32

lunch the watch changed and again at seven, their dinner-hour. This last watch remained on until ten, which was supposed to be the family bedtime. All that was required of them was to sit, one on each bedroom floor, and be ready to respond promptly when called. While on watch I encouraged, or at least I tried to encourage, these girls to read, to sew, or do any quiet handiwork.

So far as I saw, it was effort thrown away. Not one of the five ever darned. her stockings—of course they all wore silk stockings, also silk underwear. Indeed, I believe three out of the five boasted that they never wore anything besides silk except when they were on duty. Instead of employing their minds or their fingers, one and all of the five would sit gazing out the nearest window and resort to all sorts of tricks to go to the servants' quarters. Judging by these women, and the thousands of other men and women of the same race, I am convinced that what we are pleased to call "wonderful Irish imagination," is the result of idlenessair-castle building. They are the most gorgeous of liars.

Each and every one of the maids at Sutton House claimed to be direct descendants of an Irish king. One of them assured me that if she had her "rights" she would be living in a palace and never have to "turn her hand"—the Princess Royal of Ireland. Each one of them had so many saints in her family that I used to wonder how she kept track of them all. Needless to say, they were inveterate churchgoers. Such weird ideas as they attributed to their priest!

"Father Hallahan said we were not to abuse the Germans," one of them told the Italian scrubwoman. "The Germans are good friends to the Irish."

This failing to impress the scrubwoman, the Princess Royal gave additional information.

"Yes, and the order came straight from Rome," said she, with a defiant toss of her nappy-looking head.

This so aroused the little Italian woman that she damned the Germans and she damned the Irish, but most of all she damned Rome. I have never seen a more furious human being. How she rolled out Italian swear words! Her husband was

lunch the watch changed and again at in the Italian army and she was struggling seven, their dinner-hour. This last watch remained on until ten, which was supposed to be the family bedtime. All that brother, and two of her husband's brothers was required of them was to sit, one on had been killed in the war.

She came to me with tears streaming over her face. When she had turned over her mop and pail to me she fell on her knees, and, burying her face in her apron, knelt beside the bathtub, rocking her body back and forth and sobbing. The Princess Royal and her sister German sympathizer took the next train to Philadelphia. They were replaced by two Swedes, quiet, hard-working girls.

The middle of my second week the housekeeper told me that Mrs. Sutton wished me to go out with her that evening after dinner. Heretofore the housekeeper had accompanied her on these evening automobile trips. Now the old woman complained of feeling ill and I was to take her place. The car that evening was a fast roadster with three seats. I sat on the back seat. After a run of about an hour we stopped at a country inn. Mrs. Sutton told me that I might either come in or remain in the car.

It was a lovely evening during the last of May. Sure that our stop would be only for a few minutes, I decided to remain in the car; Mrs. Sutton, followed by the chauffeur, a young Italian with good legs, entered the inn. After waiting in the car for more than a half-hour, and feeling cramped from sitting so long, I got out and strolled around the grounds. Finally, prompted by a desire to kill time, I stepped up on the piazza and looked in through a window.

Mrs. Sutton and the chauffeur were having supper together. By a casual observer they might easily have been mistaken for lovers. After their meal they joined the dancers. More than an hour later they returned to the car in which I had resumed my seat about fifteen minutes earlier. It was well past two o'clock when we finally returned to Sutton House.

The next morning I got up soon after sunrise and sat at the window of my room. There had been a warm shower during the earlier hours, and the gardens and grove looked like Paradise. The perfectly kept lawns, the flowers just beginning to give a touch of color here and there, the great

trees with their young leaves softly green and glistening. And over all a clear blue sky, through which floated banks of wonderful white clouds that looked as though they might have been freshly washed by the angels. Young summer, like a spirit, walked.

With all this peace and beauty around me I sat and dreamed. At first it was not a pleasant dream, though it concerned a new combination—a discovery that, as a rule, thrills a writer. In my dream I questioned if in place of time-worn love-affairs between masters and serving-maids, we writers of realism would have to depict mistresses courting straight-legged chauffeurs. The idea was too repulsive. In spite of the scene witnessed the night before, the tears of the doll-baby young woman at the publishing-house, and other whispered hints, I refused to believe it. Even though such a diseased condition was creeping in I was sure it would be wiped out by the World War before it had time to take root.

The thought of the war caused my dreams to change. I had my first vision of America, perhaps the world, as it would be after the terrible conflict in which my country had just entered. After it—for surely good must come of so great a disaster—there would be no idle, untrained women to menace human progress. In America we would have neither human cooties nor human drudges; all such inhuman creatures wiped out by the war, we would become a nation of workers, struggling to carry out the ideals of the founders of our country.

During breakfast I notified the house-keeper that I must leave at the end of the week. She remonstrated vigorously. When her offer to increase my wages failed to move me she confided to me her plan for my promotion. She, it appeared, had been the nursery-governess of Mrs. Sutton, had remained in the family, and when her former pupil married had taken charge of her new home as housekeeper. Now, the old woman continued, having saved enough to keep her comfortable, she wished to spend her last days among her own people in England.

Even that did not cause me to change my mind. I told her that I must go, and not later than the end of that week.

Along toward the middle of the morning Mrs. Sutton's French maid came to me. Madame wished to see me in her bedroom at once. On entering Mrs. Sutton's room, a fable told me by Booger when I was a very small child flashed into my mind.

Booger was a young negro who served my father's family in the double capacity of stable-boy and my nurse. Born during that period when the fortunes of the people of the Southern States were at lowest ebb, resulting from our Civil War, I did not share the advantage of being nursed by the "Mammy" adored by my older sisters and brothers. So far as I know, my father's stable-boy was my only nurse. And so far as I have been able to learn, nobody knows why I bestowed on him the name of Booger. To the rest of the world he was Peter.

"The Lord God done made Miss Rose white," according to Booger. "But yerly one mornin' whilst Marse Adam was a walkin' in the Gyarden of Eden he done kotch Miss Rose when she was a-turnin' back her clothes an' washin' of her face. Miss Rose was so 'shamed that she turned red. She's been red ever sence."

Mrs. Sutton, lying among her pillows, with the morning's mail scattered over the silken coverlet of her bed, reminded me of a half-opened white rose caught at her toilet and blushing a shell-pink. She was more beautiful than any flower in her garden. Her wide blue eyes were the color of the sky into which I had gazed at sunrise, and as fathomless. Who can fathom the soul of a flippant woman?

When I refused her offer to raise my wages she told me of the housekeeper's plan for my promotion. When that failed she acted like a spoiled child. She wished to know my reason for leaving, she insisted on knowing, she must know.

Looking at her—she seemed hardly more than a girl—I wondered if it might not be a kindness to give her the reason for my sudden departure. Though of course I had never intended to remain long enough to inherit the housekeeper's position, I had expected to stay three weeks, perhaps four, and give one week's notice before leaving. Now I determined to tell her my reason for changing my plans—a reason within itself sufficient to

her employ.

I crossed to the foot of her bed and she

smiled up at me.

"You really wish to know my reason?" I asked, speaking seriously. She nodded, and, smiling, showed a flash of her perfect teeth. "It is because I don't care to appear as a witness in a divorce case in which the co-respondent is your husband's hired servant, your chauffeur."

She stared at me dumfounded. When she understood her face flamed crimson. Then she sprang up in bed and reached

out to ring for her maid.

"You must not do that," I told her, and I stepped between the head of her bed and the electric buttons. "You may call your housekeeper but not that Frenchwoman."

"How dare you!" she cried, and her manner was so commonly melodramatic that I almost smiled.

"I know the servants in your house better than you know them yourself," I told her, still holding my position. "And I shall do my best to protect you from

"Protect me!" she sneered. "You, my husband's detective! Yes, that's who you are. My husband got you out hereto watch me. You-you sneak!"

I let her talk until she wore herself out. When she again tried to ring for her maid

I rang for the housekeeper.

The housekeeper came. Honest old soul! On these evening trips when she acted as chaperon they had gone in a touring car. When they stopped at a road-house she had always remained comfortably dozing in the tonneau.

"I shall take you straight to your mother, Mildred," the housekeeper informed Mrs. Sutton, when I had explained the situation. And I realized that she had gone back twenty years, and was again the governess threatening her spoiled charge. "Your mother will know what to do with you."

Feeling in honor bound to clear Mr. Sutton of the suspicion of employing a detective, I reminded his wife in the housekeeper's presence that no person who had entered her home in such a capacity would have given so candid a reason for leaving. The old woman swept I had used getting in at Sea Foam—one

cause any conscientious servant to quit the suspicion aside with a wave of her hand. Mr. Sutton was a gentleman, she assured me. There should be no scandal. for Mildred's mother knew how to man-

age her daughter.

While I was packing my few belongings the housekeeper came to my room. She would always be grateful to me, she said, for ringing for her and not allowing Mildred to call the "French fool." she offered to give me a letter of recommendation and I accepted it. When paying the wages due me she included my railroad ticket back to New York City. Not once did she ask me to hold my

On returning to New York I learned that Mrs. Tompkins had ordered Alice home, the hat-trimming season being over, Mrs. Wilkins was preparing to resume her duties in the linen-room of the Conev Island Hotel, and the little organist had already gone to Maine to spend the summer with her mother and sisters. restaurant keeper, having been mysteriously robbed of all his trousers excepting the pair he was wearing, declared to me his intention to "get out." The reporter was shortly to take up his suitcase and walk, and the gentleman of many shoes and walking-canes greeted me with the information that he had purchased a water-front estate on the Sound.

It would seem that I should have been eagerly preparing to write the story of Polly Preston. Certainly I would never be able to incorporate in one novel all the material I had already accumulated. Yet I never was farther from wishing to begin a book. It may have been the general unrest caused by the war. Even now I can give no explanation for my mental condition at that time. So, instead of returning to my own field, I set out the following morning to get a new job.

Having secured all previous positions through the help-wanted columns of the newspapers, I now determined to try employment agencies. My plan was to register at an agency making a specialty of supplying domestic servants, pay the required fee, and leave my three letters of recommendation. These three letters! One, as stated, was given me by the housekeeper of Sutton House. The other two

City address, the other written by myself in my own proper person. In it I had stated that Emily Porter had been for twenty years in the service of my mother. and since my mother's death she had been in my employ.

After the writers of these letters were communicated with I expected, in course of time, to get the refusal of a position in a private family—as waitress, second girl, or chambermaid. That was as I expected

the matter to develop.

What happened? Within five minutes after I entered the agency, before I had paid my fee or handed in my letters, two women were bidding for my services. Both were expensively gowned, both lived in a quasi-fashionable suburb of New York, and each wished me to come to her at once as second maid, the difference between the two being that one had children and the other dogs.

I elected the one with children. Instead of her waiting and investigating my references she insisted on my accompanying her back home, giving me three hours to meet her at the railroad station. When I saw her house I understood her hurry. Chaos! Dirty chaos at that. The cook, Irish, of course, told me that five maids had come and gone during the two previous weeks.

The house had fifteen rooms, two baths, a large cellar, two wide porches, and two wider piazzas. There was a lot of shrubbery on the place and several long brick walks. In the family there was a younglady daughter, the mother, the only son, two younger daughters, the father, and a little girl of six. I name them in the order of their relative importance.

The little girl, the mother once explained in the presence of the child, was a mistake. On the birth of her son, having decided that four children were enough, she determined to have no more —hence the difference of ten years between her son and little Mistake.

Had these people been content to live in a house of eight rooms, and do their own work with the assistance of a woman to do the laundry and the heavier cooking, they would have, in all human probability, been a happy family. They were growing things golf is impossible. I can-

written by Alice from her Washington sufficient traces of good breeding to have made them attractive.

> During the seven days that I remained with them I never got to my room, which was in the garret and shared by the cook. before nine o'clock at night. How I did work! I did everything from firing the furnace to running ribbons in the underwear of the marriageable daughter.

> For upward of two years it had been the chief ambition of the family to marry off this eldest girl. When I came on the scene it had become, so they all thought, a vital necessity. And I, succumbing to the atmosphere around me, did my best to help along the match. The mother explained to me that if they could only announce the engagement of this daughter the maiden aunt, for whom she was named, would see to it that she had a proper wedding and also pay the family debts.

> The idea that these three grown girls. the youngest being past eighteen, might work and earn their own living never seemed to enter their mother's head. The fact that they did not work, did not know how to do anything more useful than to play tennis and golf, she proclaimed from the housetops. Sad to relate, it was the literal truth. So far as I could learn, neither of them had ever done so much as make a bed, dusted a room, or mended a garment. I never knew them to pick up a magazine, a book, or a sofa pillow, though they knew how to scatter them broadcast. No, indeed, it was beneath their dignity to do anything to keep their home comfortable or clean, yet they boasted of skill at tennis and their golf

> What a silly un-American idea it is that knocking a ball across country is more ennobling than doing anything that tends to make a home comfortable and happy! Will anybody deny that it takes more sense to cook or serve a good dinner than it does to play a good game of golf? Now I am not decrying the game of golf. Indeed, it appeals to me as a very good way to get elderly and delicate persons, who take no interest in nature, to exercise in the fresh air.

For a person who cares for wild or good-natured, good-looking, and with not imagine Theodore Roosevelt wishing to become expert at golf. I can imagine the number of balls he would have lost while watching a bird, investigating a

gopher hole, or studying a plant.

Besides, I have for a good many years had a pet theory—why Colonel Roosevelt did not cultivate the game of golf. May he not have felt sure that he could learn nothing from persons met on the links—rich idlers, men who have "made their pile," always hidebound conservatives and their hangers-on. We all know that the most popular of our Presidents was interested in workers in every field—eager to learn their opinion, to get their point of view. Was he ever known to show interest in the mind processes of an idler?

Yet, in spite of the so-recent example of this most typical American, mothers and fathers, American men and women, persist in bringing their children up with the Old World prejudice against useful work. They may spend any amount of time and energy on any work provided it is silly and useless, but let it only become useful and at once it becomes a stigma, a disgrace.

And so it was with this family. The three girls could all play a little on the piano and sing a little with their kitten voices. Each was ardently certain that she could drive an automobile if only her father could be induced to buy one—poor silent, care-worn, overworked father! He loved his wife and was very fond of his children, yet I think he used to dread to come home and at the same time be afraid not to come.

When I told the cook of my intention to leave at the end of my first week she called me a fool. She urged me to follow her example and stick it out long enough to have something worth going to court about.

The mother and three daughters felt ill used when I announced my departure. The eldest daughter remarked that she really didn't see what more a second girl would want—nobody ever interfered with me, they let me have my own way. Her mother told me that I really must wait until Saturday. Her husband never gave her money for the servants except on Saturdays—it was then Tuesday. She gave me the use of the family commutation ticket with the understanding that I

to become expert at golf. I can imagine was to deliver little Mistake to her maiden the number of balls he would have lost aunt.

That enabled me truthfully to assure Alice and the hat-trimmer that the experience had not cost me anything even though I had received no wages. This time Alice said that instead of my looking like I had been buried and dug up I looked as if I had been buried and had to scratch my way out. Mrs. Wilkins agreed with her.

The next day was the end of our partnership. Alice, obeying her mother, returned to her home. I accompanied her to the train and received as much advice as could be packed into fifteen minutes by a fast talker. Though candor forces me to admit that most of it flowed out of one ear as fast as it was driven into the other, a few pieces did reach my brain and so lodged in the meshes of my memory. One of these lodgments was an earnest request that I forsake the helpwanted column and confine myself to reputable employment agencies. And Alice emphasized reputable.

Earlier in the winter, following Alice's advice, I had tried an agency which made a specialty of placing college graduates. I had registered, paid my dollar, and been told they would communicate with me as soon as anything along my line turned up. Now, on my way back to the rooming-house, after watching Alice get aboard the train for Washington City, I called again at this agency and reminded them of my

application.

Much to my surprise, I learned that I was an unskilled worker in my own line. Because I had never been a proof-reader, sat in an editorial chair, nor taught a class in story-writing I was unskilled. Neither my college degree nor the fact that I had published several novels amounted to a row of pins. H'm, I thought, why did you go to the trouble of changing your name and otherwise sailing under false colors? As an unskilled worker you are really in the class to which you belong.

From this agency I went to a "placement bureau," the annex of a semiphilanthropic organization whose specialty is "reduced gentlewomen." Here the charge was fifty cents for registration. When it came my turn to be interviewed by the overdressed woman in charge, she dividual for part-time work that would earnestly advised me to take a secretarial course at a particular school. She gave me her personal card to the head of this school and assured me that she had more demands for graduates from this school than she could possibly fill that season. As I had overheard her give the same advice to three other women I was not very much impressed. However, as I had come there for advice I decided to see how far hers would take me.

At the school I learned that the shortest course was for six months, and the lowest price was one hundred dollars. The head of the school smilingly informed me that as I might not have to study English a reduction, perhaps ten dollars, might be arranged for.

Returning to the "placement bureau," I applied to the same overdressed in-

give me my maintenance while I was studying to become a secretary. She gave me cards of introduction to the matron of two institutions. Both were within the city limits. One was conducted by the city and the other, St. Rose's Home, by one of the wealthiest Protestant denominations in this country. This latter institution, being for little girls, seemed the more attractive, so I called there first.

The matron, Mrs. Bossman, received me with great cordiality. She was very much in need of a secretary, she said, and, while not able to pay a salary, would be glad to give me a comfortable room with my board and laundry. She was so anxious to have me come at once that I promised to move in, bag and baggage, the following morning immediately after breakfast.



OETS and garrets! I fancy that too frequent and none too complimentary association of shabby artist and shabby abode is responsible in large measure for the repugnance which many people cherish toward top floors. Those tattered-

Concerning Top Floors coated fellows who contributed to the Grub Street Journal are said to have lived on top floors exclu-

sively because their means were so shockingly limited. Hogarth, who never strayed far from the conventional, thus put the "distressed poet and his wife" into an alcoved room on a top floor, high above the One would imagine by the very number of such impoverished rhymesters, if tradition serves, that Grub Street were lined with draughty top floors alone. The fact is, however, that top floors are not always the most squalid lodgings. All top floors are not garrets (though all garrets are top floors), and many distinguished people have found wisdom and comfort in living there. So I say, with all becoming modesty, that partly by accident and partly by de- of staircases to call upon him unless they

spent on top floors, and I doubt not that, living so close to heaven, my life has thus been the more godly.

I feel certain, moreover, that a limited income alone does not account for the popularity of top floors among great literary men of the world. Indeed, top floors oftentimes rent at a premium among persons whose literary tastes do not aspire beyond the moving-picture house just round the corner. For whatever the cost, top floors boast advantages; as floors go, they and they only are not vulgar. On the score of purely mundane merits, we may note the absence of annoying lodgers overhead, to pound their feet, scurry over hard floors with heavy heels, dance far into the morning with the most damnable racket, and spill liquids which seep through the floor and stain the ceilings. On the score of friendship, we may note that unless the topfloor dweller be provided with an elevator he may soon discover who his sincere friends are. Surely they will not plod up a number sign a large portion of my life has been esteem him highly; those casual acquaintances who devote long evenings to escap- by these signs of confusion below, the toping boredom will choose more accessible floor dwellers may lean their heads out of company. And the purely impressionistic the windows and at convenient distance merits, those which one hesitates to mention in nondescript society for fear of being 'ling, and jeering; or they may close their winked at and branded a gull—ah, there lies the treasure!

Balzac knew them during the years of his work on the top floor of a house in the rue Lesdiguières; no small portion of his "Comédie Humaine" grew out of that secluded period of his life. Why did Doctor Johnson compose his Dictionary in the large, beamed room at the top of his house in Gough Square, off Fleet Street? He had other good rooms at his disposal—much more pleasant rooms, too, in many particulars. And the narrow, winding staircase to the top floor must have exacted heavy toll from his legs each time they carried his ponderous body up or down. What possessed Victor Hugo, during a period of exile at Hauteville House. Guernsey, to leave the carefully planned splendor of the lower floors and climb up to the top of his house to a glass-enclosed place with a black shelf where, standing, he wielded his untiring pen, in full view of gardens, the fort, and the great encircling sea beyond? Why did Hawthorne choose for his study a towerlike room above his house in Concord? Why did Walt Whitman spend the last years of his life in a room on the top floor of his small house in Camden, N. J., sitting in an oak chair by one of the windows, with the floor littered with newspapers, bundles of old letters and manuscripts, and articles of clothing?

In a manner of speaking, top floors are nothing but so many humble towers of ivory. The humorless Reverend John Trusler referred with an ugly sneer to the lodging of Hogarth's distressed poet as "high above the crowd." So, indeed, was this maker of verses high above the crowd; but he need not be held up to ridicule for that fact alone. There is nothing disagreeably smug nor complacent about living high above the crowd, nor anything socially despicable. Dwellers on the top floors merely confess by reason of their lofty situation that they enjoy retiring from time to time far above the sweaty, bellowing humanity in the streets. Who shall blame them? The odors and cries of the rabble

watch the seething crowd, shoving, trampwindows and nod over a book undisturbed in the chimney-corner. Occasionally they will perforce tramp down-stairs and join the mob, taste of the sport, contribute their bit to the contest; and then wearying of it, finding themselves heated by the exercise. they may retire again to the top floor for disinterested reflection. He who dwells on the top floor breathes air that is uncontaminated; he has the space as well as the inclination to push back his shoulders and suck it in deep. Surveying the crowd as a whole, without regard to its individuals, he has leisure, too, to see what corners are the weak ones, and if he is so minded, he may rush down and contribute his strength where it is most needed. Top-floor dwellers may thus after a fashion direct the traffic; they are sufficiently aloof to keep serene in the face of rude competition; they are monarchs of all they survey. Like Anatole France, they may preserve the disinterestedness of little children in an era of ambition. Thoreau lived on the top floor of his onestory hut at Walden Pond. Immortal books must be written where the air is not heavy with passion. The room where Herbert Tree lived-his "dome" as it was always called-was really the space under the dome of His Majesty's Theatre, where rats and fire-escapes would normally have been kept, but which he made into an agreeable place for work. "He had a nice childish feeling," Viola Tree writes, "that he could shut his two great doors, and feel he was out of the world." "Sir Herbert Tree at Dome," his wife fondly remarked.

Top floors frequently comprise an odd combination of shelter and exposure. High above the street, they command by their lofty situation a full quota of sunshine, receiving it before the people in the other stories have begun to stir, and losing it last. But as if to strike an average, as if to cheat the top-floor dweller of a portion of his privileges and whittle him down to the leanness of dwellers on lower floors, architects persist in shortening the windows of the crowning story of the building, and thus diminishing the intensity of the light. But drift up, blending as they rise. Attracted unless the window-glasses be absurdly dirty,

the top-floor dweller, even with the stunted windows, will enjoy in the morning the fresh glory of the early sunshine which fills every nook of his room with cheery light. In the afternoon and at dusk the light mellows. And I am certain that the impressionistic appeal of top floors springs largely from those small windows which temper the light toward the end of the day. For the top-floor dweller does not want to be oppressed with detail: far better to leave the recesses of his lodgings in warm shadow where his imagination has full play. The daylight in the garret of Hawthorne's Old Manse, where, before him, clergymen once got together their most ponderous thoughts, filtered through dingy windows. "Night is more eloquent than day in telling the wonders of the vast creation," wrote Frank Bolles. "Day tells less of distance, more of detail; less of peace, more of contest; less of immortality, more of the perishable." In the evening the top-floor dweller may use a single lamp which lights his book but leaves the rest of the room in mysterious gloom. Such arrangement breeds sober thought.

THE top-floor dweller is continually exhilarated by the view from his windows. He may gaze at the crowd in the street, and he may still preserve the proper universal balance, catch a glint of the deeper things of life, by gazing at the hills in

the distance—things of somewhat James Huneker's Top-Floor Style more permanence.

The street rabble sees only a torn fragment of sky and cloud, and nothing at all of the hills. No wonder that it soon believes that its wrangling, painful progress up the street is the main thing. If it could but see the hills over the shining roof-tops—with their delicate green of new foliage in the spring, the darker hues of summer, the sombre brown of autumn, and the glittering, sparkling blaze of the winter snow-drifts—its horizon would be less confined. I once knew a fellow whose office was in the tip of the custom-house tower in Boston, some twenty-six stories above the street, with no building of equal height nearer than Hartford, Conn. From his desk he could look far down the harbor and see the ocean steamers coming up the channel, or at the mountains in southern New Hampshire, or and similar significant details on every side. His work prospered; it was substantial in tone; its value has steadily increased year by year, although now he has left it to invade other fields. That solidity and breadth which characterized James Huneker's critical perspective merely reflected the quality of the prospect from the Dream-Barn windows, where once he lived. Just as "the style is the man," as Pater reiterated, so the style of James Huneker is the style of a top-floor dweller. No truckling to the mob here, no anæmic concessions, no unctuous He saw directly; he wrote caioleries. adroitly. A supertop-floor dweller who embraced the entire view from his windows and charged—nay! surcharged—his style with equal expansiveness, who danced surefooted on the nadir spires of all the arts.

"There were few obstructions in 1899 between my Dream-Barn and Staten Island. I could sweep all the East River and the Hudson, too. I could see the harbor maculated with craft, see the bay, the Statue of Liberty, steamships going and coming. From my windows facing Central Park, I caught the gleam of the erect synagogue at Seventy-sixth Street and the Avenue; bevond was the placed toy lake with its rim of moving children; the trees smoothly swept in a huge semicircle, at their verge was the driveway. The glow of summer afternoons, the purity of the air, and the glancing metal on the rolling cars and carriages made a gay picture for me. My studio was rather I hate cluttered-up rooms. bare. severe line of the low bookcases was relieved by the curves of my beloved Steinway grand. A few pictures, Ernest Lawson landscapes, a head by George Luks, a study by Thomas Sully, completed the ensemble. Add a desk, once the property of Thaddeus Stevens, and the inevitable castiron lamp depending from an oak beam, and you may realize that it was not a difficult task to write a dozen books amid such surroundings."

Top-floor dwelling does not promote active participation in the workaday jobs of the world. Such remote lodgings in rarefied air permit no accurate observation of the atoms; only the concerted movements appear to advantage. Furthermore, at that altitude the noise of the wrangle may be shut out too easily, and such hedonism is at the houses, chimneys, parks, locomotives, all too seductive. Those essential tasks of commercial reservoirs, oiling the machinery, stoking the fires, earn slight reward from the top-floor dwellers, who, nevertheless, grumble and jeer when the work is not well And humanists—they crave more convenient access to the streets. Goldsmith descended from his Garden Court attic as soon as his resources commanded a second-story in Brick Court, Middle Cham-Thackeray lived alone on the top floor at 27 Jermyn Street at that dreary period just after his wife had fallen ill. There he rejoiced exceedingly at the offer of three guineas for two columns weekly in the Pictorial Times. He inhabited those bare quarters only as long as his slender purse required. That was better fortune than pursued George Gissing; in one leap he went from garret to cellar!

My first contact with top floors came when I was eight or nine years of age. To relieve congestion on the lower floors I was put in a room just under the eaves. In many respects that situation was delightful; I remember that when dusk came I frequently left off playing out of doors, climbed to my room, lighted a candle (which I affected then), and pretended to read a ponderous life of Benjamin Franklin. There, too, I dreamed of future successes, addressing large crowds who cheered and shouted in approval of whatever I was telling them, of leading vast armies of soldiers to glorious conquest on the field of battle, of piloting huge ocean liners from port to port. But at night, after the lamps had been blown out and the top-floor room was pitch-dark, all my courage danced mockingly away. I lay in bed with my eyes wide open, but could see nothing distinctly; the outlines of a chair or table were the quivering outlines of hideous monsters, with dripping jaws, ready to pounce upon my defenseless body. The creaking of the house when the wind was blowing, or the snapping of the shingle nails on cold nights, filled me with terror.

Five or six years later, after I had acquired a printing-press and type, and was busy about the editorship of an austere periodical as dignified as such periodicals usually are, my plant was located in the rear attic, on a level with the top of an oak-

holding public office, stopping the leaks in tree whose gnarled limbs poked toward the windows. These days, as I now recall them, were ones of many delights. Afternoons I set type by the windows; evenings, in the soft radiance of a hanging lamp, I pulled the lever of my hand-press and lay the freshly printed sheets of the magazine one on top of the other. In the winter I could hear the snow drifting over the roof and brushing softly against the windowpanes; and at other seasons of the year I could sometimes hear the rain beating in drenching torrents just over my head and singing as it streamed down the roof to the eaves. Such days I enjoyed most of all. warm and sheltered from dreary weather out of doors. And as the magazine progressed from page to page (for the work of setting the type and printing was slow) the buds on the oak-tree swelled and burst into catkins which, in turn, gave way to glossy leaves. During the migration season I saw birds in that tree top, stopping briefly on their way north. One spring I kept a list of them. There I saw the only Canadian warbler it has ever been my good fortune to chance upon; I am still wondering why a bird of the thickets and swamps should spend a May morning in the top of an oak-

Most of my student days were on top floors in brick dormitories. Advantageous positions they were for throwing newspapers soaked with water at cats in the courtyard, and for similar intellectual college revelry. I spent many happy hours, too, on the top floor of a pension near the Luxembourg Garden in Paris, and of another in London near Russell Square. And now I enjoy paradoxically indolent and profitable evenings on a top floor where book-shelves fill the alcoves. In the winter the frost paints crystalline designs on the window-panes; the autumn rains sweep the roof and gurgle down the spouts. But my fire burns brightly such evenings, and the conversation grows warm. I suspect that Hogarth's distressed poet is not nearly so frantic as he appears. What matter if the landlady seems obdurate, and a dog is stealing the remnant of mutton incautiously left upon a chair? His pipe and tobacco-box no less than the sloping roof proclaim him high above the crowd.



Copyrighted, 1921, by the Salmagundi Club.

Golden Autumn. By J. Francis Murphy.
In the Salmagundi Club, New York.

REALISM AND IDEALISM IN ART

By Oliver S. Tonks

EALISM and idealism, in so far as these words apply to art, would seem to contain much of the paradox. Thus while one might reasonably suppose that realism concerns itself particularly with reality, or the actual appearance of things, it would be manifestly incorrect to designate Michelangelo as a realist. He was, we know, a thorough student of anatomy and one, above all others, interested in reality of effect. With the scalpel he explored the mysteries of human anatomy the better to clothe his figures with the aspect of reality, yet in the last analysis his seeming realism will be found to be idealism. It is, indeed, a fair statement of his creed to say that nature was to him an indifferent craftsman whose work, even at its best, was bound to fall short of perfection. His titanic prophets and sybils of the Sistine ceiling and his

knew never trod this earth. They were rather the likenesses of a supernatural race with which the artist peopled the world of his imagination—forms which might have existed had nature worked perfectly. In so far as these giants are properly constructed, to that extent they are realistic; in their presentation of types that never existed, to that degree they are ideal.

So, in spite of his profound knowledge of fact and his most literal representation of the human body, Michelangelo remains an idealist. Conversely by a simplification of surface and color, which may be called an idealization of natural phenomena, Manet aimed at and succeeded in producing realistic effects. Therein lies the seeming paradox.

fall short of perfection. His titanic prophers and sybils of the Sistine ceiling and his ism in art is a groping toward the expression impressive nudes of the Medici tombs he of an intellectual conception, if it is an at-



The Burial. By Edouard Manet.

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

tempt to realize visually something that, owing to nature's negligence, never existed but might exist in a perfected world, then realism should be the reverse. It might be described as that form of artistic expression which concerns itself with a literal representation of nature, or fact, and it matters little in either instance how the result is obtained. With Manet, as with Giotto, realistic effects were produced by idealizing Thus in his "Olympia" the former artist carried the simplification of the surface of the body of his nude model to such a degree that the figure presents itself practically as in one plane, and yet the effect is most realistic. It was indeed so true to nature in its realistic suggestiveness that even Paris of the time was scandalized.

Realism and idealism, therefore, reside not in the method of presentation. On the contrary, realism departs from idealism in accepting natural phenomena, or facts, as it finds them, and in the presentation of them as such. Phrased otherwise, idealism busies itself with predetermined concepts, or, perhaps better, visions the spirit, while realism deals with the accidental fact, or what the imagination conceives to be facts.

As a corollary of the last statement one may add that when a painter chooses to represent a repulsive subject he is under no obligation to deal with fact. On the contrary, the scene he paints may grow entirely out of his imagination. The transgression of the artist lies in the fact that he relishes the idea and takes pains to make it as offensively real as he can. He vulgarizes his craft by presenting as hideously as possible an event which, if it ever occurred, should have been left unrecorded in art.

Such realism is not new. It appeared in mediæval Italy in the work of those artists who, following the awful word-painting of Dante, seem to have taken pleasure in the literal representation of the most revolting, physical torture supposed to be inflicted upon the damned in hell. The state of mind which produces such nauseating pictures is pathological.

Realism, however, does not always deal with hideous subjects. In painting a boy hunting for fleas in his dog's coat Terborch is quite as much a realist as one who fascinates with the sickening literalness of his work. Both, indeed, are realists not because of the subject chosen but because of

the end aimed at in presentation. One, for example, may paint with painstaking accuracy a dead partridge or rabbit to hang over your sideboard—if you like that kind of thing—but it takes a Carlsen to idealize a dead duck. The difference arises from the fact that the out-and-out realist paints a dead bird and nothing more, while Carlsen sees in the duck a lovely melody of grays and browns. He uses his material, in other words, merely as a means to an end. In like manner Chardin, or Vollon, or again Carlsen, can see in an old bottle, a copper kettle, or a stoneware jug something more than a bottle, kettle, or jug. Such men are idealists, although they deal with the selfsame subjects which make of other artists realists.

If realism traffics ability for the pleasure of literal representation, idealism at the same time is not without its attendant dan-The more concerned with his conception the idealist becomes the less interest he has in reality. Strange as it may seem, it was the pursuit of this fugitive will-o'-thewisp of idealism that led the cubists and futurists to paint such curiosities as "The Nude Descending the Stairs" or the the same token, every sane artist recognizes

"Dance at the Spring." The mistake of these painters, however, lay not in being idealists but in failing to recognize the limitations of the medium by which they must communicate their ideas. We know. of course, that the human mind is prone to associate certain memories with particular objects, and it may be this arbitrary association of ideas that induced the futurist painter Paul Burlin to arrange a confusion of intersecting planes, and what-not, and hang his picture in the recent independent show with the Legend "Forces in Motion." Such things as this are excellent illustrations of the quaintness of mind which fails to see that ideals attenuated into abstractions are incapable of presentation in concrete form. It is only when by preliminary agreement the meaning of the elements of the medium of intercommunication are understood that such so-called pictures become intelligible.

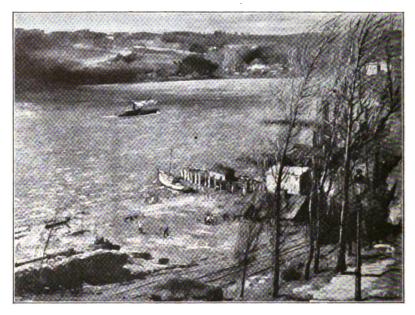
Herein once more resides the error of an art which, while claiming to think philosophically, is too naïve to understand the limitations of its medium of expression. Every sane person knows that art deals first and last with emotions and moods, and, by



Coast Scene. By Gustave Courbet. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

distortions of artistic speech that either disturb by their unusualness or confuse by their contradiction of the laws of good usage. It is as if some one with an idea to express

that to convey these emotions or moods to of a subject finds himself on an elevation of another person he must avoid such bizarre ground from which he can look down a gorge-like opening on either side of which rises a dense bank of foliage. Below him a small stream makes its way between the walls of verdure out into a sunlit meadow insisted in using the language of Chaucer, beyond. As he stands there the artist feels some such artificial gibberish as Volapuk, the solitude of the place. The great masses or, perhaps more pertinently, the incom- of trees on either side make impressively



On the Hudson. By George Bellows. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

prehensible futuristic phraseology of Gertrude Stein.

The idealist, we admit, is one who deals with that which does not actually exist but is partially hinted at in nature. To that extent he deals with non-existents. But as contrasted with the futurist, cubist, or the wild dadaist and other such near-philosophers in paint, he is wise enough to see that while he may have visions of things such as were never seen on the face of the earth, he must, if he is to share his visions with other human beings, describe them in a language intelligible to his fellow men. He recognizes, also, that certain mental reactions can never be expressed pictorially. Put baldly, the glory of the idealist is that he mixes brains with the pigments on his palette.

Suppose, for example, an artist in search

dark walls that seem to shut him off from all contact with the world outside. senses the quietude of the place and sits down to paint. After a couple of hours' work he has, so far as he can see it, satisfactorily repeated upon his canvas the silent scene before him. Then he goes home.

After a few days he picks up the picture from where it has been standing face to the wall in his studio only to find that what he did in the open air now, indoors, seems black and solid. In other words, what was true in the open is no longer true in the studio. He therefore proceeds to restore to his canvas the mood which emanated from the scene as he remembered it. The uninteresting blackness of the foliage he removes by touches of sunlight on the tops of the trees at the left. Then having so enlivened that side of the picture he allows the same mel-

Digitized by Google

low light to creep half-way down the wall of leafage on the right side of the stream as if the dense growth on the left had cut off the sunshine at that point. With the upper part of the painting thus raised in key the artist finds that the lower half is so intensified in shadow that this part, too, must be lightened. All this change, if anything, makes the place even more impressive with

sunny meadow, beyond the little house in the middle distance, and finally to the infinitely remote horizon. Satisfactory as this is, the immediate foreground is rather "dead." The stream needs the quality of moist depth-which is added by painting reflections of light on its surface. To explain these lights the painter feels that the sky must be modified. So somewhat high



The Plaza Nocturne. By J. Alden Weir.

the cool quiet of the deep wood. As the painter's eve travels down the gorge he finds that the little house he had introduced on the side of a hill in the middle distance is so emphatic as it stands in the sunshine that it pulls the eye away from the shadowy stream in the foreground. This feature he therefore subdues. Now with the softened glow of light on the roof it acts as a secondary note which pulls the picture together without being the chief accent in the scene. But once this fault is corrected the line of the blue hills beyond is too distinct, and the artist forthwith softens it by changing the hills into a velvety surface of distant woods over which ever so faintly the light of the morning sun passes. Yet the distance is not deep enough to give a sense of peace, so the sky above is made fainter and more mysterious. This done the artist finds that from the cool shade of the stream of the foreground the eye passes out into a hazily Had he used a camera his results would

in the heavens he paints a softly luminous. cloud moving slowly from left to right. So fugitive is it that its edges dissipate into the color of the sky behind, yet its fleecy whiteness is sufficient to make intelligible the reflection in the stream below.

Now the feeling of solitude is almost perfect. That it may be complete two nude figures are introduced into the foreground at the left. One stands in the soft, warm, hazy, summer morning light which comes across a little stretch of greensward in the lower, left corner; the other, only half visible, slips down into the quiet stream below. The unconsciousness of these nude forms produces the feeling of primeval solitude.

Who shall say that the artist has not been truthful? If one must speak by the card, the finished picture is not a literal transcript of the physical aspect of the locality as the painter chanced upon it a few days ago.

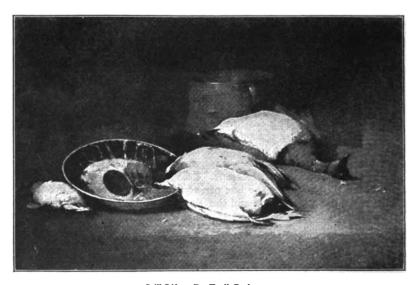
regard of fact, the painting comes much nearer to describing the mood of the artist when he made the sketch than would any photograph. One knows, of course, that nymphs do not sport in sylvan glades nowadays. The cloud was not there; but its presence afforded a means for intensifying the quietude of the place and might well have been there had nature been thoughtful-which she is not. The mellow sunlight had not crept half-way down the wall of foliage on the right of the stream. Still it might have been there, and its glow deepens the mysterious shadow of the stream. If you are looking for a map of the locality, the picture is a failure; if you wish to share the mood of the artist when he was there, the canvas is a success. This is idealism.

On another day the same painter passes down a narrow business street of his town on a hot summer afternoon. The thoroughfare is crowded with people; automobiles and carts line the edge of the sidewalks. One side of the street is in deep shadow, while the other is in the burning heat of the sun. The buildings are as hideous as only the ingenuity of a country can make them. The place reeks with the unpleasant smell of traffic.

have been different; but, in spite of its dis- extenuating nothing. Even the ugly lines of the telegraph-poles and the raw tints of the painted brick buildings are noted with uncompromising accuracy. When the work is done the painter has a complete presentation of a crowded business street on a hot summer day. Nothing has been changed: nothing glorified. Except for the adjunct of color, a photograph might have done as well. That is realism.

> Perhaps the last description, which deals with an actual picture, was unnecessary. Nevertheless, if one compares it with Alden Weir's "The Plaza Nocturne," in which the artist has poetized a New York street, it will be clear how idealism has slipped in to redeem the sordid from the depths of the commonplace. Technically the two are on a par. Rather, one might safely say, the scene of the busy street on a hot afternoon is handled with greater craft. But in one poetry is present; from the other it is ab-

Likewise in the pictures of Inness, Wyant, or Murphy, one sees not the fact, but the dream that envelops the fact with its possy. In this mood worked Blakelock. To these men the soul of nature has whispered of her own loveliness, and they, like magicians, have refined from the obvious and grosser At once the artist records what he sees, forms a fine spiritual presentment.



Still Life. By Emil Carlsen.



NEW INCIDENTS OF THE ECONOMIC DEPRESSION

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

THE autumn season—traditionally a time of year which outlines in sharp relief the character of a financial situation previously uncertain and obscure—has arrived on this occasion with the mind of

Emerging from a Financial Crisis the business community divided between conflicting impressions. Every statement from responsible financial sources agreed in declaring

that the worst of the industrial and financial crisis was past, but none of them pretended to foresee the exact manner of return to economic equilibrium, and many of them indicated that the perplexities of the immediate future were in some respects more intricate even than those which had arisen in the recent period of acute distress.

In dealing with actual financial crises, whether open or disguised, the banking community has had abundant experience. But restoration of normal conditions, when the new conditions cannot be what they were before the war, is a vastly more complicated matter. Whether the problems of Europe, reflected in the extravagant fluctuations of exchange, would solve themselves or would have to be solved by new expedients of financial or governmental machinery; how unemployment could be corrected without revival of industry and how such revival could come with the world's consuming power thus reduced; in what way a dwindling export trade could be rebuilt when foreign markets were finding it difficult to make payment for the goods exported—these questions seemed to baffle the financial It will not be very long before the actual unfolding of events throws at least some light upon them.

TWO recent incidents typified in a striking but at the same time perplexing way the character of the economic depression and the means which are being employed to struggle out of it.

The earnings of the country's railways for July showed gross receipts which, despite the higher freight rates, were

the higher freight rates, were
13 per cent below those of the same
month in 1920; but this result of business
paralysis and trade reaction was far more
than overcome by reduction of no less
than 29 per cent in working expenses.
The cotton crop, as a consequence first of
the heavy curtailment of planted acreage
and then of an almost unprecedentedly

Typical

Incidents

and then of an almost unprecedentedly bad summer season, was estimated by the government in September as smaller by 47 per cent than the crop of 1920, with a yield probably less than in any year since 1802

But all this happened when the American railway system had been returned to private operation in need of exceptionally large expenditure on its deteriorated plant and equipment, and when this was the kind of expenditure which was being cut to the bone. It happened when the outside world, though its purchases had been greatly reduced by the pinch of hard times, was probably in greater actual need of a full supply of textile goods than on any previous occasion in our time. Still, on the other hand, the drastic railway economies brought earnings after payment of fixed charges to a surplus instead of the ominous deficit which had prevailed for many months, and the short cotton crop opened the prospect for relieving the South of its accumulated unsold cotton, inability to market which had brought the credit system to a deadlock in a great part of the United prices higher than they went even in the States.

IIIH the beginning of this autumn season, it is at any rate probable that the world is passing into a new phase of the economic experience which was bound to follow termination of the most

wide-spread, costly, and de-Possibilistructive war in history. ties of the Made more cautious by past **Future** misjudgments, financial opin-

ion is now willing to recognize several alternate possibilities—that the world in general and the United States in particular may be entering an era of gradual recovery which unforeseen events will retard or accelerate as the case may be; or that economic inertia may continue to prevail for a prolonged period, or even that, after a short space of uncertainty and partial recovery, downward readjustment of prices and industrial activity will be resumed.

Financial markets recognize that, both in this country and in Europe, the movement of financial and industrial revival proceeds with discouraging slowness, yet that, on the other hand, the fall in prices, after bringing the general average down to barely one-half what it was in the spring of 1920, has been checked; that abnormally high money rates have been reduced to something like reasonable figures; that supply of most products is no longer in excess of real requirements; and that in nearly all important industries cost of production, especially labor cost, has been brought into practicable relation with the lower market price for the goods produced. These four facts are sufficient to justify the statement that the recent chapter of excessively violent economic readjustment has ended, and that the next chapter must be different in many of its basic phenomena. But the facts do not tell us much more than that.

Looking back at the experience through which the industrial and financial world has already passed since November, 1918, it is not difficult to perceive the logic of the present economic situation—in fact, the inevitableness of what has happened during the past year and a half. Every one can understand to-day that the war-

twenty years of war which followed the French Revolution, the prodigious and artificial expansion of credit, the abnormal demand for an apparently insufficient labor supply, were phenomena which could not possibly be permanent. Similar conditions had existed after all other exhausting wars, and they had invariably been followed by an exceedingly trying period of downward readjustment. The economic aftermath of this war, which, in its waste of capital, of resources. and of human life, was admittedly the most exhausting of all, should reasonably have been severe in proportion.

NOWADAYS it would seem superfluous to insist on this remorseless logic of recent economic events, were it not for the fact that the whole world, and the American business community most of all, had indulged for twelve

months in so wild and fantastic illusion on the subject. But the extravagant specula-

since the **Armistice**

tive mania, which nearly unhinged the minds of business men from the spring of 1919 to the spring of 1920, has already taken its place in history as a curiously unreal and isolated economic episode. The full reason for that episode, in the form it took, will probably remain a matter of economic dispute for a very long time to come. But nobody is any longer likely to describe it as anything more than an interlude, with little permanent significance in the history of the period.

Probably most people would classify, as particularly logical results of so huge a political and economic catastrophe as the European War, the coming of hard times; the world-wide derangement of credit; the 40 or 50 per cent fall of prices from the artificial level to which they had been carried; the shrinkage of their market, in the case of industries whose plant had been doubled during war-time, to a smaller magnitude than was reached after the panic of 1907; the displacement of labor and the lowering of inflated wages; the demand, at a time when merchandise was selling at lower prices, for settlement of debts contracted at the highest prices; time inflation of industry, the forcing of the inability of heavily indebted merchants and markets to meet such engagements: the consequent virtual moratorium established in many quarters of the commercial world because the creditors had no alternative; and at last the pouring of all their hoarded gold into the hands of the chief creditor nation by other nations who, through their accumulated debt and inflated paper currencies, had lost the right or power to retain it.

YET it will also have to be recognized that some incidents of the present period are not only contrary to the reasonable forecasts of war time, but seem on their face to be economically illogical. One of these incidents is the very great curtailment of pro-Illogical duction in industries for whose Results products, even in greater quantity than before, there is visibly urgent need in Europe. Central Europe is not adequately supplied with clothing, yet the acreage for this year's American cotton crop, from which the world's spinners must obtain most of their material, has been reduced nearly 30 per cent. Steel and iron might appear to be required in almost unprecedented quantity if the ruined buildings and railroads of northwestern Europe are to be brought back to their pre-war condition, and our own producers might have seemed to be specially favored by the stoppage of coal production in England during the recent. three months' strike, which reduced Great Britain's monthly output of steel to less than 15 per cent of the rate of 1920. Yet production of iron in the United States during the first six months of 1921 fell to little more than half what it was in the corresponding period a year ago, and to less than in any previous halfyear since 1908.

In July it was the smallest of any month in eighteen years, and barely one-quarter of the amount produced in the month after the armistice. Pretty much the same story ran through every productive industry. It seemed on its face to indicate the greatest possible effort to restrict production of such necessaries, in almost immediate sequel to the greatest waste of them which the world had ever seen. An equally illogical phenomenon, in view of Europe's needs, would apparently seem to be the acute economic distress that has seized on industry and finance in countries which, like the South American republics, had been neutral

during the war and had been looked upon, when the war ended, as the source of supply for an all but unlimited demand for products of which Europe had run desperately short in the four-year conflict.

THE explanation of these two seeming anomalies lies partly in the war and the economic conditions created by the war, but perhaps quite as largely in events since the armistice. In so far as curtailment of industry has resulted from Europe's inabil-

ity to purchase our goods in quantity sufficient to maintain even the Production

The Curtailment of

pre-war rate of production, it may fairly be said to measure the poverty which the war has caused. Nations are no more able than are individuals to escape the consequences when savings have been dissipated or impaired, property destroyed, and cost of living increased. In either case there is necessarily a far smaller margin than before for purchases with cash. When a nation whose resources, like those of France or Italy or Belgium, had been thus depleted by the war, there were two considerations which would determine the question of their purchases of home and foreign merchandise—the capacity of individuals to buy for their private uses, and the capacity of governments to buy for the benefit of the community at large.

That neither potential purchaser possessed the actual money resources to provide for purchases on the pre-war scale, was evident. Private incomes were cut down by actual losses of the war and by the unprecedentedly heavy taxation which continued after the war. Public expenditure for interest on the war debts, for pensions to disabled soldiers and for the higher cost of the whole machinery of government, had so far outstripped the increased public income from the larger taxes that, except for England, every one of the former belligerent governments was contending with the largest annual deficit in its history. Clearly, therefore, the alternative for both government and individual lay between greatly reduced purchases of goods and continuance of large purchases on credit. During 1919 and most of 1920 the goods were bought on credit and the credit was granted lavishly both by home and foreign producers. In the calendar

> (Financial Situation, continued on page 55) Digitized by GOOGIC



"I Understand That"

A dangerous guide: handed-on, ill-considered talk on investment opportunities should be accepted with a grain of salt.

When it comes to investing your money, solid facts outweigh whispered rumors.

Step into any National City Company office. The latest offerings of well chosen bonds will be put before you, together with the information and facts upon which the Company purchased each issue.

BONDS SHORT TERM NOTES ACCEPTANCES

Current list sent on request for V.S.-168

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

Offices in more than 50 cities



(Financial Situation, continued from page 53)

year 1919 our own exports to Europe increased \$1,300,000,000 over the preceding year, and \$3,500,000,000 over 1913—an expansion of 230 per cent over the pre-war year, of which only the smaller part could be accounted for by the 100 per cent rise in average prices during the eight-year interval.

RANCE was the outstanding illustration of these increased purchases. Her total import of merchandise rose from 22,300,000,000 francs in 1918 to 35,800,000,000 in 1919, her import of manufactured goods alone increasing

Buying on Credit in 1919 70 per cent. Her excess of imports over exports was 22,900,000,000 francs in 1919, or actually more than the total imports of 1918, and,

although her own export trade nearly doubled in 1920, the surplus of imports even in that year remained at the prodigious sum of 12,900,-000,000 francs.

It is true that, during the three or four decades before the war, imports into France had uniformly exceeded exports, the excess being balanced by the income from foreign investments previously made by her thrifty people; but the annual excess of that pre-war period was trifling compared with the war-time figures. In the half-dozen years which preceded 1914 it had never gone above 104,000,000 francs, and had been as low as 21,000,000. The figure to which it had risen even in 1918 was, therefore, of a portentous nature, and the progressive increase of 1919 made the position exceedingly difficult to grasp.

Every other European country which was emerging from the devastation of war followed a similar policy. But since France was not exporting gold at all in 1919 to pay for this vast accumulating debit on trade account, and since her sale of securities to foreign investors did not reach a tithe of her obligations on that year's merchandise account, it followed that in some form this yearly purchase of ten to twenty billion francs more of foreign goods than were paid for in exported merchandise, or in securities sold abroad, or in proceeds of foreign investments, must have been financed through the consent of foreign merchants to defer payment by the French import-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 57)

The Value of Tax Exemption

UNDER the proposed revision of the surtax schedules of the Federal Income Tax Law the surtax on large incomes will be somewhat modified, but the tax exemption of Municipal Bonds will still be most attractive to the investor.

For example, under the new bill:

To Equal A Municipal Bond Yielding 5\(\frac{1}{2}\)%

An individual with a net income of \$25,000 would have to hold taxable securities yielding 6.48%.

An individual with a net income of \$50,000 would have to hold taxable securities yielding 7.61%.

An individual with a net income of \$66,000 or over would have to hold taxable securities yielding 8.75%.

The net return from one's investments is still a subject for the most careful consideration.

We shall be glad to confer with you and to recommend Municipal Bonds, exempt from the Federal Income Tax, best suited to your needs.

Write for our current list of Municipal Bonds yielding from 6% to 4.70%



New York

Toledo

Cincinnati

Detroit

Chicago



What Really Counts in Investing Money



HE one thing that really counts in investing money is ultimate safety. Prompt payment of interest is important, but the most important ques-

tion for every investor to ask—and to make sure of the answer—is:

"When my bonds mature, two years, ten years, fifteen years hence, will I certainly be paid my principal on the day due—in cash, without delay?

"Has every safeguard been provided to make sure of paying me and all other bondholders—without ifs or buts, or extensions or renewals?"

The STRAUS PLAN is a modern and scientific system of investment safeguards, which protects every bond we offer. It automatically provides for prompt payment of both principal and interest and assures the ultimate safety of your funds. Call at one of our offices and investigate before you invest your funds, or, if more convenient, write today for

CIRCULAR J-1110

S.W. STRAUS & CO.

NEW YORK - Straus Building

CHICAGO - Straus Building

OFFICES IN FIFTEEN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Thirty-nine years without loss to any investor

Copyright, 1921, by S. W. Straus & Co.

A Convenient Record of Your Investments

Good business demands a systematic record of your investment holdings. Federal Income Tax requirements make it imperative

OUR "Loose Leaf Security Record" enables investors to have at hand complete information regarding their bond holdings—amounts, interest dates, maturities, prices, taxable status, etc. It is handy and compact—new pages may be added as required. Included is a bond interest table, also a chart of information on all issues of Liberty and Victory Bonds.

Mail coupon to our nearest office for free copy of Security Record S.M.-8

HALSEY, STUART & CO. Please send me without charge: Loose Leaf Security Record. S.M8 Current Investor's List.
Name
Street
City
HALSEY, STUART & CO.
CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON

DETROIT

49 Wall Street 10 Post Office Sq.

ST. LOUIS

Security Building

MINNEAPOLIS

209 S. La Salle St.

PHILADELPHIA

nd Title Building

MILWAUKEE

(Financial Situation, continued from page 55)

ers, or through actual loans placed with home or foreign banks to raise the necessary cash. Even if the foreign merchant were to accept the notes of French importers in return for the goods which he had shipped, it, would still be necessary for such a merchant to borrow from his own bank on the collateral of the notes, in order to meet expenses of manufacture.

IT is wholly impossible to say how large was the total amount of loans thus placed with European or other banks to pay for Europe's excess of imports during and since the war. As long ago as the beginning of 1920 the Federal

Reserve Board said in its annual report that, during 1919, "the government of the United States made advances to Allied or associated

The Advances by the Banks

powers amounting to \$1,757,989,481, and various loans were placed in the American market by foreign governments"; but that of the remainder, "a large part, approximately \$2,000,000,000, has probably fallen, directly or indirectly, upon the commercial banks throughout the country, and to this fact is to be attributed in corresponding measure the expansion of bank credit experienced during the year." This had to do merely with loans raised in the United States. How large a sum was borrowed from banks of other countries is a matter of pure conjecture.

But to such recourse there must eventually have been some limit. Credit facilities of the most powerful banking system cannot be extended indefinitely. At best the function of a bank is to lend to merchants for short periods. anticipating payment when their goods shall have been marketed. But here was a case in which commercial banks were extending, on an exceptionally great and constantly increasing scale of magnitude, credits whose date of probable repayment was becoming every year more impossible to foresee. As fast as these notes fell due they were necessarily renewed. The money markets themselves, beset by a score of other requisitions, began in 1919 to give warning that the transactions could not continue much longer at the existing rate.

PROBABLY the warning was sounded first by the banks of France itself, and, although the need for imported merchandise was greater in devastated France than in any other country of the world, the warning had amazingly quick

(Financial Situation, continued on page 61)

A Country-Wide Investment Service

New York 140 Broadway Fifth Ave. & 44th St. Madison Ave. & 60th St. 268 Grand St.

ALBANY, N. Y. ATLANTA, GA. BALTIMORE, MD. Boston, Mass. BUFFALO, N. Y. CHICAGO, ILL. CINCINNATI, O. CLEVELAND, O. ERIE, PA. HARRISBURG, PA. HARTFORD, CONN. JAMESTOWN, N. Y. JOHNSTOWN, PA. Los Angeles, Cal. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. PHILADELPHIA, PA. PITTSBURGH, PA. PORTLAND, MAINE PROVIDENCE, R. I. READING, PA. ROCHESTER, N. Y. ST. Louis, Mo. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. SCRANTON, PA. Washington, D. C. WILKES-BARRE, PA.

Our nearest Office will serve you promptly

Forty-five Billions in Bonds

During the ten years 1911-1920 it is estimated that more than forty-five billion dollars were invested in new issues of bonds and notes in this country.

Of this, more than \$13,000,000,000 was invested in railroad, public utility, and industrial issues, the remainder in United States Government, municipal, state, and foreign government loans.

The magnitude of these figures is one evidence of the importance of the bond as a financing and investing medium.

Today, the carefully selected bond is a premier investment. Yielding a fixed income, affording a wide diversity for investment, available in long or short term maturities, readily saleable—bonds at present yields are especially attractive.

This Company, which has played an important part in bond financing, has complete facilities for supplying information regarding investments and is prepared to recommend conservative securities.

Guaranty Company of New York

The Bedrock of Business

BETTER business means not only more business—more stable profits—it means higher standards of doing business.

Business standards must be such that men can trust each other. This is as fundamental to better times as sound currency, credit or banking.

When one man engages another to perform a service or deliver a commodity, he enters into a contract. If business is to be sound, that contract must be sacred to both parties as far as personal responsibility can go.

Modern business is based—not on the legality but on the sanctity of contracts—on the common faith that a business man will do what he promises. Credit rating depends on something more than a satisfactory relation between assets and liabilities.

If contracts were to become of value only through legal action, they would not be practical instruments of business—for business cannot be conducted through the agency of courts of justice.

Insistence of sellers and buyers alike that contracts of purchase are made to stand by is prerequisite to economic stability.

Business faces a long, steady climb to conditions better than it has ever enjoyed. Progress toward those conditions will be satisfactory or unsatisfactory in proportion as men and nations earn the confidence of each other by faithful observance of the letter and spirit of their contracts.

The National Bank of Commerce in New York believes that the preservation of confidence through the encouragement of sound business practises is an important banking function.



National Bank of Commerce in New York

Capital. Surplus and Undivided Profits Over Fifty-five Million Dollars

Our Obligation To The Investor

A NATION-WIDE reputation—the result of thirty years of specialization in the field of Municipal Bond investment—confers a keen sense of responsibility.

The William R. Compton Company ecognizes this obligation, and identifies the bonds which we recommend with the phrase

"Bonds as Safe as Our Cities"

This mark of our approval is given only on those issues which are surrounded by the strongest safe-guards—bonds which possess a degree of safety equalled only by the obligations of the United States Government.

Write our nearest office for List "R-8" of Investment Suggestions and Booklet, "Bonds as Safe as Our Cities".

William R. Compton Company

Investment Bonds

ST. LOUIS NEW YORK CHICAGO
CINCINNATI NEW ORLEANS



Greenebaum Safeguards Protect Your Investments

Peace of mind regarding investments should be the desire of every investor.

Many thousands of careful investors have found true investment safety in Greenebaum Safeguarded First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds. They know that for over two-thirds of a century the Greenebaum Standard of Safety has meant maximum protection for conservative investors.

For over 66 years every Greenebaum Safeguarded Bond, principal and interest, has been promptly paid.

Send for our new booklet, "Greenebaum Safeguarded Bonds"

Use Coupon Below

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company

66 Years' Proven Safety Correspondents in Many Cities

Stockholders of Greenebaum Sons Investment Company are identical with stockholders of Greenebaum Sons Bank and Trust Gompany does Ranking House in Chica

Oldest Banking House in Chicago FOUNDED 1855

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company

S. E. Cor. La Salle and Madison Sts., Chicago

Send a copy of your new booklet, GREENEBAUL SAFEGUARDED BONDS, to	M
NA ME	
STREET	
CITY	
STATE	10
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX	P

results. During the first six months of 1921 the country's imports actually decreased 15,-

700,000,000 francs as compared with the first half of 1920, a reduction of 60 per cent, which left the country's foreign trade, notwith-

Results in the Trade of France

standing decrease of 1,400,000,000 francs in the value of exports also, with its previous all but unimaginable "import surplus" actually

changed to a surplus of exports.

This immense decrease in the money value of goods purchased from foreign producers no doubt resulted partly from the fall of prices and partly from increasing facilities for home production in countries which, like France, were getting their shattered industries at work again. But even in quantity the goods imported by France in the first half of 1921 decreased 6,000,000 tons, or nearly 30 per cent from the year before, and the fact that approximately 4,000,000 tons of that total decrease was in raw materials of manufacture certainly indicated that even home production of many finished goods was falling off.

BUT however plain the case of these recent European belligerent states may be in the sudden collapse of buying power, the circumstances do not wholly explain the even more violent commercial collapse of such formerly

neutral markets as those of the South American republics. Some very striking experiences of this past summer taught our business

community that the problem of South American trade and South American commercial relations was in some respects the most formidable of all the problems with which our bankers and merchants were confronted in the great reaction of 1920. The story is an extraordinary one, though not wholly new; for something like it was told when the crumbling Argentine speculation dragged down Baring Brothers in London in 1890, and when the rush of speculating British merchants to exploit what they called the "markets for tropical production," when the long war blockade was begun after 1914, ended in a dismal chapter of commercial ruin.

There had been many indications, as early as 1916, that the war was enriching not only such powerful nations as Japan and the United States, which were partly or wholly removed from the war's exhausting economic strain, but other non-European producers of food and raw materials, such as Brazil, Chile, Cuba, and the Argentine Republic. Their natural products,

(Financial Situation, continued on page 63)

The First Consideration in Making an Investment

SAFETY of principal should always be the foremost and guiding consideration in judging the respective merits of the investment offerings.

Securities offered to the investing public by the Old Colony Trust Company must be unquestionably sound. Ordinary prudence and the nature of our business demand this. In addition, they must, of course, insure a satisfactory return to their permanent holders.

This institution, through its Bond Department, offers an unusually complete service to investors. In every case, the special requirements of each individual investor are given thorough and unbiased consideration before a recommendation is made for the purchase or sale of securities.

Investments made through our Bond Department are systematically "followed through", and the owner is duly informed of routine or special matters pertaining in any way to them.

An exceptionally complete Financial Library and a well equipped Statistical Department are operated in connection with the Bond Department, and their facilities are always available to its customers.

Private wires, affording direct communication at all times with the New York financial markets, are maintained by this company.

We shall be pleased to send you, upon request, our Investment Recommendations, just issued. Please address Department S.

OLD COLONY TRUST COMPANY BOSTOX



Member of the Federal Reserve System

notably grain, were rapidly enhanced in value; their markets recovered quickly from the shock which followed outbreak of war. Some of those countries, Cuba and the Argentine Republic in particular, enlarged beyond all precedent, even in the early years of war, their exports, their imports, and their surplus of exports. In all of them the wealth of the community seemed to be increasing. There was actually one instance, that of Argentina a few months after the armistice, in which a South American market made large loans of credit to the English, French, and Italian governments on condition that the proceeds be spent for products of the country.

DURING the later years of war the volume of foreign trade was checked in most of these countries through the diversion of ocean shipping to the military transport business. The ending of the war sent the merchant ships

What Happened in 1919 speeding back to such profitable markets. In every one of those countries an immense increase immediately occurred both in out-

ward and inward trade, and in the meantime the prolonged war-time scarcity of their products, in the markets of Europe and of the outside world at large, had brought such articles as sugar and coffee to prices four and seven times as high as they had been when the war began. Exports from Argentina in 1919 increased 30 per cent in value over 1918, exports from Cuba 40 per cent. From Brazil they actually doubled.

The pleasure resorts of New York and Paris began to grow familiar with the rich Cuban and South American visitors who had come to spend their money with the prodigality of newly made millionaires. Importations into those countries increased after the armistice more rapidly even than their exports; so much so that, in some of them, the actual balance of merchandise trade turned against them. The United States sent to South America in 1919 \$140,000,000 more worth of merchandise than the year before, and to Cuba alone \$51,000,000 more. Yet all this seemed to be nothing but evidence of immense prosperity. When our government removed the restrictions on gold exports shortly after the armistice, our markets were called upon to ship \$90,000,000 gold within a year to the South American markets.

Foreign-exchange rates were, in fact, moving steadily in favor of South America, as against even New York. The judgment even of the

(Financial Situation, continued on page 65)

TYPARCHIVE-IMENT EXPERIENCE AVESTARDS OUR CHESTIS HITTERESIS

Increase Your Income

With "Safety Bonds"

"Safety Bonds," issued with a network of proven safeguards surrounding them, make a solid foundation for the building up of permanent income.

A comprehensive description of the American Bond & Mortgage Company's way of issuing First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds will be found in a beautifully illustrated book entitled "Building with Bonds." Write for it today! Every investor should have a copy.

AMERICAN BOND & MORTGAGE COMPANY



"Building with Bonds" may be obtained on request. It is a reference book every investor should keep.

American Bond & Mortgage Bldg., Chicago - 562 Fifth Ave., New York City Columbus, Ohio Grand Rapids, Mich. Davenport, Iowa Rockford, Illinois

Sign Below and Mail This Advertisement for Edition Q510

Digitized by Google



THERE'S Good IN SAFE INVESTMENT CIVIC

IMPROVEMENT

The Schools your children attend, the parks in which you ride, your city water system, your public buildings, your bridges—these are the good of safe investment in sound municipal bonds.

The business of investing in bonds is bigger than technical provisions. Back of it all, under it all, through it all, runs the larger purpose of safe investment—the advancement of human progress. By investing in bonds your money is made to serve a good and useful purpose for yourself and for others.

Assured safety is combined with attractive yields in bonds described in our "Investment Opportunities of Today". A postcard request will bring you a copy of this folder without obligation.

BLYTH, WITTER & CO.

NEW YORK 61 Broadway BAN PRANCISCO
Merchants Exchange

LOS ANGELES Trust & Servings Bldg PORTLAND, ORE.
Yeon Bldg.

SEATTLE 812 Second Ave.

The factssecured in time—

secured in time often save losses in investments Every investor at times needs reliable, unbiassed information regarding securities.

In recognition of this fact, Scribner's Magazine maintains an Investor's Service Bureau, the purpose of which is to analyze securities and supply current news and up-to-date statistics regarding investments.

The personal attention of a conservative investment specialist is given to each inquiry received. For a thorough analysis of an investment a nominal fee is charged amounting to \$3.00 for one stock or bond, and \$2.00 for each additional security analyzed at the same time.

Many of our readers who have utilized this service have commented upon the quality and scope of the information received. If you have an investment problem write to-day. Address inquiries, accompanied by a remittance, to INVESTOR'S SERVICE BUREAU, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

(Financial Situation, continued from page 63)

sober commercial world at this striking spectacle was voiced by the president of a great foreign-trading corporation of the United States when he said, at the annual meeting of their shareholders: "All this spells opportunity for the United States, which alone of the great nations in the world possesses not merely enormous natural resources, but also, under normal conditions, a large available capital."

S a matter of fact, American firms and A companies engaged in foreign trade were already rushing into the Cuban and South American field on a scale of operations which nobody at the time suspected. Less than

lations in South America

twelve months sufficed to create Our Specu- conditions of abnormally inflated prices, inflated trade, and inflated credit. No limit appeared to be fixed by the exploiters to the pur-

chasing capacity of the people in these southern countries; indeed, the conviction seemed to have seized on the minds even of serious bankers that nothing could stop the expansion of trade, the rise of prices, and the accumulation of wealth in Latin America. In 1915, when the forced withdrawal of London from her foreign commercial activities created widespread belief that the United States was destined thereafter to dominate the foreign trade of the world, a considerable number of largely capitalized companies were organized to set the machinery at work. Lack of shipping facilities in the later years of war had deferred full access to their markets, but now, apparently, the opportunity could be grasped.

Competition to finance the trade and buy up the products of South America became immediately urgent. One of these concerns (of which a great deal was heard again in 1021). itself organized by powerful New York banks and banking-houses, engaged with a capital of \$6,500,000 on such a scale that, when the day of reckoning came, upward of \$80,000,000 cash had to be found to cover its immediate liabili-For the reckoning was not long postponed. The original real prosperity of these countries had been prodigiously overexploited on the basis of credits obtained from American banks already loaded with the trade obligations of Europe. South American products were accumulated; sometimes purchased, in advance of production, at prices to which they had been' driven by speculators. Lacking, as all these southern countries did, any large reserve of accumulated capital of their own, the whole

(Financial Situation, continued on page 67)

Seventy Years Experience

Has Equipped Knauth, Nachod & Kuhne

To serve you in your foreign financial transactions of all kinds. OUR SERVICE **INCLUDES:**

Remitting abroad by Money Order, Sight Drafts or Cable Transfers, Buying and selling exchange on foreign countries, Making collections of drafts on foreign countries, Making periodical payments to beneficiaries in foreign countries, Collecting inheritances, legacies, bank accounts, etc., in foreign countries, Issuing Travelers' Letters of Credit and Travelers' Checks, Issuing Commercial Letters of Credit to finance foreign trade.

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

As members of the New York Stock Exchange we execute orders for the purchase and sale of all listed securities.

There are special features and advantages in K, N & K service which we would like to explain to you. May we send you particulars?



Knauth Nachod & Kuhne

Equitable Building

New York

Mr. Warren's Omission

R. WARREN was an average, active, young American business man. Just after his marriage, some ten years ago, he made a will. As time passed children were born. Mr. Warren had acquired property and the future looked bright.

As a careful business man, Warren had a new will drawn, to fit the new circumstances, but he "put off" executing it, because—well, it is noteworthy that healthy men procrastinate about their wills.

On a business trip, he was killed in an accident. The two wills were brought out and read. The first was found to make no provision for the children. The second named a strong trust company as executor and trustee. It made provision for trust funds designed to protect his wife and children in the enjoyment of their inheritance.

Yet this second will, which expressed Warren's real wishes, was ineffective, as it was not completed by proper signature.

Perhaps your will as it reads today would not do substantial justice to your family. If time has imposed new obligations; if there have been changes in your business affairs; if your executor has died or become incapacitated; if for any reason your will is not now up to date, there is real danger in postponing its revision.

Today, ask a trust company or write to the address below, for the booklet, Safeguarding Your Family's Future, which will give you interesting and helpful information on the vital subject of wills.



TRUST COMPANY DIVISION
AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION
FIVE NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK

Picking Your Bonds

ARE you willing to trust to your own judgment in the selection of safe bonds?

Most investors are not and should

Prefer rather to depend upon the recommendations of a responsible investment organization like Wells-Dickey Company, whose years of experience in the bond business guarantees the integrity of its offerings.

Whether you have \$100 or \$100,000 available, you should have our offerings. Ask for circular "OS"

WELLS-DICKEY COMPANY

SURPLUS & CAPITAL \$ 1,300,000
MINNEAPOLIS . MINNESOTA

Stronger With Age

6% Prudence-Bonds actually grow stronger with age, for while the first mortgages behind them are being periodically reduced by serial payments, the properties themselves remain pledged in their entirety till the mortgages are discharged. Thus, as the mortgages grow less, the equities grow bigger and the Bonds grow stronger. In addition, each Bond is guaranteed by endorsement as to both principal and interest.

Send for Booklet S.C. 190 containing full information.

The Prudence Company, Inc.

(Realty Associates Investment Corporation)

31 Nassau St. New York 162 Remsen St. Brooklyn

(Financial Situation, continued from page 65)

fabric of South American speculation now rested on two considerations—continuance of expanding credit facilities in the United States and further rise in the already inflated staple markets.

IN May of last year, at the time when New York department stores were startling the markets by their 20 to 30 per cent reduction in retail prices, cables began to be received from South American markets cancelling the lavish orders which had been placed in ___

this country. These despatches declared, for the first time, that the South American market had turned

South American market had turned out to be vastly oversupplied with outside merchandise, and that goods were moving so slowly to consumers that, at a moment when the great mass of fresh consignments were coming in, even the sidewalk around merchants' warehouses was piled with bales of When this had happened, the first and inevitable sequel was that quantities of products of those countries, long held back from market by the merchants, should be pressed on the market to raise cash; with the eventual result of a fall in the price to one-quarter or less of the figure commanded in the world market during the early months of 1920. But with such shrinkage in value of the property in its hands, the South American mercantile community was confronted with bankruptcy.

Its first recourse was to refuse, under pretext of cancellation of orders, to receive even the goods which had already been delivered at the southern ports. In Brazil, Argentina, Paraguay, and Cuba, so the Federal Reserve Board officially reported, huge amounts of goods sent from the United States were "being practically thrown back upon the hands of the shippers, who were obliged to finance themselves as best they might at their own banks." We have seen already why this sudden and unexpected recourse to the banking institutions was inconvenient and unwelcome; and it will be observed that while this grave embarrassment was confronting American exporters, American houses which had purchased South American or Cuban merchandise for present or future deliveries, had to accept it and pay for it at a time when it would bring on the market only 25 or 30 per cent of the purchase price. In South America there was established a virtual, in Cuba an actual, moratorium on debts. crisis in the affairs of American export and import houses trading with those countries, was a wholly inevitable consequence of the collapse

(Financial Situation, continued on page 68)

THE investment securities of the electric and gas properties built up and managed by the Byllesby organization have a remarkably consistent and satisfactory record extending overalong period of years.

Present conditions have further enhanced the desirability of these dependable investments and their future is most reassuring.

Illustrated and descriptive literature and details of our Partial Payment Plan will be sent on request.

Ask for Literature S

H.M.Byllesby & Ca.

CHICAGO 208 S. La Salle St. NEW YORK

Boston - Providence - New Haven - Detroit Minneapolis-Madison, Wis.-Oklahoma City

The True Story of Plain Tom Hodge

This poor immigrant came to America eighteen years ago, saved his money and invested it in giltedge bonds every month, and is today a prosperous business man. Liberal interest return, compounded regularly, has made him wealthy.

His story will be an inspiration to you. It demonstrates the great power of systematic saving and investing, and will show you how to get the very utmost return with absolute safety.

But "The True Story of Plain Tom Hodge" is not only an inspiration to the thrifty mind—it is a half hour of as fascinating reading as you have ever seen.

A free copy will be mailed promptly if you write today.

36 Veers Without Loss To A Customer

George M. Forman

FARM MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS (ESTABLISHED 1885)

105 C West Monroe St......Chicago, Ill.

of the whole exploitation, coming when the American houses had to meet their own indebtedness at their own home banks.

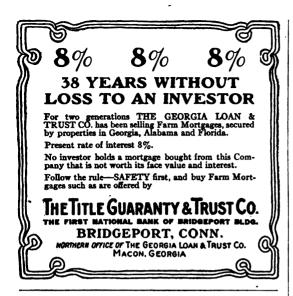
THIS extraordinary chapter of after-war financial history has to be retold in order to understand how and why the hopes built up on the seeming commercial position of those countries on return of peace in Europe were so completely destroyed. The situa-

tion of the American market itself this past summer season cannot be

A Crisis of the Summer

understood without full comprehension of the circumstances which I have narrated. That the banking and credit situation should have been watched by well-informed people, as it was last summer, with extreme anxiety at the very time when speculative liquidation in America itself had been so thorough, when bank reserves were rising and the money market falling, was a mystery even to Wall Street. But Wall Street itself did not then know the magnitude of the commitments in these outside fields, and the possible ramifications of financial embarrassment which might have followed if such concerns as the one I have referred to had been left to default on their own American obligations, which they could not meet from the wreckage of their-foreign ventures. That it was possible to avert this critical situation through the assistance of other American banks and bankers and to do it without publicity or commotion was possibly. after all, the strongest possible tribute to the underlying soundness of the American financial position.

What is to be the outcome of this strangely confused position? Its circumstances are no doubt peculiarly complicated by the consequences of the war, yet it differs from other periods of after-panic depression only in degree and scope, but not in kind. The answer to the question must be the same as has been made in every previous period of economic reaction and relapse after a period of wasted capital and credit. In such episodes prices are readjusted first, debts are paid next through the slow process of new production and new business energy. Eventually, when economic equilibrium turns out to have been restored, the world's real necessities compel resumption of production and trade activity on a larger scale than history had ever previously witnessed. But the real question in the mind of the markets is, not whether such revival in finance and industry will come, but how long it will be in coming.





The Right Bank In The Right Place

The Continental and Commercial Banks are situated at a point from which they can serve American business interests to the best advantage,

The CONTINENTAL and COMMERCIAL BANKS

CHICAGO

More than \$55,000,000 Invested Capital

INFORMATIVE FINANCIAL LITERATURE

Following are announcements of current booklets and circulars issued by financial institutions, which may be obtained without cost on request addressed to the issuing banker. Investors are asked to mention SCRIBIRE'S MAGAINE when writing for literature.

INVESTMENT BOOKLETS AND CIRCULARS

The Guaranty Company of New York has published a new booklet, "Investment Recommendations," which will be sent to investors on request.

Halsey, Stuart and Company's Circular of offerings contains information which will be of interest to any intending investor. Besides describing a wide variety of Safe Bonds, it includes comment regarding the bond situation; also interesting facts regarding the surprising results of systematic investing.

Blyth, Witter & Co., of San Francisco and New York, has published for distribution "Investment Opportunities of Today," in which is presented a selected list of sound investment offerings.

"How to Figure the Income Basis on Bonds," a pamphlet recently published by Wells-Dickey Company of Minneapolis, treats a much misunderstood subject in an interesting and understandable way. Write for a copy,

"Tomorrow's Bond Prices," "Bonds as Safe as Our Cities," and "Municipal Bonds Defined" are a series of booklets recently published by William R. Compton Company, St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, and New Orleans. The first explains the significance of the present investment situation and the opportunity to obtain high returns over a period of years. The other two describe the various kinds of Municipal Bonds and the safeguards surrounding them.

BOOKLETS ON FINANCIAL SUBJECTS

"Concerning Trusts and Wills"—a brief outline of some of the more important advantages of the Trust Company over the individual as a fiduciary. This booklet suggests the proper manner of conserving estates and trust funds; insuring their management in the interest of the beneficiaries or owners. Send to Old Colony Trust Company, 17 Court Street, Boston 7, Mass.

"The Giant Energy—Electricity"—a booklet in popular form, which shows the attractiveness of carefully selected public utility bonds, and deals largely with the wonderful growth in the electric light and power business. Published by the National City Company, National City Bank Building, New York.

H. M. Byllesby & Company of Chicago and New York has just published a new booklet describing in detail the Byllesby Partial Payment Plan for investing in utility securities of companies managed by that organization.

Bankers Trust Company of New York will send on request its booklet, "International Commercial and Financial Relationships and the Foreign Trade Financing Corporation."

The manner in which a great financial institution has come into being, together with facts and figures showing how this institution renders service to its friends and customers, is disclosed in a booklet recently published by the Continental and Commercial Banks of Chicago, Ill. The booklet is ready for general distribution.

A Quick-Reckoning Income Tax Table, aiding the investor to determine the gross yield he must get on a taxable bond to correspond to the yield on a taxafree municipal, is being distributed by Stacy & Braun, 5 Nassau Street, New York.

The Guaranty Trust Company of New York has published for free distribution a booklet entitled "Trust Service for Corporations."

REAL ESTATE AND FARM MORTGAGE BOOKLETS

"Common Sense in Investing Money" is a comprehensive booklet published by S. W. Straus & Co., Fifth Avenue at Forty-sixth Street, New York, outlining the principles of safe investment and describing how the Straus Plan safeguards the various issues of First Mortgage 6% Serial Bonds offered by this house.

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company, La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago, will send on request, without obligation, a flexible, pocket-size, loose-leaf Investment Record Book, which they have prepared for free distribution to buyers of First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds.

The American Bond and Mortgage Company, Chicago, Ill., has just published, for free distribution, a book entitled "Building With Bonds," which explains the principles and policies upon which this organization has been built.

"Selecting Today the Investments of Tomorrow" presents new facts regarding farm mortgages of interest to investors. Write George M. Forman & Company, 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago.

The Title Guaranty & Trust Company of Bridgeport, Conn., will furnish upon application a list of mortgage investment offerings.

"\$100 per month makes over \$20,000 in twelve years," says the booklet published by The Prudence Company, Inc., 3r Nassau St., New York City.





There Are Six Ways to

Finance an **Enterprise**

To put your enterprise on a sound and paying basis, you must adopt the best method of financing and carry out correctly every detail of promotion procedure. In doing this you will find reliable help in the new manual

Financing an **Enterprise**

Revised Edition in Three Volumes By Hugh R. Conyngton

This work presents concise, accurate answers to the questions that arise during the process of financing a business from its inception in the mind of the promoter to its launching as a self-supporting concern. The author writes from an intimate knowledge of financial methods. He formulates the ideal conditions for financing and shows in specific detail how to shape and present a proposition to comply with these conditions and thereby give it the greatest possible chance of success.

Volume I—The Enterprise is devoted to vital preliminary considerations, the conditions and methods of financing, the investigation of the enterprise and its legal protection.

Volume II—The Organization covers the experimental work and the shaping up of the enter-prise, its capitalization, and special corporate adjustments.

Volume III—The Financing treats thoroughly the preparing of the enterprise for presentation and all the details of presenting it both privately and publicly. Many special features of promotion are explained. 1921, three volumes, cloth, 667 pages, \$7.00.

Let Us Send You This Work

If you are in any way interested in the financing of an enterprise you should examine this work. We shall be glad to send it for your inspection. The coupon below is for your convenience.

The Ronald Press Company

The Ronald Press Co., 20 Vesey St., New York

mm or by Mail

At Bookstores mun

Gentlemen: You may send me Conyngton's
"Financing an Enterprise" for examination. Within
five days of its receipt I will send you \$7.00 or
return the book. (Orders from outside the territorial
limits of the United States must be accompanied
with remittance which will be promptly refunded
if the book is returned.)
Name
Address
(410)

Business Connection
For catalog of publications on business, check here

SAFE SAILING



It's safe sailing with this Old Salt. Why?

Because he knows-He knows every reef and rock-

Every light-house and derelict.

All the changing winds and clouds. He knows how to steer through them or around them.

You have confidence in him be-

cause he has confidence in himself.

Why should you not have the same confidence in your investments?

Here are thirty-five booklets telling you how to steer around the rocks and reefs of risky financing.

1-How to Invest

Bonds and the Investor

-Investment Position of Municipal Bonds

Partial Payment Investments

-Variety and Classes of Railroad Bonds

Railroad Equipment Issues The Public Utility Field

Public-Utility Securities as Investments

-How to Select the Sound Utilities

10-The Future of Our Various Public Utilities

11-Things to Know About Stocks

12-Preferred Stocks-"A Middle Ground Investment

Preferred Stocks, Pro and Con

14-Unlisted Securities-Whence Do They Come? 15—The Machinery of the Unlisted Security Market 16—Unlisted Securities—Where Do They Go?

17—Our Foreign Bond Holdings 18—"Internal" Foreign Loans and the Exchanges

19-Foreign Bonds to Suit All Tastes

20—Real-Estate Securities—Strong-Box Investments

21—The Unique Investment—The Mortgage Loan 22—The Mortgage in Retail Packages

23-Mobilizing Mortgage Money

24-Amortization of Mortgages

25-The Farm Mortgage as an Investment 26-How Sound Farm Mortgages Are Made

27-The Various Forms of Farm-Mortgage Security

28—Story of the Farm Mortgage Bank-ers Association

29-What Is the Stock Exchange?

30—Exchange Members and What They Do money order) 31-The Sinews of the Market for \$2.00 for

32-Investment and Speculation which send 35

33—Dimensions of the Market (Long and Short)

Investor's Service Department SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE 597 Fifth Avenue, New York

34-The Committee on Bus Conduct Business 35-The Odi

Address

Attached

booklets.

is check (or

Vol. LXX · No. 5

NOVEMBER 1921

35 CENTS

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE Illustrated

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW'S

RECOLLECTIONS OF

YALE COLLEGE-EARLY PUBLIC LIFE-LINCOLN

Special Articles					- · · · ·	
Leaves from My Autobiography				. c	HAUNCEY M. DEPEW	515
Pittsburgh—Eight Sketches					FREDERICK POLLEY	531
George Washington, Captain of I	Indu	str	y		EUGENE E. PRUSSING	549
Among the Luba Cannibals .					HELEN E. SPRINGER	561
Sipping and Sniffing					VIOLA I. PARADISE	577
"The Sidewalks of New York"	•				. LOUIS DODGE	584
Confessions of a Music Critic		•	•		W. J. HENDERSON	613
Chinese Sketches	•	•	•		. NORA WALN	625
<u>Stories</u>						
Bougainvillea	•				. MARY SYNON	539
Bougainvillea			ELSI	E VAN	DE WATER HOPPER	593
The Mother of His Children .				. 7	VINIFRED KIRKLAND	605
Elms and Fair Oaks	•		•		. JAMES BOYD	620
Poetry						
The Professor's Wife The Book of Stones and Lilies			LII	LIAN	MAYFIELD ROBERTS	548
The Book of Stones and Lilies					. AMY LOWELL	560
Wanderlust					HARDWICKE NEVIN	604
To a Poet-in the Summer of Life	:	•	•	MAU	RICE FRANCIS EGAN	618
Departments						
The Point of View The Difficulty of Boing Unsuspected—The E	lath is	183	2—At t	he Apot	hecary's	631
The Field of Art	•	•	•		RANK WEITENKAMPF	635
The Financial Situation	•	•	• •	ALEX	ANDER DANA NOYES	641

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER Projectors

ARTHUR H. SCRIBNER Treasurer

CHARLES SCRIBNER JR. Secretary

597-599 FIFTH AVE, NEW YORK + CONSTABLE & COMPANY LIMITED LONDON

Digitized by GOOYIC



what moisture does to steel,



RUST—

-destroys steel

NOR the first time in the history of safe making, a dry-insulated safe has passed the gruelling tests necessary to win the Underwriters' Laboratories' "B" Label.

In the past, safes of this class have depended upon moisture for a part of their protection against heat. But moisture rusts steel and permanent protection demands a dryinsulated safe.

We have perfected an insulation which is bone-dry and which protects solely because of the sterling quality of the materials used.

If you value your records, write for our "Safe Book."



Filing System Service, Equipment and Supplies 1154 St. Paul St., ROCHESTER, N. Y. Branches, Agents or Dealers in all principal cities In Canada:
The Office Specialty Mfg. Co., Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.



SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

Contents for NOVEMBER 1921

SIXTH BIRTHDAY From a photograph.		. F1	rontis	piece
LEAVES FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY— CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH—IN PUB- LIC LIFE—ABRAHAM LINCOLN . (To be continued)	Chauncey M. Depew			515
PITTSBURGH-EIGHT SKETCHES	Frederick Polley .			531
BOUGAINVILLEA—A Story	Mary Synon	•		539
THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE. Poem	Lillian Mayfield Roberts		٠.	548
GEORGE WASHINGTON, CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY—THE BANK OF ENGLAND STOCK—THE BANK OF THE UNITED STATES. SECOND PAPER. Illustrations from rare prints and documents	Rugene E. Prussing .	•		549
THE BOOK OF STONES AND LILIES. Poem	Amy Lowell			560
AMONG THE LUBA CANNIBALS Illustrations from photographs by the Author.	Helen E. Springer .	•	•	561
SIPPING AND SNIFFING	Viola I. Paradise .			577
"THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK" .	Louis Dodge			584
THE FLIGHT OF THE WHITE HERONS— A Story Illustrations by Kyhei Inukai	Elsie Van de Water Hopp	per		593
WANDERLUST. Poem	Hardwicke Nevin .			604
THE MOTHER OF HIS CHILDREN—A Story Illustration by Alonzo Kimball.	Winifred Kirkland .	•	•	605
CONFESSIONS OF A MUSIC CRITIC .	W. J. Henderson .			613
TO A POET IN THE SUMMER OF LIFE.	Maurice Francis Egan		_	618
ELMS AND FAIR OAKS—A Story	_			620
CHINESE SKETCHES	Nora Waln			625
THE POINT OF VIEW—The Difficulty of 1832—At the Apothecary's	Being Unsuspected—The I	Bath .	in	631
THE FIELD OF ART—Wood-Block Printing To-day	Frank Weitenkampf	•		635
THE FINANCIAL SITUATION—A Season of Interesting Events	Alexander Dana Noyes			641

Copyrighted in 1921 in United States, Canada, and Great Britain, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Printed in New York. All rights reserved. Entered as Second-Class Matter December 2, 1886, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY. PRICE, 35 CENTS A NUMBER: \$4.00



Christmas Number SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for DECEMBER

Short Stories for the Christmas Season

HENRY VAN DYKE, To Avernus and Out; a story of a descent to depths of evil, and the way out.

HARRIET WELLES, The Runaway Blimp; an amusing adventure that was almost a tragedy, culminating on Christmas Eve.

KATHARINE HOLLAND Brown, The Right Hunch; a story of a father, and a son who almost went wrong.

JOHN BIGGS, JR., Corkran of the Clamstretch; a new kind of horse story by a new writer.

SHIRLEY L. SEIFERT, *Philandering Among the Roses*; a lovestory by a writer whose first published novel has been received with high praise.

Chauncey M. Depew's Recollections

A remarkable group of statesmen, conspicuous in the seventies and eighties, is described by Mr. Depew, who knew them all. It includes General Grant, Roscoe Conkling, Garfield and Arthur, Grover Cleveland, and James G. Blaine.

The Nativity : A New England Miracle Play

There has been produced for several years in a Connecticut town a Christmas play which is here described by Ella M. Boult and pictured by Beatrice Stevens.

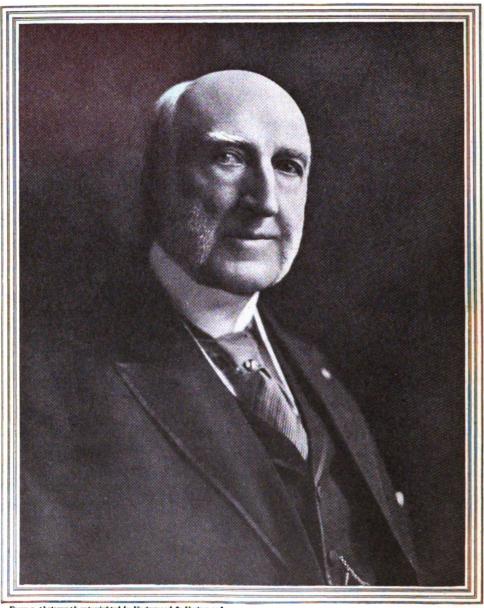
Special Articles Poems The Point of View The Field of Art The Financial Situation

EDGAR JAMES SWIFT writes of Painless Thinking; MARY E. ROBERTS tells of her experiences on a jury in In the Name of the Commonwealth; ERNEST PEIXOTTO writes and illustrates An Adventure in Salamanca; Canon Vaughan, of Winchester, England, describes The Plant-Lore of the Compleat Angler; THOMAS G. TUCKER presents a new slant on British English and American English, from a Colonial point of view.

There are poems by MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT, SARAH N. CLEGHORN, CLINTON SCOLLARD; and the usual Departments, The Point of View, The Field of Art, with comments on the work of Theodore Robinson, by ELIOT CLARK, and The Financial Situation, by ALEXANDER DANA NOYES.

HARLES	SCRIBNER'S	SONS,
IFTH AVE.	AT 48TH ST., N. 1	Y. C.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find \$4.00 for a year' he Christmas Number.	s subscription to SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE beginning with
Vame	Street
liy	State



From a photograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

On his eighty-sixth birthday.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXX

NOVEMBER, 1921

NO. 5

LEAVES FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH—IN PUBLIC LIFE—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH



Y memory goes back for more than eighty years. I recall distinctly when about five years old my mother took me to the school of Mrs. Westbrook,

wife of the well-known pastor of the Dutch competition. Reformed church, who had a school in her a highly educated woman, and her husband, Doctor Westbrook, a man of letters as well as a preacher. He specialized in ancient history, and the interest he aroused in Roman and Greek culture and achievements has continued with me ever since.

The village of Peekskill at that time had between two and three thousand inhabitants. Its people were nearly all Revolutionary families who had settled fortunes, but they acquired independence there in colonial times. There had been and were prominent and useful citizens very little immigration either from other in all localities where they settled. States or abroad; acquaintance was universal, and in the activities of the emy in 1852. I find on the programme of churches there was general co-operation among the members. Church attendance was so unanimous that people, young or old, who failed to be in their accustomed places on Sunday felt the ly my teachers had decided to develop disapproval of the community.

Social activities of the village were very simple, but very delightful and healthful. in 1856. The college of that period was There were no very rich nor very poor. Nearly every family owned its own house versity to which it has grown. Our class or was on the way to acquire one. Mis- of ninety-seven was regarded as unu-

fortune of any kind aroused common interest and sympathy. A helping hand of neighborliness was always extended to those in trouble or distress. Peekskill was a happy community, and presented conditions of life and living of common interest and sympathy not possible in these days of restless crowds and fierce

The Peekskill Academy was the domihouse, within a few doors. The lady was nant educational institution, and drew students not only from the village but from a distance. It fitted them for college, and I was a student there for about twelve years. The academy was a character-making institution, though it lacked the thoroughness of the New England preparatory schools. Its graduates entering into the professions or business had an unusual record of success in life. do not mean that they accumulated great

> I graduated from the Peekskill Acadthe exercises of that day, which some old student preserved, that I was down for several original speeches, while the other boys had mainly recitations. Apparentany oratorical talent I might possess.

> I entered Yale in 1852 and graduated very primitive compared with the uni-

Copyrighted in 1921 in United States, Canada, and Great Britain, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Printed in New York. All rights reserved.

matics, Greek and Latin were the dominant features of instruction. Athletics had not yet appeared, though rowing and boat-racing came in during my term. The outstanding feature of the institution was the literary societies: the Linonia and the Brothers of Unity. The debates at the weekly meetings were kept up and maintained upon a high and efficient plane. Both societies were practically deliberative bodies and discussed with vigor the current questions of the day. Under this training Yale sent out an unusual number of men who became eloquent preachers, distinguished physicians, and famous lawyers. While the majority of students now on leaving college enter business or professions like engineering, which is allied to business, at that time nearly every young man was destined for the ministry, law, or medicine. My own class furnished two of the nine judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, and a large majority of those who were admitted to the bar attained judicial honors. It is a singular commentary on the education of that time that the students who won the highest honors and carried off the college prizes, which could only be done by excelling in Latin, Greek, and mathematics, were far outstripped in after-life by their classmates who fell below their high standard of collegiate scholarship but were distinguished for an all-around interest in subjects not features in the college curriculum.

My classmates Justice David J. Brewer and Justice Henry B. Brown were both eminent members of the Supreme Court of the United States. Brewer was distinguished for the wide range of his learning and illuminating addresses on public occasions. He was bicentennial orator of the college and a most acceptable one. Wayne MacVeagh, afterwards attorneygeneral of the United States, one of the leaders of the bar, also one of the most brilliant orators of his time, was in college with me, though not a classmate. Andrew D. White, whose genius, scholarship, and organization enabled Ezra Cornell to found Cornell University, was another of my college mates. He became one of the

sually large. The classics and mathe- author of many books of permanent value. My friendship with MacVeagh and White continued during their lives, that is, for nearly sixty years. Mac-Veagh was one of the readiest and most attractive of speakers I ever knew. He had a very sharp and caustic wit, which made him exceedingly popular as an after-dinner speaker and as a host in his own house. He made every evening when he entertained, for those who were fortunate enough to be his guests, an occasion memorable in their experience.

> John Mason Brown, of Kentucky, became afterwards the leader of the bar in his State, and was about to receive from President Harrison an appointment as justice of the Supreme Court when he died suddenly. If he had been appointed it would have been a remarkable circumstance that three out of nine judges of the greatest of courts, an honor which is sought by every one of the hundreds of thousands of lawyers in the United States, should have been from the same

college and the same class.

The faculty lingers in my memory, and I have the same reverence and affection for its members, though sixty-five years out of college, that I had the day I graduated. Our president, Theodore D. Woolsey, was a wonderful scholar and a most inspiring teacher. Yale has always been fortunate in her presidents, and peculiarly so in Professor Woolsey. He had personal distinction, and there was about him an air of authority and reserved power which awed the most radical and rebellious student, and at the same time he had the respect and affection of all. In his historical lectures he had a standard joke on the Chinese, the narration of which amused him the more with each repetition. It was that when a Chinese army was beleaguered and besieged in a fortress their provisions gave out and they decided to escape. They selected a very dark night, threw open the gates, and as they marched out each soldier carried a lighted lantern.

In the faculty were several professors of remarkable force and originality. The professor of Greek, Mr. Hadley, father of the distinguished ex-president of Yale, most famous of our diplomats and the was more than his colleagues in the thought and talk of the undergraduates. His learning and pre-eminence in his department were universally admitted. He had a caustic wit and his savings were the current talk of the campus. He maintained discipline, which was quite lax in those days, by the exercise of this ability. Some of the boys once drove a calf into the recitation-room. Professor Hadley quietly remarked: "You will take out that animal. We will get along today with our usual number." It is needless to say that no such experiment was ever repeated.

At one time there was brought up in the faculty meeting a report that one of the secret societies was about to bore an artesian well in the cellar of their clubhouse. It was suggested that such an extraordinary expense should be prohibited. Professor Hadley closed the discussion and laughed out the subject by saying from what he knew of the society, if it would hold a few sessions over the place where the artesian well was projected, the boring would be accomplished without cost. The professor was a sympathetic and very wise adviser to the students. If any one was in trouble he would always go to him and give most helpful relief.

Professor Larned inspired among the students a discriminating taste for the best English literature and an ardent love for its classics. Professor Thacher was one of the most robust and vigorous thinkers and teachers of his period. He was a born leader of men, and generation after generation of students who graduated carried into after-life the effects of his teaching and personality. We all loved Professor Olmstead, though we were not vitally interested in his department of physics and biology. He was a purist in his department, and so confident of his principles that he thought it unnecessary to submit them to practical tests. One of the students, whose room was immediately over that of the professor, took up a plank from the flooring, and by boring a very small hole in the ceiling found that he could read the examination papers on the professor's desk. The information of this reaching the faculty, the professor was asked if he had examined the ceiling. He said that sations of a long life.

was unnecessary, because he had measured the distance between the ceiling and the surface of his desk and found that the line of vision connected so far above that nothing could be read on the

Timothy Dwight, afterwards president, was then a tutor. Learning, common sense, magnetism, and all-around goodfellowship were wonderfully united in President Dwight. He was the most popular instructor and best loved by the boys. He had a remarkable talent for organization, which made him an ideal president. He possessed the rare faculty of commanding and convincing not only the students but his associates in the faculty and the members of the corporation when discussing and deciding upon business propositions and questions of policy.

The final examinations over, commencement day arrived. The literary exercises and the conferring of degrees took place in the old Center Church. I was one of the speakers and selected for my subject "The Hudson River and Its Traditions." I was saturated from early association and close investigation and reading with the crises of the Revolutionary War, which were successfully decided on the patriots' side on the banks of the Hudson. I lived near Washington Irving, and his works I knew by heart, especially the tales which gave to the Hudson a romance like the Rhine's. The subject was new for an academic stage, and the speech made a hit. Nevertheless, it was the saddest and most regretful day of my life when I left Yale.

My education, according to the standard of the time, was completed, and my diploma was its evidence. It has been a very interesting question with me how much the academy and the college contributed to that education. Their discipline was necessary and their training essential. Four years of association with the faculty, learned, finely equipped, and sympathetic, was a wonderful help. The free associations of the secret and debating societies, the campus, and the sports were invaluable, and the friendships formed with congenial spirits added immensely to the pleasures and compenthat, as it has been my lot in the peculiar position which I have occupied for more than half a century as counsel and adviser for a great corporation and its creators and the many successful men of business who have surrounded them, I have learned to know how men who have been denied in their youth the opportunities for education feel when they are in possession of fortunes, and the world seems at their feet. Then they painfully recognize their limitations, then they know their weakness, then they understand that there are things which money cannot buy, and that there are gratifications and triumphs which no fortune can secure. The one lament of all those men has been: "Oh, if I had been educated! I would sacrifice all that I have to obtain the opportunities of the college, to be able to sustain not only conversation and discussion with the educated men with whom I come in contact. but competent also to enjoy what I see is a delight to them beyond anything which I know."

But I recall gratefully other influences quite as important to one's education. My father was a typical business man, one of the pioneers of river transportation between our village and New York, and also a farmer and a merchant. He was a stern man, devoted to his family, and, while a strict disciplinarian, very fond of his children.

My mother was a woman of unusual intellect bordering upon genius. There were no means of higher education at that period, but her father, who was an eminent lawyer, and her grandfather, a judge, finding her so receptive, educated her with the care that was given to boys who were intended for a professional life. She was well versed in the literature of the time of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Anne, and, with a retentive memory, knew by heart many of the English classics. She wrote well, but never for publication. Added to these accomplishments were rare good sense and prophetic vision. The foundation and much of the superstructure of all that I have and all that I am were her work. She was a rigid Calvinist, and one of her many lessons has been of inestimable comfort

In connection with this I may add to me. Several times in my life I have met with heavy misfortunes and what seemed irreparable losses. I have returned home to find my mother with wise advice and suggestions ready to devote herself to the reconstruction of my fortune, and to brace me up. She always said what she thoroughly believed: "My son, this which you think so great a calamity is really divine discipline. The Lord has sent it to you for your own good, because in His infinite wisdom He saw that you needed it. I am absolutely certain that if you submit instead of repining and protesting, if you will ask with faith and proper spirit for guidance and help, they both will come to you and with greater blessings than you ever had before." That faith of my mother inspired and intensified my efforts and in every instance her predictions proved true.

Every community has a public-spirited citizen who unselfishly devotes himself or herself to the public good. That citizen of Peekskill in those early days was Doctor James Brewer. He had accumulated a modest competence sufficient for his simple needs as bachelor. He was either the promoter or among the leaders of all the movements for betterment of the town. He established a circulating library upon most liberal terms, and it became an educational institution of benefit. The books were admirably selected, and the doctor's advice to readers was always available. His taste ran to the English classics, and he had all the standard authors in poetry, history, fiction, and essay.

No pleasure derived in reading in after-years gave me such delight as the Waverley Novels. I think I read through that library and some of it several times

The excitement as the novels of Dickens and Thackeray began to appear equalled almost the enthusiasm of a political campaign. Each one of those authors had ardent admirers and partisans. The characters of Dickens became household companions. Every one was looking for the counterpart of Macawber or Sam Weller, Pecksniff or David Copperfield, and had little trouble in finding them either in the family circle or among the neighbors.

consisted of readings from his novels. were an event which has rarely been duplicated for interest. With high dramatic ability he brought out before the audience the characters from his novels with whom all were familiar. Every one in the crowd had an idealistic picture in his mind of the actors of the story. It was curious to note that the presentation which the author gave coincided with the idea of the majority of his audience. I was fresh from the country but had with me that evening a rather ultrafashionable young lady. She said she was not interested in the lecture because it represented the sort of people she did not know and never expected to meet; they were a very common lot. In her subsequent career in this country and abroad she had to her credit three matrimonial adventures and two divorces, but none of her husbands were of the common lot.

Speaking of Dickens, one picture remains indelibly pressed upon my memory. It was the banquet given him at which Horace Greeley presided. Everybody was as familiar with Mr. Pickwick and his portrait by Cruikshank in Dickens's works as with one's father. When Mr. Greeley arose to make the opening speech and introduce the guest of the evening, his likeness to this portrait of Pickwick was so remarkable that the whole audience, including Mr. Dickens, shouted their delight in greeting an old and wellbeloved friend.

Another educational opportunity came in my way because one of my uncles was postmaster of the village. Through his post-office came several high-class magazines and foreign reviews. There was no rural delivery in those days, and the mail could only be had on personal application, and the result was that the subscribers of these periodicals frequently left them a long time before they were called for. I was an omnivorous reader of everything available, and as a result these publications, especially the foreign reviews, became a fascinating source of information and culture. They gave national reputation the farmer thought from the first minds of the century criticisms of current literature and expositions quent years I have received several very of political movements and public men large retainers, but none of them gave

Dickens's lectures in New York, which which became of infinite value in aftervears.

> Another unincorporated and vet valuable school was the frequent sessions at the drug-store of the elder statesmen of the village. On certain evenings these men, representing most of the activities of the village, would avail themselves of the hospitable chairs about the stove and discuss not only local matters but the general conditions of the country, some of them revolving about the constitutionality of various measures which had been proposed and enacted into laws. They nearly all related to slavery, the compromise measures, the introduction of slaves into new territories, the fugitiveslave law, and were discussed with much intelligence and information. The boys heard them talked about in their homes and were eager listeners on the outskirts of this village congress. Such institutions are not possible except in the universal acquaintance, fellowship, and confidences of village and country life. They were the most important factors in forming that public opinion, especially among the young, which supported Mr. Lincoln in his successful efforts to save the Union at whatever cost.

> A few days after returning home from Yale I entered the office of Edward Wells, a lawyer of the village, as a student. Mr. Wells had attained high rank in his profession, was a profound student of the law, and had a number of young men, fitting them for the bar under his direction.

> I was admitted to the bar in 1858, and immediately opened an office in the village. My first client was a prosperous farmer who wanted an opinion on a rather complicated question. I prepared the case with great care. He asked me what my fee was, and I told him five dollars. He said: "A dollar and seventyfive is enough for a young lawyer like you." Subsequently he submitted the case to one of the most eminent lawyers in New York, who came to the same conclusion and charged him five hundred dollars. On account of this gentleman's that fee was very reasonable. In subse

seventy-five cents, which I had actually earned after having been so long depen-

dent on my father.

After some years of private practice Commodore Vanderbilt sent for me and offered the attorneyship for the New York and Harlem Railroad. I had just been nominated and confirmed United States minister to Japan. The appointment was a complete surprise to me, as I was not an applicant for any federal posi-The salary was seven thousand five hundred dollars and an outfit of nine thousand. The commodore's offer of the attorneyship for the Harlem Railroad, which was his first venture in railroading. was far less than the salary as minister. When I said this to the commodore, he remarked: "Railroads are the career for a young man; there is nothing in politics. Don't be a damned fool." That decided me, and on the 1st of January, 1921, I rounded out fifty-five years in the railway service of this corporation and its allied lines.

Nothing has impressed me more than little things, and apparently immaterial ones, which have influenced the careers of many people. My father and his brothers, all active business men, were also deeply interested in politics, not on the practical side, but in policies and governmental measures. They were uncompromising Democrats of the most conservative type; they believed that interference with slavery of any kind imperilled the union of the States, and that the union of the States was the sole salvation of the perpetuity of the republic and its liberties. I went to Yale saturated with these ideas. Yale was a favorite college for Southern people. There was a large element from the slaveholding States among the students. It was so considerable that these Southerners withdrew from the great debating societies of the college and formed a society of their own, which they called the Calliopean. Outside of these Southerners there were very few Democrats among the students, and I came very near being drawn into the Calliopean, but happily escaped.

The slavery question in all its phases of fugitive-slave law and its enforcement, the extension of slavery into the new

so much satisfaction as that dollar and territories, or its prohibition, and of the abolition of the institution by purchase or confiscation were subjects of discussion on the campus, in the literary societies, and in frequent lectures in the halls in New Haven by the most prominent and gifted speakers and advocates.

> That was a period when even in the most liberal churches the pulpit was not permitted to preach politics, and slavery was pre-eminently politics. But according to an old New England custom, the pastor was given a free hand on Thanksgiving Day to unburden his mind of everything which had been bubbling and seething there for a year. One of the most eminent and eloquent of New England preachers was the Reverend Doctor Bacon, of Center Church, New Haven. His Thanksgiving sermon was an event eagerly anticipated by the whole college

> community. He was violently anti-

slavery. His sermons were not only

intently listened to but widely read, and

their effect in promoting antislavery sen-

timent was very great.

The result of several years of these associations and discussions converted me, and I became a Republican on the principles enunciated in the first platform of the party in 1856. When I came home from Yale the situation in the family became very painful, because my father was an intense partisan. He had for his party both faith and love, and was shocked and grieved at his son's change of principles. He could not avoid constantly discussing the question, and was equally hurt either by opposition or silence.

IN PUBLIC LIFE

THE campaign of 1856 created an excitement in our village which had never been known since the Revolutionary War. The old families who had been settled there since colonial days were mainly proslavery and Democratic, while the Republican party was recruited very largely from New England men and in a minority.

Several times in our national political campaigns there has been one orator who drew audiences and received public attention and reports in the newspapers beyond all other speakers. On the Democratic side during that period Horatio the attractive figure was George William Curtis. His books were very popular, his charming personality, the culture and the elevation of his speeches put him in a class by himself.

The Republicans of the village were highly elated when they had secured the promise of Mr. Curtis to speak at their most important mass-meeting. The occasion drew together the largest audience the village had known, composed not only of residents but many from a distance. The committee of arrangements finally reported to the waiting audience that the last train had arrived, but Mr. Curtis had not come.

It suddenly occurred to the committee that it would be a good thing to call a voung recruit from a well-known Democratic family and publicly commit him. First came the invitation, then the shouting, and when I arose they cried "platform," and I was escorted to the platform, but had no idea of making a speech. My experience for years at college and at home had saturated me with the questions at issue in all their aspects. From a full heart, and a sore one, I poured out a confession of faith. I thought I had spoken only a few minutes, but found afterwards that it was over an hour. The local committee wrote to the State committee about the meeting, and in a few days I received a letter from the chairman of the State committee inviting me to fill a series of engagements covering the whole State of New York.

The campaign of 1856 differed from all others in memory of men then living. The issues between the parties appealed on the Republican side to the young. There had grown up among the young voters an intense hostility to slavery. The moral force of the arguments against the institution captured them. They had no hostility to the South, nor to the Southern slaveholders; they regarded their position as an inheritance, and were to the assembly. Political conditions willing to help on the lines of Mr. Lincoln's original idea of purchasing the slaves and freeing them. But the suggestion had no friends among the slaveany extension or strengthening of the had been defeated, and industrial and

Seymour was pre-eminent. On the Re- country. The threatened dissolution of publican side in the State of New York the Union, secession, or rebellion did not frighten them.

I was elected to the assembly, the popular branch of the New York Legislature, in 1861. I was nominated during an absence from the State, without being a candidate or knowing of it until my return. Of course I could expect nothing from my father, and my own earnings were not large, so I had to rely upon a personal canvass of a district which had been largely spoiled by rich candidates running against each other and spending large amounts of money. I made a hot canvass, speaking every day, and with an investment of less than one hundred dollars for travel and other expenses I was triumphantly elected.

By far the most interesting member of the legislature was the speaker, Henry J. Raymond. He was one of the most remarkable men I ever met. During the session I became intimate with him, and the better I knew him the more I became impressed with his genius, the variety of his attainments, the perfection of his equipment, and his ready command of all his powers and resources. Raymond was then editor of the New York Times and contributed a leading article every day. He was the best debater we had and the most convincing. I have seen him often, when some other member was in the chair of the committee of the whole and we were discussing a critical question. take his seat on the floor and commence writing editorial. As the debate progressed, he would rise and participate. When he had made his point, which he always did with directness and lucidity, he would resume writing his editorial. The debate would usually end with Mr. Raymond carrying his point and also finishing his editorial, an example which seems to refute the statement of metaphysicians that two parts of the mind cannot work at the same time.

In 1862 I was candidate for re-election had so changed that they were almost reversed. The enthusiasm of the war which had carried the Republicans into power the year before had been suc-These young men believed that ceeded by general unrest. Our armies institution would be disastrous to the commercial depression was general.

whelming Republican majority in the legislature of the year before by making the assembly a tie. I was re-elected, but

by reduced majority.

The Democrats of the assembly and also of the State were determined that Mr. Callicot should not enjoy the speakership. They started investigations in the House and movements in the courts to prevent him from taking his seat. The result was that I became acting speaker and continued as such until Mr. Callicot had defeated his enemies and taken his place as speaker in the latter part of the session.

I was also chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means and the leader of the

House.

The political situation, which had been so desperate for the national administration, changed rapidly for the better with the victory at Gettysburg, which forced General Lee out of Pennsylvania and back into Virginia, and also by General Grant's wonderful series of victories at Vicksburg and other places which liberated the Mississippi River.

Under these favorable conditions the Republicans entered upon the canvass in the fall of 1863 to reverse, if possible, the Democratic victory the year before. The Republican State ticket was:

Secretary of State......Chauncey M. Depew. Comptroller......Lucius Robinson. Canal Commissioner.....Benjamin F. Bruce. Treasurer......George W. Schuyler. Judge of the Court of Ap-

Attorney-General......John Cochran.

The canvass was one of the most interesting of political campaigns. The president was unusually active, and his series of letters were remarkable documents. He had the ear of the public, he commanded the front page of the press, and he defended his administration and its acts and replied to his enemies with skill, tact, and extreme moderation.

Public opinion was peculiar. Military disasters and increasing taxation had made the position of the administration very critical, but the victories which came during the summer changed the public life and resume the practice of my

The election had reversed the over- situation. I have never known in any canvass any one incident which had greater effect than Sheridan's victory in the Shenandoah Valley, and never an adventure which so captured the popular imagination as his ride from Washington to the front; his rallying the retreating and routed troops, reforming them and turning defeat into victory. The poem "Sheridan's Ride" was recited in every audience, from every platform, and from the stage in many theatres, and created the wildest enthusiasm.

When I returned to New York (having campaigned for several weeks in Pennsylvania with Governor Curtin) to enter upon my own canvass, the State and national committees imposed upon me a heavy burden. Speakers of State reputation were few, while the people were clamoring for meetings. Fortunately I had learned how to protect my voice. In the course of the campaign every one who spoke with me lost his voice and had to return home for treatment. When I was a student at Yale the professor in elocution was an eccentric old gentleman named North. The boys paid little attention to him and were disposed to ridicule his peculiarities. He saw that I was specially anxious to learn and said: "The principal thing about oratory is to use your diaphragm instead of your throat." His lesson on that subject has been of infinite benefit to me all my life.

The programme laid out called upon me to speak on an average between six and seven hours a day. The speeches were from ten to thirty minutes at different railway-stations, and wound up with at least two meetings at some important towns in the evening, and each meeting demanded about an hour. These meetings were so arranged that they covered the whole State. It took about four weeks, but the result of the campaign, due to the efforts of the orators and other favorable conditions, ended in the reversal of the Democratic victory of the year before, a Republican majority of thirty thousand, and the control of the legisla-

When my term was about expiring with the year 1865 I decided to leave profession. I was at the crossroads of a diplomatic positions for which they are political or a professional career. So, wholly unfit. I regard the opening of while there was a general assent to my renomination, I emphatically stated the conclusion at which I had arrived.

diplomatic positions for which they are wholly unfit. I regard the opening of that new and promising country so important, that I asked the privilege to

In our country public life is a most uncertain career for a young man. Its duties and activities remove him from his profession or business and impose habits of work and thought which unfit him for ordinary pursuits, especially if he remains long in public service. With a change of administration or of party popularity, he may be at any time dropped and left hopelessly stranded. On the other hand, if his party is in power he has in it a position of influence and popularity. He has a host of friends, with many people dependent upon him for their own places, and it is no easy thing for him to retire.

When I had decided not to remain any longer in public life and return home, the convention of my old district, which I had represented in the legislature, renominated me for the old position with such earnestness and affection that it was very difficult to refuse and to persuade them that it was absolutely necessary for me to resume actively my profession.

Our village of Peekskill, which has since grown into the largest village in the State, with many manufacturing and other interests, was then comparatively small. A large number of people gathered at the post-office every morning. On one occasion when I arrived I found them studying a large envelope addressed to me, which the postmaster had passed around. It was a letter from William H. Seward, secretary of state, announcing that the president had appointed me United States minister to Japan, and that the appointment had been sent to the Senate and confirmed by that body, and directing that I appear at the earliest possible moment at his office to receive instructions and go to my post. A few days afterwards I received a beautiful letter from Henry J. Raymond, then in Congress, urging my acceptance.

On arriving in Washington I went to see Mr. Seward, who said to me: "I have special reasons for securing your appoint- to think and enforce a new idea, he would ment from the president. He is reward- apply the brush and the razor vigorously, ing friends of his by putting them in then pause and resume. I cannot re-

diplomatic positions for which they are wholly unfit. I regard the opening of Japan to commerce and our relations to that new and promising country so important, that I asked the privilege to select one whom I thought fitted for the position. Your youth, familiarity with public life, and ability seem to me ideal for this position, and I have no doubt you will accept."

I stated to him how necessary it was that after long neglect in public life of my private affairs that I should return to my profession, if I was to make a career, but Mr. Seward brushed that aside by reciting his own success, notwithstanding his long service in our State and in Washington. "However," he continued, "I feared that this might be your attitude, so I have made an appointment for you to see Mr. Burlingame, who has been our minister to China, and is now here at the head of a mission from China to the different nations of the world."

Anson Burlingame's career had been most picturesque and had attracted the attention not only of the United States but of Europe. As a member of the House of Representatives he had accepted the challenge of a "fire-eater," who had sent it under the general view that no Northern man would fight. As minister to China he had so gained the confidence of the Chinese Government that he persuaded them to open diplomatic relations with the Western world, and at their request he had resigned his position from the United States and accepted the place of ambassador to the Great Powers, and was at the head of a large delegation, composed of the most important, influential, and representative mandarins of the old empire.

When I sent up my card to his room at the hotel his answer was: "Come up immediately." He was shaving and had on the minimum of clothes permissible to receive a visitor. He was expecting me and started in at once with an eloquent description of the attractions and importance of the mission to Japan. With the shaving-brush in one hand and the razor in the other he delivered an oration. In order to emphasize it and have time to think and enforce a new idea, he would apply the brush and the razor vigorously, then pause and resume. I cannot re-

member his exact words, but have a keen recollection of the general trend of his

argument.

He said: "I am surprised that a young man like you, unmarried, and with no social obligations, should hesitate for a moment to accept this most important and attractive position. If you think these people are barbarians, I can assure you that they had a civilization and a highly developed literature when our forefathers were painted savages. The western nations of Europe, in order to secure advantages in this newly opened country for commerce, have sent their ablest representatives. You will meet there with the diplomats of all the great western nations, and your intimacy with them will be a university of the largest opportunity. You will come in contact with the best minds of Europe. You can make a great reputation in the keen rivalry of this situation by securing the best of the trade of Japan for your own country to its western coasts over the waters of the Pacific. You will be welcomed by the Japanese Government, and the minister of foreign affairs will assign you a palace to live in, with a garden attached so perfectly appointed and kept as to have been the envy of Shenstone. You will be attended by hundreds of beautiful and accomplished Japanese maidens."

When I repeated to a large body of waiting office-seekers who had assembled in my room what Mr. Burlingame had said, they all became applicants for the place which eventually I decided not to accept.

President Andrew Johnson differed radically from any President of the United States whom it has been my good fortune to know. This refers to all from and including Mr. Lincoln to Mr. Harding. A great deal must be forgiven and a great deal taken by way of explanation when we consider his early environment and opportunities.

In the interviews I had with him he impressed me as a man of vigorous mentality, of obstinate wilfulness and overwhelming confidence in his own judgment and the courage of his convictions. His weakness was alcoholism. He made an exhibition of himself at the time of his inauguration and during the presidency,

and especially during his famous trip "around the circle" he was in a bad way.

He was of humble origin and, in fact, very poor. It is said of him that he could neither read nor write until his wife taught him. He made a great career both as a member of the House of Representatives and a senator, and was of unquestionable influence in each branch. With reckless disregard for his life, he kept east Tennessee in the Union during the Civil War.

General Grant told me a story of his own experience with him. Johnson, he said, had always been treated with such contempt and ignored socially by the members of the old families and slave aristocracy of the South that his resentment against them was vindictive, and so after the surrender at Appomattox he was constantly proclaiming "Treason is odious and must be punished." He also wanted and, in fact, insisted upon ignoring Grant's parole to the Confederate officers, in order that they might be tried for treason. On this question of maintaining his parole and his military honor General Grant was inflexible, and said he would appeal not only to Congress but to the country.

One day a delegation, consisting of the most eminent, politically, socially, and in family descent, of the Southern leaders, went to the White House. They said: "Mr. President, we have never recognized you, as you belong to an entirely different class from ourselves, but it is the rule of all countries and in all ages that supreme power vested in the individual raises him, no matter what his origin, to supreme leadership. You are now President of the United States, and by virtue of your office our leader, and we recognize you as such." Then followed attention from these people whom he admired and envied, as well as hated, of hospitality and deference, of which they were past masters. It captivated him and changed his whole attitude towards them.

He sent for General Grant and said to him: "The war is over and there should be forgiveness and reconciliation. I propose to call upon all of the States recently in rebellion to send to Washington their United States senators and members of the House, the same as they did before the war. If the present Congress will not

Department of State Washington 11 & Dec 1865

My dear Tir: Phave receused your letter of the Himetaut, minhich you make Known to me your purpose to declin the appointment of Minister to Japan which, the Insidut has fem pleased to tender you Onreply , Thave to niform you that it is with since hat that I learn that you have determined to deprin the government of the advantage it would derive from your serves in that country, and by that you mill accept my grateful acknowledg ments for the Kind responsions of your ngard. With my test mehis for your happiness and enccess Very faithfully yours Mise It Lemma

The Hornorable Augusey m Depero Seenthry of State Albany, Wirg.

admit them, a Congress can be formed of the whole of the Revolutionary War. In these Southern senators and members of the House and of such Northern senators and representatives as will believe that I am right and acting under the Constitution. As President of the United States, I will recognize that Congress and communicate with them as such. As general of the army I want your support." General Grant replied: "That will create civil war, because the North will undoubtedly recognize the Congress as it now exists, and that Congress will assert itself in every way possible." "In that case," said the president, "I want the army to support the constitutional Congress which I am recognizing." General Grant said: "On the contrary, so far as my authority goes, the army will support the Congress as it is now and disperse the other." President Johnson then ordered General Grant to Mexico on a mission, and as he had no power to send a general of the army out of the United States, Grant refused to go.

Shortly afterwards Grant received a very confidential communication from General Sherman, stating that he had been ordered to Washington to take command of the army, and wanted to know what it meant. General Grant explained the situation, whereupon General Sherman announced to the president that he would take exactly the same position as General Grant had. The president then dropped the whole subject.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE secretaryship of the State of New York is a very delightful office. Its varied duties are agreeable, and the incumbent is brought in close contact with the State administration, the legislature,

and the people.

We had in the secretary of state's office at the time I held the office, about fiftyeight years ago, very interesting archives. The office had been the repository of these documents since the organization of the government. Many years afterwards they were removed to the State Library. Among these documents were ten volumes of autograph letters from General Washington to Governor Clinton and others, covering the campaign on the Hudson in the effort by the enemy to capture West Point, the treason of Arnold, and nearly

the course of years before these papers were removed to the State Library, a large part of them disappeared. It was not the fault of the administration succeeding me, but it was because the legislature, in its effort to economize, refused to make appropriation for the proper care of these invaluable historic papers. Most of Washington's letters were written entirely in his own hand, and one wonders at the phenomenal industry which enabled him to do so much writing while continuously and laboriously engaged in

active campaigning.

In view of the approaching presidential election, the legislature passed a law, which was signed by the governor, providing machinery for the soldiers' vote. New York had at that time between three and four hundred thousand soldiers in the field, who were scattered in companies, regiments, brigades, and divisions all over the South. This law made it the duty of the secretary of state to provide ballots, to see that they reached every unit of a company, to gather the votes and transmit them to the home of each soldier. The State government had no machinery by which this work could be done. I applied to the express companies, but all refused on the ground that they were not equipped. I then sent for old John Butterfield, who was the founder of the express business but had retired and was living on his farm near Utica. He was intensely patriotic and ashamed of the lack of enterprise shown by the express companies. He said to me: "If they cannot do this work they ought to retire." He at once organized what was practically an express company, taking in all those in existence and adding many new features for the sole purpose of distributing the ballots and gathering the soldiers' votes. It was a gigantic task and successfully executed by this patriotic old gentleman.

Of course, the first thing was to find out where the New York troops were, and for that purpose I went to Washington, remaining there for several months before the War Department would give me the information. The secretary of war was Edwin M. Stanton. It was perhaps fortunate that the secretary of war should not only possess extraordinary

executive ability, but be also practically devoid of human weakness: that he should be a rigid disciplinarian and administer justice without mercy. It was thought at the time that these qualities were necessary to counteract, as far as possible, the tender-heartedness of President Lincoln. If the boy condemned to be shot, or his mother or father, could reach the president in time, he was never executed. The military authorities thought that this was a mistaken charity and weakened discipline. I was at a dinner after the war with a number of generals who had been in command of armies. The question was asked one of the most famous of these generals: "How did you carry out the sentences of your court martials and escape Lincoln's pardons?" The grim old warrior answered: "I shot them first."

I took my weary way every day to the War Department, but could get no results. The interviews were brief and disagreeable and the secretary of war very brusque. The time was getting short. I said to the secretary: "If the ballots are to be distributed in time. I must have information at once." He very angrily refused and said: "New York troops are in every army, all over the enemy's territory. To state their location would be to give invaluable information to the enemy. How do I know if that information would be so safeguarded as not to get out?"

As I was walking down the long corridor, which was full of hurrying officers and soldiers returning from the field or departing for it, I met Elihu B. Washburne, who was a congressman from Illinois and an intimate friend of the president. He stopped me and said:

"Hello, Mr. Secretary, you seem very much troubled. Can I help you?" told him my story.

"What are you going to do?" he asked. I answered: "To protect myself I must report to the people of New York that the provision for the soldiers' voting cannot be carried out because the administration refuses to give information where the New York soldiers are located."

"Why," said Mr. Washburne, "that would beat Mr. Lincoln. You don't know him. While he is a great states- ried as he was with cares of state, with the

alive. If it could be done in no other way, the president would take a carpetbag and go around and collect those votes himself. You remain here until you hear from me. I will go at once and see the president."

In about an hour a staff officer stepped up to me and asked: "Are you the secretary of state of New York?" I answered "Yes." "The secretary of war wishes to see you at once," he said. I found the secretary most cordial and charming.

"Mr. Secretary, what do you desire?" he asked. I stated the case as I had many times before, and he gave a peremptory order to one of his staff that I should receive the documents in time for me to leave Washington on the midnight train.

The magical transformation was the result of a personal visit of President Lincoln to the secretary of war. Mr. Lincoln carried the State of New York by a majority of only 6,749, and it was a soldiers' vote that gave him the Empire State.

The compensations of my long delay in Washington trying to move the War Department were the opportunity it gave me to see Mr. Lincoln, to meet the members of the Cabinet, to become intimate with the New York delegation in Congress, and to hear the wonderful adventures and stories so numerous in Washington.

The White House at that time had no executive offices as now, and the machinery for executive business was very primitive. The east half of the second story had one large reception-room, in which the president could always be found, and a few rooms adjoining for his secretaries and clerks. The president had very little protection or seclusion. In the reception-room, which was always crowded at certain hours, could be found members of Congress, office-seekers, and an anxious company of fathers and mothers seeking pardons for their sons condemned for military offenses, or asking permission to go to the front, where a soldier boy was wounded or sick. Every one wanted something and wanted it very bad. The patient president, weaman, he is also the keenest of politicians situation on several hostile fronts, with the exigencies in Congress and jealousies in his Cabinet, patiently and sympathetically listened to these tales of want and woe. My position was unique. I was the only one in Washington who personally did not want anything, my mission being purely in the public interest.

I was a devoted follower of Mr. Seward, the secretary of state, and through the intimacies with officers in his department I learned from day to day the troubles in the Cabinet, so graphically described in the diary of Postmaster-General Gideon Welles.

The antagonism between Mr. Seward and Mr. Chase, the secretary of the treasury, though rarely breaking out in the open, was nevertheless acute. Mr. Seward was devoted to the president and made every possible effort to secure his renomination and election. Mr. Chase was doing his best to prevent Mr. Lincoln's renomination and secure it for himself.

No president ever had a Cabinet of which the members were so independent, had so large individual followings, and were so inharmonious. The president's sole ambition was to secure the ablest men in the country for the departments which he assigned to them without regard to their loyalty to himself. One of Mr. Seward's secretaries would frequently report to me the acts of disloyalty or personal hostility on the part of Mr. Chase with the lament: "The old man—meaning Lincoln—knows all about it and will not do a thing."

I had a long and memorable interview with the president. As I stepped from the crowd in his reception-room, he said to me: "What do you want?" I answered: "Nothing, Mr. President, I only came to pay my respects and bid you good-by, as I am leaving Washington." "It is such a luxury," he then remarked, "to find a man who does not want anything. I wish you would wait until I get rid of this crowd."

When we were alone he threw himself wearily on a lounge and was evidently greatly exhausted. Then he indulged, rocking backward and forward, in a reminiscent review of different crises in his administration, and how he had met

carried his point, and either captured or beaten his adversaries by a story so apt. so on all fours, and with such complete answers that the controversy was over. I remember eleven of these stories, each of which was a victory.

In regard to this story-telling, he said: "I am accused of telling a great many stories. They say that it lowers the dignity of the presidential office, but I have found that plain people (repeating with emphasis plain people), take them as you find them, are more easily influenced by a broad and humorous illustration than in any other way, and what the hypecritical few may think, I don't care."

In speaking Mr. Lincoln had a peculiar cadence in his voice, caused by laying emphasis upon the key-word of the sentence. In answer to the question how he knew so many anecdotes, he answered: "I never invented a story, but I have a good memory and, I think, tell one tolerably well. My early life was passed among pioneers who had the courage and enterprise to break away from civilization and settle in the wilderness. The things which happened to these original people and among themselves in their primitive conditions were far more dramatic than anything invented by the professional story-tellers. For many years I travelled the circuit as a lawyer, and usually there was only one hotel in the county towns where court was held. The judge, the grand and petit juries, the lawyers, the clients, and witnesses would pass the night telling exciting or amusing occurrences, and these were of infinite variety and interest." He was always eager for a new story to add to his magazine of ammunition and weap-

One night when there was a reception at the executive mansion Rufus C. Andrews, surveyor of the port of New York, and I went there together. Andrews was a good lawyer and had been a correspondent in New York of Mr. Lincoln, while he was active at the bar in Illinois. He was a confidential adviser of the president on New York matters and frequently at the executive mansion. As the procession moved past the president he stopped Andrews and, leaning over, them. In nearly every instance he had spoke very confidentially to him. The

conversation delayed the procession for nation of Mr. Dickinson, and said that some time. When Andrews and I re- the situation demanded the nomination turned to the hotel, our rooms were for vice-president of a representative crowded with newspaper men and politi- from the border States, whose loyalty had cians wanting to know what the confiden- been demonstrated during the war. He tial conversation was about. Andrews eulogized Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, made a great mystery of it and so did the press. He explained to me when we were alone that during his visit to the president the night before he told the the cause of the Union and kept his State president a new story. The president partially loyal. He said to us: "You delayed him at the reception, saying: "Andrews, I forgot the point of that will believe I express the opinion of the story you told me last night; repeat it president. While the president wishes

The first national convention I ever attended was held in Baltimore in 1864, when Mr. Lincoln was renominated. have since been four times a delegate at large, representing the whole State, and many times a delegate representing a congressional district. Judge W. H. Robertson, of Westchester County, and I went to the convention together. We thought we would go by sea, but our ship had a collision, and we were rescued by a pilot-boat. Returning to New York, we decided to accept the security of the railroad. Judge Robertson was one of the shrewdest and ablest of the Republican politicians in the State of New York. He had been repeatedly elected county judge, State senator, and member of Congress, and always overcoming a hostile Democratic majority.

We went to Washington to see Mr. Seward first, had an interview with him at his office, and dined with him in the evening. To dine with Secretary Seward was an event which no one, and especially a young politician, ever forgot. He was the most charming of hosts and his conversation a liberal education.

There was no division as to the renomination of Mr. Lincoln, but it was generally conceded that the vice-president should be a war Democrat. The candidacy of Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, had been so ably managed that he was far and away the favorite. He had been all his life, up to the breaking out of the Civil War, one of the most pronounced extreme and radical Democrats in the State of New York. Mr. Seward frankly told the president that he could took Judge Robertson and me into his not be re-elected, and his intimate friend, confidence. He was hostile to the nomi- Congressman Elihu B. Washburne, after

and gave a glowing description of the courage and patriotism with which Johnson, at the risk of his life, had advocated can quote me to the delegates, and they to take no part in the nomination for vice-president, yet he favors Mr. John-

When we arrived at the convention this interview with Mr. Seward made us a centre of absorbing interest and at once changed the current of opinion, which before that had been almost unanimously for Mr. Dickinson. It was finally left to the New York delegation.

The meeting of the delegates from New York was a stormy one and lasted until nearly morning. Mr. Dickinson had many warm friends, especially among those of previous Democratic affiliation, and the State pride to have a vicepresident was in his favor. Upon the final vote Andrew Johnson had one majority. The decision of New York was accepted by the convention and he was nominated for vice-president.

This is an instance of which I have met many in my life, where the course of history was changed on a very narrow margin. Political histories and the newspapers' discussions of the time assigned the success of Mr. Johnson to the efforts of several well-known delegates, but really it was largely, if not wholly, due to the message of Mr. Seward, which was carried by Judge Robertson and myself to the delegates.

The delays in the prosecution of the war had created a sentiment early in 1864 that the re-election of Mr. Lincoln was impossible. The leaders of both the conservative and the radical elements in the Republican party, Mr. Weed on the one hand, and Mr. Greeley on the other,

Vol. LXX.-34

a canvass of the country, gave him the and economic and business conditions same information.

very bad. Then came this reaction.

Then came the spectacular victory of Farragut at Mobile and the triumphant march of Sherman through Georgia, and the sentiment of the country entirely changed. There was an active movement on foot in the interest of the secretary of the treasury, Chase, and fostered by him, to hold an independent convention before the regular Republican convention as a protest against the renomination of Mr. Lincoln. It was supported by some of the most eminent and powerful members of the party who threw into the effort their means and influence. After these victories the effort was abandoned and Mr. Lincoln was nominated by acclamation. I recall as one of the excitements and pleasures of a lifetime the enthusiastic confidence of that convention when they acclaimed Lincoln their nomi-

Governor Seymour, who was the idol of his party, headed the New York delegation to the national Democratic convention to nominate the president, and his journey to that convention was a triumphal march. There is no doubt that at the time he had with him not only the enthusiastic support of his own party but the confidence of the advocates of peace. His own nomination and election seemed inevitable. However, in deference to the war sentiment. General McClellan was nominated instead, and here occurred one of those little things which so often in our country have turned the tide.

The platform committee, and the convention afterwards permitted to go into the platform a phrase proposed by Clement C. Vallandigham, of Ohio, the phrase being, "The war is a failure." Soon after the adjournment of the convention, to the victories of Farragut and Sherman was added the spectacular campaign and victory of Sheridan in the valley of Shenandoah. The campaign at once took on a new phase. It was the opportunity for the orator.

It is difficult now to recreate the scenes of that campaign. The people had been greatly disheartened. Every family was in bereavement, with a son lost and others still in the service. Taxes were onerous,

very bad. Then came this reaction, which seemed to promise an early victory for the Union. The orator naturally picked up the phrase, "The war is a failure"; then he pictured Farragut tied to the shrouds of his flag-ship; then he portrayed Sherman marching through Georgia, and the glee-club sang the wellknown song "Marching Through Georgia"; then he pictured Sheridan leaving the War Department hearing of the battle in the Shenandoah Valley, riding down and rallying his defeated troops, reforming and leading them to one of the most important victories of the war; then would be recited the famous poem "Sheridan Twenty Miles Away." Every occasion was the opportunity of the descriptive and imaginative orator.

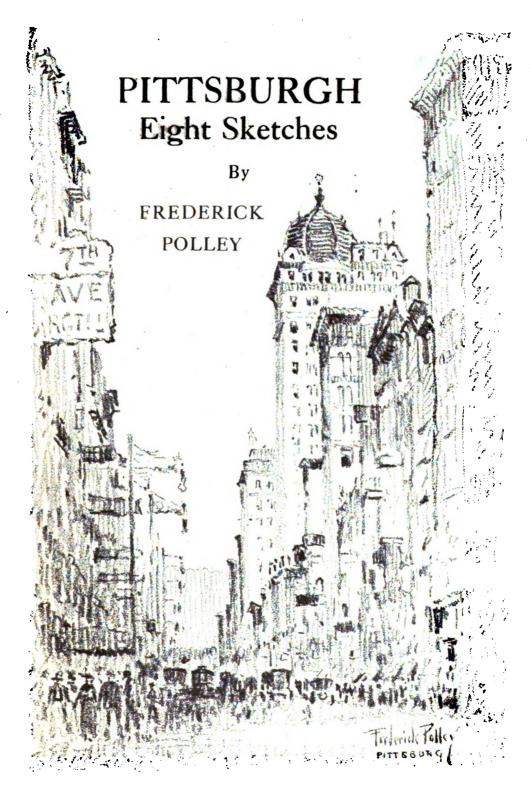
Mr. Lincoln's election under the conditions and circumstances was probably more due to that unfortunate phrase in the Democratic platform than to any other cause.

The tragedy of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln was followed by the most pathetic incident of American life—his funeral. After the ceremony at Washington the funeral-train stopped at Philadelphia, New York, and Albany. In each of these cities was an opportunity for the people to view the remains.

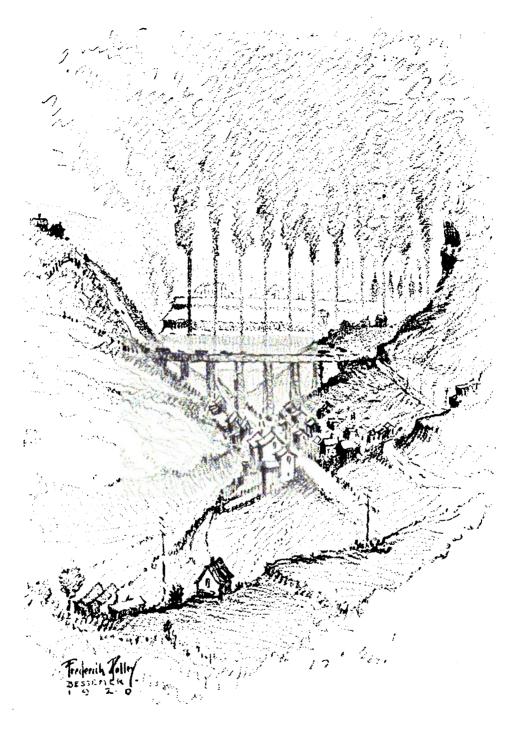
I had charge in my official capacity as secretary of state of the train after it left Albany. It was late in the evening when we started, and the train was running all night through central and western New York. Its schedule was well known along the route. Wherever the highway crossed the railway-track the whole population of the neighborhood was assembled on the highway and in the fields. Huge bonfires lighted up the scene. Pastors of the local churches of all denominations had united in leading their congregations for greeting and farewell for their beloved president. As we would reach a crossing there sometimes would be hundreds and at others thousands of men, women, and children on their knees, praying and singing hymns.

This continuous service of prayer and song and supplication lasted over the three hundred miles between Albany and Buffalo, from midnight until dawn.

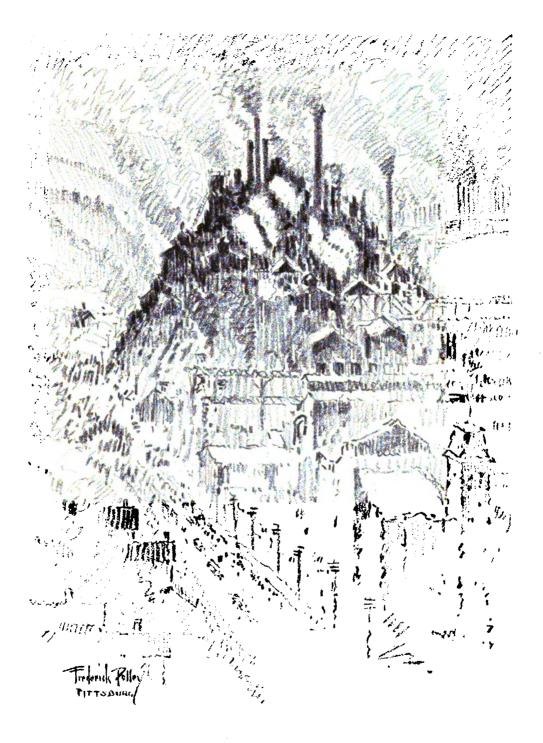
Digitized by Google



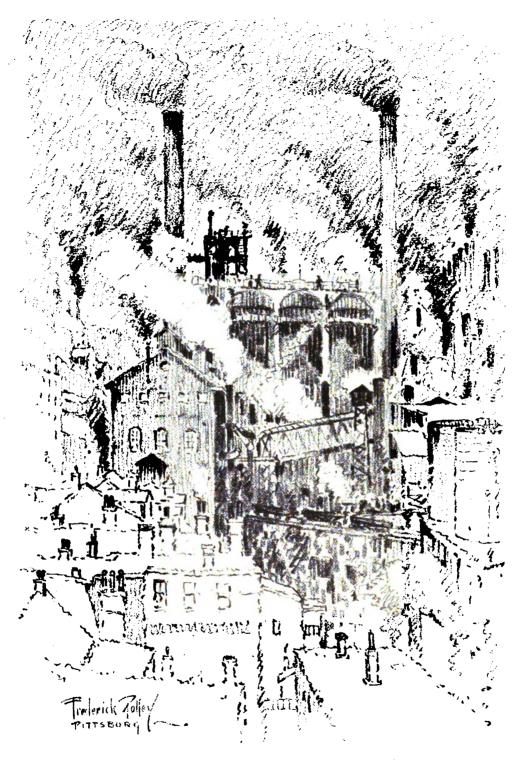
Liberty Avenue and the dome of the Keenan Building.



Bessemer the beautiful, with its stacks, trestle supports, and the ascending smoke.



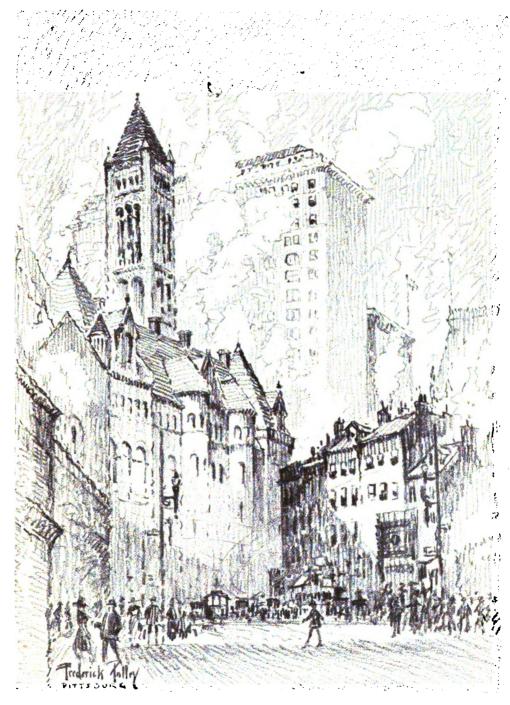
A city of wonderful hills. Pittsburgh's streets follow terraces and inclines around the sides to the tops of the hills. From the summits of these elevations one may look down upon the sky-scrapers, the rivers, and the mills.



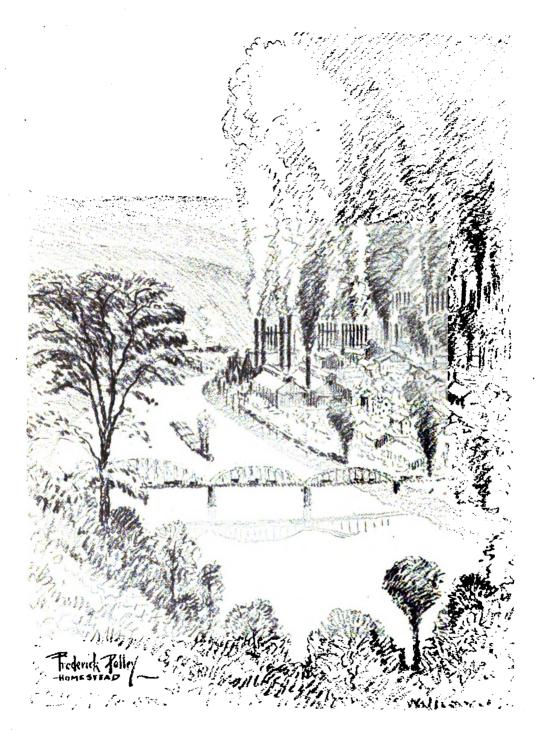
The wonderful blast furnaces, massive forms set against tertiary backgrounds of smoke and steam.

This drawing was made from the Twenty-second Street bridge over the Monongahela

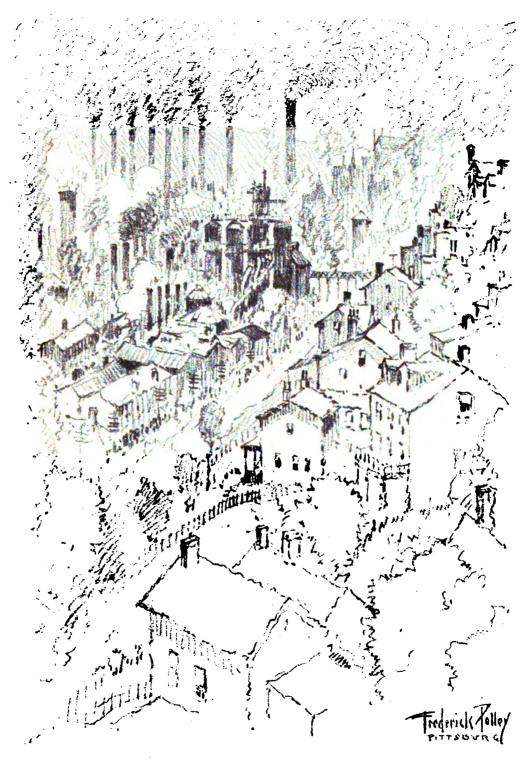
River, only a few blocks removed from the business section of Pittsburgh.



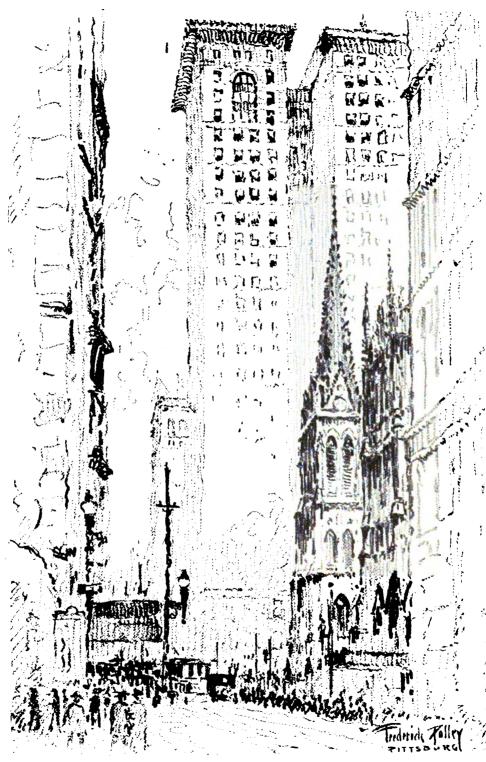
Corner of Fifth and Sixth Avenues. Fifth Avenue swerves and crosses Sixth Avenue almost at right angles. The stone towers and turrets of the County Court are strongly set out against the gray background of the Frick Building.



Homestead, near Pittsburgh, with the graceful curves of the Monongahela. The largest unit of the Carnegie Steel Works is located here.



Miles and miles of mammoth mills. From the hills and from the bridges one may get such views as this, not one only but hundreds. This drawing shows a portion of the giant plant of the National Tube Works.



Sixth Avenue from Wood Street, with the beautiful Gothic spires of Trinity Episcopal Church and the First Presbyterian Church, surrounded by tall buildings—the Oliver, McCreery's, and others.

538

BOUGAINVILLEA

By Mary Synon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES REYNOLDS



NTIL the night when Joan Maxson stood before Kingsley, convicted without trial of the crime he would have stigmatized as the lowest lapse in his code

for humankind, she had never revealed to the world through which she moved her potentiality in romantic drama. People should have known, of course, that the years of her marriage to Maxson must have been filled with events beyond the ordinary ken of her kind, but they were so accustomed to picturing her in the background of the Carlin millions that nothing but Kingsley's calcium could have picked out the blazing reds of adventure and purples of passion which she hid beneath the gray garment of poor relationship. To the men with whom she danced and the women with whom she lunched she was Mrs. Martin Carlin's niece, brought from some hinterland of the north, married to an Englishman, widowed or divorced—no one seemed to know or care whether or not Maxson was dead—and returned to the Carlins, apparently unchanged, taking up her life exactly where she had set it down on the day when she had come down the aisle of the Fourth Presbyterian to the thunders of the usual recessional. Few of them even knew that she had lived in Egypt. No one, until she stood forth to combat Kingsley's bitter revelations, had any notion of how she had lived in the old land where East and West meet and never mingle.

Blane, who had known Mrs. Carlin in her girlhood, was the only one who had opportunity to see how Joan Bailey dovetailed her past into her future when she came to Chicago. He had seen her early girlhood in the raw town on the copper range where her father worked in some obscure way for the Carlin Company. She had been restless, chafing at the must have looked his amazement, for

which their poverty forced upon her, hating the bleak ugliness of the place, yearning for beauty and breadth of experience, despising the treadmill of her life. Blane. though, was never subtle, and to him the sullen moods of the girl went when her father died. For Mrs. Carlin, moved perhaps by some belated sense of responsibility, packed her, shoddy bag and shabby baggage, from the little cottage on the copper range to the Georgian mansion outposting the sands beyond Lincoln Park and overlooking the waters of the lake.

Joan Bailey might have been expected to enjoy her coming into Canaan, but, for all Blane's idea that she was floating in a languorous mental ease, she didn't, any more than had Mrs. Carlin, and with both of them a journey around the worldmust have been part of their quest for a farther land of promise. Somewhere in its course she met Maxson. When they came back Mrs. Carlin announced the engagement, informing the society editors that the wedding would take place when Maxson would arrive in Chicago in October. She also told them that Maxson was a younger son of Sir Henry Maxson, K.B., who had an estate in Somersetshire, a shooting-box in Scotland, a yacht at Cowes, and a town house in Park Lane. Mrs. Carlin was that kind of woman. Just as thoroughly and as successfully did she strive to conceal the fact that Joan Bailey had gone to work.

Blane stumbled on the girl when she was taking dictation in Melvin's office. For the moment the remembrance of how he had seen her, dozens of times, at the same task in her old home town dulled his possible surprise, until the thought that she was supposed to be the fluttering fiancée in what the newspapers were calling an international romance pierced through his outer consciousness. He chains of economic and social restrictions Joan Bailey signalled him into silence.

That night she telephoned him a request to call upon her. He asked her to luncheon, and the next day, in a crowded restaurant, she flung at him the statement that she didn't believe she'd marry Max-"I feel that I hardly know him," she said.

"You know him as well as you did when you promised," Blane, who had his

moments of perception, told her.

"It was different there." Her eyes flashed as if in recollection of the occasion. "I hate to hurt him," she went on. "You don't know how nice he seems, really, but he's different from any one else I've ever known, and sometimes I'm frightened. I hate to hurt Aunt Laura, too, and she's so keen on this. I suppose that, if I don't marry him, I'll have to go out on my own. That's why I'm working now. I want to remember just what I'll have to go back to. You're the only one, except Aunt Laura, who knew me before I came here. You know just what life was with me back home."

"But you don't have to go back to it," Blane said, "if you don't marry this man. And, if you don't love him——"

"I don't know whether I do or not." "I thought I did over there, but it was Cairo, and Cairo might change one's sense of values."

"Wait till he comes here," Blane ad-

"But that would hardly be fair," she

"If you think you might love him, wouldn't it be the only fair way?"

"Perhaps you're right," she said.

She kept on working, however, until Maxson came. He was one of those dark, blazing-eyed Britons who try to hide their capacity for sentiment back of a mask of saturnine silence. There was something rather wistfully pathetic about him, for all the resoundingness of his family connection as it rolled off Mrs. Carlin's tongue. His gaze followed Joan Bailey as if she were the sun, moon, and stars of his world. Blane, a little sorry for Maxson because he seemed so distressedly alien from the crowd with whom Mrs. Carlin had surrounded him, went out of his way to draw him into conversation. The effort ran into failure. Maxson told him that he was one of the engi-

neers engaged on the building of the Assouan Dam, but he seemed to fear lest interest in his work might be regarded as part of a personal revelation, and after a desultory discussion of the variability of American weather, they parted. If it had not been for the sight of Maxson's face, as he turned from the chancel on the day he married Joan, Blane would have set him down as a little stolid; but the memory of that look of visioning, that gaze of a man upon the Grail of his dreams, came back to him even when he had forgotten Joan Bailey's white wonderment.

For three years no one heard more of the Maxsons than Mrs. Carlin's gossip, although, in the beginning, there was plenty of that. They had been entertained in Somersetshire by Sir Henry and Lady Maxson. They had spent a romantic fortnight at the shooting-box in the Trossachs. They had been guests at a dinner in the Park Lane house, where the roster read like cream skimmed from Burke's Peerage. The Maxson vacht had borne them to Egypt. They were living in Cairo, in a fascinating house near the Sharia-el-Dawaween, that white street of the ministries. "Just too sweet," Joan's aunt characterized her ménage after her return from her one visit to it. "It's like living in a Hichens novel." Afterward. with less ostentation; she told Blane that the Maxsons had moved out of the city, so that Clive might be more conveniently located to his work at Assouan. Then the ways of the Maxsons ceased to be social coinage until Joan came back.

She returned with Mrs. Carlin, who had gone abroad following Carlin's death. Both of them wore mourning, and people rather took it for granted that Maxson had died, perhaps because Joan bore the look of one who has been stricken by sudden bereavement. Almost too quietly she slipped back into the semi-obscure niche she had occupied before she had met Maxson. Even when Mrs. Carlin came out of mourning Joan held to the unobtrusiveness of her own manner of existence. If her eyes, brooding or blazing, sometimes betrayed volcanic flames beneath the dull lava of her surfaced aspect, she managed to veil them at most times with the mist of casual in-

difference. Blane, who knew that Clive Maxson was not dead, fell into thinking that the marriage had failed for the single and vital reason that Joan had not loved her husband. He thought about the circumstances of her marriage so little, in fact, that it was he who brought Kingsley to Mrs. Carlin's, knowing, even then, that the engineer had been one of the builders of the Assouan. He was probably the 'Nile?" one who told Kingsley that Joan had been Maxson's wife, for the man had not seen her in Egypt, and there was nothing in her personality or her words to lead him to the connection of identity on that night when he met her at the dinner to which Mrs. Carlin had bidden him.

Kingsley, tall and rangy, hawk-nosed and keen-eyed, was one of those men who could make it evident that, for all his deferential manner toward them, he did not like women. Mrs. Crosman, whom he had taken in, accustomed to the adulation of a Southern bellehood, bridled under his lack of real interest and turned to the man on her other side. Adele Winship, having known Blane's tame-cat conversation from her cradle, shifted to Kingsley, amused a little by his survey of the group around the table. She, like Mrs. Crosman, caught the undercurrent of his attitude, but, unlike the other woman, did not care. "What are you going to do to make us over?" she taunted

"I don't know that I'd care to," he said. "From another man," she countered, "that might imply a tribute. From you it means, doesn't it, that you think we aren't worth the effort of revision?"

"I didn't say that."

"You're looking it. You've been staring at Joan Maxson as if she were a snag in the stream that must be blown up before progress can be reported. What did she ever do to you?"

"Then she is Joan Maxson?"

"Why not?"

"I thought she'd be different."

"Worse?"

"No," he said, "but different."

"More exotic?"

"That's it. How did you know?"

"Oh, every one expects that of people who have lived in unusual places. I expected it of you."

"Because I've worked back of Suez?"

"Of course."

"But why?"

"Well, living back of beyond from your own choice presupposes some unusual quality. Don't you know remarkable men—or women." she threw the tiny stone against his armor, "who've made life more brilliant on the banks of the

"Pharoah's daughter. And there was

Asenath. And Cleopatra."

"Spectacle stuff," she gibed. "What about the real people of to-day, living real dramas of real courage?"

"Courage? And women?" His eyes went back to Joan Maxson. "I know a tale of cowardice and a woman, but I'm not so sure that I should tell it.

"Oh, then, you must. I won't let you off." She leaned forward toward the roses and orchids massed over the table. "This man knows a story of Egypt he won't tell," she called to Mrs. Carlin.

"Can't you make him?"

Mrs. Carlin, radiating the inclusive smile of a hostess who doesn't know the question, nodded to Kingsley. Mrs. Crosman turned her shoulder in bored resignation. Blane and a couple of older men looked up with interest, the younger ones flashed their annoyance at this assumption of stardom by one of their contemporaries, three or four girls gave to Kingsley appraisal which questioned if he would repay their attention, and Joan Maxson shrank a little into the shadows back of the candle glow.

"It's the story of a woman who ran away," Kingsley said. His eyes pierced through the golden mists above the roses

to the girl.

"From what? A tiger? An elephant? A pasha?" The questions blazed up in

laughter.

"She thought," Kingsley said, "that she was running away from her husband. I think that she was trying to run away from herself."

"Oh, then, it's real," said Adele Win-

ship.
"Very real." His gaze lingered upon Joan. Slowly she raised her eyes and met his squarely, defiantly. "Shall I tell it?" he asked her. "As you please," she said, but her hand clenched above the

flowers at her belt, and from the shadows she watched Kingsley with burning eyes.

"Was she an exotic person?" Adele

Winship prompted him.

"No," he said. "She was a girl of the sort you'd know. She'd been brought up in ease, I suppose, and luxury. She was a nice girl, I'm sure, and, like most nice women who have lived as she did, she had no idea of the basic truths of existence. the brutal, cruel facts of every-day living. I think that if she had married a rich man she'd have gone on to the end without a care or a problem. But she didn't. She married a splendid, romantic dreamer, a man so accustomed to the ways of wealth that money meant nothing to him, even when he didn't have it. He didn't need gilt for decorating the gold of his spirit, and, because he loved her he thought she didn't, so he took her to live where his work called him. It was Egypt."

Into Mrs. Carlin's polite attention sprang a look of sudden alarm. Her narrowed eyes shot query from Kingsley to Joan, but the man wore an apparent unconsciousness of any personal effect in his preamble, and only the blaze of the girl's eyes betrayed her tension of interest. No one else noticed Joan except in the moment when one of the younger girls flung her a casual question: "You lived there,

didn't you?"

"Yes," she said, "but it's a bigger country than they imagine, isn't it?" Her appeal went not to Kingsley but to Mrs. Carlin, and in the moment of waiting

for him no one heeded her.

"Living in Egypt," he went on, "isn't exactly the affair that you imagine when you see 'Aida,' or read the blue-and-silver novels, or even what you think it is when you stay at Shepherd's or the Semiramis. Living anywhere, when it's close to the realities of existence, isn't particularly picturesque unless you carry the touchstone of romance in your own spirit. I suppose a village on the Nile, up near the Cataracts, wasn't the idea this girl had of what marriage was going to be, but she'd made her bargain, and she should have held to it. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," a half-dozen of them told him.
"Not necessarily," said Adele Winship.

"That depends," said Blane. And "Was it her bargain?" Mrs. Carlin asked, a little hostile flame leaping into her eyes as she watched the teller.

"Wasn't it?" he demanded. "Hadn't she said 'for worse' as well as 'for better'? And it wasn't really awful, only comparatively so. They had good living

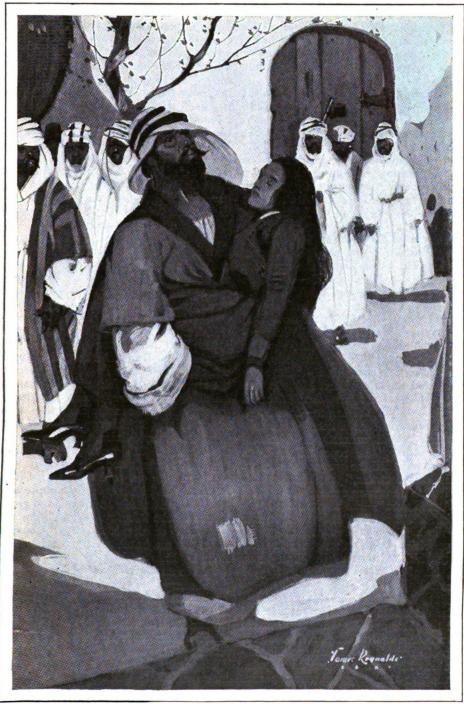
quarters there at Assouan."

"Are you sure?" Mrs. Carlin asked. In the shadow Joan's face shone whitely. "Quite sure. I reached there the day after this girl went. I saw what she left. I pieced the story together out of what I found. In some ways it's almost too simple for the telling. She had failed, that was all. She couldn't stand the hardships of the place, although she knew, when she married the man, that he had a profession which entailed hardships upon him. And so she had left him brutally. cruelly, in utter cowardice of soul. And the queer part of it is that in leaving him she did something that I've never known another Western woman to do in Egypt. She went out of the settlement, set out toward Cairo in the night, missed her way, wandered into the desert, and was lost for five days. How she lived heaven knows. What she endured only those who have known the desert can imagine. What she escaped would have been more than the hell she deserved. She reached safety, they tell me, exhausted. People made quite a heroine of her for the exploit.

"Well, it was brave," Adele Winship declared.

"No, it wasn't," Kingsley banged. "If she'd done it for something fine, it would have been. The bravest man I ever knew is a little Canadian paper sales-manager who crossed the Andes in mid-winter, after the railroad had gone out of service on account of the snow. He walked it alone because his baby was sick in New York, and he had heard he could make a boat three weeks earlier back to the States if he could reach the port on the eastern side. He was battling back to a dying child and a grieving woman. This girl was running away from a dying husband."

"He wasn't dying!" Joan Maxson's voice rang out, a brazen trumpet of combat over the ordered field of a cloth of



From a drawing by James Reynolds.

"What she endured only those who have known the desert can imagine."—Page 542.

gold. She had risen from her place and shacks no better than those at Assouan. was standing, her hands gripping the that's a lie."

"Joan, Joan dear, please," Mrs. Carlin was pleading. All the rest of them, Blane and Mrs. Crosman and Adele Winship and the men and girls who were all the friends Toan Maxson had, were watching in the stricken dulness of people appalled by the catastrophe of self-revelation in a world built on repression. Only Joan and the man she faced seemed vital. "It's not a lie." Kingslev said. "I found him delirious with river fever when I went out there two nights afterward. I nursed him for eight weeks. You see, I had known him in India. He'd done the same for me there. I saved his life—and he's wondered ever since why I did."

"I didn't know," she said, the fire dying down in her eyes. "I didn't know. You believe that, don't you?" She had forgotten the others until Kingsley's glance included them. "To be sure I do," he said, but with no conviction. "I'm sorry that I told the story, Mrs. Maxson," he "I shouldn't have done it, but I thought I owed its telling to—to him. I thought that you and I need be the only ones who would understand. I'm desperately sorry," he repeated, as Mrs. Carlin marshalled the eyes of the women.

"It doesn't matter," Joan Maxson said. "It had to be known some time. Don't go, Aunt Laura"-she reached out to restrain Mrs. Carlin. "This man has told you what he thinks of what I did, what the people back there thought of it. Let me tell him my side of it. You heard him, all of you. Now you're going to hear me."

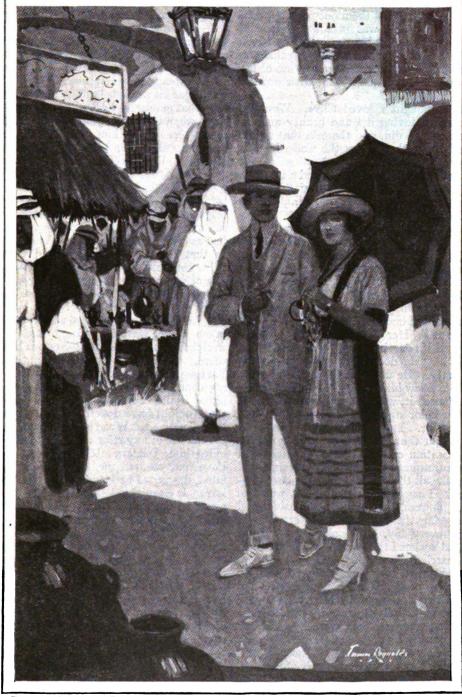
"But, Joan-" her aunt protested.

She sank into the chair, then leaned over the table until her face came within the radiance of the candles. From the mass of flowers she took an orchid, pulling at it with nervous fingers as she spoke. "I suppose that any woman who runs away from any issue is a coward," she said, "but I thought there were extenuating circumstances. Mr. Kingsley isn't quite right. I wasn't reared in luxury. I lived for twenty years of my life in

I was so poor that the only way I could table, as she stared at Kingsley with enjoy life was in dreams of fairy-tale hapblazing eyes. "You may think you're penings. Why, I hardly knew what buttelling the truth about the rest of it, but ter tasted like until I went to work and earned money to buy it. Then one fairytale came true. Aunt Laura brought me to this." Her glance went over the dining-room, that stately replica of one of the great halls of Florence. "I was still living in that dream when Clive Maxson led me to the portals of another:

> "We met in Cairo. Most of you know what Cairo can be in the season—a big. gay bazaar that the East opens for the West, and where the West comes in bright clothes to buy and play. You know the wide shops, and the great houses, and the procession of carriages under the balconies, where women look as if they were just going to sing in some opera. You know the streets that lead nowhere and that always take you where you want to go. You know the Ezbekieh Gardens, and Napoleon's house, and Abdin, and Roda, and Marg, and the Tombs of the Mamelukes, and the Coptic church, and the Shwe Dagon. You know the river, with the feluccas and gyassas drifting up and down, their sails white in the sun and black in the shadows. You know the desert, always calling. know the color of Cairo, the beauty of it, the lure of it. It's one of the places that gets into your blood. I used to feel. when I'd ride out to Ghizeh with Clive. or walk with him between the white and gold and red and blue and pink and green houses of the Mousky, or go out to the Turf Club, or loiter in the coffee-shops, or dance at the hotel, that I wasn't Joan Bailey. How could I be the girl who'd slaved in a miserable town up in the copper country? I was some one else, a girl who lived in beauty every waking moment. Cairo was built for the day, they say, and it lives for the day alone, but to me it was my day, and I lived it, every instant of it."

> Her voice rang into exaltation as her look went above and beyond them all over Mrs. Carlin, nervously biting her lips. over Blane, stricken by friendly remorse that he had precipitated the crisis where Joan Bailey was committing social suicide before their eyes, over Kingsley, rigid



From a drawing by James Reynolds.

"How could I be the girl who'd slaved in a miserable town up in the copper country?"—Page 544.

Vol. LXX.—35 545

as the monuments to Memnon. It was as if she had cast them out from her consciousness and was pleading her cause with a justice higher than their opinions. They watched her with some realization of her apartness, some recognition of her possession of a quality not their own, as she went on.

"I thought I loved Clive. Wouldn't any girl, loving life and beauty and romance as I did, and there in that amber moonlight that draws the world into its yellow spell and makes it all gold with soft loveliness, think she loved a man like Clive? Why, it was part of the fairytale, and it was all part of Cairo, like the

bougainvillea on the walls.

"When I came back I saw how my love for him had been part of the dream, not all of it. I was afraid to marry him then, for I thought it might have been just that to him, too. But when he came I knew that it wasn't that for him. I was the same to him out here beside the gray lake that I had been in the Levant. He isn't like us." Her gaze came down to Kingslev, as if to seek confirmation of her assertion. "He doesn't have to go seeking beauty. He makes it for himself. And, when I saw him again, I saw Cairo again. I wanted it, wanted my life to be part of that color and mist and sunshine and splendor. I called it love, because I thought that love was something for the decoration of life, something bright and picturesque and foreign and alluring, and unlike all the ordinary experiences of living. I suppose I imagined it was like the flowers, flaming and pervasive, and covering the cracks and the crannies of the every-day, with color of the East. That's what I thought I was getting when I married Clive.

"I got it, too, for a while. I lived on the top of the wave, first in expectation of Cairo and then in the reality. We went back to live in one of the tall white houses, where the days were like rainbows and the nights of gold or purple. I don't believe I was myself at all through that time. I was playing the part of the beggar maiden whom Cophetua had found there under that same cobalt sky. I never thought there would be an end to it. Even when"—she glanced down upon the lifted faces, then swung on as if

she had decided to discount their presence in her communion with the truth in herself—"even when my baby came, it made no difference except to make the dream seem no dream at all, but the living reality

of perfection. Then it changed.

"We went out to Assouan. Clive had to be near his work, he said. He'd spent. too, what money his father had given him. Even when he told me that it didn't seem to matter. I had him and the baby, I thought. But when I came out to where we were to live something in me snapped, and I saw that the dream was over. was back in the life I had thought forever behind me. For, although it was Egypt, bright and vivid, and gorgeous yet in its sun and moon and skies and trees, it was just as crude, just as hard, just as squalid, as that town on the range had been. Clive couldn't see that. All he saw, all any of you builders of the Assouan saw" -she flung down at Kingsley-"was the result you were working for. But every day we women of the West whom you'd taken there saw the misery and the wretchedness and the futility of our lives there. We struggled with the natives. We fought against the poverty of our living conditions. We tried to keep up a brave front. Some of us did. I think that I might have done it, too, if-if my baby had lived. When he died I couldn't see the use of any effort. The place had killed him, I knew. It was killing me. Love had cheated me. It had led me into a desert. I had expected so much of love. It wasn't that I had expected it to give me luxury, too, but I'd seen so much misery, so much struggle in poverty, that I thought I knew that love couldn't live unless it had beautiful settings, sunlight and warmth and an atmosphere out of the ordinary. Bougainvillea, I had called It was that to me. It had grown like a weed upon the walls of the city. There, by the river, in the muck and the mud and the toiling thousands and the beating engines and the daily grinding of existence, it died.

"For months I tried to pretend that it was living. I used to laugh and talk with Clive as if I were simply an actress of the rôle I had created in the time that was past. I think that, if I had been back here where I could have found new inter-

Most women do. But there, struggling And that is-" day after day with the pettiness of living, I couldn't. One night I told him. He wouldn't believe me. He treated me as if I were a sick child. 'I hate you,' I told him. 'I hate all this place. I hate the ugliness of it. I hate poverty. How can you expect any woman's love to live through this endless purgatory of squalor?'

"He looked at me as if he didn't exactly know what I was talking about. 'Why, that's what love's for,' he said. 'It's the light that makes even purgatory the way to heaven. How can this matter when

we have each other?'

"He wouldn't quarrel with me. He wouldn't talk to me about it at all after night, after he'd come up from the constretched out before me, if I stayed, as dull and listless as the flats beside the over Adele Winship and Mrs. Crosman river below. I was the poorer because I and the wide-eyed girls—"who doesn't had been so rich. I felt that I should go mad if I didn't leave it. I was sinking Haven't we all, rich and poor, been down in the mud of the misery that comes away, Clive,' I told him.

"He turned from looking out over the flat, and stared at me. I thought he was going to tell me again that I was ill, that all I needed was a run down to it is, not a plaything. But how are we Cairo, that he loved me and that I loved going to know it until it's too late? I him. I would have screamed if he had. But he didn't. He put down his pipe and looked at me so solemnly that I felt suddenly out of place, as if, somehow, I'd stumbled into some mosque of Islam, the only unbeliever. 'I don't believe that you can, Joan,' he said, 'but if you do

you know that it's good-by.'

"'Do you think that I'd want to come back?' I cried to him.

"'Yes,' he said, 'you will. For love's

the only thing in life that counts.'

house. Some one called him back to the work. A shovel had broken, and they needed him to give an order for its repair. While he was gone I went away. Aunt have lived for."

ests, I would have crossed the bridge. Laura found me in the hospital at Tunis.

"She was raving, poor child," Mrs. Carlin rushed in, too busily trying to gather up the shreds of Joan's life in an effort to shroud the girl's nakedness of soul. It was indecent, she felt, as they all seemed to realize but Kingsley, that any woman should bare her tragedies. Her eyes pleaded with Joan to pick up some rag of raiment, but the girl lifted not the dun cloth of remorse but the scarlet scarf of rage, as she bent over the table, staring into the faces of those who had thought they had known her best.

"Do you think I've told you this to entertain you?" she cried. "Or to justify myself?" She blazed at Kingsley. "I did rush into it. You baited me. It that. We kept on living side by side, but was so contemptible of you that I don't a million miles apart. I hated it all so care for your opinion. What are your terribly that I came to hate him. One half-truths to me when I know all the truth now? No, it's because I've known crete-mixer, and we were sitting on the ever since I came back that all of you tiny veranda, it came over me that are to blame, as much as I am, for my I couldn't stay any longer. All life mistake that I'm telling you. Is there a single one of you"—her wrath smouldered believe love to be just what I believed it? trained into thinking that it's the frostout of commonplace poverty. 'I'm going ing on the cake? Bougainvillea on the walls! Have our mothers and our fathers taught us that it is not the petty tinsel of a fairy-tale but the real gold of transmutation? It's a sacrament, that's what thought I could forget love, could put away the memory of all that had lured me and cheated me. But I couldn't. It's Nile water. If you drink of it, you will go back to Egypt. I drank of true love, and I'm dying without it, dying in my heart. Clive was right. I want to go back to him. I don't care where he is, or what he is, or what he has. That's my punishment. Do you suppose that what this man has said of me, that what you think of me, matters when I know that? "I laughed at him, and I went into the No, I've lived a fool, the sort of fool that every one of you is yet, but when I go out of life I'll go in the knowledge of what love is. Perhaps that's enough to

sorrow. Swiftly Mrs. Carlin lifted a signal to Adele Winship, and the women moved toward the doorway. Joan Maxson stepped back of them to where Kingsley stood. "Where is he?" she asked him.

"Up on the Tigris. But you-" "Oh, yes, I can," she said. "You've told me all I needed to know to take me. You wouldn't hate me so if he didn't love me yet."

"He does," said Kingsley.

"He would," she said. "Love's not a reward to the deserving, is it?"

"I begin to think it may be," he told her.

He watched her move down the hall, passing the room from which came Mrs. Carlin's high, excited voice, and up the stairway. She looked back over the vista, not sacrificingly but with the look his journey's end.

She rose and stood looking down upon of one who has long before passed from Mrs. Carlin's guests, her mouth stormily its portals. He turned to find that Blane scornful but her eyes cloudy caverns of stood beside him, and that Blane's eyes shone as they followed Joan Maxson. "Cowardice?" he snapped at the other man. "You said it was going to be a story of cowardice. By God, I call it courage!"

"To fling down truth from the house-

tops?"

"No, to go back to him."

"That isn't courage," Kingsley told him. "It's something you and I don't know. Clive Maxson knows it, and she knows it now. It's love."

"But-

"You learn in the East," the other man said, "that there are four roads to paradise."

For, ere she passed from his sight, he had seen in Joan Maxson's eyes the look of a pilgrim who glimpses the spires of

THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE

By Lillian Mayfield Roberts

I SOMETIMES wish I were a common girl, Of common people, moving through the dusk, With packages piled high upon my arms, And weary hat pushed back upon my head. I sometimes even wish that I had wed A common man, with simple common ways, Who would not be ashamed to walk with me Out in the moonlight on a starry night, And tell me that he loved me, in the dusk; Or sit beside me in some movie house, Watching the simple ways of common folk, Smiling or weeping for us, from the screen.

I can't imagine Braithwaite doing this, Or reaching for my hand across the dark, While I sniff-sniff in tearful sympathy.

I sometimes weary of the stupid round Of stupid people quoting stupid books, Which I was reared among and know by heart. I sometimes wish all this—and yet I know, If I should find myself among the crowd, And married to some blundering, loving lout, I should be very plainly miserable.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY

THE BANK OF ENGLAND STOCK-THE BANK OF THE UNITED STATES

By Eugene E. Prussing Of the Chicago Bar

ISECOND PAPERI



chimneys, betokening the wealth of its owner, is no more—the record of the marriage is lost—and even its exact date rests on the casual remark of Washington said to have been made to Franklin's daughter on its anniversary in 1790, Franklin's birthday.

The honeymoon was spent in visiting in various great houses in the neighborhood. Besides a call at Fredericksburg, where Mother Washington and her daughter Betty dwelt, a week was spent at Chatham House, on the Rappahannock, the grand house of William Fitzhugh, built after plans of Sir Christopher Wren and named by the owner in honor of his schoolfellow, William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. That house still stands, nearly one hundred and seventy years old, and perhaps the finest piece of colonial architecture of the Georgian period in Virginia.

Williamsburg, the little capital, where Colonel Washington must attend the long subsisted. House of Burgesses and the affairs connected with the settlement of his accounts with the army, was chosen for the winter- first ship, bound either to the Potomac residence and until adjournment sent the or Rappahannoc, as I am in immediate young couple to Mount Vernon in June.

The urgent affairs of the great estate of the late Colonel Custis promptly claimed the attention of the young Benedict, and we find that at Williamsburg, on May 1, 1750, he is writing to Robert Cary, the river on which it is situated. I am, etc. agent of the estate in London, thus:

WILLIAMSBURG, I May, 1750. SIR.

The enclosed is the clergyman's certif-

HE marriage of Washington Custis, properly, as I am told, authenand the Widow Custis took ticated. You will, therefore, for the fuplace January 6, 1759, at ture please to address all your letters, her residence, the White which relate to the affairs of the late House, in New Kent. The Daniel Parke Custis, to me, as by margreat house with its six riage, I am entitled to a third part of that estate, and am invested likewise with the care of the other two thirds by a decree of our General Court, which I obtained in order to strengthen the power I before had in consequence of my wife's administration.

> I have many letters of yours in my possession unanswered; but at present this serves only to advise you of the above change, and at the same time to acquaint you, that I shall continue to make you the same consignments of tobacco as usual, and will endeavor to increase them in proportion as I find myself and the estate benefited thereby.

> The scarcity of the last year's crop, and the consequent high price of tobacco, would, in any other case, have induced me to sell the estate's crop in this country; but, for a present, and I hope small advantage only, I did not care to break the chain of correspondence, that has so

> On the other side is an invoice of some goods, which I beg you to send me by the want of them. Let them be insured, and, in case of accident, reshipped without delay. Direct for me at Mount Vernon, Potomac River, Virginia; the former is the name of my seat, the other of the G°. WASHINGTON.

The tone and habit of command as well as the giving of regular, formal proof and icate of my marriage with Mrs. Martha documents in support of all statements of

fact and claim of right which pervade this letter make it a model, and will indicate that the young planter and colonel was in full control of the subject and the situation.

And on June 12, 1759, he tells the same correspondent that he had written him

on May 1, and adds:

"I shall expect also . . . to receive some account of the sales of the estate's tobacco sent you, and an account current. As the last is necessary for me to compare with my own account in order to satisfactory settlement with our General Court, I entreat you to be punctual in sending me one every spring and fall yearly. I shall keep the estate under the same direction as formerly, neither altering the managers, the kind of tobacco, nor the manner of treating it, unless you advise otherwise for our interest.

"And while I continue to pursue this method, I hope you will be able to render such sales as will not only justify the present consignments to you but encourage my enlarging them; for I shall be candid in telling you, that duty to the charge with which I am entrusted, as well as self-interest, will incline me to abide by those who give the greatest proof of their abilities in selling my own and the estate's tobacco, and purchasing goods of which I cannot otherwise judge than by the accounts that will be rendered." *

The French and Indian War was over in Virginia when Washington became successor to his wife as administrator of the estate of Daniel Parke Custis and guardian of her children, but in the rest of the world and especially on the high seas it still raged vigorously; and so Washington wrote, "I shall find occasion to write you fully by the fleet" which then, as later in 1917 and 1918, was convoyed across to England by men-of-war, and he said: "Till then I shall forbear to trouble you with particulars."

In September 1759 the fleet sailed and

Washington wrote, as he said he would, fully:

MOUNT VERNON, September 20, 1759.

GENTLEMEN: This will make the fourth letter I have written you since my marriage to Mrs. Martha Custis. The first two served to cover invoices of such goods as I wanted and to advise you at the same time of the change in her affairs; and how necessary it would be to address, for the future, all your letters, which relate to the estate of the deceased Colonel Custis, to me. The last tended only to order insurance on fifteen hogsheads of tobacco, sent by the Fair American.

After remarking upon some difficulties experienced by the agents in fighting new

import duties, he continues:

"I likewise observe the difficulties you have met with in settling for the interest of the bank stock; but I hope that this is now over, unless any part or the whole should require transferring (when a division of the estate is made) and timely notice will be given; but until this happens, it may be received and placed to the estate's credit in the usual manner.

"From this time it will be requisite that you should raise three accounts; one for me, another for the estate, and a third for Miss Patty Custis, or if you think it more eligible (and I believe it will be) make me debtor on my own account for John Parke Custis, and for Miss Martha Parke Custis, as each will have their part of the estate assigned them this fall, and the whole will remain under my management, whose particular care it shall be to distinguish always, either by letter or invoice, for whom tobaccos are shipped, and for whose use goods are imported, in order to prevent any mistakes arising. . . . It must appear very plain from my former letters, as well as from what is here said, how necessary it is to send regular accounts current, that, by comparing them with the books here, satisfactory settlements may from time to time be made to our General Court."

Under date of "28 May 1762," Washington wrote again to Robert Cary and Company, and regarding the bank stock

"My letter of the 25th of January will

^{*}These cautious admonitions were probably not necessary; at any rate the friendship which ripened out of the acquaintance thus begun in 1759 continued for forty years, despite time, the changes of firm, the Revolution, the political independence of the United States, and the engrossment of Washington in larger affairs. Robert Cary and Company and Wakelin Welch, their successor, were the firm and faithful friends of Washington and of the United States throughout, and enjoyed the confidence and conspicuous consideration of the man who trusted them though he never saw them, or they him except in the fine portrait they sent Sharples in 1794 from London to paint for them.

Bh Stockelly. 8 56 O Dane 1 Parke firstis is deceased as a popular by

Copy of record in books of the Bank of England relating to stock (£1650) owned by John Custis, bequeathed to Daniel Parke Castis and descended to Martha Custis (later wife of George Washington) and her children. By his marriage, Washington acquired one-third of this stock.

inform you how the interest of the bank stock is to be applied. As that fund was appropriated towards the payment of Miss Custis' fortune, I am informed that the stock ought to be transferred to her. You will please, therefore, to have it done accordingly, and whatever charges may arise, in so doing, place to her account. I hope Messrs. Hill & Co. will send the wine into this river, for I had rather have it in Madeira than at York."

The subject of the bank stock and Washington's relation to it, seems never to have excited any interest on the part of those who have written the story of his life and times.

In the summer of 1917 the writer of this article was in pursuit of a study of the business affairs of Washington. It occurred to him that these references to shares of stock in a bank could apply only to the Bank of England, and that if so, here lay the beginnings, perhaps, of a story of interest to the American and British public, at a moment filled with fraternal feeling.

England in 1917, was pretty deeply engaged in making history and the United States likewise. For several years we had been sending money, food, and munitions across the Atlantic and now were landing ships and men, to help ward off

the white peril to democracy and civilization. Perhaps the play of "hands across the sea" made the time not unfavorable to rouse an interest in a long-forgotten business, the record of which must be found chiefly in the mother country.

At least it was worth while to take the chance and so this letter was sent to the Hon. Walter H. Page, ambassador of the United States, at London, with the kind assistance of the administration at Wash-

ington.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, August 27th, 1917.

In preparing my book, "The Estate of George Washington, deceased," I discovered that the General, through his marriage with the widow of Daniel Parke Custis in 1759, became the owner of some shares in the Bank of England—concerning which some correspondence on his

part is preserved here.

My purpose in writing to you is to ask your kind assistance in ascertaining from the Bank whether or not any records, documents, or letters to or from him, relating to the subject are preserved in its files and, if so, to obtain copies, photographic or otherwise, and such other information on the subject as the Bank may be able to give, with a view to my telling the story of his connection with the institution in some proper time and place.

I appreciate, of course, that you and the Bank are both too busy to take up any merely speculative side issue of a curiosity hunting scribe, but as I wish to use the information only for historical purposes, I trust both you and the Bank will find this of sufficient importance to give it examination.

In using the material, full credit to all concerned will follow as of course.

Believe me, my dear Sir, Faithfully yours,

EUGENE E. PRUSSING.

Hon. Walter Hines Page, Ambassador of the U. S. London, England. In less than three months, despite the dreadful days of the autumn of 1917, on November 26, to be exact, the secretary of state transmitted to the writer a copy of the ambassador's despatch of November 2 (No. 7426), which acknowledged the receipt of my letter and covered the subject by enclosing the reply received from Lord Cunliffe, the governor of the Bank of England.

BANK OF ENGLAND

SIR: 1st November, 1917.

Referring to your letter of the 23rd ultimo, I have caused a search of the Bank records to be made in the matter of Mr. Prussing's enquiry, with the result that no account has been found in Bank Stock in the name of George Washington. The books have been searched from the year 1747 to 1798. There was however a sum of this stock standing in the year 1735, and subsequently, in the name of John Custis of the City of Williamsburgh, Virginia, of whom Daniel Parke Custis was registered as executor. Daniel Parke Custis died and Letters of Administration were granted in 1774 to Martha Washington, formerly Custis, wife of George Washington. In 1784 letters of administration with the Will annexed of the goods unadministered of the said John Custis were granted to Wakelin Welch, "the "lawful Attorney of Martha Washington, "wife of His Excellency the Honourable "George Washington the Relict and Ad-"ministratrix of the rest of the Goods of "Daniel Parke Custis decd."

In connection with this account it is found that dividend instructions were given in November 1759, signed by George Washington and Martha Washington, and I enclose a photograph of this document and of the entry in the Bank Stock Register relating to the account, both of which may be of interest to Mr. Prussing in his investigations. [Pages 551 and 553.]

It will be seen that Martha Washington was registered on the account as Administratrix from 1778 to 1784, and it may be that the correspondence referred to in the enquiry relates to this holding, but the Bank cannot trace that the name of George Washington appears in con-

Pay M John Moory or Rob lary

lg ak Divisiones now due, or shak hereafter

become due £1650 Bank Stock standing in the

home In Castis dec & this shak be your Sufficient Warrant - Sov? 16. 1759. —

Marka Washington

lake Wife of

Dan! Parke Custis Dec 8—

132 200 - 974 - 133 --- 978 -

To forder of M. Jayling

Original in possession of the Bank of England. Refers to shares of stock standing in the name of John Custis, of Virginia, father of Daniel Parke Custis, whose estate passed to his widow (Mrs. W.) and children. The shares were held until 1784 and then sold on Washington's order.

nection with any further documents or letters in their possession.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

CUNLIFFE.

S. L. Crosby, Esq., First Secretary,

Embassy of the United States of America.

The two documents enclosed in this letter are here reproduced.

The one above is all in the handwriting letters of administration in the same of Washington, except the signature of on September 23, 1784, to Wakelin Whis wife and the clerk's notation at the referred to in Lord Cunliffe's letter.

bottom. It is the earliest document we now have evidencing the marriage of Washington. It is published for the first time.

The document on page 551 is a transcript from the bank's stock ledger and notes first the death of Colonel Custis and the grant of letters of administration upon his estate on July 16, 1774, in the Archbishop of Canterbury's Court—the Probate Court of England, called Doctors' Commons; and second, the grant of letters of administration in the same court on September 23, 1784, to Wakelin Welch, referred to in Lard Cuplifie's letter

The appended note in the ledger shows the extent of the holding:

£ 1650
13. 19. 2. Increas'd by Call of 8 prCt.
£ 1663. 19. 2. are at the disposal of Wakelin Welch Administrator, the Attorney to Martha Washington formerly Custis wife of the Hon. Geo: Washington.

The record thus disclosed confirmed the belief that here lay a story, for it made vital the meaning of a letter written by Washington to Wakelin Welch at a later date.

Gratefully and in the assured hope of further Washington material, Lord Cunlife was addressed on December 17, 1917, in part as follows:

"DEAR SIR:

"I am emboldened by my first success in this matter of great interest to the American public, to quote to you the old proverb of Roumanian origin, which says: 'Having done us one favor, you are under obligations to do us another.' I trust it needs no assurance on my part to make you feel that it will be gratefully received and that reciprocity will be my aim.

"When I opened this subject in my letter to Ambassador Page, I did not fully state what I hoped to find, as that letter was intended chiefly to be one of preliminary discovery. The case is this:

"We have at hand a letter from Washington to Robert Cary, his wife's agent in London, dated May 1, 1759, the first after his marriage in the preceding January, in which he opens up the subject of his interest in his wife's affairs and those of her two children. I append a copy of this letter. (A)

"In the opening paragraph of that letter, with which only we are now concerned, he refers to the enclosure of his marriage certificate and a decree of the General Court at Richmond, Virginia, in substantiation of his rights.

"It is my hope that both these documents, and perhaps others, have been preserved and are in the Bank's possession, as evidence to support the dividend order, because, curiously enough, there is no record now existing here of this marriage, and even the date and place are merely matters of tradition. The date is reasonably certain because of a casual remark said to have been made by General Washington on January 6, 1790 that it was his wedding anniversary. The parish records and the Court records were destroyed, the former, probably, during the Revolution, the latter, certainly, during the Rebellion of 1861-'65. Permit me to state the history of the shares in the Bank briefly.

"They were originally owned by John Custis of Virginia and London, who devised them to his son Daniel Parke Custis upon whose death, in 1757, they passed to his wife and minor children, Martha Custis, John Custis and 'Patsy' Custis. Mrs. Custis was appointed Administratrix to her husband's Estate and while such, in January 1759, married George Washington.

"General Washington thus became entitled to his wife's share and as Guardian of her children, was in control of their portions. This was confirmed by the decree above referred to, in the General Court at Richmond."

Then followed quotations from the letters to Robert Cary given in this article, and the letter continued detailing the history of the Custis estate interest in the bank stock until Washington became sole owner, and concluded with a request for further information, through the bank's solicitors, concerning bank or court records on the subject, and this apology:

"I know this is 'a large order,' especially when times are not favorable for inquiries of this character, but it seems a matter of duty to exhaust the subject now so favorably begun, despite the concluding lines of your letter to Ambassador Page, dated November 1, 1917, wherein you say 'the Bank cannot trace that the name of George Washington appears in connection with any documents or letters in their possession.'"

About a month later I received "passed by the censor," in a plain tissue-paper envelope, a letter from the then deputygovernor of the Bank of England, Sir Brien Cokayne (now the successor of Lord Cunliffe, as governor). The letter covered three long legal-cap pages on plain paper, no printing, engraving, or other expense being indulged in during the war time. It follows:

BANK OF ENGLAND E. C. 2

8th January, 1918.

EUGENE E. PRUSSING, ESQ.

Dear Sir,

In the Matter of General George Wash-

ington.

Referring to your letter of the 17th ultimo it is to be observed in the first place that the photographic copy sent in my previous letter was that of a dividend instruction—not a dividend warrant—and did not require endorsement or corroboration.

The Bank are not in possession of the marriage certificate to which you refer (nor would they have required that it should be produced) or the Decree of the General Court at Richmond, Virginia.

Enquiry has now been made of the Principal Probate Registry in London with the result that among the records of Doctors Commons which passed to the keeping of the Registry after the Probate Act of 1857 there is found an exemplification (i. e. a certified copy) of the Will of John Custis dated 14th November 1749, the original of which is presumably with the Virginia State records. The Will was proved "At a Court held for James City County, April 9th, 1750." The Grant was signed by Lewis Burwell, President of His Majesty's Council and Commander in Chief of this Colony and Dominion (i. e. Virginia), and bears the Seal of the Colony. The Residuary Legatee is Daniel Parke Custis.

The Principal Probate Registry has also in its possession two Bonds given with regard to the Grants of Administration of the Estate of Daniel Parke Custis, (1) to the Attorney of Martha Custis, and (2) to Martha Washington, and these documents may be of interest to you. The Preamble to the 1st Bond contains the following:

That the said Daniel Parke Custis in his Lifetime and at the time of his death was and stood interested of and in certain shares or dividends in the Capital Stock of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, and being so thereof interested departed this Life Intestate and Administration had been committed to Martha Custis—and whereas it was lastly alleged that the dividends already due and that may hereafter become due &c. (on the Bank Stock) cannot be received in virtue of the Letter of Attorney (Martha Custis to John Moorey) and can only be received by virtue of and under Letters of Administration of and under the Seal of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury and that Martha Custis resides in Virginia and whereas the said Suriogate, &c. &c. did decree Letters of Administration of the Goods Chattels and Credits of the said Daniel Parke Custis, deceased, so far as concerns and to the effect of receiving all dividends already due &c. but no further or otherwise—to be committed to the said John Moorey.

(Signed) JOHN MOOREY

(Signed) JOHN MOOREY
(Attorney to Martha Custis, Wo.)
ROBERT CROKER and
THOMAS CLARKE.
(All Merchants in London)

The 2nd Bond is signed by George Washington, Peyton Randolph and Ro. C. Nicholas, and is dated 31st May, 1774. The preamble recites (inter alia):

And whereas it was further alleged that the said Daniel Parke Custis died and left certain other Goods Chattels and Credits in England which as well as the aforesaid Stock Share and Interest (&c. Bank Stock) standing in his the deceased's name cannot be received under and by virtue of the limited Administration so granted to the said John Moorey &c., &c. and whereas the said Surrogate did decree Letters of Administration of all and singular the Goods Chattels and Credits of the said Daniel Parke Custis (save and except only so far as concerns all dividends &c. and which have been received by the said John Moorey) to be committed and granted to the said Martha Washington Wife of George Washington-Justice so requiring &c., &c.

The document then proceeds as follows:

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS that WE GEORGE WASHINGTON of the County of Fairfax, PEYTON RANDOLPH and ROBERT CARTER NICHOLAS of the City of Williamsburgh in the Colony of Virginia, Esquires, are become bound unto the Most Reverend Father in God—by providence Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England and Metropolitan, in the sum of £4,000 of good and lawful money of Great Britain.

It is sealed and delivered "in the presence of me, Governor of Virginia,"

(Signed) DUNMORE.

There is also extant a Bond given by Wakelin Welch, Hugh Innes, and John Stabler dated 16th September, 1784, in connection with the Grant of Administration of the estate of John Custis with Will annexed of the goods unadministered by Daniel Parke Custis. This Grant is referred to in the copy of the Bank Stock Register which you have.

The particulars of the holding of Bank

Stock as shown by the ledger here are as follows:

A sum of £1,500 stood in the year 1735 in the name of John Custis. In 1746 a sum of £150 was added to the account in consequence of a Call of 10% on the Bank Stock Proprietors and in 1782 a sum of £132 through a Call of 8%. In 1782 a sum of £138:—10 was sold from account by the Bank in order to satisfy the Call, in pursuance of the Power given them by an Act of the third year of King George I, to sell Stock belonging to holders who failed to respond to the Call.

In November 1784 the account was closed by transfer of £1,663: 19: 2 to Wakelin Welch of Maryland Point, Essex. The death of John Custis had previously been proved and Daniel Parke Custis was registered as sole Executor; Administration of the Estate of the latter had been granted in July 1774 to Martha Washington and in September 1784 Letters of Administration with Will annexed of the goods unadministered of John Custis were granted to Wakelin Welch, the lawful Attorney of Martha Washington formerly Custis.

The subsequent history of this Stock is as follows:

A sum of £1,163: 19: 2 was transferred by Wakelin Welch in December 1784 to J. L. Lamotte, Jnr., of Devonshire Street, and in November 1786 the account was closed by the sale of £500.

In conclusion I may say that the Bank, after careful search, have not discovered any further documents in connection with the Stock, nor has the Probate Registry been able to produce in response to the Bank's application any further papers or entries in the records, likely to be of interest, bearing upon the subject of your enquiry.

I am,

Dear Sir, Yours faithfully, BRIEN COKAYNE. Dep. Gov.

An appreciative letter of thanks in reply closed the correspondence.

Application to the principal registry in London at Somerset House promptly resulted in the following certified copies:

- 1. The last will and testament of John Custis deceased on file there in form of an exemplified copy from the court in Virginia in which it was probated, duly certified by the Colonial Governor, devising his estate to his son Daniel Parke Custis
- 2. The order of November 17, 1753 showing that Daniel Parke Custis proved the will of his father by his own oath and was granted adminis-

tration thereof as son and sole executor by letters "in and by Thomas, by Divine Providence Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England and Metropolitan, to our well beloved in Christ" at London.

3. The order of said Archbishop in June 1758 granting to John Moorey letters of administration on the estate of Daniel Parke Custis, deceased, as the lawful attorney of Martha Custis, his widow.

4. The bond of John Moorey, with Robert Croker and Thomas Clarke, merchants of London, as sureties, in the penal sum of four hundred

pounds.

5. The order of July 1774 under "Frederick by divine Providence Archbishop" etc. which extended to "Martha Washington, (wife of George Washington, Esquire), formerly Custis, greeting;" and granted to her letters of administration on the unsettled estate of her late husband Daniel Parke Custis.

6. The bond of George Washington, as principal, and Peyton Randolph, and R. C. Nicholas as sureties under date of May 31, 1774, signed in the presence in the Governor of Virginia, Lord Dunmore, in the penal sum of four thousand pounds, unto Frederick, Archbiship etc. "to be paid to the said most Reverend Father in God or his certain attorney, in case the said Martha Washington shall fail of her said duty."

7. The order dated September 23, 1784 granting administration to Wakelin Welch, which is referred to above and noted in the bank's record

reproduced here.

8. The bond of Wakelin Welch accordingly, with Hugh Innes and John Stabler as sureties in the sum of four thousand pounds sterling.

Between the records noted under six and seven the Revolution intervened. Its effect may be noted in the language of the court in number seven, which no longer speaks of "George Washington, Esquire," but refers to him as "His Excellency General George Washington."

With the records thus before me it was not difficult to piece out the letters of Washington saved to us in his letterbooks, and the story now tells itself thus.

At Colonel Daniel Parke Custis's death the shares for one thousand six hundred and fifty pounds sterling in the stock of the Bank of England standing in the name of his father, John Custis, passed to Mrs. Martha Custis as her late husband's administratrix and she in turn passed them on to George Washington when she married him on January 6, 1759, and he succeeded her in office as administrator.

He so held the stock until the division of the Daniel Parke Custis estate in 1762, when the entire number of shares was set apart to "Miss Patcy Custis," as her name appears on Washington's ledger of

of the shares fell to her mother and, according to law, became the property of Washington; the other half became the property of her brother, John Parke Custis. Washington arranged to have the stock sold when the boy should arrive at age in 1774. To this end legal proceedings were begun in London in the court of the Archbishop of Canterbury, letters of administration were granted to Mrs. Washington and General Washington with Peyton Randolph, the first president of the Continental Congress, and Robert Carter Nicholas, the famous lawyer, who was attorney for the Custis estate, signed her bond as sureties.

The Revolution interrupted these proceedings, and until 1784 the matter remained in abeyance in England, except that an eight-per-cent increase of its capital stock was voted and called for by the Bank of England during the war to enable Great Britain better to carry on its struggle with the colonies and with France, Spain, and Holland, "their allied and associated nations."

Under an act of Parliament the payment of the assessment for the increase upon the stock of those who by reason of absence or otherwise were unable to meet it was enforced. Washington's share of one hundred and thirty-two pounds, being eight per cent of his holdings, was sold under this act at a premium. From the proceeds his assessment was paid and he was given credit for the excess realized, to wit: thirteen pounds, nineteen shillings, and two pence as the bank's memorandum shows.

When the war was over, peace finally declared, and the independence of the colonies assured, Washington resigned his commission as commander-in-chief, resumed his favorite occupation as farmer and again undertook his duties, obligations, and interests as a captain of industry.

Immediately after January 1, 1784, his papers were securely housed at Mount Vernon, and two secretaries were employed and instructed to put them in order and transcribe them into books. The house is still used for office purposes, and the assistant superintendent on the estate at Mount Vernon and his family

the time. At her death in 1773 one-half are lodged in it, as were the youthful of the shares fell to her mother and, ac- secretaries of that time.

Then a crop was planted and harvested, and as soon as it was secured on September 1, 1784, Washington mounted his horse and started out on his next adventure, the building of the Potomac Canal, which resulted so directly within five years in the creation of the government of the United States under the Constitution. But before we enter upon that story let us see how he closed the chapter relating to the Bank of England stock.

In one of his letters to his manager in 1775 from Cambridge, he wrote that he intended in his settlement with "Jack" Custis to take over the boy's share of the bank stock and give him well-secured bonds and mortgages for the value of it. And he so directed Lund Washington to state the account with the lad who came into his estate while his guardian was investing Boston. He asked his friend and neighbor, George Mason of Virginia, to audit and settle the account with his ward.

This arrangement put upon Washington the loss of the stock which might result from his participation in the Revolution and saved the boy from that danger. It being impossible to carry out the sale of the stock in England for which proceedings had been begun, Washington promptly took upon himself what he supposed would be the consequence when he "pledged his estate, his life, and his sacred honor" to the cause of the colonies.

But it turned out otherwise. Perhaps because he was not an alien enemy, only a rebel, his case was postponed until the rebellion should be crushed. He happened also, to owe his London agents, Robert Cary & Company, to whom Wakelin Welch seems to have succeeded during or just after the Revolutionary War, about fourteen hundred pounds sterling for advances made to him with which to buy lands in the West. Perhaps they held the bank stock or a lien on it during the war. They certainly collected the dividends on it regularly, and credited these to his account while charging against it the interest on his debt.

They made no effort to force the sale of the stock or to embarrass him about the principal of their claim. They were importers from and exporters to the you in my favor; for, had there been no colonies, and sympathized heartily with stipulation by treaty to secure debts, nay the colonists. Their correspondence shows that they were great admirers of by the legislative authority or practice Washington, and it was promptly resumed at the close of the war. After an exchange of courtesies and accounts, Washington wrote this letter to Wakelin inal debt to you. Welch:

MOUNT VERNON, July, 1786 SIR,

I have received the paper-hangings and watch by Captain Andrews. the last Mrs. Washington is well pleased, and I thank you in her name for your attention to the making of it.

If the stocks keep up, and there is not a moral certainty of their rising higher in a short time, it is my wish and desire, that my interest in the Bank may be immediately sold, and the money arising therefrom made subject to my drafts in your hands, some of which, at sixty days' sight,

may soon follow this letter.

The footing on which you have placed the interest of my debt to you is all I require. To stand on equal ground with others, who owe money to the merchants in England, and who were not so prompt in their payment of the principal as I have been, is all I aim at. Whatever the two countries may finally decide with respect to interest, or whatever general agreement or compromise may be come to between British creditors and American debtors, I am willing to abide by: nor should I again have touched upon this subject in this letter, had you not introduced a case, which, in my opinion, has no similitude with the point in question. You say I have received interest at the Bank for the money which was there. Granted: but, besides remarking that only part of this money was mine, permit me to ask if Great Britain was not enabled, by means of the Bank, to continue the war with this country? Whether this war did not deprive us of the means of paying our debts? And whether the interest I received from this source did or could bear any proportion to the losses sustained by having my grain, my tobacco, and every article of produce rendered unsalable and left to repeat, that I ask no discrimination of out suit and he forbore to sue.

more, had there even been an exemption of this country against it, I would, from a conviction of the propriety and justice of the measure, have discharged my orig-

But from the moment our ports were shut, and our markets were stopped by the hostile fleets and armies of Great Britain, till the first were opened and the others revived, I should, for the reasons I have (though very cursorily) assigned, have thought the interest during that epoch stood upon a very different footing.

> I am, Sir, etc. Go. WASHINGTON.

Mr. Welch sold enough of the stock, one thousand one hundred and sixty-three pounds nineteen shillings and two pence, at the price of one hundred and fortythree per cent of par to pay Washington's debt to him with interest. Later he sold for Washington's account the remaining five hundred pounds at a good figure and accounted for both the transactions as appears by Washington's ledger. ended Washington's experience with the Bank of England.

It probably proved of great importance to him and to the United States. He subsequently invested his granddaughter's dowry in stock of the Bank of Alexandria. He became a stockholder himself in that bank, and in the Bank of Columbia at Georgetown when the District of Columbia was established. He directed in his last will and testament, that the proceeds of his entire estate, in so far as it should be sold by his executors during the lifetime of Mrs. Washington, should be invested for her benefit in good bank stocks.

His experience in the Revolution with paper money and public credit depreciated to the lowest point, his inability to borrow or collect when he began to restore his dilapidated estates and buildings from 1784 to 1789, when he was slave and land poor, had told him the value of banking establishments.

Everything he had was run down, his perish on my hands? However, I again tenants could not or would not pay with-

who owed him on bond and mortgage delayed him by stay laws or paid him a shilling in the pound in the depreciated paper currency which then flooded the country. He paid his debts, which were not small, at twenty shillings in the pound in good money and with interest, promptly and with honorable pride, here and in England. To do so he had to sell his best farm to Lund Washington and his best investment, his Bank of England stock as we have seen.

He was applied to, as in former times, for loans by friends and kindred. He frankly replied that not only could he not loan them money but he would be glad if they could tell him where he could borrow even a few hundred pounds on the amplest security.

One good crop usually followed by two poor ones was about the average result of his farming and his tenants fared likewise while the three to four hundred slaves which he was trusted with must be fed, clothed, and sheltered, and taxes must be paid. His house was "like a well resorted tavern," he said, and entertaining the world was costly.

Politically the country seemed to be going from bad to worse. The Continental Congress under the Articles of Confederation was impotent, while the several States in their imagined independence and sovereignty were unwilling to apply the necessary remedy, namely a grant to it of sufficient powers of taxation and regulation. Soon the critical period in the affairs of the nation arrived and prudent, far-seeing men felt that the choice lay only between a stronger central government and immediate anarchy. The struggle lasted nearly six years. Finally the Constitution was achieved and Washington became President of the United States of America.

Facing an empty treasury, with a worthless currency, a total lack of national credit, a war debt of \$75,000,000, and with no financial machinery whatever, Washington offered the position of secretary of the treasury to Alexander Hamilton.

For ten years this young lawyer of thirty-two had been ardently studying political economy and writing and working

urged the organization of a national bank upon the Continental Congress and its superintendent of finance, Robert Morris, but without success. He had persuaded his friends in New York to establish a bank under his guidance, which flourished and still exists in honor.

The new Congress of the United States soon received his proposals and financial plans with renewed urgings, and now they met with sufficient favor despite some opposition. The happy trade with Thomas Jefferson passed the assumption bill to fund the war debts in return for fixing the Capital on the Potomac. The national bank which Hamilton proposed Congress should incorporate met with more vigorous contention. The narrow constructionists from the rural communities, especially Madison, Jefferson, Randolph, and Monroe, from Virginia, feared the money powers of the cities of Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and Baltimore. They were of opinion that such a bank was unwise and that such a law would be unconstitutional. There was no specific grant of power in the Constitution to create corporations for any governmental purpose or otherwise.

But the bill passed and Washington had it before him for signature or veto.

He asked the opinions of his Attorney-General Randolph and his Secretary of State Jefferson, in writing. He-consulted Madison. They vigorously declared against the policy of a bank and the constitutionality of the law. Washington's judgment that the bill should receive his signature was gravely shaken. To have his attorney-general, his secretary of state, and the leaders of his party in his State unanimously advise him that a national bank was not only unconstitutional but undesirable and dangerous was "a facer" for a mere farmer or even a captain of industry.

With but five days more in which to come to a conclusion, he sent the written opinions to the secretary of the treasury, and requested his reply at an early hour.

Hamilton was delayed by official duties, but on the fourth day he gave Washington his famous and epoch-making opinion on the constitutionality and necessity of a national bank which covers on the finances of the nation. He had over one hundred pages of his printed

Washington carefully considered it and its government. then laid aside the petty fears and fallacies of his Virginia friends. None of Jefferson of the value of banking instithem, probably, ever had had a bankaccount or known the use of bank credit. He recalled the regularity with which his dividends had been paid to him for twenty-five years on Lady-day and Michaelmas. He probably also remembered his less jellyfish like China, as it was largely question to Wakelin Welch four years before: "If Great Britain was not enabled by means of the bank to carry on laid its foundations broad and deep and the war with this country?" He signed strong in common sense based on experi-

works, and expounds the doctrine of im- two political parties under which for one plied and inherent powers under the Conhundred and thirty years and more this nation has contended for the control of

If Washington had been as ignorant as tutions, or had taken his narrow view of governmental powers, which admitted the grant of them but denied their exercise by non-enumerated methods, this government would have become forever a spinefrom 1801 to 1824, or speedily have gone upon the rocks. A captain of industry ence, so that it could function despite That act created the division into the mere theorists at the helm in later days.

THE BOOK OF STONES AND LILIES

By Amy Lowell

I READ a book With a golden name, Written in blood On a leaf of flame.

And the words of the book Were clothed in white, With tiger colors Making them bright.

The sweet words sang Like an angel choir, And their purple wings Beat the air to fire.

Then I rose on my bed, And attended my ear, And the words sang carefully So I could hear.

The dark night opened Like a silver bell, And I heard what it was The words must tell: "Heaven is good. Evil is Hell.

The night shut up Like a silver bell. But the words still sang, And I listened well.

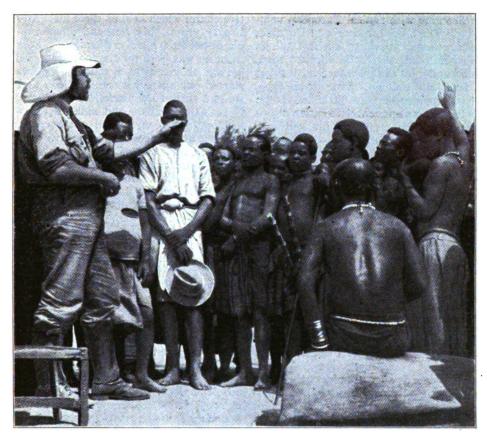
I heard the tree-winds Crouch and roar, I saw green waves On a stony shore.

I saw blue wings In a beat of fire. My hands clutched the feathers Of all desire.

I cried for hammers, For a hand of brass, But my soul was hot As melted glass.

Then the bright, bright words, All clothed in white, Stood in the circle of the silver night. And sang: "Energy is Eternal Delight. Energy is the only life.'

And my sinews were like bands of brass, And the glass of my soul hardened and shone With all fires, and I sought the ripeness of sacrifice Across the dew and the gold of a young day.



Mr. Springer asking directions to the next village.

AMONG THE LUBA CANNIBALS

[BELGIAN CONGO]

By Helen E. Springer

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



yet ventured into the cannibal country north of Bukama in the Congo Belgique, and certainly none should until the Cape to

Cairo railroad is completed through it." who thus argued with me had history on his side at least. In fact, few white men riers to bear on their shoulders, with our had yet penetrated the territory of the Luba and Luunda tribes, only recently had time to hear comments. They were Vol. LXX.-36

) white woman has ever opened by government order. Hitherto it had been closed to all save the military because of the rampant cannibalism prevailing there. In the hurry and bustle of preparing for our trek into the jungle, I had had no time to look at the situation from the outside. Now, as I stood on the The little Belgian government official tiny pier at Bukama beside a pile of luggage made into proper packs for our cartwo bicycles leaning against the heap, I

Digitized by Google

561

forthcoming with typical European volu- tive charm which held us there for nearly bility. The official in charge at Bukama, the northern extremity of the Cape to Cairo railroad, is a little wizened man, pallid under his tan from successive sieges of fever and quinine. True to his type. he is a polite, nervous little busybody. He began his argument with exclamations of astonishment, quickly plunged into warnings, and ended with gloomy predictions of my fate in the wilderness, gesticulating the while in his most convincing manner. I divided my attention between his harangue and deciding whether I May morning, we bade farewell to the had packed up enough medicine for so solicitous Belgian and went aboard the many carriers. Control of the Control

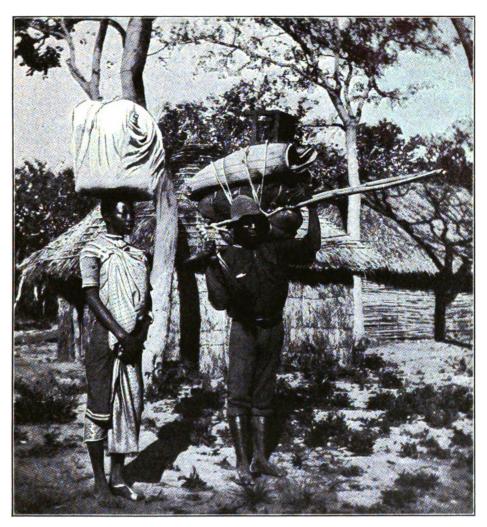
The matter of precedent, or lack thereof, does not, I fancy, have as much weight with the American as with the European, even when they are pioneering together. My friend the Belgian official thinks so, at any rate. The fact that the country to the north was as yet unvisited by any woman of my race made the trip through it all the more interesting in prospect. I laughed at the little man's night would be the top of the pilot-house. heroic, when as a matter of fact there was least apart from and above the native no backing out. My husband, as super- rabble on deck. A barge carrying a comintendent of the Congo mission field for the Methodist Church, had to go through that country to decide where to station the new missionaries soon to arrive, and shouts and ories from the passengers and to provide for their reception. Would I let him go alone? Not now when we had already trekked ten thousand miles way. Lonely, desolate Bukama lay betogether through the African bush, in hind us, marked only by the huge storeplaces almost as hostile as the Luba country. The reason this section of the continent has resisted the white man's penetration so long may be seen by a glance at a map of the Congo Belgique. It is fortified against easy approach by a network of shallow lakes and papyrus swamps, interlaced with innumerable small streams—tributaries of the Upper Congo or Lualaba River. Here only a few traders hold forth for European companies, and scattered Agents Territorials keep up a semblance of enforcing the colonial law.

It was therefore with a zest which all the gibberings of the little Belgian at Bukama could not destroy, that my husband and I looked forward to this journey. Africa had begun to lose its primithe village streets. On the stretches of

twenty years. My husband often complained of "too much civilization." Poor man, he was born for the long trek, and he was as joyous as a schoolboy as we started out upon this one. At one time we had turned our backs on the Indian Ocean at Inhambane and ended our journey only when we looked out over the Atlantic at Benguela. And now we were to trace a thousand-mile circle in this new region to the north of Bukama.

In the brilliant sunshine of that African tiny side-wheel steamboat which was to take us down the Lualaba River to Kikondji on Lake Kisali. There were four white people aboard and a horde of blacks, including our thirty carriers and the native crew. The Norwegian skipper, another Belgian native commissioner, my husband; and I made up the first cabin, which as an institution of accommodation did not exist. Our stateroom for the He made me feel quite For this we were duly grateful, it being at pany of native soldiers and their wives, bound for British East Africa, was hitched alongside our little vessel, and with many warning whistles from the engine-room, we cast off from Bukama and got under houses of bright corrugated iron, and these quickly sank into the bleak horizon of the lowlands.

The rainy season that year had been unusually heavy and the river was everywhere overflowing its banks, inundating the country for miles. As we glided down-stream, native villages with only their thatched roofs visible above the water appeared in places. The naked inhabitants were living on crude rafts tied to the projecting peaks of the submerged huts. We could see them cooking, eating, and carrying on the routine of their daily lives as though the flood were a matter of course. Canoes in great numbers were tied to the edges of the rafts or swarmed about the waters which covered



Saul and Vita. Bride and groom in the party returning to Luba village,

high land farther on we could make out we could make out here and there amidst thousands of antelope and water-buck crowded together upon these last havens of refuge from the engulfing waters which covered their range. Magnificent groves of palm-trees grew where the bank was higher. In these stood ruined native villages, with not a sign of human life anywhere. Only a few years before these groves had teemed with happy-go-lucky natives, living on the bounty of nature. Then the sleeping sickness came and wiped out every living thing. As we

the undergrowth the ruins of still more villages, mere piles of straw with the jungle fast engulfing them.

In the short tropical twilight our boat drew up beside a high bank topped by a great grove of palm and mahogany trees, and was moored for the night. The soldiers on the barge leapt upon the bank with glee and began gathering fire-wood for their camp-fires. We ate a cold supper on deck in the fading light, and repaired to the top of the pilot-house for the night. searched the deep vistas with our glasses Darkness dropped out of the clear blue

Digitized by Google

settled ourselves within them.

We were awakened next morning by the twittering song of myriad canaries in the tree-tops. The camp was already astir, and soon we were on our way again. Our boys cooked breakfast on the little deck stove, and we ate our mush and watched the banks move past. Toward

sky, and enveloped us before we had All the yelling and pushing and hauling spread our bed-rolls on the flat roof and of the native crew, aided by the soldiers on the barge, could not free it from the clutch of the fibrous weed. We had to spend the night in this position, a papyrus swamp beside us, and no ground anywhere solid enough to bear human weight. The dun-colored tufted papyrus growth covered the landscape. The project of making paper out of papyrus is an ancient noon one of our boys, a Luba negro topic among white people in Africa.



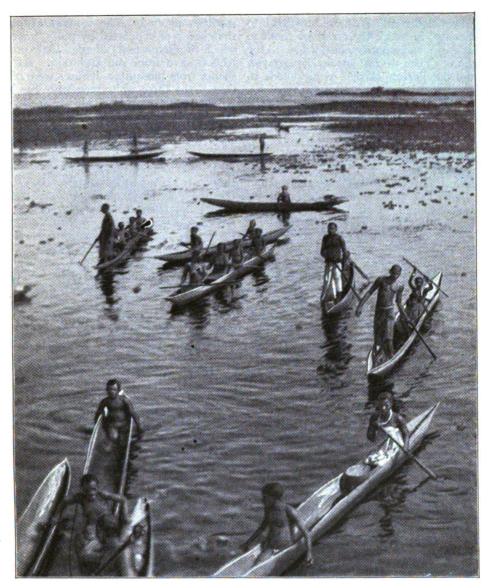
Kabongo and a number of his subchiefs.

had been with us for some years; now he was on his way back to his own country with his bride. He told us that we were soon to pass a point on the river which was nearest to his native village, and he wanted to land and make a short cut across the country. The Belgian commissioner, who happened to be with us at the moment, sternly forbade it. All along this part of the river lived fierce cannibal tribes which the government had not yet subdued, he declared, and Saul and Vita would never get through their territory alive. At Kikondji he would send them back with a guard.

That afternoon our little boat ran onto

named Saul, came to my husband. He Rumors are always afloat about some enterprise which will make millions out of it, but nobody takes them seriously. But we did that night. We decided there was enough papyrus in that one spot to supply the world with paper for one hundred years, with a margin to double the daily comics besides. In the circumstances, we felt our estimates to be on the whole conservative.

A cold mist rose from the swamp, chilling the very marrow in our bones. The soldiers grumbled and huddled together below deck in their barge. Here the presence of so many living beings kept them fairly warm, but sent up a stench which rose on high by way of the pilot-house. a bank of matted papyrus and stuck fast. It was intensely cold, and the next morn-



Kikondji, Lake Kisali. Native venders approaching the boat in canoes with their wares.

and on its way, we were heartily glad offshore. A swarm of canoes filled with that Kikondji was not far off.

through dense masses of papyrus and aninnies standing up in it; they were water-growths into the shallow Lake excited over the arrival of the soldiers, Kisali, almost choked with vegetation. and screamed all sorts of questions at As we neared Kikondji the growth be- them, which went unanswered save for

ing when our boat was at last pried loose that we were forced to anchor a half-mile natives came out to meet us. One canoe At length we emerged from the river I remember had eight little naked pickcame so thick and the water so shallow the gleam of white teeth among the a canoe, in which there was no room to sit down, and a native poled it toward the shore. Then we ran hopelessly aground, and our porters carried us pickaback to

dry land.

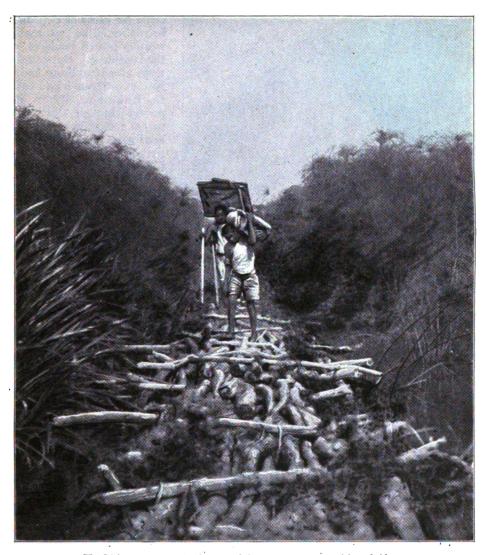
The natives crowded around us by the hundreds, looking us over from head to foot. They became highly excited over the two bicycles which our boys brought ashore; and when my husband and I mounted them and set off up the hill toward the caravansary, they cheered and followed part of the way. Next day we bade farewell to Saul and Vita. The black bridegroom coolly piled a huge bundle of clothes on his wife's head. Then he lifted the household effects, consisting of a blanket, two grass mats, and a chair, on to his own shoulder, and the bride and groom were ready for their wedding journey. Even their escort, the native soldier, grinned when he saw them. Kikondii is noted for bananas and mosquitoes in a land where both of these com- few blood-curdling cannibal stories were

brown-clad men. We were bundled into modities abound. The caravansary, a thatched roof supported by poles, under which to pitch a tent, afforded little protection save from sun and rain. As a shelter from mosquitoes its uses were nil. One of the three white men who live in Kikondji told us that he always went to bed before dark to avoid being devoured piecemeal. We invented a new way of surviving. We broke camp at the earliest possible moment and struck out on the Kikondji is noted for one other trail. thing. It has a wireless station. Here in the midst of the jungle country, a thousand miles from either coast, you may send a message to friends in New York or Cedarville, that is, provided you have the necessary cash. A lion ate the predecessor of the present operator.

> The wilderness now lay before us. Without firearms of any kind, owing to the war laws, we were starting on a caravan trip of nine hundred miles. We had heard varied tales of native moods, and a



At the government post near Kabongo's town. Mr. Vanderveld, Belgian official, Kabongo (in centre with his subchiefs), and Mr. Springer.



The Springer caravan crossing one of the many swamps on rickety bridges.

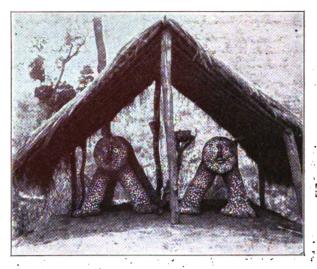
In many places the bridges were down altogether and wading was the only thing that could be done. Again one had to walk a single rail. In this part it was fairly good.

still considered to be very recent history. *Malungu*, the white man, it was well understood, was persona non grata along the entire route save with the paramount chiefs. The word *Malungu* originally meant God. The Luba people had a tradition that their Great Spirit was white, and that some day his representatives would appear, also white. When white men came, they were accepted as gods, benevolent and trustworthy—

wherein were the natives sadly in error. They have learned their mistake. But the name for white man remains the same, as if the natives feel that the word has been rendered forever useless for its original meaning. The missionary, however, has come to be pretty generally known as the friend of the black man. We depended on this to carry us through.

From Kikondji our caravan went west-

567



Mwata Yamvo's gods

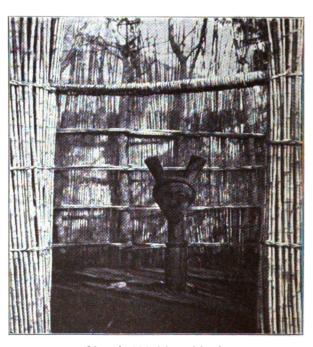
veldts. The paths we followed had been hacked through the dense undergrowth, and were often barely over a foot wide. At night we made camp at the caravansary

these towns were supposed to be hostile to white men because of some rascality they had suffered. The inhabitants have a way of receiving the newcomer at the point of a gun, and denying him even the ordinary hospitality of the jungle. Nothing of this kind, however, occurred to us. My husband's manner of dealing with natives and his commanding black beard have smoothed many a rough place in our wanderings. There is no denying the fact that a thick, becoming beard gives a white man great prestige among African natives. The blacks have such pitifully scanty beards themselves that they heartily envy those more blessed.

Frequently across open spaces as we pedalled along ahead of our carriers, we

could see herds of elephants browsing, like so many weather-beaten boulders on the landscape. But none of them sought to do us harm. Not so with our friend back in Bukama. When he passed through this very region a short time before, a herd gave him and his carriers a lively time of it. The big beasts charged down upon them from a distance, trumpeting madly. The men dropped their burdens and took to the bush, where they hid themselves before the elephants reached the spot. Seeing no human beings about, the elephants trampled the loads to atoms. The packs were mostly cases

ward through great forests and broad of liquor for the Belgian's own private use. Our friend related this story to us by way of warning to me, and awaited our commiseration for the loss of his rum. "But we haven't any liquor along beside some stockaded village, and bought with us," I told him. "And so we excasava meal from the natives. Many of pect the elephants to behave better."



Mutombo Makulu's special god.

Louvain and a gentleman born and bred, was thoroughly miserable in his lonely post. He had hardly finished his greeting before he began begging us to settle there at his post. He had ulterior motives in this, which he made no attempt to con- a visit somewhere—not to Chief Kimi—

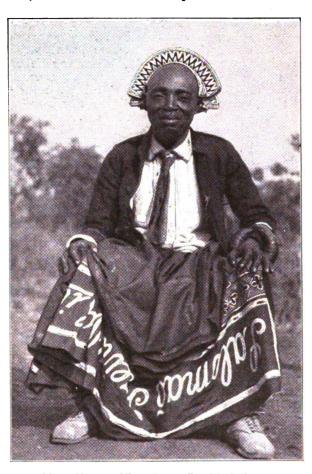
"A hundred million dollars for church work?" he gasped. "Impossible! Ah! But you Americans do the impossible things, always."

Kabongo, the Luba king, returned from

the following day and hastened up to greet us. He wore a motley array of civilized garments, including a skirt or petticoat of bigpatterned, brilliant calico. His feet were bare and he wore a man's shirt and two old coats, the whole surmounted by a slouch hat in worse repair even than that of Kimi. It looked as if he "Moyo! had slept in it. Moyo!" (Welcome! Welcome!) he exclaimed as he came forward and shook hands with Mr. Springer. Being only a woman, I was not entitled to any attention, and received none from him. This gave me a good opportunity to look over his grace at leisure. He was a bleareyed, dissipated old villain, with a fawning manner that begets no trust in a white person, although it does get him a margin of value in an exchange of presents. Belgian official told him he could have a missionary. The chief had heard of missionaries and wanted one. His desire for anything that comes free is a proverb in his country.

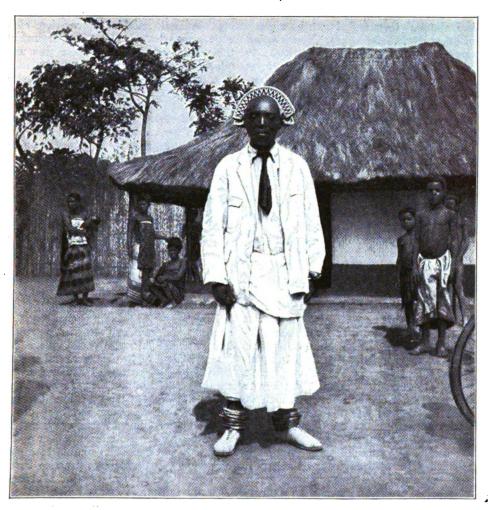
Kabongo became a close associate of my husband during the weeks spent in erecting the mission house, and

we soon became familiar with his town, his harem, and his wardrobe. He lives by himself in four native huts, beautifully and, I must say, artistically decorated with woven weeds and grasses. They are covered with sweeping strands of junglegrass, which reach from the peaks of the conical roofs to the ground. Behind his abode is a line of huts where live his two hundred wives. This harem is, in



Mwata Yamvo, while paying a call on Mr. Springer. Notice the Portuguese words on his loin-cloth. The natives are very fond of mottoes on their clothes. This, however, happens to be an advertisement.

"My government has placed me out here to collect taxes," he said. "How can I? Until you missionaries civilize them a little, my task is hopeless. It's your job anyway," he concluded with a characteristically European gesture. My husband told him of the centenary fund and the Methodist mission programme for Africa, promising him a missionary a little later.



Mwata Yamvo in his harem compound,

reality, a masked slave-market, and quite of having been so recently when we ara traffic is carried on in female slaves throughout the Congo despite government efforts to thwart it. Between the harem and the abode of its lord is a hole in the ground, beside which lies a life-size figure of a crocodile made of red clay. This hole is the king's bath. Kabongo sometimes gets into it and his servants throw buckets of water on him from all sides at once. I said sometimes. In reality it is more a legend than a custom of the chief, if external evidences count for which perched upon Kabongo's bulletanything. Certain it is that the hole was never wet during our stay of one made of white clay, is a very important month at his town or showed any signs part of the political as well as social life

rived.

The wardrobe of Kabongo comprised several other brilliantly flowered or striped skirts, a pair of army shoes which gave him great pleasure and physical pain to wear, a waiter's white coat, and a pair or two of men's trousers badly patched in the seat. The slouch hat usually topped off any combination of the chief's attire, but it had one substitute. That was a chef's cap of white duck shaped head like a pill-box. Powder,

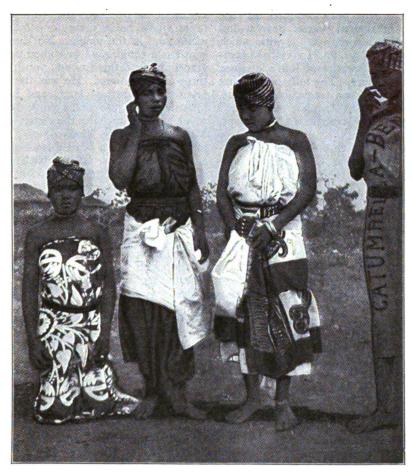
of other paramount chiefs. Powder over one's bare portions shows gratitude to the chief or guiltlessness of any mysterious crime committed in the neighborhood. Sometimes the complexion of the whole town changes overnight. Then, too, powder is good for headache, and it drives away evil spirits, and a variety of other things equally undesirable. Vanity bags are everywhere. To me the sight of those big, black, naked savages, partly powdered white, carrying little squirreltail vanity bags on their wrists is the most amusing thing in Africa. And to see a big cannibal reach into his vanity bag, get some powder on his fingers and pat it on his nose or cheeks, is for all the world like seeing a Broadway "flapper"!

Leaving Kabongo behind us, we turned westward and travelled by compass without guides for three weeks. We crossed a great many streams, tributaries of the Upper Congo, many of them infested with crocodiles. At such places the "monkey bridges," swinging structures built of vines by the natives, were a boon, although hard for our carriers to negotiate. At one small river, which we were crossing in this manner, a native appeared on the farther bank greatly excited. "Yanga! Yanga! Go away! Go away!" he shouted to us, motioning us back. But the bridge was strong, so we went on, and found that only a few minutes before a lion had carried off a native woman working in the field near the bridge. The rude hoe she was using lay as it had fallen from her hand, not ten minutes before. And there were the fresh tracks of the lion as he bore her off into the tall grasses of the veldt. As we looked mutely at the scene of the tragedy, Joni, our little *kapita*, an ex-soldier and hunter, and a negro steeped in the cruel philosophy of the jungle, laughed gaily. "There are many women, but few lions left," he remarked, showing his fine white teeth. "Why should not the women feed the lions?"

When we left the village of Mutombo Makulu, where we had made quite a stay, we asked its chief about the road north as far as Kapanga. Kapanga is a European rubber station. The chief argued that there was no trail, and my husband, hav-

in Kabongo's town and also at the capitals ing obtained reliable information elsewhere, insisted. After a long argument the chief admitted that there was and offered us a guide. We accepted gladly. The trail that guide led us over was the worst I have ever travelled. It wound through swamps and morasses and over ranges of rocky hills. After a four-day struggle we came within sight of the station, and our guide departed upon receiving the usual present for his services. When we reached the station we indignantly told the Belgian trader the trick played upon us. He laughed. "The old king probably saved your lives," he said. "There is a fine open trail between here and there, but one of its fords is perilous to attempt. Last month a caravan of two white men and fourteen carriers was wiped out by crocodiles. Not a man lived to tell the tale. The chief sent you by a circuitous route."

Resuming our march next day, we again had to travel by compass, no guides being available. At each village we learned the way to the next, and so proceeded by stages toward Musumba, the capital of the Luunda king, Mwata Yam-This particular section through which we were passing had been closed to white travellers for many years because of the rampant cannibalism of the natives. We had been unable to detect any signs of cannibalistic practice in the umwatte ruled by Kabongo or Mutombo Makulu, although trusted carriers still often disappeared overnight from caravans in these regions and feasts always took place with suspicious sequence in some village near by. Farther on to the north, where the strong arm of the white man's law has not yet reached, cannibalism is still in its palmy days, and slaves are fattened for the regular feasts of the year. Here the government has not yet allowed white men to penetrate. Even in the district through which we were now passing a Belgian trader had been attacked only a few months before. Shortly after leaving the village of a chief-Mpereta-who had received us with extreme cordiality, we came upon a relic of the recent history of the chief and his village. It was a phallic emblem post decorated with the bleached skulls of small children. It had escaped the notice of government troops who have



Ladies of Luunda.

A group of Luunda lassies who were very keen to have their photos taken, but much disgusted that they were snapped before they had posed to their satisfaction.

orders to destroy them. At several villages we found the old sort of Bachokwe natives still avowedly hostile to all white people, who had given up open cannibalism only when they had to. The people and their chiefs refused to have anything to do with us, although they did not open hostilities. On such occasions we quickly changed our plans as to setting up camp for the night. The trail ahead seemed strangely attractive just then, even to our tired carriers.

On one such occasion while we were in the Bachokwe territory, we had to camp where no caravan had ever stopped before. My husband and I left the caravan to sleep beside a stream and went on was coming toward our tent. I woke my

looking for a place to pitch our tent. We came out on the open veldt, and my husband cleared a small space in the jungle-grass. Here it grew eight feet high, so we could not build our usual fires for fear of burning ourselves up in a general conflagration. It was a reckless thing to do, to camp in such a position. Back in Chilango in April a young engineer had done this, and turned up missing. They found the tracks of the lion next morning. But to-night we were dead tired, and willing to risk anything for a little rest. I had barely fallen asleep when I was awakened by the stealthy swishing of the giant grass-blades outside. Something was coming toward our tent. I woke my

We both listened as the husband. stealthy movement came nearer and We had only a hoe with which to defend ourselves, and I vividly remembered the grim occasion of Toni's laughter a few days before. The folly of camping without fire became tragically apparent. Several times on the trip lions had stalked about our camp at night while we slept, leaving tracks within six or eight feet of our tent. But then we were secure behind our camp-fires. The sound outside drew nearer, and the shadow of some large animal, either a leopard or a lioness, ears acock, was thrown on the sloping tent side by the rising moon. We got to our feet and my husband grasped the hoe. The animal moved cautiously around the tent, and a nose was thrust between the tent-flaps with a loud sniff. My husband threw the hoe at the door and shouted The animal bounded away through the grass. With a sigh of relief we again lay down, but not to sleep. That was too much to expect. Then we heard the animal coming again as before. if anything more cautiously. Again we rose in dread and again my husband scared it away, only to have it return when we had grown drowsy. These repeated alarms were hard on the nerves and we only got a few cat-naps in relays through the night. Dawn came at last, and my husband, armed with the hoe, ventured forth. I stood inside with the tin wash-basin as reinforcement. Soon I heard him laugh loudly. "Yo ho!" he velled. "Come out and meet our lion!" I ran out. My husband was stooping over playing with a little half-starved, sharp-eared dog which was cavorting weakly about him in its joy at finding a human being. His shadow extended by the slant of the tent side had made him seem at least the size of a large leopard. We gave him something to eat and he followed us to the next village, where we found a master for him.

As we neared Musumba, we left the testse-fly belt behind, and cattle were to be seen at the villages we passed. A half-mile from the capital, as we crossed the last stream, a young native, clad in a white helmet, black-and-white-checked I find the description of the town of waistcoat, and a blue loin-cloth, came forward to welcome us. How he could have about it. It is a new town, about seven the assistance of white men. However, upon reading Livingstone's notes of 1854, whata Yamvo, given him by the natives ward to welcome us.

known of our coming is one of those mysteries which never cease to perplex the white man in the jungle. No European gentleman could have welcomed us more gracefully than this Luunda youth in his three-piece costume. He was the king's favorite, we learned later, and he was intrusted with the management of the roval harem. Outside the outer wall of Musumba, Mwata Yamvo stood awaiting us, dressed in a beaded head-dress of a sunburst design, set far back on his shaven head, a white-duck coat and long skirt, or loin-cloth, of many colors in barbaric pattern. He is rather a fussy individual, small of stature and of nervous, fidgety temperament. He addressed my husband as Mefundisi (friend and teacher) and escorted us to the guest-house in a compound next his own. Next day Mwata Yamvo made us a formal call. He came riding astride the neck of one of his slaves, followed by his household. He wore a brilliant, flowered petticoat. On his ankles and wrists he wore many bracelets of thin brass which jingled at every move, and on his left wrist he had a huge band made out of an elephant's tail, which he kept on only by holding his fingers spread or resting his hand on his hip.

The present king is about eighth of his dynasty, all named Mwata Yamvo, and in Livingstone's day the Luunda people ruled the country from what is now Stanley Pool to the Congo-Zambesi divide. Mwata Yamvo, now ruling, was restored to his throne after he had been captured by some plotting subchiefs, who were each trying to usurp the power of the paramount chief. By this measure the government succeeded in terminating a long period of constant warfare. Mwata Yamvo furnishes carriers, by the thousands, every year to the Kassai Company factory and the government post, situated six miles from his capital, and so keeps in close touch with white men. There in the African wilderness, the town of Musumba has quite a metropolitan air about it. It is a new town, about seven years old, and I thought was laid out with the assistance of white men. However, upon reading Livingstone's notes of 1854, I find the description of the town of Mwata Yamvo, given him by the natives

ent Mwata Yamvo, and goes to show that perhaps, a century. It is laid out on the dressed in a beautiful blue-and-white

try. This description tallies remarkably ing the people to the compound next our with the details of the capital of the presown, and we followed the crowd. A new subchief was to be installed by Mwata the style of capital of the present Mwata Yamvo according to the ancient rites of Yamvo has been a Luunda tradition for, the Luunda nation. The king came



Palm forest-Springer trail,

straight streets crossing at right angles.

Mwata Yamvo enjoys posing for his picture. And he especially likes to appear very grave and stern, although he is guilty of much inane grinning in the course of a conversation with a white man. Like Kabongo and Mutombo Makulu, Mwata Yamvo has approximately two hundred wives, which seems to be the parts for a paramount chief.

same principle as civilized towns, with blanket which was draped about his form like a Roman toga. In addition to his beaded crown, he wore an immense pompon of scarlet feathers. He entered the compound followed by an orchestra of native drummers, beating a slow, dignified march. The whole assembly rose. Every one picked up dust very seriously and rubbed it on his stomach as he chanted praises of the king. number required by convention in those Yamvo seated himself in a European armchair, a gift from the post, over which The next day after our arrival in Mu- was thrown the purple blanket with sumba we heard the town drum summon- leopard's spots my husband had presented to him the day before. The bare feet of the king rested on a handsome lion-skin. Other members of the royal family were seated on leopard-skins about him. The skins of these two animals are the insignia of royalty among the Luundas. Each chief then arose in turn and made a long harangue. We were able to understand everything fairly well because we had known before many Luunda people to the south of Bukama. Each chief declared himself innocent of the former chief's death and of any knowledge of its cause. Then Mwata Yamvo, after observing a stern silence for some moments during which he knitted his brows in a ludicrous pose of deliberation, pronounced the verdict that all were guiltless. We knew by this that Mwata Yamvo now had no enemies whom he wished to dispose of. By the aid of witch-doctors, the chiefs often accuse their enemies of bewitching persons to death, and thus succeed in proscribing undesirable or ambitious subjects.

When the king uttered the verdict all the chiefs reached into their vanity bags, and quickly daubed powder over their faces and bodies until they looked like an assemblage of ghouls. Then a grizzly old chief, clad in hyena-skins, bounded through the gate of the compound, and advanced with big, awkward jumps toward the king, yelling wildly and beating the ground before him with a huge club. He was followed by a double file of the king's soldiers. This procession with its noisy leader approached Mwata Yamvo and suddenly wheeled and took its place behind his chair with much waving of weapons. Then the native nominee appeared, announced by shouts, the firing of guns, and the beating of drums. A dead silence now ensued. He stopped within a few paces of the king, fell down on both knees, clapped his hands, picked up a handful of dust and rubbed it over his bared stomach. Mwata Yamvo bade him approach. He half arose, then prostrated himself at full length on the ground, touching his temples to the earth. By a series of these prostrations and writhings the nominee finally reached the royal personage. Mwata Yamvo arose and handed him a large sword, an ugly-looking weapon about twenty inches long and four inches wide. It was encased in a carved bamboo scabbard, with a belt of fur dan-

gling from it. The nominee slung this over his shoulder and touched the king's hand reverently with his forefinger. Mwata Yamvo made a long speech of admonition to the new chief, who chanted an assent almost as tedious and backstepped to a place in front of his own men. Mwata Yamvo waved his hand to him, and the new chief dodged into a hut directly to the rear. He came out in a few seconds clothed in an immense loin-cloth sixteen yards long and fifty inches wide. This was the signal for bedlam to break loose again. Frantic screaming and velling, together with the firing of guns and the beating of drums, followed. At length, when everybody was hoarse or out of breath, the king made another long speech. Mwata Yamvo seemed to enjoy the speech more than his hearers, but they listened with the usual native patience. Then the new chief unsheathed his sword and capered about the open space before the king, performing the ancient sworddance of the Luundas, wild, graceful, and barbaric. He was followed by each chief in turn. The dance then suffered some amusing variations. The fat chiefs did not move so fast or kick so high as their younger and more active peers and their whirls were like the gambols of aged rhinos. Each did his utmost in yelling, however, and received loyal support from his own following. The climax was reached when Mwata Yamvo's son, the heir apparent, took the sword, and danced about with a heavy frown upon his face, wriggling like a tiny Salome, and making ferocious slashes through the air with the heavy sword. It was now deep twilight. and the king suddenly rose and strode off to his own house without further ceremony. The crowd closed around the new chief, and his men bore him off triumphantly on their shoulders to their own village. Here the inaugural ball kept up all night.

From Musumba Wa Mwata Yamvo we turned our faces eastward and plunged into the desolate country where broken hills and deep swamps seemed to alternate in never-changing succession. The broad veldts, rolling hills, and great forests we had known before were left behind. There was nothing but a few lonely villages of Luunda folk and great waste stretches on every side, a few crocodiles and rhinos

in the streams, and a few yowling leopards tude at night. Then, altering our course which made their presence known by night. Over a trail that was sometimes steep and rocky, sometimes made of fagots piled in a line across the swamplands, with monkey bridges crossing the larger streams and difficult fords at the cial, he who had so vehemently advised smaller ones, we travelled for eight days under the burning tropical sun by day and chilled by the cold of the high alti- alive and his pet theories exploded.*

two points to the south, we trekked another fortnight and emerged from the wilderness near Chilango, south of Bukama. Here a little later I had the pleasure of meeting our friend, the Belgian offime against the trip. You know, that creature looked actually sorry to find me

SIPPING AND SNIFFING

By Viola I. Paradise

Author of "Trailing Statistics on an American Frontier," "By Mail," etc.



concerns an argument between two Spanish winetasters. "This cask," said one, "has an excellent bouquet, yet there is in it a

trace of some alien substance. I detect a metallic flavor."

"Some alien substance mars it, indeed," replied the other; "but the flavor is leathery, rather than metallic." Each maintained his position, and to settle the argument the cask was emptied. In the bottom of it was found a leather-headed tack.

A good yarn. Yet, after talking with numbers of tea-tasters, coffee-tasters, perfumers, and others whose livelihood depends largely upon their senses of taste and smell. I have it in me to believe the wine-tasters' tale. It seems hardly more extraordinary than the statement of a tea expert: "Some hotels are spoiling the best teas," he complained, "by steeping them in muslin bags. Why spoil a good beverage by adding a flavor of fabric?" And he insisted that it scarcely needed a trained palate to detect the foreign flavor of tea so made.

An expert tea-taster cannot only place a tea by its flavor and aroma, but, in many instances, can give its pedigree, telling the country of its origin, at what season of the year it was grown, and at what altitude; indeed, frequently he can name the very garden from which it came. book written in 1785, by Richard Twin-

N old, pre-prohibition story A skilled coffee-taster, similarly, can distinguish several hundred kinds of coffee. One man said he could tell by tasting how long a coffee had been roasted. Others claimed they could distinguish the ingredients in a blend.

"The public," said one, "takes things too easily for granted. It swallows its coffee and tea, sips its liquor—or used to -as a matter of course, without realizing the care and skill and art that have gone into the selecting and blending of its beverages. Whenever you drink a good cup of tea or coffee you are as dependent upon some one's highly developed senses of taste and smell, as you are dependent upon some musician's ear when you hear a good symphony. The success of my business depends almost entirely upon my nose and my palate."

Other tea and coffee tasters spoke, sometimes with less eloquence; but to the same effect, and almost invariably with enthusiasm. Frequently they compared their work to a musician's. "Just as the violinist can detect the slightest gradation of sharpness or flatness, so the coffee-taster can detect the faintest shades of difference," said one. "In blending teas," said another, "one must realize that certain teas have an affinity for each other. To blend indiscriminately creates discords in flavor. Real tea or coffee blending is an art." I thought of this statement later, when I found in an old

Vol. LXX.-37

ing, a tea merchant, the following para-

graph:

"In my grandfather's time, it was the cuftom for Ladies and Gentlemen to come to the Shop and to order their own Teas. The Chefts used to be spread out and when my Grandfather had mixed some of them together, in the presence of his customers, they used to taste the tea; and the mixing was varied till it suited the palates of the purchasers. . . . A pound of tea may have been mixed from some twenty chefts."

To purchase a pound of tea in those days must have been indeed a labor. The skill of the tea-taster saves us much time and trouble.

Picture the tea-taster at his work. He sits at a round, revolving table, about which stand canisters of tea, a cup (without a handle) in front of each canister. In the centre of the table is a finely balanced jeweller's scale. The taster, after an examination of the dry leaf, carefully measures from each canister into its corresponding cup, a quantity of tea-leaves, the weight of a Canadian half-dime. (The weight was always so stated, just as, in the case of coffee, it was always given as that of an American five-cent piece. Indeed, when I asked for the weight in grams, it could not be given.) Next, he pours filtered, boiling water upon the tea; "and then we watch the agony of the tea-leaves." ("And be sure to mention in your article," said another, demonstrating the process, "that the water must be at a mad, galloping boil, to make good tea.") The effect of steeping upon the appearance of the leaf is significant. A variation in color means poor, uneven fermentation. In fermented teas—that is, the black as distinguished from the green teas—the perfect color of the infused leaf may range from a rich chocolate-brown to a bright reddish shade. The color of the liquor in the cup, too, is important. Is it clear? Is it cloudy? Is it pale? Is it colory? A good tea must have style. It must appeal to the eye as well as to the palate. For this reason it is customary to use the finest French china for the testing. After the leaf is examined in the liquor, it is taken up in a spoon, and smelled. The

tea, and, among other things, if it is burned (overfired) or sour (overfermented, or affected by dampness after manufacture). When the tea has steeped a minute or two, the aroma of the liquor is noted. Then it is tasted. The taster takes it into his mouth with a loud sucking sound—in order to accentuate the taste—rolls it about on his tongue and back in his throat; but he swallows almost none of it. The taste reveals the body, the flavor. the sharpness or "point" of the tea. It may have flavor and be smooth; or little flavor and be sharp. He keeps tasting and studying the aroma of the tea for about five minutes after it is infused, and again when it is almost cold. The amount of flavor left in the leaf after it has stood is significant. During the tasting process the appearance of the infused leaf is examined in the spoon.

The taster turns the table about, savoring cup after cup, judging, comparing. Usually he is "matching" a tea to a standard. In such cases, the cup to be matched is placed on a small rack attached to the table, but which does not revolve with it. The taster turns the table until each cup has been compared with the tea he is trying to match.

"How many cups do you taste in a day?" the tasters were asked. That depended upon the season, upon the size of "Sometimes," said one, a shipment. "we taste till our lips pucker. A thousand cups a day, or more, can be done easily. You understand that in many cases the appearance of the leaf and the smell and appearance of the liquor tell us that the tea is unsuited to our purpose, without tasting. No real, dyed-in-thewool tea-taster bothers to taste common teas. It is only in selecting a good strike of tea that the taster exercises what may be called his art." | Some tasters further test the teas after cream and sugar have been added, but more commonly this additional test is dispensed with.

cloudy? Is it pale? Is it colory? A The English method of tea-tasting difgood tea must have style. It must appeal to the eye as well as to the palate. For this reason it is customary to use the finest French china for the testing. After the leaf is examined in the liquor, it is taken up in a spoon, and smelled. The odor of the leaf tells the taster whether it is old or new, the kind and grade of the

the liquor is carefully drained off into a cup, and the steeped leaves placed in the cover of the pot. Thus the color and aroma of the leaves are examined separately. American experts, however, prefer the American way as simpler and quicker. In England the tea is tested on long stationary counters instead of upon the American revolving table, which provides greater comfort to the taster, and does not necessitate his moving from cup to cup. Some of the preliminary work, in England—such as timing the infusion and drawing the liquor from the leaves is done by "cup-boys." In former years English tea-tasters had to serve a long apprenticeship; but this is no longer the custom. Now beginners usually start as errand or cup-boys, and work up according to their aptitude and the opportunities of the business. In this country, too, no regular training is given. Some persons can never learn the art of tasting, others pick it up in a few years. can hardly expect to get a first-class teataster under five years' experience," said the head of one firm.

In selecting coffees, too, the aroma and taste play the leading parts, although, as in the case of tea, the appearance of the bean, either green or roasted, is important. Indeed, there are licensed graders who classify the green coffee in grades ranging from one to eight, according to the number of "blacks," "quakers," or immature beans, etc., found in the sample. (The government allows no coffee poorer than grade eight to enter the country.)

The odor of the green coffee-bean in no way suggests the flavor of coffee to the layman. It has only a "green smell," quite unlike the aroma of roasted coffee. Yet the green odor is not without meaning to the coffee-taster. It tells him whether the crop is old or new. "In the pre-tasting days, about thirty years ago, coffee was sold green to the consumer, who did his own roasting. Then coffee was coffee. The art of blending had not been discovered."

The flavor of coffee is brought out in the roasting, and its color is also thus determined. In the North, what is called a dark cinnamon roast is commonly preferred. In the South, the darker "French roast" or the still darker "Italian roast"

is in demand. This is true, too, of certain cities in the North, which have large Italian colonies. The tasters must consider not only the actual taste of the coffee, but how it will taste to their trades. Certain sections of the country have specific preferences. One taster said that the character of the community water-supply to some extent governed his blending.

The process of coffee-tasting is similar to that of tea-tasting. The taster sits at the revolving table, upon which are various travs of roasted coffee-beans, and cups, and the standard which the taster is matching. A nickel weight of ground coffee is placed in each cup, and boiling water is poured on. Much can be detected from the aroma of the steaming cup, and, as in the case of teas, samples are often rejected without recourse to taste. After the aroma has been considered, the coffee is tasted, first very hot, and then at different temperatures as it cools. In some establishments it is also tested with cream, and with cream and sugar. Sometimes the flavor changes as the coffee cools. "Coffee is deceptive. It may deteriorate in the cup, although at first taste it appears all right," said one taster. "Coffee is almost wholly an aroma," said another. "The purpose of tasting is to confirm the scent. If you should hold your nose, you could not distinguish between quinine and black coffee." The fact that tasting is only a more accurate way of smelling was mentioned by many tasters, and is, of course, a generally recognized physiological fact. (Aside from the perception of sweet, acid, salt, and bitter, there is no taste apart from odor.)

So, from an examination of the taste and smell of coffees, the taster knows if a coffee is "soft" or "hard" or "Rioy"; if it is sound or fermented (from improper curing); if it is groundy or mouldy or "hidey."

Coffee is often bought "on description." Thus a coffee may be listed by the country or even the plantation of growth, may be described as a "good roast, soft coffee"; or as a "hard coffee." "A soft coffee has a smooth, sweet taste. A hard coffee has a harsh, meaner flavor." And, of course, there are many grades of either hard or soft coffees.

The differences between coffees are subtler than those between teas. Thus, in the case of coffees, disputes sometimes arise as to whether a coffee is according to description, as to whether it is soft or hard. In such instances certain men, who have a reputation in the trade as fine tasters, are called upon to settle the dispute. Each party may choose an expert and the two arbitrators, in case they do not agree, choose a third. The decisions thus reached are always abided by.

Can a taster taste all day long? How soon does his sense become blunted? What happens when he has a cold in the head? Can he smoke? Are there artificial means of restoring and stimulating the sense of taste? These were among the questions the tasters were asked. The answers varied with the individual. Evidently coffee requires a somewhat more intense effort than tea. Although tea-tasters could work fairly steadily all day, few coffee-tasters could work more than two or three hours without stopping to rest. One taster said his sense of taste became paralyzed at the end of forty-five minutes. Then he had to stop, do something else, and smoke a cigar, which he found restored his ability to taste. On one occasion he tasted from fifteen to eighteen hundred cups in a single day—a very unusual occurrence. As a rule two or three hundred cups is a good day's work. One taster said he found a "nip of gin" restorative to his sense of taste. Others said that since they had begun to smoke their power of discriminating had suffered somewhat, though not enough to induce them to stop smoking. A tea broker told of a customer—an old man who had learned tasting in the days when tobacco was considered fatal to the artwho could do no tasting if any one in or near the room was smoking. Some of the younger men thought him crochety, and on one occasion one of them went out into the street, and, standing near the open window of the tasting-room, smoked. Even this bothered the old man so much that he bought no teas that day. There are, however, some tea-tasters who can lighted cigar in their hands, puffing,

window, without a draft, helped rather than interfered with tasting. Practically all the tasters said the keenness of their taste depended largely upon their state of health; but all denied that anything unhealthful or harmful was inherent in their work. "Sometimes the work is a nervous strain," said one, "but that is due to the high degree of mental concentration necessary, and not to any properties in the tea or coffee." Some of the tasters drank little tea or coffee aside from their work. (It must be remembered that the beverages are seldom swallowed in tasting. In fact one man said that swallowing would spoil the taste for the next flavor.) On the other hand, one coffeetaster drinks coffee at all three meals. often consuming as much as ten cups a

What is the effect of prohibition on coffee-drinking? No statistics are available, but the coffee-roasters estimated that the consumption of coffee had increased from ten to twenty per cent. The green-coffee brokers stated that the amount of green coffee sold was no index, since much green coffee is stored. Roasted coffee, however, goes in a fairly short time to the consumer.

Tea and coffee tasters do not have the same relation to an establishment as do, for example, the cutters in the clothing trade, or the cabinetmakers in a furniture factory. The tasters are the buyers. Usually they are members of the firm, often the most important members, although in some tea establishments the salesmen are expected to learn tasting.

The personalities of the tea and coffee men interviewed interested me. Nearly all were men of education, and nearly all had a warm feeling for their work. mentioned this to one man, asking if my impression was based on too few instances to be correct. "It used to be," he said, "that the tea business was a gentleman's business. In my boyhood the heads of the various houses would come down to work in silk hats, and twirling their canes. Often, before beginning the day's work, they would call on one another for a perceive even subtle differences with a friendly chat." Those days are past. A coffee man complained: "A lot of men every now and then, between tastes. A are getting into the trade now who have number of tasters said they could not no ideals. They're only interested in it taste in a drafty room, though an open as a money-making venture."

name of their profession and their prod- Coffee should never be boiled. . . . " A ucts. One tea-taster had been so out- recipe for making proper drip coffee folraged at a garbled newspaper write-up lowed. that he had lost his faith in print and would not give me an interview. Another spoke with feeling against the reporters' use of the epithet "tea-hound"—implying there was something disreputable in tea-when they meant a "lounge-lizard," or the sort of person who attended afternoon tea-dances. A trade paper editorializes as follows: "Today, tea is the butt of stage jokes and the victim of all kinds of misrepresentation in the public press. If a co-operative campaign were launched, adequate provision could be made to answer these attacks in an authoritative manner and create an entirely different psychological attitude toward tea."

An editor of this journal thought the unfriendly attitude might be a psychological heritage from the Boston Tea Party. A number of tea-tasters deplored the ignorance of the public "which not only considers 'Orange Pekoe' as a kind of tea-when it is merely a trade name descriptive of the type of leaf, and might be one of several kinds of tea-but consistently mispronounces it, to boot."

A coffee expert, who also dealt in tea, was rather jealous of the higher social standing of tea. "Coffee," he said, "has never had the social opportunity that tea has had. And why shouldn't it? It is one of the graceful things in life. Yet, though it is more generally beloved than tea, and much more extensively used in this country, people brew it in metal, and serve it in coarser china than they use for tea, and do not surround it with the fine service and ceremony that a skilful hostess feels essential for tea. People sip tea. They too often gulp coffee. And yet coffee is a universal thrill, a constant thrill. You can get it every day. Nearly every one likes coffee; you never tire of it. It makes a definite emotional and psychological appeal. Just as sorrow brings a tear, just as emotion floods over you as you hear music, so coffee brings a flash of gratification and pleasure. It isn't only the stimulating effect of the caffein, but the æsthetic thrill which the aroma gives —provided, of course, that the coffee is properly prepared. The public treats coffee as if it were a raw food, not realiz-

The tasters were jealous of the good ing that roasting is a form of cooking.

If the coffee and tea tasters spoke with enthusiasm of their work, some of the perfumers were even more lyric. "Do not," said one, when I had inadvertently spoken of a perfumer as a chemist, "do not call me a chemist. I am a chemist. but I prefer to be called a perfumer. Any man who makes a cold cream, nowadays, calls himself a chemist. But a perfumer that is different. A perfumer must have individuality, he must have personality, he must have originality. . . . To originate a bouquet, to think of a fragrance that has never yet existed, to compose it in your mind, and then, by combining ingredients in new ways, to create itthat" (with a wave of the hand) "is art! A high-grade perfumer is an artist. A highly cultivated nose he must have, of course; just as a musician must have a well-trained ear; but, as with the musician, the sensitive physical organ is not enough. There must be personality." As with the tea and coffee tasters, comparisons to music were frequent. One perfumer speaks of "orchestrating an odor." "Some manufacturers," said another perfumer, "are purely commercial. They make certain products according to formulæ, and go on selling the same perfume, the same sachet, the same face powder, year after year—millions of one kind. They are content with that. But not the real perfumer!" Another, writing in a trade journal, says: "To be a perfumer, one must first be an artist." And again, "in perfumes solely, does the soul inspiration mate perfectly with the inspiration of sense."

"Americans," said a French perfumer, "prefer sweet, heavy, Oriental perfumes, just as they like sweet foods. They are much less discriminating than Europeans, especially than the French." An American perfumer denied this, and then modified his denial by saying that an American woman would almost invariably express a preference for delicate perfumes, but, when asked to specify, would name "wild, strong, heavy perfumes, which she considers delicate."

The perfumer has a much more complex

product to handle than the tea and coffee would be put aside for the familiar or for taster; and chemistry comes to his aid. Although he can identify hundreds of odors, the material he buys must be analyzed for adulteration by his chemist. A perfumer cannot use his sense of smell all day, for after smelling for a few minutes, his sense "becomes paralyzed, and everything smells the same." "If I am studying a single scent," said one, "I can smell it for three or four minutes, without losing my power to perceive its qualities. But if I am comparing four or five, I can smell only about two minutes. The odors persist in the nose from one to five minutes after they have been smelled, and one usually does something else for a while, until one's sense is restored. Some odors are toxic, and must be studied at wider intervals. Some perfumers find that a sniff of camphor aids in restoring their sensitiveness."

Smoking, it appeared, interfered with perfume-smelling more than with tea or coffee tasting. "Most of us smoke, but I usually postpone my first cigar of the day until after my most difficult perfumesmelling problems have been settled. In ordinary smelling, a cigar is not a hindrance. You can smoke and smell at the same time. But not for fine problems. Of course, the state of your health is very important. Almost any indisposition registers in a decrease in the keenness of your nose."

"One must have a quiet place to work," said another, "for great concentration is required. It is intense mental effort. There must be no noise, no disturbance. The room must be airy but not drafty." I asked the perfumers, as well as a number of tea and coffee tasters, if blind persons were ever used for smelling or tasting. No such instances were known. The question, however, brought from one perfumer the statement that though he usually closed his eyes, to shut out visual distractions, one of his assistants always put on eye-glasses for the process!

Tea and coffee tasters, as well as perfumers, emphasized the "personal factor" which influenced the ultimate customer. An individual used to inferior coffee or tea or perfume frequently prefers the quality he has the habit of using to a superior one. A very fine perfume, a very fine tea or coffee, a very fine cigar,

something resembling the familiar product. "Although great skill and art are used in perfecting a perfume, not only an uneducated public taste, but the character of the container in which the perfume is put up may militate against

The complaint of the public's lack of subtlety in sense discrimination brought to mind, by way of contrast, Lafcadio Hearn's account of the "Ko-Kwai," or incense parties popular in Japan, where a game of incense guessing is played. Censers of incense are passed around, each guest smelling the fumes, and recording his guess or judgment. As the game progresses, the sense of smell becomes numbed, and it is customary to rinse the mouth at intervals, with pure vinegar, which partially restores the sensibility. Etiquette demands that the guests arrive in as odorless a condition as possible, that they wear no perfumed clothes, or perfumed ointment; further, they must not have eaten any but the lightest and least odorous of foods before coming; and, by way of preparation for the party, they are expected to take a prolonged hot bath. At the party they are expected to give their entire attention to the guessing. indulging in no unnecessary conversation until it is finished. The results of the game are recorded in detail on charts, and the charts are kept in special books, sometimes for years, and are frequently referred to.

In the preparation of drugs, too, the senses of taste and smell are indispensable aids. The chemist must know the exact odor characteristic of each ingredient each root, herb, leaf, oil, solvent; and any deviation from the standard odor expected is significant. Tasting, both on the tongue and back in the throat, is often used, not only to test palatability, but to "taste the odor," and for purposes of identification. Every batch of elixir, every batch of cough syrup, every batch of infants' teething medicine must be tasted. Occasionally even such dangerous drugs as strychnine must be tasted by the chemist—if any doubt arises as to the identity of the drug. As a rule, when poisons must be tasted, they are diluted.

The odor of drugs is most important.

Especially is this true of anæsthetics. Ether, for example, may be effective, and yet unnecessarily malodorous. This the manufacturer seeks to avoid. "Imagine," said one, "if a person is so unfortunate as to need an anæsthetic, the additional distress which exposing him to an unnecessary, vile odor would contribute."

Sometimes anæsthetics must be further tested. One manufacturer received a complaint of the efficacy of a half-pound can of ether. Although ten thousand half-pound cans were made in the same batch with the one complained of, and although no other complaints had come in, the company tested the can in question by anæsthetizing with it one of the employees. As a rule, however, such tests can be made on animals.

Until recently, when a chemical test was devised, the government laboratories used to depend entirely upon tasting for the discovery of bitter almonds. A hundred or sometimes a thousand samples would be divided, a few at a time, among the chemists, who would bite off a small piece of each. The chemical test is so slow and tedious that many private food-analyzing chemists still use the tasting method. One of these said that one bitter almond would so affect the taste that the next few almonds would taste bitter. Therefore, after every bitter almond, he restored his sense of taste by eating a few which he knew from previous testing to be sweet, or by eating candy. The persistence of the taste of prussic acid, the fact that it interfered temporarily with the discriminating power of the taster, and that he was likely, therefore, to report a larger number of bitter almonds than a sample actually contained, was one reason why the chemical test was devised.

A more tempting use of the sense of taste is reported by Luther Burbank. He grafted a cherry-tree to produce five hundred different kinds of cherries, all to ripen on the same day. When that day came, the cherries were studied for size and color, and then tasted and compared, in order that the best specimen might be selected for perpetuation. In all fruit and flower production, the sense of smell or of taste or both are used.

This article makes no attempt to ex- and Unanswered.

haust the subject of the commercial uses of the senses of taste and smell. Something could be said about the professional food-tasters employed by hotels; about the use of smell in testing fabrics (the textile expert can tell from the odor of burning cloth whether it is an animal or vegetable product); about the judges of jellies and other such at country fairs; about the tasters in fruit and vegetable canning establishments; not to mention the fragrant occupations of the cigar, tobacco, and snuff manufacturers; and doubtless about numerous other fields of activity for the keen nose and the sharp palate.

But perhaps the gentle reader would forego a discussion of these industries, if a word might be said about the liquortasters. Unfortunately for his curiosity, I was unable to find any ex-tasters of wine, or other legally non-existent liquids. Though armed with a carefully prepared questionnaire, I could find no one to answer the questions. The liquor-tasters of vestervear have vanished. Apparently no one had vocationally guided them into occupations where their cultured palates could be used, for they had not applied for positions in any of the tea, coffee, or perfume houses visited. The impression in these places was that they had all retired in a state of well-stocked, comfortable, but melancholy affluence; or else had gone into the automobile business. So I cannot tell you authoritatively whether, unlike the tea and coffee tasters, they swallowed it, or whether they merely rolled it about on their tongue. (Rumor, however, has it that they not only rolled it about, but gargled slightly, and then swallowed; but the reader accepts this statement at his own risk.) Could they taste all day long, or did they have to stop now and then to rest? Was imperviousness to intoxication a prerequisite for the job, or was a special capacity for intoxication essential to test what is vulgarly known as the "kick"? Were the liquor-tasters as enthusiastic about their work as some of the coffee and tea tasters above quoted? However, I found no modern Omar, heard no dithyrambic on the liquor-taster's art. And therefore these questions must be relegated to the limbo of the Unasked

"THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK"

By Louis Dodge Author of "Bonnie May," "Nancy," etc.

Ι



SUPPOSE the folks of New York occasionally wonder what kind of folks they are who come out from the West and up from the South and parade on

Broadway, and patronize the Chinatown and Coney Island buses, and crowd the theatres and hotels. More than likely the New Yorker wonders mildly what the visitor finds to interest him.

Perhaps the two—the host and his guest—do not often meet intimately. The visitor, especially if he be in a hurry to get back home, is likely to make the mistake of spending his time on Broadway. He does this under the delusion the very entire delusion—that he is seeing New York, that he is mingling with New Yorkers.

I suspect that the real Manhattanite birthright, and usually invisible. keeps more to the avenues: to the outer avenues if he be a toiler, and to Fifth Avenue if fortune has been kind to The really astounding display of legends and figures in incandescent lamps between—say—Fortieth and Fiftieth Streets on Broadway cannot be supposed to delight those who have seen them often, nor can there be much to attract in the lure, often pitched in too high a key, of the theatres. These, almost certainly, are largely for the outsider rather to lunch or dinner. And the New York than for the sons and daughters of Man-club is sometimes the finest thing of its hattan.

Whatever Broadway may have been in its day, it is a thoroughfare of aliens now, and it has no day, comparatively speaking, but only the night, when the Doctor Kennicotts of the inland towns walk with their more or less restless womenfolk, and try to believe they have struck oil in an emotional sense, and that they are having the time of their lives. They are wellby pausing wonderingly before crossing lightful to the Westerner to note how fa-

a street and inquiring—by their attitude -whether it will ever be safe to try to get across. They scarcely seem bucolically curious, and the old-time Van Bibbers, if they are yet in the land of the living, would not regard them patronizingly or with amusement.

It may be that in too many instances the visitor does not see the New Yorker at all, but comes and goes without having encountered any but others of his own kind. He may even entertain the belief that there are no genuine New Yorkers any more—that the city has been given over to intruders, to the alertest and most persevering individuals of all the remainder of the nation. And those who concede that the real New Yorker still exists somewhere outside the crowd are of the opinion that he is comparable to the moose of the Northern woods: admirable, but largely dispossessed of his

This theory is of course an absurd one. The greatest city in America is so distinctive in a thousand ways that it could not help but keep on creating real New Yorkers, just as America keeps on creating real Americans, even out of stock which was once alien. Moreover, the oldtime New Yorker still holds his ground. He may be found, for example, in his club, where the outsider may be invited, if he come with a suitable introduction, kind in America.

You will find the real New Yorker in numbers in the players' clubs, which are among the unique institutions of the famous old town. These clubs, which one might suppose not to stress ethical and intellectual qualities too heavily, are magnificent in a manner not at all bizarre, and one will hear in them much besides acclaim of George M. Cohan, a popular trabehaved men and women, and well dition to the contrary notwithstanding. dressed too, who reveal their strangeness. They possess an atmosphere of seclusion, to their surroundings only now and then if not exactly of exclusiveness, and it is demous players do not take themselves very seriously, or talk shop, or indulge in posturing, even unconsciously, and how quick they are to evaluate the things of their own world justly. Apostles of a world of make-believe, they are the readiest of all men to brush aside all manner of shams. If you are or have been a dramatic critic, and confess as much, the older members of the guild may fall silent and smile a bit musingly, without looking at you, and lift their eyebrows a trifle in a manner not strictly flattering. gradually the gentle malice in their faces will fade away in the remembrance of larger things, and they will speak of something else. I suspect that persons whose business it is to amuse mankind in a more or less honest fashion would usually prefer not to say what they think of. other persons whose task it is to criticise. After all, acting is living in a sense: and it is the fools rather than the angels who are always cock-sure about the business

You will find real New Yorkers, too, in the Harvard Club. Indeed, it was here that I found, during a recent visit to the city, my first glimpse of that fine aloofness which can be achieved even in the heart of a modern Babylon. A silence which seemed a bit ecclesiastical reigned about the rooms, suiting nicely the comparatively dim light and the sedate colors which prevailed. Here on a cross-street within reach of the restless vibrations of Fifth Avenue on the one side and Broadway on the other, two young men were seated at a table, far from any window, playing a game of chess. Their deliberation and repose were almost Oriental, it seemed to me. They were oblivious to everything about them, far or near. One of the two placidly, almost automatically, moved a figure on the board as I passed. Neither looked up. They were as far from the Follies and the breathless subways and the surging thoroughfares as if they had been seated on a housetop in Benares. Here I got my first glimpse of the fact that one may contain one's soul in New York as surely as one may any-

You will also find the real New Yorker if you are privileged to look into the University Club, which is situated on Fifth Avenue—of course—and Fifty- first living creature that made up to me

fourth Street. It is an extraordinarily impressive place, with immense pillars suggesting the Pharaohs, and with a great collection of books and pictures, and a truly distinguished membership. There are secluded nooks here and there with shaded lamps and a reposeful silence where the members may read or study or write. Many a book has been written in the cloisterlike silence of the library and many an achievement planned. It is not an easy club to get into. You may apply for membership as soon as you have an alma mater, but you are not admitted, in all probability, until you have been out four or five years. As a result of this many of the members are seemingly middle-aged or elderly men, and the atmosphere is that of an assured tranquillity. If you have dined in the club you may descend to the main floor to have vour coffee and cigar, and as night falls—if it be in the summer—you may see the oldfashioned victorias come out and pass the boarded houses of millionaires who dwell across the way.

These old victorias, by the way, are a pleasant note out of the past which will not die—the past of elegant leisure and fine propriety. It would seem a great adventure to "poor rich children" to ride in a victoria, with a very reliable horse leading the way up or down the Avenue. Too often the modern child must content himself with a ride in a motor-car; but for the specially privileged there are these strange vehicles, coming out in the dusk like crickets and other rare and enchanting things, with a live animal to lead the way.

It is, indeed, the dumb animals of New York which reveal to the visitor in unmistakable terms the real character of the city and its people. Good old Alexander Pope, who would not number among his friends "the man who needlessly set foot upon a worm," would take New York to his heart without reserve if he could visit it. Dogs, cats, horsesthese have their paradise throughout Manhattan Island. You cannot help noting this, little by little, as you get about the city.

I had thought I did not care at all about cats; but when a cat proved to be the after I had arrived in town, I discovered provide food for a family in this exacting that even a cat can look good under certain circumstances. I had gone into a dining-room on Thirty-sixth Street just off Broadway, and I felt the depression which results from the bustle of armies of strangers. As I ate the baked fish I had ordered I felt the searching gaze of a pair of eyes below me. I looked. A mothercat had sat down beside my chair and was importuning me, by her glance, for a share of my meal.

I was more than willing to divide with I was not really hungry, and her gaze was incredibly persuasive. There she sat with a demureness which could scarcely have been genuine in a wren on a village fence. I knew that as a matter of course she was a wily and furtive creature, and therefore it seemed to me amusing that she should so wholly veil the story of her midnight stratagems, and gaze at me as if butter would not melt in her mouth. I gave her a fragment of fish. She ate this with the exquisite particularity of all feline creatures. We were both eating, without harming anybody, when a waiter appeared. He was a jolly and handsome young Greek, and he could not look either severe or forbidding as he gathered the cat up under his arm.

I saw that I was again to be left all alone. I protested weakly: "Why not let her stay?"

He paused dubiously. "Doesn't she annoy you?" he asked.

"Not at all," I said. "On the contrary: I want her to stay."

He put her down and I gave her more of my fish. The waiter moved away.

She presently conveyed to me subtly, as she did everything, that I might look behind me if I wouldn't make a fuss. I looked behind me casually, and there I beheld her progeny: two wee kittens of the same pattern as herself. With very bright eyes they were looking out of a ventured far out into the world as yet, and innocent, since they did not have to trayer. I might have had him for a price.

world.

It wasn't an epochal event, my eating there among the cats; and of course I don't mean to imply that a cat and two kittens are provided for each diner in every New York hostelry. But it seemed to me pleasantly significant that a mother-cat and her young could thrive, unintimidated, here only a few yards from the busiest thoroughfare in the world. In small villages cats—even mother-cats, alas!—are made the butt of stupid jests and tricks. But the large heart of New York has room even for a tabby and her young, and holds them in security and peace.

I was to discover later, as my stay in the city extended day after day, that cats in every section of the town were as safe from stupid cruelties as my cat and kittens of the dining-room. I saw them everywhere, especially after nightfall. I saw none which appeared moth-eaten or in distress, either physical or mental. It is true that they moved with that abstractedness, that soft furtiveness, which is peculiar to cat natures, and that they took no one into their confidence, as dogs in the same situation would have done. But this they did from choice, not from necessity.

I saw many dogs, too, during my visit, but in not one instance did I see a dog in distress. The lost dog frantically seeking water on a hot day and stupidly feared and driven on its way by men and women is a common enough sight in Western towns, but not in New York. I saw only one dog that stirred me to pity. This was a Scotch terrier in a pet shop just off Fifth Avenue. I had entered the shop to look at the animals whose barking had come up to the street, and the terrier alone had not barked at me. He came to me mutely and put a paw on my knee as I stooped above him. Suddenly he keeled dark place. They made me think of two over and lay in perfect submission—this little Eves peeping out of Eden's gate meaning, in dog language: "Take me and into the uncharted wood. They had not let me be yours. I want to go with you." His eyes were incomparably kind and apbut you could see that they were making pealing. I think he may have known at up their minds. Being younger by some some time a home other than that little months than their mother they were less shop down below the pavement. I could demure, less innocent, than she. Perhaps not guess why he wanted to go with me, but they felt they had less cause to be demure I went away regretfully, feeling like a be-

I have mentioned the fat horses of the victorias. They are typical of all the horses the visitor will see. Even the peddlers' horses are as sound as dollars, with flesh on their bones and good eyes in their heads. On the ferry, in the congested East Side districts, in the heart of the city, the horse is a sound creature, obviously protected by humane laws and by that far more potent force, enlightened public sentiment. This may seem merely a matter of fact to a majority of the readers of Scribner's Magazine; but I fear there will be many who, like myself, have often been depressed or angered by the spectacle of unfit horses, overburdened and abused, in the average American town and city.

I was to learn, presently, that there is a reason for this gratifying condition of affairs. In one of the hotels I came upon a lady who is a member of an organization which looks after the welfare of dumb beasts. She was a pleasant and energetic young woman who was accompanied by a young Airedale dog which she understood perfectly, and she talked to me about the work in which she is engaged. She described a farm which is situated not far outside the city where ailing horses may go free of cost to their owners for a Dogs, too, have a haven on this farm, which is also a hospital. She presented me with a sort of tract describing this humanitarian enterprise. I had supposed I was beyond the reach of tracts of any sort, but I was not beyond the reach of this one. It had been formulated with a genuine sense of affection toward the creatures of the lower-animal kingdom. It contained the immortal eulogy on a dog, by the late Senator Vest, of Missouri, and Kipling's "Don't Give Your Heart to a Dog to Tear," and a genuinely inspired "Horse's Prayer." I'd like to give a hint of the simplicity and insight of this last: "And finally, O my master," the last paragraph runs, "when my useful strength is gone, do not turn me out to starve or freeze, nor sell me to some brute, to be slowly tortured and starved to death; but do thou, my master, take my life in the kindest way."

I wonder if New York City does not owe something of its bigness in relation to animals to the hordes of European was suddenly the bursting forth of a class

related often how the European peasant regards his horse as a member of his family, sometimes even taking him into his house when the weather is uncommonly cold or stormy.

I enter here these passing observations touching the care of dumb animals in a great city because I believe that a community's quality, the measure of its civilization, may be gauged accurately by its attitude toward inferior creatures. And in this matter New York is a shining star among American municipalities.

Ш

If dumb animals have a pretty good time of it in New York, so also does another great group of living creatures who are dependent upon a general enlightenment for their proper care. Who can speak, without a quickening of the pulse, of the children of New York?

There are such countless thousands of them, and in respect to parentage, they are such a variegated lot; yet they are like flowers transplanted from choked gardens and poor soil, reacting instantly to happier influences and lifting bright faces to the sun.

On a day when I rambled aimlessly into the East Side, well above One Hundredth Street, I was caught in a sudden shower. I climbed a flight of steps and sought shelter in a doorway. The neighborhood, which I had not noted particularly up to that moment, now became a subject of detailed study. The houses, built solidly on either side of the street, were tenements of a fairly decent type, some six or seven stories in height. was, obviously, a Jewish section. Ancient Jews sat in windows across from me looking out at the beating rain, and legends in the Hebrew language in many windows made known that the womenfolk in the houses carried on industries of their own in their homes—sewing, for the most part.

Up the street not far away a modern school building stood, and even as the rain fell smartly the pupils of the school began to spill out into the street. It was close to noon. My thought was that I should see many children of alien ways and looks. But I was mistaken. There peasants among its citizens. It has been yell—the 'rah, 'rah of the colleges—and

bands of children swept by me and disappeared all about me. At intervals of a few minutes other rooms in the school were dismissed. For fifteen minutes the thoroughfare was dotted with boys and girls, scurrying to get out of the rain. And they might—with slight exceptions here and there—have been the schoolchildren of Plymouth, Massachusetts, or let me say of Springfield, Illinois. They were not foreign. They were American: happy, well nurtured, bright, normal in every way. It filled me with strange emotions to watch as they darted up stairways and into houses where the Hebrew legends were, and where bearded and skull-capped old Israelites sat nodding and brooding not at all unhappily at their windows.

Down in Battery Park I drew near to where a group of longshoremen and other laborers surrounded some sort of sidewalk drama. What, I thought, could have caught the eager attention of men

of this type?

It was a children's game, participated in by two very little boys. Their curly black hair proclaimed them, I thought, of Italian stock; but they wore the short cotton hose and wide-soled pumps of well-to-do American children. They had drawn a series of geometrical figures on the pavement, and the game appeared to be to hop from one figure to another according to a system which I did not clearly fathom. Indeed, I was noting the faces of the children and those of the bystanders rather than the game. grace and humor in the children's movements were charming; their smiling lips and eyes were good to see there in that beaten place where vegetation faltered and where the hordes of Europe have filed in, strange and unkempt, for generations. They were perfectly happy. But almost better to see were the wistful smiles of the longshoremen who looked on, and who could yield a quicker beat of their hearts as they regarded these tiny children, to whom the bitter years had not yet come.

In Sheriff Street, in the lower East Side, I walked with a newspaper friend chandise and men and women—and chilswarm of children of alien stock, stopped for a few minutes. It seemed to me that

me and asked: "What will America be like in twenty years, with that coming on?"

I looked at the children, even at those, the larger boys, who were running away from outraged venders and pursuing police; but I felt no apprehension. I did not reply to the newspaper man, because I knew we should not agree. To me it was good to see them, those scores of children, who were remarkable because they were almost deliriously happy. There was a street-piano near by, with a circle of men and women drawn up about it. Inside the circle children were dancing-little girls who danced, without knowing how they danced, the rhythmic steps of Spanish and Moorish and Greek dancers. Their ideal was grace rather than agility. They seemed to float. Their faces were lighted from within. My friend pressed forward into the circle of men and women. He did not know or care that he marred the harmony of the scene. He beckoned me to join him and was puzzled to find me shrinking back into a doorway. He gazed with a broad grin at the undulating arms and rapt faces of the tiny dancers. The charm went out of the scene because of his presence, but I had seen the dancers before this intrusion occurred, and I knew that the East Side—and New York and America, too—was safe. Where grace and harmony are worshipped, how can destiny bring anything but a predominating good?

The children of New York are not afraid of bigness, and is not this to say that they are in the way of achieving

greatly?

At Thirty-fifth Street and Seventh Avenue I stood talking to a youthful policeman. It was just after five o'clock in the afternoon, and Seventh Avenue was boiling with activity. Tens of thousands of men and women were making their way homeward. Suddenly a mana Greek, I took him to be—approached the policeman and accosted him. He seemed disturbed, but only mildly. He inquired: "Did you see a lil' bay-bay come this way?"

The policeman shook his head almost through a congestion of carts and mer- indifferently, but I was thrilled. A baby lost at such a time and in such a place! My friend, frowning upon that I made occasion to remain where I was a baby once lost to sight here must be and mishaps. out. But I was wrong. The questing father reappeared presently, leading a tiny girl by the hand. Father and daughter were doing nicely. The father was not angry, not even vexed. The child hung back a little. Plainly she had been arrested in the midst of a mildly exciting To her the thousands of adventure. human beings were no more alarming than so many clover-heads to a rustic child: somewhat impeding to progress, perhaps, but not in any sense fearful.

It is often the children whose presence is felt chiefly at the wonderful Aquarium. There on a summer afternoon I watched the antics of a sea-lion in a caged pool. It had been given a fish-head and it revelled with delight. It tossed the head high in air and caught it. It swam furiously about the pool, flinging the head from it and recapturing it. Presently there was a slight mishap. The tossed fish-head fell quite outside the pool. The sea-lion waited for some one to return the head. It came to a full stop. It looked expectantly, good-naturedly. When the head was not restored it arose perpendicularly and rested its fins on the border of the pool, its head on a level with the watching throng. This produced a roar of laughter and everything else in the Aquarium was for the moment forgot —so potent is comedy when opposed to mere research and wisdom! A child was permitted to fling the fish-head back into the pool. The twinkling eyes of the sealion caught the flash of the thrown head. The awkward yet extraordinarily clever beast caught the head and dived joyously to the depths of the pool to a chorus of children's laughter.

An easily achieved efficiency is the quality the visitor notes, on every hand, in his observations of men and women. This, of course, is due less to individual ability than to a perfected system embracing everything.

The transportation of the people seems to the outsider a miracle: the elevated, the subways, the tubes, the surface-cars, the ferries, the buses—they work with a maximum of speed and smoothness (and noise), and with a minimum of confusion wedded to this tomb. He talked with the

Somehow, New York lost forever—maimed, destroyed, blotted makes the nickel stretch in most instances, while other cities have bankrupt or complaining corporations charging as high as eight cents for a ride on a surface-

> The city is marvellously clean. The old Bowery region, it is true, is not "fragrant and flowery"; it is sufficiently grimy. And one may come upon a sinister atmosphere in the region of Tammany Hall. But in the main the forcefulness of an enlightened population is felt throughout the island. There are abundant aids to decency and order. Statues with inspiring beauty or with reminders of a universal humanity are at unexpected turns everywhere. Even the uniformed and almost comically majestic figures which stand guard before the hotels, ready to serve and direct, are unique and reassur-The visitor is afforded courteous information wherever he may go. And occasionally one will encounter a public servant who manifests and inspires pride of a high order in the wonderful old town.

> At the Metropolitan Museum I came upon an attendant, or employee, who made me forget the restless procession which moved down Fifth Avenue, because he himself was so wholly oblivious to it. When I asked a question touching an immense restored Egyptian tomb he became, in a measure, my slave. He was so whole-heartedly in love with his work and so remarkably learned in every detail of it. It was the only complete tomb which the Egyptian Government had ever permitted to be taken away, he informed me; and he himself had been of the party which effected the transferral from the land of the Pharaohs and Fellahs to an American museum. He had taken down the structure, stone by stone, and set it up again in its new place. He had restored the crumbling wall on one side with a sort of concrete which met the broken lines of the original with the nicety of a jeweller's masterpiece.

> But it was not the tomb which impressed me as much as it was the man who had devoted his life and affections to a task so aloof from all living enterprises. He was an Englishman by birth, but he had forgot England. He was

ardor of a true amateur: he pointed out many little images to me, and a stack of vellow linen dating back many centuries before the Christian era-in perfect preservation; he called my attention with troubled eagerness—lest I fail to care sufficiently—to the delicate coloring of stone and hieroglyphic. He related to me the lore of an ancient people who placed mummied fowls in the tombs of their dead. He explained parenthetically that he had a little home not far from the museum; but in truth his real home was this tomb. I was convinced that he loved his work so deeply that he would have managed to carry it on somehow if he had received no pay and had had to make his living by outside tasks.

What is there in a city which can win service like this? What limitation can be placed upon the progress of such a

city?

The newspapers of New York are also examples of efficiency which might well create pride in the minds of all Americans. The worst and the best of our political philosophies are represented; but in almost every instance you get an impression of thoroughness and vigor. writing is on a remarkably high level; the proof-reading is uncommonly expert. It has long been a tradition that the ambitious Western newspaper man goes to New York at the first opportunity. The quality of the New York newspaper justifies this tradition. You will find scarcely a "dead" or perfunctory editorial page. A fine sense of proportion is seen in the handling of the news. The "colyumist" thrives and achieves his highest plane. I think it is no sin against proportion to single out "F. P. A." as one of the genuine forces in the intellectual life of the city. It seems to me doubtful if the present generation will fully comprehend what a unique gift is here at work. The Spectator and Tatler of another land and time are reborn in the Conning Tower, with a new body, it is true, but with the same genuine salt and magic. There is never a lapse into malice in the work of "F. P. A." There is the candid readiness to praise which characterizes the unfettered mind: there is the leaping eagerness to discredit empty pretense and pompous vanity. I think that in "F. P. A.," as in the late William Marion Reedy, of St. Louis, the

ephemeral field of journalism has claimed too rare a gift; but who can be sure that the newspaper at its best is not as important a thing to the community as any other kind of printed page? I came away from New York with a new debt of gratitude to "F. P. A." I could not feel wholly away from home in the town where the Conning Tower stands.

V

I SUSPECT that visitors who are oldtimers find more interest in the southern end of the island than in the upper end. Of course there is the famous Riverside Drive up the Hudson with its two immortal dead: Grant, first, and then the "Amiable Child," who slumbers not far distant from him. (What other great city is there that would cherish this humble plot generation after generation?) And there are the great parks with their zoos, and the magnificent homes along the avenues, and the Palisades.

But I think the imagination of an older generation is more accurately touched by the monuments and memories of those neighborhoods embracing Battery Park and the historic regions near by: Wall Street, which has afforded so much material for earnest Western reformers to write about, and Trinity churchyard, with its suggestion of Wordsworth and his "We Are Seven," and the great sky-scrapers, and the statue standing in the

seaward mists.

On my last day's ramble in New York I sat down in Battery Park, and watched the shuttle-like movements of the boats plying between Manhattan and Ellis Islands and weaving their ways about the harbor. Presently I found myself listening to two rather unkempt men who oc-

cupied a near-by bench.

They had revived the familiar jest which has it that the Statue of Liberty ought to be removed now in favor of a monument to Mr. Volstead, or something of the sort. One of them remarked in a disgruntled tone: "There's gettin' to be too many cranks in America." I gathered that he meant our liberties are being too much encroached upon in recent years. But that word crank awoke in my mind a long-dimmed memory. I remembered where I had first heard it. I remembered how, as a small boy, I had seen

my father come with white face and a working girl by trade, and ought to have trembling hands into the home circle to announce the news that President Garfield had been assassinated. It was thought, he said, that the deed had been that of a crank. A sinister word, that, which was long applied to unwashed and untutored malefactors. But the old wind which blew the word from the polite world to the submerged world has turned now, and men of low brows-together with a goodly company of others—are stigmatizing the professional moralists with the same old useful word.

I sauntered away into the lower East Side, and presently I found myself, at sight of some familiar word or other, removing my hat and standing reverently, lost in fond memories. Here I was amid scenes made familiar to my youthful mind and heart long years ago by "Old Sleuth" and Mrs. Alex. McVeigh Miller and Mrs. Sumner Hayden, and other magic taletellers for the old New York Fireside Companion. Do you remember those names? Did you ever read "Little Goldie; or, The Story of a Woman's Love"? Ah, well, I'm sorry. I'm not saying what a good story it is; but oh, what a magic story it was!

In justice to my guardians of those days I ought to relate how another type of book was placed within my reach: Charles Kingsley's and Miss Mulock's and a little blue-and-gold edition of Tennyson. But who is not the better for a period of literary wild oats? At any rate. in more than one little Western town I found the tales of New York's East Side and revelled in them as I do not now alas!—in the best books I can find. I sometimes wonder what was in those stories; or was it, perhaps, that I had just entered a new kingdom? At any rate, there was always a girl in them, a girl who was strangely beautiful and innocent and persecuted. She was not uncommonly an orphan, and often she had an older sister who was either an invalid or blind. She was often to be found down about the water-front, along East River, at about two o'clock in the morning, in very dangerous company. She lapsed into terrible predicaments with an absolute profligacy of readiness. I do not recall why she should have been abroad so

been in bed. But there was always an unfailing charm in her story, and now that I am by way of being an humble story-teller myself. I often sigh with regret because I cannot command an East River, and a hapless heroine, and, above all, the magic of those old tales.

I could not contentedly hurry away from that neighborhood where yet the ghost of a little boy hovered near den and attic and dock and trembled for the perils of the heroine he could not rescue. Yet I could view the scene complacently, now that the long years had passed; for I recalled how the hapless girl of the old tale. after being beset by perils by flood and fire and evil agencies of the night, was always saved by a tardily arriving hero in about Chapter XLVI, and borne into a domestic eddy which must have seemed a bit tedious after all she had passed through.

Not to be too soon through with the neighborhood I stopped into a dingy inn and ordered a bottle of beverage. It was promptly forthcoming: a bottle of a deliciously sinister color, yet of no very sinful potency.

As I drank I derived yet one more vivid impression of a typical New Yorker this time of one of the lowest strata. Three men sat sweltering at a table, eating a boiled dinner. They were remarkable for only one thing: their extraordinary vehemence. Where men of a similar type elsewhere would have been indolently cynical, they were savagely in earnest and perilously energetic, in view of the high temperature. They were discussing the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, which was then about to take place.

One of the three had a mouth of tragic masklike irregularity, as if from a more or less harmless incorrigibility and a habit of making eccentric pronouncements. Thus handicapped he was trying at once to eat heartily and to dominate the conversation among his fellows. I did not gather which of the two fighters he was championing, a fact which need not be regretted now, since the "fight of the ages" is beyond the reach of prophecy.

It was when I was returning to my late quite habitually, since she was always hotel that afternoon from a ramble crowning picture of my journeyings.

Toward the Long Island end of the Brooklyn Bridge I came within the shadow of a tower, and here I found a seat beside two boys who were reading and discussing a book.

Was it some history by "Old Sleuth"? Yes, in a way: it was the greatest tale by the Old Sleuth of his day. They were

reading the "Odvssev."

They were so absorbed, so wholly removed from our own world, that I regarded them wonderingly and almost at will. The great Hall of Odysseus, and the Suitors, and the wise swineherd, and the fascinating Calypso whose tale is left untold—these held them spellbound. They did not dream how Ulysses a thousand times multiplied and greater than him of Ithaca had built the very bridge upon which they rested from the heat, and that even greater Manhattan Bridge less than half a mile away. They did not realize that New York is in itself romance infinitely greater than the tale of Troy. They were enraptured by the swingpaced cattle, the rosy-fingered dawn—the tale of an ancient Muse. They were of foreign heritages, that I could see, yet their faces were in process of being restored, as the art-phrase has it.

Is it too much to believe that the American face at its best is the normal face? the face which is the product of equal rights, and an unembittered humor, and untroubled wide horizons, and individuality of thought and deed and choice? The face of Europe is a cunning face, or stupid, or despondent, or bitter, or oppressed, or dominating, or arrogant. This is the face which comes to America from across the ocean. This was the face these two

boys' parents had brought.

But these two young faces were subtly yielding to new influences. They held a strange commingling of the old and the new. There was in them the dawning of a pleasant candor, of a soul no longer fearfully on guard, of unsuspicious enthusiasms.

I slipped away unobserved, fearful of checking the pleasure of these two boys. I turned my back on the kingly house of Odvsseus.

A mist covered the river before me and the farther end of the bridge. For a mo-

through Brooklyn that I came upon the ment I thought I could see nothing of New York. And then there was a thinning of the upper mists, and I saw as in a vision the tops of high houses. They filled the distant sky—the Municipal Building and the towering Singer and Woolworth piles, cloud-high and strangely pure. The mists washed them, and ebbed and flowed. Faint distant sunlight touched them softly.

-I thought: "If the old theologians could stand here now as I do-the Wesleys and Richard Baxter and the resthow their eyes would stare incredulously. and how, as the reality of it dawned upon them, they would exclaim in an ecstasy

of relief:

"Then heaven is!"

VII

NEW YORK is not an isolated unit. It is part and parcel of all the nation, of all the world. Certainly much of the best in America has gone into its making. It is the work of our sons and daughters, of our brothers and sisters. It is the apex of our Western civilization. It would be a stupid pose to deny this. It has in greater abundance than any other American city the best in painting, in sculpture, in music, in all manner of art-treasures. And are not these the agencies by which we measure civilization? Its people are more richly endowed than we of the inland. It has the stored treasure, it is the gateway to all the seas. The American family-whether it will or no-sends the best of its children to Manhattan Island, and it follows them with the best of its bread and meat, the best of its apples and corn, the best of its songs and prayers.

Not Washington, but New York, is our real capital—the capital, the head, of our best achievement. Of old it was the fashion for rustic minds to speak contemptuously of New York: to magnify its wickedness, to invent evil garments for it to wear, to belittle its wit and wisdom. The new fashion is better. This inclines toward candor and praise. We are learning to value that which we have helped to make, that which is in part our own. We go to New York for inspiration, and to be gratified, to be made larger. We go as to an exposition, to see the wonders of our time.

And we are abundantly rewarded.

THE FLIGHT OF THE WHITE HERONS

By Elsie Van de Water Hopper

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KYHEI INUKAI



HE door of the English Hospital at Hwai Yuen opened a cautious inch, and Niles Page, busy over a bundle of delayed home newspapers, raised his head in time to

catch the first glimpse of a wonderfully lovely face; loveliness of a kind he had never become quite used to. The skin was a creamy tint with deep rose showing beneath the cream, the mouth like a scarlet flower, and the dark eyes, startled now, which were raised to his, were large and luminous and indescribably tender. Then, out of the brilliance of the sunshine beyond the doorway, emerged the rest of the slim figure of a Chinese girl dressed in trousers and jacket of mauve satin. The high collar about her neck was stiff with gold embroidery cunningly picked out with bits of jade and seed pearls, and from the top button of her jacket drooped a lotus blossom of white jade so perfect on its skilfully hidden wires, that Niles, pausing only long enough to throw away his cigarette as he came to meet her, fancied he caught its illusive perfume.

Resisting a primitive impulse to touch her, he bowed with necessary ceremonial politeness while his heart beat a reveille of tattoos against his ribs. The girl, with the most hurried of salutations, broke into a soft volubility in which expressive Chinese phrases persisted in mixing themselves with her carefully learned English.

"Honorable doctor must come! Man burn, ver' bad in road!"

"Where?"

"Just lil' way. Hsin Tsao show you. Men can carry."

Niles's hands were busy with instant Two hospital boys, anpreparations. swering his ring, received his instructions and were off; while Hsin Tsao, with an expression of interested concern, gazed silently at him from the extreme edge of the big chair he had pulled out for her. something happened to you?" Niles was

Vol. LXX.-38

other chair the room contained in front of her, and easing his six feet of length into its not over-solid structure, gave a sigh of lazy content and smiled at her with half-closed eyes. But after a moment he ran his fingers nervously through his hair that would have had a decided ripple in it, had it not been so mercilessly groomed-finding it more difficult than he had imagined to begin a conversation with this slip of a girl. The smile with which she regarded him was quite friendly, Niles even fancied there was sympathy in it; yet she offered no remark. His knowledge of her relationship to the big man calling himself Been Sin Low who had brought a mysteriously wounded man to the hospital a month ago-had been rather in the nature of a coincidence. Niles had been standing at the time on the veranda of the hospital, gazing idly at a closed palanquin at the steps, when the curtains parting had disclosed the face of this girl beside'him, and a suave voice at his elbow had murmured, "My sister." He remembered now the start with which he turned to confront the owner of the voice—for he had fancied himself alone—and found himself gazing with veiled hostility into the inscrutable eyes of Been Sin Low. Later Niles had been at pains to find out that the fellow had no settled business in town; yet he carried himself with a conscious air of authority, and paid with a lavish hand.

When they were alone he drew the only

It was Hsin Tsao, after all, who broke the silence that threatened to become embarrassing.

"Time to go, Honorable Mister Doc-My Amah may miss me. Hsin Tsao will thank you not to mention her coming to Been Sin Low." She spoke in almost perfect English with only a hint of a delicious accent.

"But you can't go alone!

Digitized by Google

593

"I came alone," she reminded him demurely, but her eyes were roguish. Then, evidently deeming some explanation

necessary, she added:

"It happened so: A heron, with much flapping of his strong white wings, flew over the house. This means happiness to all the dwellers in that house. So I went into the courtyard to kiss my hand to him, where he sailed against the blue of the sky. But, even as I looked, another came into view and, following him, a third. I watched them, circling on lazy wings, long yellow legs stretched out behind them, until all three had passed over the house, flying toward the south; and I stepped outside the gate—unguarded at the moment—to watch until they dwindled to three dots and vanished in the purple haze. You see," she went on naïvely, "unless one watch them out of sight, they bring death. But when one does it's only trouble to the master of the house."

"Which is bad enough," Niles sympathized. "Chinese birds know a lot,

don't they?"

He watched her nose crinkle into a smile. "But it's a very sure sign," she assured him. "And you see the trouble has begun already, for as I started to go back, I saw the burned man."

"Sure he is burned?" Niles questioned. She closed her eyes, and white palms crossed against her breast swayed back and forth. "His hands! His feet!" she

shuddered.

"You shouldn't have come!" he admonished her. He wanted to take her hands and assure her of his vigorous protection; instead, in a manner he strove to make only professional, he added:

"This burning case is not the first we have had. The work of Spotted Tom,

likely, or some of his followers."

From the edge of the big chair where she perched, Hsin Tsao lifted scared eyes to his.

"Spotted Tom!" she repeated in awe.
"He thinks nothing of burning his victims when they refuse to reveal the hid-

ing-places of their treasures," Niles explained further, glad to be started on something at last. Then, with a petulance wholly beside the subject: "Why don't you Chinese put your money in banks? You invite trouble by keeping it about you!"

Hsin Tsao's smile was indulgent.

"Money belt more good," she assured him. "Besides, no one trouble Been Sin Low."

"How do you know that? What's his business? Merchant?" with a comprehensive glance at her rich satins.

Hsin Tsao shook her head. "He not tell me. Very much he goes away."

"And leaves you alone?"

"There are the house boys and the Amah," proudly; "also Se Woo at the gate. But he grows old," she added honestly.

"A pack of sheep to run at the first alarm!" Niles dismissed them. "Why does your brother leave you at a time like this, with Spotted Tom's atrocities being perpetrated in the very district?"

Again Hsin Tsao shook her head.

"He never say. Sometimes he comes home early in the morning very tired and dusty, with mud on his shoes. But Se Woo said I should not speak of that," she added as an afterthought.

Doctor Page frowned; then his eyes widened at a thought which had sprung full-grown into his mind. Could Hsin Tsao's brother be one of the followers of the notorious robber? It was so natural to suspect evil of anything mysterious. But at the moment it was too preposterous to admit of more than scant consideration.

The stretcher-bearers passed the window with their sheeted burden. Niles resisted an impulse to prolong this moment that had promised so much of very real satisfaction, and had been productive of so little; this moment alone with the girl whose face had been with him almost constantly since that first chance glimpse. Making her possible danger an excuse, he would accompany her and warn her brother. And, too, although he could hardly be said to be conscious of it, in the back of his mind, where he had thrust it to wait the time when he could give it his full consideration, the thought of

countryside, was growing from a mere doubtful contingency into full certainty at Hsin Tsao's chance remark. Of course, he might be wrong; no doubt he was. But in the event of his being correct in his surmise, he might, through the follower, reach the head. He did not count on any direct information, knowing the crafty Chinese mind; but depended rather upon some chance word let slip: some tell-tale expression, caught before the other was aware.

As they passed down the street, so narrow that his extended arms would have touched the high walls on either side, Niles felt again the eerie sensation of being watched he always experienced in the native part of the town. How easy it would be for one of those wide gates to open just far enough for a long yellow arm to snatch the girl from his side, and close again, presenting a blank, impervious surface to his frantic importunities!

He watched her covertly as she stepped along at his side, so like yet so subtilely different from the other Chinese women he had met.

brass-studded door in the wall.

"It is I, Hsin Tsao," she called, beating upon its surface.

The door opened a crack; a pair of eyes, fierce and penetrating, under lowering heavy lids, peered out of a wrinkled weatherbeaten face, and the wide gate swung open, permitting them to enter the courtyard beyond. The sound of gently falling water came from a grotto of rocks under the shade of two swaying cypress trees. The narrow path they followed led between brilliant beds of nodding blossoms, to the guest house where centuryold dwarf pines stood sentinel in their weathered tubs, either side of the wide steps. Here Hsin Tsao left him while she went to seek her brother. Niles sat down in one of the chairs arranged with ceremonial exactness around the wall, and studied the interior while he waited for her return. It varied in no way from the others he had visited, except in its added richness. Plum-colored satin, over which sprawled Chinese characters in gold,

this man's possible connection with the And behind the carved ancestral table. bandit who was terrorizing the whole facing the open side of the room, hung a gorgeous banner of imperial yellow. The chairs and tables were of polished redwood, and the honor couch of priceless teak, carved in dragons, gods, and flowers. Evidently the master of the house was wealthy; no mere merchant of Hwai Yuen possessed such treasures. If he were a follower of Spotted Tom—Niles let the thought sink in, growing more and more accustomed to it as he turned it this way and that. He was growing a little impatient before Hsin Tsao returned in the wake of the big Chinaman who extended the hospitality of his unworthy house to the foreign-born.

With much waving of a tiny fan, and many honeyed phrases on his part, and diplomatic questions—which Niles was forced to acknowledge to himself were more than cleverly parried—on his, they spent the better part of an hour. At the end of which, having gained nothing, not even a smile or a glance from Hsin Tsao, who worked diligently at a great frame of embroidery in the corner, he rose to

"Your sister, Hsin Tsao, alone, was Around a corner she stopped before a not safe in the street—I must ask your pardon for accompanying her."

> Been Sin Low bowed his acknowledgments. "The Amah shall be punished.

> Hsin Tsao plucked his sleeve. "Not so, August Brother, Hsin Tsao ran away. E Wing did not know."

> "Then Hsin Tsao shall be punished." Been Sin Low smiled and touched her cheek with a tender finger.

> As he bowed his farewells Niles caught a fleeting glance of roguish eyes behind a broad Chinese back that belied this Oriental setting. It all seemed a fascinating play at which he and Hsin Tsao were interested spectators.

Once on his way back to the hospital, he tried to dismiss the whole occurrence. He would think, instead, of his work. He wondered if his latest patient was another of those victims of the bandit's cruelty who treasured their hoard of silver above their poor tortured bodies? Later, when he reached the hospital, and the ward with its trim rows of beds, the wounded man was sleeping under the anæsthetic covered the walls from rafters to floor. they had given him. He was swathed in

great pillowy stumps.

"Spotted Tom's work?" he inquired of the Chinese intern at his side.

The man paled under his yellow skin and shrugged expressive shoulders. He, like all the rest, refused to commit himself, lest a like fate overtake him.

As he turned away from the bedside, Niles strove to recall what he had heard of Spotted Tom's appearance. rumors portrayed him a little man, of mouselike proportions and wolfish cunning; and others, of Gargantuan amplitude; yet all united in the certainty of the two large spots of purplish red that disfigured his right forearm. He wondered what depth of knowledge lay behind the inscrutable calm in the eyes of Been Sin Low; and from the mystery of the brother it was an easy transition to Hsin Tsao herself. The image of her willowy daintiness, even her pose whether she rested or moved an unconsidered beauty, persisted in intruding itself between him and his work. The brother was forgotten; but the vision of Hsin Tsao, cuddled in the depths of his big chair-

For days he tried to put it from him, bringing the weight of his strong common sense to reason against it. But at each encounter, prejudices inherent with his New England bringing up, withered and died.

At last came a day when he could no longer avoid the issue. Finishing his after-dinner cigarette on the veranda, he gave himself up to his thoughts. Myriad stars spangled the purple heavens, and the away and sleeping. A night-bird called, and was answered by its drowsy mate from a near-by bamboo in the compound. A woman's soft laugh, followed by the deeper note of a man's voice, broke for an instant the silence of the empty street where the houses with their upcurled eaves threw fantastic shadows across the roadway. For the first time since he had been in China Niles felt the utter desolation of loneliness. Ambition suddenly became a pale thing, void of reality. What was work but the means whereby a man gained the bigger things of life—

cooling bandages, his hands and feet -what did he need? A vacation-without Hsin Tsao-? He dismissed it. Swift-born as a summer breeze, that grew into a very typhoon of desire as the warm insidious breath of passion choked and stung him into a taut, quivering creature, he realized how much he wanted her. Under his calm, spare, brown exterior he harbored many emotions; and perhaps the most fierce of them all had been a healthy hatred for the average opinion of the world. Yet now he felt himself on trial before a body of his peers, his madness condemned, and he had no word of defense to utter.

He left the pillar against which he had been leaning, and walked the length of the porch. As he turned he caught a faint gleam of white from two shrouded figures that entered the compound and came up the steps. They hesitated a moment at the top, then the slighter of the two came quickly forward, throwing aside her enveloping veil as she reached his side. She laughed softly at his startled exclamation.

"We have brought our treasures, Honorable Doctor. Been Sin Low again has departed, and we were afraid."

Niles did not speak. He waited for the tumult in his veins to become calmer. The presence of E Wing steadied him after a moment, and he was surprised at the naturalness of his own voice when he did speak.

"Why have you brought it to me, Hsin

"The hospital is safe. Let us hide it in the walls."

She lifted one of the two great jars town with its human note seemed far from E Wing's hip and set it before him.

"There is no place to hide it here," Niles objected. "Bring it inside." He lifted the jar, heavy even for him, and preceded by the women, carried it to his study, where he set it upon the table. E Wing deposited its mate beside it. Either her action was deliberate, or her hand unsteady, for the jar rolled upon its side, spilling a stream of scintillating light from its broad mouth. Niles' fascinated gaze caught the glint of topaz, large as pigeon's eggs; translucent jade as green as young bamboo; rubies with a smouldering heart of fire; and pearls, alone, in a home, a wife and children? He needed clusters, and in strings. Curious orna-

Drawn by Kyhei Inukai.

The jar rolled upon its side, spilling a stream of scintillating light from its broad mouth.—Page 596.

ments too large to pass unhelped its slen-

within the jar.

Niles was plainly disturbed. He glanced with suspicion at the placid fat face of E Wing, then uneasily about the room. He did not trust himself to look at Hsin Tsao.

"It is not safe," he told them. "You must take it home again. Suppose Been Sin Low should return and find it gone? I will set a guard outside your wall, if you like."

Hastily he gathered handfuls of jewels and poured them into the neck of the jar, while E Wing looked about the room with unconcealed interest. But Hsin Tsao, pressing against him, laid her hand upon his arm.

"It is not only the jewels, honorable doctor, but I was alone—the house is very

big and silent-

Still he refused to look at her: but the hand that replaced the stones trembled a little, so that one spilled out and rolled upon the floor. When he had recovered it, she bent a little nearer and peered sorrowfully up into the face above her. She seemed very small and very desirable.

"Has Hsin Tsao offended in some

way?" she murmured.

Niles's hand closed over the one on his arm. "You make it hard for me, Hsin Tsao," he said, meeting her look bravely. He did not expect her to understand, but he was not prepared for the finality of the gesture with which she drew away her hand and turned to E Wing.

"Hsin Tsao!" he pleaded. But she re-

fused to listen.

"We would not longer infringe upon your valuable time, Honorable Doctor.

Take up the jars, E Wing."

He loved her more for her outburst of pride, he thought, although he had given up trying to find out just why he did love her, and had come to the conclusion sane as any—that it was just because she was herself. What good of explanation, since East must remain East, and West West?

At a discreet distance he followed the two closely veiled figures, the heavier one balancing an unwieldy jar on each hip, until they vanished through the studded gate in the wall.

His two guards posted, and with no der throat, gleamed and twinkled from further excuse to linger, he walked on forlornly toward the town. The solitude of the hospitable porch just now was unbearable.

> From the quiet of the residential streets through which he passed, he turned at last into the one busy thoroughfare where the shops still stood wide open. Once at home he remembered to have seen a flimsy row of houses from which a sweeping wind, tornado-like in its instant of power, had stripped the fronts, revealing the life of the interiors a varied, unbeautiful thing. The Chinese shops were like

> As he paused at the corner of an alley, undecided which way to take, a man passed him. Outside the wine-shop this figure paused and whistled three notes: a curious, eerie sound like the call of a Then he turned and retraced his steps; but not before Niles had seen his face. Somehow he felt no surprise in recognizing the brother of Hsin Tsao.

> Niles' first feeling was one of relief that he had sent Hsin Tsao home with her jewels. The next, half-forgotten tales of Spotted Tom were flitting through his mind. He found himself, with no conscious volition, trailing the shadowy figure up the dim alley. A breeze had sprung up and as he followed through deserted street after deserted street, hiding for a moment in the shadow of a sunken gate when detection threatened, he came at last to the edge of the town where the road ran north and south, straight into the open country.

> It was close to midnight when the solitary figure before him turned abruptly to the left and was gone. Niles leaped forward. But as he more cautiously approached the place where the man had vanished he saw a tiny path through the field of growing rice, faintly illumined by the ghostly radiance of a rising moon. He followed stealthily. At the edge of the forest he fell back breathless. space before him, with a mediæval forest of cypress as a background, palpitated with the shadowy figures of men. He heard no sound, yet momentarily the number increased until he guessed there must have been close upon five hundred.

The clouds drew closer together, hid-

wind whispered in the rice; a night-bird you. Give the sign of fealty." stirred. Niles could hear the call of treenight shot a gleam of yellow light; then another and another. And suddenly the air was rent with a low sound, half wail. half chant, that rose and fell once—twice —then silence. But the lanterns still glowed, huge fireflies in the dusky grove. Niles crept nearer. A man stepping upon a rude platform of large flat stones, began .to speak. His words were the liquid Manchurian of an ancient day, but here and there Niles caught a word that helped to make the meaning clear. Above the fitful gleam of the lanterns the speaker's face was in shadow, but a light played along the arm that held aloft a gleaming, jewel-encrusted dagger. Plainly discernible upon the right forearm, from which the silken sleeve fell back, were two great spots of purplish red. The dusky mass before him fell upon its knees, foreheads pressed to the ground. For a rapt moment even the wind paused to catch the just audible words of the speaker, as the hand loosed its hold, and the dagger dropped, a flash of steely blue, to bury itself to the hilt in the soft earth. Niles knew the significance of the action: Spotted Tom was disbanding his followers.

As the swaying mass arose, four men appeared from the dimness of the forest, bearing a great bound chest among them, and close behind came four others similarly burdened. The chests were put upon the ground, the lids thrown back. Spotted Tom stepped down, and dipping his arms to the elbows in the flood of golden taels inside, scattered them among his followers. The golden stream flowed with seemingly no abating into the bags, pockets, and sleeves held out to receive it.

their faces and waited. Spotted Tom again mounted the pile of stones. Niles crouching in the shadow outside the ring of prostrate bodies, his words fell clear, rounded, exact.

"I "Seek me not," he commanded. business of jewel merchant. trouble come to you, send me the symbol jacket, passed him and entered a shop you wear inside your money belt, and help on the left. Instantly he recognized

ing the face of the pale moon; a faint will come. For the last time I command

The throng arose, lanterns were lifted toads along the road. Into the black high in the air once, twice, thrice. And at each uplift of arms, came an unintelligible word that gripped Niles with its intensity, and left him shuddering; for as the light fell upon the face of the man upon the pile of stones, he knew it as the face of him whom he had followed from the town.

In the weeks that followed, Niles threw himself with redoubled energy into his work, in a vain effort to forget Hsin Tsao. As the struggle in his mind went on, the longing for some definite knowledge of her grew. In bed, to which he went from force of habit rather than from any refreshment he derived from it, he lived over again those few blissful moments with her. Gray dawn found him thinking over just what he had said and had omitted to say, what she had said, and what she probably meant; how differently he would have managed everything if he could have it over again: and finally to sleep and dream of her married to some fat and hideous Celestial.

His first free day found him, late in the afternoon, elbowing his way through the crowded station at Shanghai. Coolies, sedan-chair carriers, and donkey men clustered around him, clamorous for attention. But he shoved through them, and leaving the noise of their solicitations, and the bustle of departing and arriving travellers, behind him, set off at a brisk walk for the street of jewellers. the corner he stepped aside for a gorgeous red sedan-chair to pass. It was accompanied by many servants and preceded by an outrider or two. Doubtless it carried a bride to her new home. Suppose behind those red silk curtains sat Hsin Tsao? The thought drove the When all were satisfied they fell upon blood from his face. He quickened his pace.

It was growing late when he came to the street he sought. In some of the shops coolies were putting up the shutters preparatory to closing for the night, while the front of others blazed forth into fango to Shanghai to engage in the honorable tastic dragons and flowers of electricity. Should A fat amah, in blue cotton trousers and E Wing and crossing over, strolled past. A sound of sobbing reached him, depriving him of his last scruple. His heart hammered in his throat with a sickening feeling of suffocation. With a bound he was inside the shop, bending over the quivering, tumbled figure prostrate on the floor. After one look at his face, E Wing stepped aside, her beads of eyes disappearing in the folds of her vast smile.

"What is it?" he demanded, fear of he knew not what making him almost

inarticulate.

At the sound of his voice Hsin Tsao raised her tear-stained face from the shelter of her arms, and struggling to her feet, essayed a rather moist smile of greeting. Niles took her hands and held them hard. Her smile grew luminous and the color flooded her cheeks. When he finally released her, and brought himself to speak, he found his voice unsteady.

At his inquiry for Been Sin Low her eyes grew veiled and absent; all color and life seemed gone from her face, leaving it quiet as if the real Hsin Tsao were away on a sorrowful journey, before she turned to the shelter of E Wing's broad

bosom.

"Tell me!" Niles commanded.

"To-day the master makee much bath, same like always," E Wing began. But Hsin Tsao silenced her with a little push. She lifted her head, the wet lines of her tears extending from the corners of her

eyes to her lips.

"My brother, according to his custom, went to-day to bathe in the public bath. As he stepped from his kimono, at the edge of the steaming pool, one who waited laid hands upon him and carried him away to the fastness of the foreign prison. Because he was unarmed they dared to touch him; and because he bears two great spots upon his arm, they say he is the bandit chieftain, Spotted Tom. Tomorrow they send him back to Hwai Yuen to be punished."

"Don't you worry. No doubt they're wrong," Niles sympathized; but in the light of what he knew, he felt his comfort lacked conviction. "To-morrow I'll go to Hwai Yuen and see the mayor. I'll fix him in a hurry!" In the glow of Hsin Tsao's grateful eyes he felt no task too

large for him.

After a little, when she was calmer, he and E Wing persuaded her to return to the house back of the shop. It was as unlike as possible the home in which she had lived at Hwai Yuen, and Niles, even in his concern over her grief, found himself impressed by its beauty. The entire space was open to the roof, where the light from one great window, transfused through rosy silk, focussed itself upon the brilliant satin banner suspended from the carved railing of the balcony that extended around the second story, and fell more softly on the dusky teak and redwood of the furniture below. The tiny flame from the lamplet on the Buddha shelf flickered before the shrine in the corner, seeming to quicken each fibre of its incense-penetrated wood with a secret life suggesting strange possibilities. It, and all it stood for, seemed irreconcilable with Hsi Tsao at his side.

"See how preposterous such a thing would be in the light of all this!" he said with a comprehensive sweep of his arm.

"You think so?" her eyes brightened with an expression approximating hope.

"I'm convinced of it. Now run along with E Wing and rest. I'll let you know as soon as there is anything to tell."

Without even a touch of her hand he let her go; and with only one backward look Hsin Tsao obediently ascended the broad steps of the balcony, leaving him standing there making a pretense of lighting a cigarette, to catch the last glimpse of her. He thrust into the background of his consciousness, as he turned away, disquieting thoughts that threatened the exquisite emotion of his more than halfawakened dreams.

Niles lost no time next morning in heading for Hwai Yuen. Even at the early hour at which he entered the town he was conscious of an unwonted activity. Men were arriving every few moments from beyond the golden stretches of rice-fields, to swell the throng that surged back and forth along the streets. A company of soldiers with their bamboo pikes pattered by, and disappeared around the corner of the station, the blue and yellow of their flapping garments a vivid contrast to the crimson of the persimmon-trees that lined the way. He pushed his way through the crowd to the hospital, but,

after an hour, returned to the street. The throng by this time had swelled to thousands. Blue-clad coolies, unrebuked, brushed against mandarins in their costly silks, geisha girls beautifully coifed and painted, accompanied by their amahs, pushed their way through the crush of men. Strange rough men from the north, fresh-colored, clumsy, powerful, rubbed elbows with the small sallow men of the south.

The blast of a trumpet caught the attention of the throng; and Niles, gaining a momentary eminence upon the edge of a tiny hillock, wedged himself between two gayly dressed youths and waited.

Into view around the bend came the beginning of a procession. Drums beat, stringed instruments twanged, and cymbals clashed; and above all blared the noise of the ancient trumpets of great length, of the same design likely as those used outside the walls of Jericho. A crisp breeze, washed clean of any particle of dust by the heavy dew of the night before, fluttered the gay flags and brilliant banners borne by the good-humored soldiers

In their midst, high over the heads of the thousands who lined the streets waiting for a glimpse of the famous bandit, rode Spotted Tom. His legs were manacled to the chair in which he sat, but his hands were free. As he went along, soldiers handed him cup after cup of wine. As he was carried by, Niles caught snatches of the boasting of the crowd. "Yonder rides Spotted Tom, the terror of the northwest country!"—"He has travelled to Peking!"—"He has lived in Shanghai!"—"Now he is being welcomed home in a most fitting manner!"

Niles turned away, shouldering back through the press of men to a side street, and on to the house of the mayor, whom he found at home, awaiting the arrival of his captive.

To Niles, who knew him well, he volunteered an explanation of the seemingly inexplicable conduct of the people in the

"You see for yourself he is very powerful?" he said.

"Yes," Niles assented.

"You have told me you saw him sharing his treasure with his followers?"

Again Niles agreed.

"The Chinese are very loyal. Would it not be better to have five hundred friends than five hundred enemies?" A crafty smile, pointed by a suspicion of mockery, lurked under his picture-book mustaches. "And he might be pardoned," he went on slyly. "I should not care to be his enemy."

Niles found this diplomacy staggering. And as he went, at the mayor's suggestion, to view the feast spread in honor of the captured bandit, he found himself even further fascinated by the subtlety of the Chinese mind.

"While they feast, he and the young toughs of the town who have been invited to eat with him," the mayor explained further, "I shall talk with the governor as to his disposition. Whether we shall shoot him, cut off his head, or pardon him, rests with the governor."

"And if he is pardoned?" Niles wanted

to know

"Then he will look with favor upon the mayor of Hwai Yuen who has treated him so royally; but I should prefer that they cut out his heart," he added blandly.

Niles pondered. "Would the governor pardon him if you wanted it as a favor?" he asked after a moment. The mayor shrugged.

"Because if he would," Niles went on, "why don't you ask it and suggest that Spotted Tom be pardoned upon the condition that he—who will naturally feel a great attachment for his deliverers—and all his followers, shall become the attachés of the military police?"

The mayor didn't seem to hear. And although Niles stood directly in front of him, he saw no change in the blank stare the man fixed on space, save that the eyes widened a little and then steadied. That was all. Yet Niles found himself with a conviction that the mayor had found a way to reconcile his official integrity with some private form of graft known to the Chinese mind as "squeeze," that would work out to the advantage of Spotted Tom.

As he passed the deserted residential quarter on his way back to the hospital Niles could not resist a last look at the house that had sheltered Hsin Tsao. If Been Sin Low, as he continued to call

Niles could do nothing but carry the news to his sister as he had promised; while if the man were pardoned, he would carry the glad tidings to Hsin Tsao himself. In either event, he, Niles Page, was nothing but an outsider. Hsin Tsao thought only of her brother, and it was better so. But as he came to the brass-studded door in the high wall, his heart was heavy. Tentatively he tried the latch. To his surprise, it yielded to his touch, and pushing the gate slowly open, he looked within.

Sitting there on the porch, with the sunshine sifting down through the lacy leaves of the two big willow-trees on either side of the door, was Hsin Tsao. At his startled exclamation she looked up. Niles disregarded an annoying tendency to feel dizzy that came over him, and

went to meet her.

"We came, E Wing and I, with Se Woo this morning," she said. "They have gone to watch the procession. I could not. You think he will be pardoned?" Her figure, slender as a willow branch, swaved toward him.

Niles murmured something affirmative in a doubtful tone. His mind was busy with this amazing sensation that warmed him like a flame at the mere presence of Hsin Tsao. And she, with a woman's intuition, seemed to sense his feelings, for she gave him a sidelong look that met his and they both smiled without exactly knowing why. A thrill even more like a flame seemed to burn up everything between them, leaving just this warm golden noon, a garden of soft blossoms, a girl and her lover.

All the restrained longings of those two endless months leaped forth, an uncontrollable force, at this unexpected meeting. Niles tried to think, to reason, to decide; instead, he found her in his arms, her soft body crushed against him.

"I love you, Hsin Tsao, I love you," he murmured against her hair.

A patter of running feet in the alley, and Se Woo, panting, stood before them, sallow cheeks moist, and a sound that might have been a laugh gurgling in his

"Master can come!" he announced when he could speak. Before he had

him in his own mind—were executed, excited questions, the house-boys came straggling back. E Wing, breathless, returned to announce that Been Sin Low, mighty as a mandarin, was on his way. The courtyard cleared as if by magic. Only Hsin Tsao and Niles remained when Se Woo opened the gate for his master.

> Been Sin Low, in the costly ceremonial robes of his new office, entered calm, unruffled. A wraith of a smile crossed his lips when he saw the two before him. "I thought to find you here," he said. "His August Honor, the mayor, has graciously permitted me to know that it was you who saved me from an ignoble and dishonorable death."

> Niles tried to say how little he had done, but Been Sin Low waved aside his explanations.

> "Will the honorable foreign doctor listen to a short tale? It will explain many things, and add, I believe, not a little to his happiness." There was a ripple of badinage, fascinating, prophetic. in the smooth voice.

> He beckoned to Se Woo. "Tell what happened on the twelfth of November as the foreigners count, sixteen years ago."

> Se Woo prostrated himself before his master, and raised supplicating hands. But Been Sin Low's voice was stern, implacable. "I command you!" he said.

> So Se Woo, cringing, began his story in the pidgin peculiar to his kind. He told how, many years ago, he had attacked and robbed a foreigner, passing through a lonely forest with his baby and her Chinese amah; how he, Se Woo, had dragged him from his coach and tied him, blindfolded, to a tree, and left him. And how he had brought away the child and its nurse to Spotted Tom to dispose of. Pleased with the child, who showed no fear, Spotted Tom had brought her up as his sister, having sworn the amah to secrecy with most direful threats.

When Se Woo finished, Been Sin Low waved him aside. "It is well," he said. And turning to Niles, extended his hand, upon the open palm of which lay a ring and a quaint button. "Take these," he commanded, "together with a paper which I will bring you, and with Hsin Tsao and E Wing, go to the missionary at Bwro, and ask him if he remembers the finished his tale, in answer to Hsin Tsao's twelfth of November, sixteen years ago."



In their midst, high over the heads of the thousands who lined the streets waiting for a glimpse of the famous bandit, rode Spotted Tom.—Page 601.

turned to leave them, his head sunk upon his breast. The Hsin Tsao that Niles had known, just girlish, and full of pleasant silences and soft gaieties, was gone; and in her place had come a woman, sad now at all this startling truth-telling and the sorrow of Been Sin Low. She ran after him and laid her hand upon his arm. The recital had left Niles with a sensation of profound emotion, overpowering in the contemplation of its results.

raised his head and met the forgiveness in her face with a look of equal tenderness.

"It will be hard to part from thee, O little gay bird, and I cannot bring myself and kissed her lips.

He folded his hands in his sleeves and to regret the years you have spent under my roof; but when Buddha speaks, who shall question?"

> At the top of the steps leading to the guest-house he turned and regarded them with a long enigmatic look before he stepped within, and was gone.

> "You think the white heron is appeased. yes?" Hsin Tsao questioned, a smile part merry, part earnest, but altogether

adorable, wrinkling her nose.

"I'm certain of it!" Niles answered At Hsin Tsao's touch, Been Sin Low with conviction; and he opened his arms and held them out to Hsin Tsao. And with the swiftness of a homing bird, she came into them while he held her close

WANDERLUST

By Hardwicke Nevin

I THINK I shall go searching soon (When Night-in-the-Woods lets down her hair) Upon impassioned peaks, that rear Their bosoms to the proffered moon;

Ere, pressing through the morning light, Unwavering winds reach far and wide Like fingers on the stars, to hide Their restless beauty out of sight;

I shall go searching star to star Beyond the far horizon—O I shall go searching 'til I know Who is it calls me, from afar.

Though beauty break along the heart And brim the margent of the soul; And lightning hurl its burning dart Beyond the sunset's aureole;

And wonder move within the brain In little waves of growing fears; And thunder moan among the rain, And roll the music of the spheres,—

I shall go searching Something Far; I shall not rest nor be content With Sorrow in her battlement— I am the night. I am the star.

THE MOTHER OF HIS CHILDREN

By Winifred Kirkland

ILLUSTRATION BY ALONZO KIMBALL



HE playhouse door opened and shut with a bang, emitting a man and a pastebrush and a swear-word. At the same moment there went bouncing off the play-

house porch a ball composed of small, clutching hands and kicking, socked legs and bumping, shrieking little heads. Down the long, parched lawn the ball went rolling, now a white frock on top, now a green, now a pair of blue Dombey knickerbockers. A tornado of noise and movement beneath the bright mountain sun, the ball somehow avoided the scattered pine trunks, cut a clean swathe across the crimson tulip bed, and barely veered off from the forbidden fountain basin. The man came leaping and thundering down the hill. From the rear of the house on the crest a chocolate-colored nurse was flying toward the rumpus. Just then a woman parted the pendent tendrils of the arch in the ragged honeysuckle hedge. Large, white-clad, calm, Marcia Vail stooped at the same moment with Crewe Holton to disentangle his Peggy? And how did Peggy get into it, heated, tousled mass of children. She anyway?" held Junior against her skirt, clasping her quiet hands across his panting but unresisting little chest. Crewe Holton was shaking his seven-year Peggy, because Peggy was plump and convenient, and you had to shake one of them, and you did not dare to shake disdainful Silvia or volcanic June. Silvia stood, as ever, a little Peggy?' apart, seeking to repair her white plumage from the indignity of June's assault. She was a mite of nine, a Bouvet de Monvel little girl, with dusky, square-cut hair and dusky eyes. She had a subtle little mouth, which could be razor-sharp or unctuously tactful, whichever manner Silvia deemed advisable for the management of grown-ups, her father or brown Beulah; to Miss Marcia, however, Silvia always spoke with directness, as now.

"Whose fault, Silvia?"

"Iune's: he tried to kick me away from the window, where we were watching Daddy inside papering the playhouse."

"And shrilling my ears off with their comments!" said Silvia's father. "When I do take a Saturday off for 'em, with the best parental intentions—

But Marcia, stooping over June from the rear, was examining the stroke of a red pencil across his cheek.

"And who scratched June?" she asked. There was only one person before whom

Silvia's head ever drooped.

Now Marcia's gaze travelled over to Peg, too glad to be near her father to care for his condemnatory clutch on her shoulder. One looped molasses braid was still held by its limp black bow, the other was scattered free; the ends of the black leather belt of her green frock flapped about her ankles. Peggy's blue eyes were reddened; she had dropped her jaw in the grotesque fashion that always irritated her father. Marcia regarded Peggy's temple.

"And who," she pursued, "scratched

"First I was between them, and then I was trying to pull them apart."

"Defending her neutrality," grinned Crewe.

But Marcia, too serious for grown-up pleasantries when a child's conscience was at stake, pressed home. "Who scratched

Collapse of Silvia, abrupt, histrionic, arranged on a green garden bench.

"I think I'm a changeling," she sobbed. "I think that's why you-all don't love me."

"You think you're a what?" thundered Crewe.

"I think I'm a changeling. I think the fairies changed me. I think that's why I'm not more like—more like the rest of the family." Her face was well hidden.

Taut words broke from Junior, gazing,

Digitized by Google

hot-eyed and pitiless, toward that carefully crumpled little white form.

"I don't care if you are a shangeling! I don't like you for a sister! You never

play wis me."

"Lord!" groaned Crewe. "What makes 'em hate each other so? And what devil possesses 'em the days I take off on purpose to play with 'em?"

Marcia lifted to Beulah, now arrived by the fountain-side, a quietly accusatory glance. In the midst of these three sprouting little personalities, intense, entangled, growing each day more insistent, Crewe's eyes and Marcia's met, saying simultaneously that the charge was a good deal to expect of any Beulah, white or black.

Marcia was an ample, Madonna woman with creamy pallor, bovine brown eyes, and dark hair parted and piled. Even an angel in the sky could hardly have penetrated her profound calm, to her heart, that morning in torment from her mother's talk. But, meanwhile, there were the children; because of what she had just read in Crewe's troubled, twinkling eyes, there was a world of significance in that little word meanwhile. Marcia steadied herself with the small, immediate needs.

She laid a hand on a hunched little shoulder. "Sit up, Silvia, and move over so that I can sit down." A tragic little girl raised a face of hypnotized obedience, suddenly revealing behind sly lashes, now wide, a tired and lonely baby.

"Sit between, June-boy." Marcia lifted him unresisting. She knitted his clinched fist into Silvia's cold little palm. The two hands lay unprotesting each in

each, but without pressure.

"Dip your handkerchief in the fountain, Crewe, it's big enough for a facewipe all around. Old Pegtop! My lap for you! The biggest and heaviest needs

a lap most, perhaps."

"Will my feet make grass-stains on you?" hesitated Peggy, but her hot cheek was against the cool linen shoulder. Marcia was braiding the syrup-shaded hair, rebuckling the belt. She rolled the hand-kerchief into a wad and tossed it back to Daddy, who had dropped on the grass beside the fountain but was gazing with transient annoyance into its depths.

How often had he told that nigger Dan to clean out the basin! What matter! There were worse worries to think about than dirty fountains; but even these worse worries—specifically speaking, three in number, and aged respectively nine, seven, and five—could be put out of a man's mind on a May morning, so long, that is, as Marcia stayed. The comfort of her flowed over Crewe as the water over the motionless goldfish.

Softly Marcia slipped Peggy from her lap to the bench at her side and drew Junior up to stand at her knee facing her. With imperceptible little shovings Silvia pressed into the unoccupied space close to Marcia's elbow. Crewe gazed at Marcia's calm brown head above his children. Marcia smiled at Junior's tousled earnestness. June had a flying mop of yellow, Dutch-cut hair, his father's clear, square-cut features, and Jean's elfin eyes, of chameleon color, brown-gold in the sunshine, black when he was sad or angry. Marcia's cool hand clasped tightly the hot little fists.

"Why are you always slapping Silvia, June?"

His eyes were wide and deep, upraised. "Why won't Silvia ever play wis me, Miss Mah'sa?"

"I'd play with him," murmured Peggy.
"You can't," he answered cruelly.
"Peggy never understands when I make
up a new play in the middle. Silvia
could."

"I'd try," whispered Peggy to the comforting arm that, wrapped about her, healed all the heartaches of a little girl clumsy with great love.

"And you think slapping Silvia is the way to make her play with you?"

Slowly June's intense face relaxed until a shy twinkle showed, and a dimple, and his head ducked in a sheepish chuckle of self-amusement. "There," said Marcia, turning him about with a little push. "Run and play, you silly little boy. Go and play jacks with the pebbles there; and Peggy will play, too. I know she'll beat."

But June stood still, bargaining. "If I play, will you stay sitting there?"

"Yes, run along, you two."

"I'm too old to play," remarked Silvia.

"Certainly," agreed Marcia briskly, "but not too old to amuse a lonely little brother. Can't you see he only teases you because he loves you so and wants some attention?"

"One might expect Silvia to be a little kind to him!" broke forth Crewe.

Rebuke from the father she idolized always summoned a sombre demon to Silvia's eyes. Icily she remarked: "I don't believe I love June very much."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" cried Crewe, but Marcia's clear

laugh rang.

5

"You foolish child to talk like that! Who'd be the first to pull June out, suppose he dropped into the fountain this minute?"

Silvia looked up at her, cloudy. "Would I?" she asked doubtfully.

"Run and prove it to Daddy by play-

ing with June now."

Silvia stood up. She turned on Marcia a whimsical face, on whose keen little lips a smile quivered, then she darted off on feet that were fairy-free when they could be beguiled from self-consciousness.

"There goes the biggest handful of the lot," remarked Silvia's father gloomily.

"I am not sure," answered Marcia comfortably, "which one is the biggest handful. They're all right, all of them, really."

"With you, yes!"

The children were with Beulah on the other side of the fountain now. Crewe drew himself up and took a loping stride toward Marcia's bench. Why should Marcia draw to its farthest end, as if Crewe had not sat down beside her a thousand times? Leaning back and stretching forth his long legs in ease, Crewe seemed to expect, as confidently as did June, that Marcia was going to spend the morning. Yet it was to seek a quiet talk with Beulah that Marcia had come. But what was Beulah doing? Slowly, imperceptibly, decoying her charges away from the fountain, up the hill, farther, farther, until they reached the croquetground terraced into the slope. halted them there for a game, the three youngsters well in sight and well out of

For the first time in three years Marcia was afraid to be alone with Crewe. It was because she perceived it was the first time Crewe had been afraid of silence. with you right next door it's all bad

They did not look at each other; they looked at three children playing croquet. and that in no calm fashion, but with shrill protests sometimes, and stampings, and once with an uplifted mallet that had to be cowed by Beulah's firm hand.

"They don't mean to be so naughty,

Crewe.'

"Don't they?" asked their father ironically; then, meditatively: "I must say, you seem to be the only person who has the clew to their meaning, or ever did have. They puzzled Jean as they puzzle me, in spite of all the larks she used to have with them."

Then down pressed the silence again, a sunny May silence that talked unbearably, rustle of honeysuckle, chirp of bird and insect, iterant plash of the fountain, and through it all, insistent, unescapable, the click of children's croquet-balls. Every word of her mother's talk was ringing, beating, in Marcia's head. A placid, stay-at-home woman of thirty obeys a mother like Marcia's, aging, exquisite, frail as a flower. And perhaps, after all, Crewe would take it quietly, what Marcia had come to say. She said it as casually as she would have mentioned a day's shopping jaunt.

"By the way, Crewe, mother is after me again to make a trip North, a long lot of visits. It's years since I've been off for any length of time. I'm supposed to

need a change."

Crewe's lounging back shot up "But you can't! You know straight. you can't!"

Marcia laughed. "Why. of course I can, Crewe. There is really nothing to prevent my going, and Mother insists."
"Your mother!" He bit his wrath off

"How about my children?" sharp.

"Beulah is devoted to them."

"Beulah," he answered, "is wearing mighty thin! You can't expect to get the whole world from a coon! And without you to keep an eye on her-and on the youngsters! This morning's a fair sample of what we'd be without you!"

"You'd all get along." Marcia shook her head. "People always get along, as Mother says, without other people. Mother somehow makes me feel that I'm not a very important person, after all."

"What? What's that? Why, even

poor-farm! Beulah fights every cook, and the children are well on their way to the dogs!" He hunched himself in utter gloom, repeating: "Even with you next door! But gone off! Up North! For six months, perhaps!"

"Only three."

"Three months! I'd like to know where you expect to find us by that time?"

"Just about where I left you, Crewe. Truly, I don't see how it can make very much difference, my being North or next door. It's none of it so bad, you know,

honey."

Crewe had stretched forth his long legs again, but in no easy fashion. He had bowed his head in moody determination and folded tense arms across his chest. It no more occurred to him to dissemble his thoughts from Marcia than it would have occurred to Junior. He ground out the words.

"Your—being—North—or—next door—can't—make—so—very—much difference! No. That's true. Either one is too far from the seat of action. It needs a woman on the spot—in that arena where the kids and I are fighting—Beelzebub! It needs you! Right here! Now! I suppose that's exactly what an astute little old party, like your mother, meant to indicate to a—slow-witted widower!"

That big, quiet Marcia should suddenly moan like a hurt bird would have brought any cad to his senses. "Crewe," she breathed, dead-white, "do you, you, think

I could have meant that?"

"You!" He thundered about at her. "You! No! I said your mother! And I meant your mother! Would any one ever accuse you of any scheme? Would any one ever suppose you'd think up anything?"

"I am, I suppose," admitted Marcia,

"a rather dull person."

"Not where children are concerned," responded Crewe, judicially. "Youngsters that snarled even Jean's wit you seem to disentangle without even the bother of thinking about it."

"Children seem easier to me than-

"Than a man?" His eyes twinkled.

"Perhaps, yes, than a man."

"You seem to understand enough to make him feel mighty peaceful when you

enough. The whole place looks like the are around." Crewe could generously allow Marcia that much. "But I don't intend," he added gently, "ever to ask you to understand—a man."

She was very quiet.

"I don't intend to ask you to love me, Marcia."

She was as still as if she had been a silent, sheltering tree.

"We both loved Jean," he said.

There was color on Marcia's cool cheeks, two round crimson spots.

"You love the children, Marcia." Her breath broke on her whisper: "Oh,

no one can understand—that part!" "Will you marry me, Marcia, and be their mother?"

For half a moment she did not move, then she turned. The tone of her voice throbbed strange, but the words were quite what one would have expected of good old Marcia.

"Crewe, you are as honest a child as

Tunior!"

It was best to take the morning this way, squarely. It had been coming on them so slowly, so inevitably, for three years. Doubtless everybody had seen it coming. They were both aware of what eyes had probably foreseen it most clearly of all, eyes flickering with amusement, sweet, keen eyes, gold-brown or else mysteriously shadowed. The croquet-balls clicked, children shouted, scolded, insistent. It would have been pretty rough on both of them, Crewe meditated, to take the thing too romantically. For himself, romance belonged to a beautiful dead day. For three years the hurly-burly of reality had been pounding away at him and the children until there was only one thing to do.

"You will marry me, Marcia, and be

their mother?"

"No!" she cried, risen and shivering. "No!"

She stood before him, not plodding old Marcia at all, but a strange woman, blazing, beautiful, and tremulous.

He sprang up, staring, arraigning. "But I thought you were all mother!"

She turned. He saw her plunge blindly from him through the hedge, but he had caught her vibrant whisper: "Perhaps I am a woman!"

She was gone, leaving him bewildered, helpless, to the endless rumpus of a Saturday alone with the children. All day they teased and fretted. Desperate, Crewe dashed over to Marcia once, but her mother was in the room and would not go away. Never had life seemed so petulant, never had the children seemed so unescapable. Oh, to drop it all, as in the old, exquisite years he had dropped it all, and run off for a tramp with Jean! Slowly the sultry day wore itself out.

There was one spot where the children never came. Silvia, who remembered, had impressed its inviolability on the other two. The circle about "Mother's Seat" remained, as in Jean's lifetime, cut off, as if by necromancy. The great pine had spreading, flat branches like the pines of a Japanese picture. It stood on the hill crest, a stone's throw from the dusky, shingled house. On one of the middle boughs a rude seat had been built, unobtrusive as a bird's nest. There Tean, free as a squirrel with all trees and trails, used to climb and sit, gazing with her glowing eyes out upon the mountains. Not even Crewe had ever followed to "Mother's Seat" in the old days. Now he often climbed to it in the late afternoon. From a window the children used sometimes to watch him there, silently, never sharing with each other their thoughts about "Mother's Seat." Beulah, if she came on them, would drive them sharply from the window back to playing.

Crewe leaned against the pine trunk. motionless. The wind sang its ceaseless murmur through the branches. It was cooler now. Amethyst shades were upon the mountains, lights of faerie. There was not a mountain there that he had not climbed with Jean-Square Top, Barnaby, Piper's Peak, Man Alone. They had known how to scramble up, up the steepest trails, with the clear brown water dripping down mossed walls of gray boulder, up to the sky-line beyond the tallest tree-tops. They had known how to come scrambling down, Jean laughing out melodious as brook water as she caught a sapling to save her from the precipice, and they gazed down, undizzied, at the buzzards wheeling far below them and at lesser mountain-peaks pricking up out of the rich green coves. The

bacon from a pine-cone fire! The flame of azalea flaring out beneath the bare brown branches of the mountain springtide! The big, sleek chestnuts of the autumn-time! And always Jean, laughing, singing, darting, always ahead of him, so that there was exhaustless zest in following her. He had never quite caught up with Jean, with those untamable wild feet of hers in their stout little boots.

Crewe, remembering, caught at a projecting twig and clinched it with a groan. for they should have had more sense, they should have had more sense! Always, in the few months of freedom between her babies. Jean had climbed in the old fashion, more madly, perhaps, in the surging liberty that was reaction from the fitfully conscientious care she gave her children. Their mountain days had grown more rare but more intoxicated through the seven years. June had been a toddler before they realized what he had cost. Jean had been so gay that when she coughed you could not tell whether it was the choke of laughter or of disease. She had climbed until the mountains had brought that thin blood stream to her lips, and then in the few weeks left had seemed to toss away her body in a merry impatience of its brittleness. Crewe seemed always to see her climbing still, mysterious peaks that touched the stars. always ahead of him, farther and farther ahead. If Jean had staved with him, could he have kept up with her? Sometimes he wondered. Yet how gaily he and she had always run away from dulness, never speaking what each guilty twinkle, each shared chuckle of freedom, confessed, how afraid they were of life and of the children. Life had caught them squarely, tossing Jean out to death. tossing him back to earth, leaving him alone with Jean's children. Out on the mountains Jean and Crewe had never talked about the children, although they had always come back to them for the supper-hour, come back, with the mountain wind still blowing through them, to find small, hungry faces pressed to a darkening pane or small, socked legs dangling in a gate-post vigil.

ing up out of the rich green coves. The Jean had always put her children to taste of mountain springs! The relish of bed herself. For a while afterward Crewe

apparent simplicity of their garments, they proved to be done up in so many buttons and strings that he fumbled himself into profanity. They were captious of the prayers he suggested and critical of his stories. He left them to Beulah now. They were always fretful and whimpered a good deal when they went to bed. Were all children like his, he wondered, so uneasy, so underfoot? Or was it simply because his had no mother?

The pearly gray came softly stealing over the clear gold of the twilight sky, slowly blurring the outlines of the moun-One after another, as Crewe tains. watched, the stars came pricking forth. Still he did not go back to the house. It was so still there in the pine! Crewe had been fiercely jealous of Jean's way of meeting death. He knew how she had tried to veil from him her zest for freedom. her insatiable curiosity for new adventure. Had Jean ever truly belonged to him? Sometimes his marriage seemed to him like the stories of men wedded to pixie-maidens or wood-fays. How strange sometimes to think that they should have had children—he and Iean those three small, terrible facts to be dealt with!

And now the end of his romance was that he must find a mother for his youngsters, and marry her. Grim humor pulled at his lips. He was not the first man who had had to do that. All the world expected, encouraged, enjoined the man used to it somehow, worry along, as he had got used to all the rest of it.

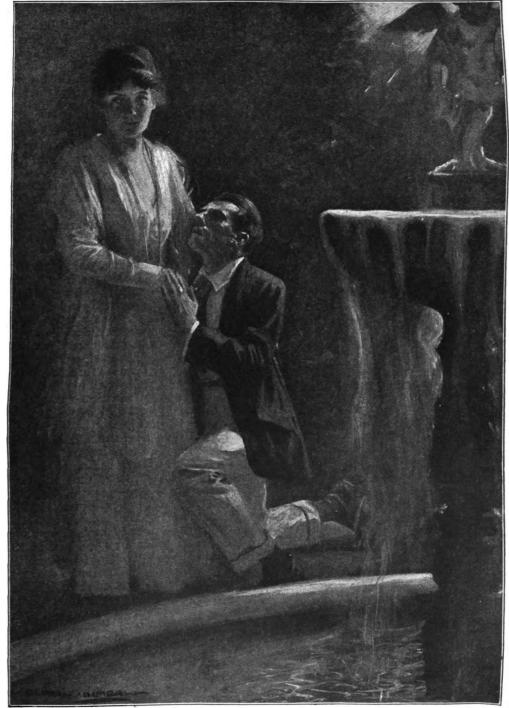
were going to plunge into the thing it behooved him to be pretty sure of the woman. And he was sure of Marcia, as good a woman as ever the Lord made. A little dull, perhaps, in daily conversation, but a mother from head to heel of her. Why had she balked so unexpectedly that morning? He had supposed that for a surely knew was coming, that word he had kept postponing. She could not have and too much sweetness. She was prob-

had attempted the task, but, despite the ing; he'd go about it next time a bit more gingerly. Then there flashed across his vision Marcia's face of that morning. burning, beautiful, wholly new. What if she had really meant it? What man knew any woman? What if Marcia would not marry him?

Suddenly, across the whispering stillness of the pine-tree a scream tore, and another, and another, each in a different key, one the roar of a prince outraged, another the shriek of utter abandon to noise and grief, and the last the fine. teasing wail that was Silvia's own. The Holton children could sometimes shriek like that steadily for half an hour and audibly for half a mile. Crewe groaned, but he did not swing himself down. He knew what was the trouble. Beulah wanted to get to town, and was putting them to bed early, hence protests. But he could not go in. To-day his children made him feel old and hunted. But all peace, all thought were gone. Cry after cry fell like a lash across his nerves. Did any children on earth ever yell like his? The noise kept on and on. Now he knew he must not go in, for he might murder the whole lot of them.

Then in a sudden exquisite flash of silence the shricking ceased, dying to a few whimpers like the twitterings of sleepy nestlings beneath warm mother wings. At last Crewe dared to peep through the branches to the wide, lighted Marcia must have nursery windows. heard the racket and run across to stop with little children to marry again. He it. She had come to the window; at each must, that was all. Probably he'd get side, breast high above the sill, a little girl appeared, night-clad, hair in comic top-knot. In Marcia's arms lay Crewe's Of course, Marcia was the one. If he little boy, tight-clasping her neck, his head at peace upon her shoulder. children had begged, perhaps, for one last look out to Daddy in "Mother's Seat," alone.

Then a strange thing happened to Marcia, to Crewe, such a thing as may happen to taut nerves after a day of tension. It seemed to Marcia as if Jean year she had been ready for what she stood there, in the air, just outside the open window, like a floating fairy. The breath came and went between her parted, meant that "no." She had too much sense laughing lips, in the old, quick-panting way. Her eyes looked clear into Marcia's, ably more like other women than he had twinkling like soft stars, yet with a glint realized, and wanted a little more plead- of malice. She lifted her hand and the



Drawn by Alonso Kimball.

"You need never stop loving Jean, Crewe, because I understand."—Page 612.

tips of her fingers touched Junior's shoulders, forever Jean's baby, not Marcia's. And Jean's form blurred all the pine-tree so that Marcia could no longer see June's father.

For Crewe, against that picture of the Madonna painted in the nursery window, upon the background of dusk, there also flashed Jean's face. He saw its thin, clear contours, the sweep of her tendrilled hair to the great mass at her neck, the sweet mockery of her eyes. He felt the brushing of her hand upon his shoulder. Once again, as throughout all the years of that fairy wooing and wedding it had never failed to do, the touch of Jean's light, urgent little hand quickened his pulse feverishly. Blinded and groping, Crewe plunged down from the pine and away from "Mother's Seat."

After a long while the tired children fell asleep, to the tune of Marcia's voice crooning "Mother Goose" in the darkened nursery. At last Marcia rose and turned the gas-jet altogether off. She left the warm, regular breathing from the three little beds and stole along down the stairs out into the night, alone. There was no inky shape in the pine-tree now, and she was glad. Next week she would go away, for the reasons her mother had given, and for her own reasons, infinitely yearning, yet she could not do it. It her neck strangling her with their need, yet she could not do it. She was not an analytical woman; she knew only two things to-night about herself, that she could not marry a man who did not love her, and the other thing she knew pressed in a whisper to her lips as she went along the gravel path down the hill, "I could marry him, if I did not love him!"

It was all so sad that it made life seem hollow and old and dead, but it was true. She could not do it, that was all. Crewe must be lonely, and the children must be lonely, and she must be lonely, always, but it could not be helped. Probably everybody in the world was lonely. They must somehow manage to live on, all of them, alone.

in the soft starlight. It was Crewe flung her face to his love.

face down upon the ground. A man was crying, crying like a child, like Junior! And it was Crewe!

She forgot.

It might have been the fall of a leaf upon his shoulder, so soft was the touch and so self-less. Her voice might have been the crooning of the wind, kindly nurse stooping from the tree-tops to comfort some tumbled human baby. heard the words, iterant as the sweet lapping of the fountain: "I'm so sorry, so sorry, so sorry!"

He caught blindly at the comfort of her hand, not lifting his head. Marcia stroked his hair, understanding. to death, Crewe moved a little, resting his head upon her knee as if it had been his Through the night stillness mother's. the fountain went tinkling, tinkling, soft, persistent. They were silent a long time, and unafraid of silence.

Suddenly Crewe opened wide eyes, looking up. Who was this strange woman bending over him, restful as the sky? With such a woman a man need never be afraid of anything, not even of his children. That touch upon his forehead, had he not been hungry for it all his life? In one infinite second, realization crashed the truth through his soul.

But Marcia, gazing into the blue mysstronger. How strange that, after all, she tery that encompassed them, did not see could not do it! Shaken with sickening Crewe's eyes. To Crewe her words came as if she thought herself calling to him in seemed as if she felt Junior's arms about another world, unwitting that he was close beside her.

> "You need never stop loving Jean, Crewe, because I understand." And after a moment: "You need never love me, Crewe, but I will marry you and be a mother to the children."

> "The children?" he questioned dreamily, having utterly forgotten them. "The children?"

> "It is for them"—Marcia's voice was solemn with sacrament—"that we marry." Then her hand strove to become comfortably rhythmic, as though she were patting a child to rest. "I will take care of you all. You need never worry any more about anything, laddie."

He rose, at last fearless and full-statured. Quietly he drew her up to stand There was something there by the facing him beneath the stars. Then at fountain, a form that slowly took shape last she saw. Swaying, white, she lifted

CONFESSIONS OF A MUSIC CRITIC

By W. J. Henderson

Author of "The Art of the Singer," "What Is Good Music," etc.



ī

something more than half a lifetime, I have been somewhat comforted by the

daily appearance of proof that it occupies a position unique and piquant. Writers of comment on art, drama, and literature are deprived of certain honors reserved for the critic of music and musicians. These honors are bestowed upon him by the opinion of society and may be summed up as follows:

First. The music critic is the only human being entirely ignorant about music.

Second. If he does display any information, he obtained it from a book. (This book, of course, could not have been written by some other music critic, for such an one could produce only a compendious volume of ignorance.)

Third. He does not hear the whole of every concert or recital about which he writes, and is therefore guilty of deliberately misinforming himself.

Fourth. He writes his article before the performance instead of after it.

Fifth. When writing about the art of singers or instrumental players, conductors, orchestras, or opera companies, he is invariably dishonest. When writing about compositions, he is merely incompetent. He has no comprehension of compositions and can only plagiarize what some one else has already written about them.

This is a moderate statement of the view of music critics taken by the majority of those who give any consideration at all to their existence. I have been much refreshed on my journey through the world by the insistent reiteration of the assertion that the little company of scribes who have dwelt in the midst of music, saturated their souls with it, studied everything about it they could ferret out in all the byways as well as along the

AVING practised the unhighways, and even spent thought upon gentle and generously hatit in the waking hours of the night, ever ed art of music criticism for since they were hard. sons who knew nothing about it and who must be always mistaken in their views. The self-evident justice of this charge is such that it would be futile to combat it.

Touching the second article of the indictment, the critic must confess that he does obtain much of his information from books. Possibly he might disclose greater originality by inventing it. He could stir up some very pretty discussion by contradicting Berlioz or Strauss on the subject of instrumentation, or Spitta on the biography of Bach. An incident of experience, however, is worth a whole history of speculation. A cultivated amateur of music, much addicted to the opera habit, once pointed at Grove's "Dictionary of Music" and said: "That is where our music critics get all their information about operas." It seemed a pity that he had not peeped into the work himself, since it contains just seven lines about "Aïda" and nine and one-half about "Carmen." I can aver unhesitatingly that, when the music critics go forth to obtain their information from books, they know in which works to seek for it. This in itself is an achievement worthy of respect, as any librarian will tell vou.

The critics of music do not remain through the concerts. This is undenia-They sit to the end of some, but not of others. The "others" are in the majority. Nor is this because the reviewers have to attend so many of them. The musical editor of a daily newspaper in New York seldom "covers" more than two performances in a day. Occasionally circumstances may compel him to do more, but his rule nominates two. He selects those two which offer the most pregnant matter for consideration and turns over the others to his assistant. It is the unfortunate assistant who has to rush to five or six entertainments between 3 and o P. M.

Digitized by Google

der relentless pressure. The afternoon performances are not their chief source of difficulty. It is the singer, the violinist, the cellist, that passes in a night. By 10 P. M. the assistant, always going from hall to hall in high speed, must be ready to finish up, for early "copy" is the rule of the office. Of course the assistant does not stay through a concert except on some halcyon afternoon when he has only one to cover, and then he follows the principle which guides the action of the first critic.

The principle is elementary. The late William Winter, the distinguished dramatic critic of the New York Tribune, was censured for not sitting through a certain play. "It is not necessary," he calmly replied, "to eat the whole of an egg in order to find out that it is bad." The same proposition can be laid down in regard to musical performance and to music itself. Upon one occasion a distinguished music critic from a learned city to the east of New York was visiting us. He was present at the first appearance of a Metropolitan Opera Company soprano in the rôle of Juliette. After the chamber scene he found the leading critics in the press room writing their reports. He said to the writer of this article:

"Is that the way you men do your work here? Why, in our town we sit till the end of the opera and then work till two in the morning."

"Really?" I answered. "Do you mean to tell me that it takes you three hours to find out that a woman cannot sing Juliette?"

The whole matter rests on one foundation. Does the person under observation know how to do the thing he or she is trying to do? If he does not know how, he will not learn before the concert is over. Now a real critic can tell you in five minutes after a recital begins whether the performer knows how to do the thing he is trying to do. If he does not, there is no use in sitting through the entertainment. If he shows any evidence of ability, the critic must wait till absolutely certain that he has the musician's measure. Two incidents may serve to illustrate. Once upon a time a young woman less. But music critics make it a rule to

These assistants deserve highly honor- possessed of an insatiable desire to sing able mention. They work hard and un- in "grand opera" also had a wealthy father. So she came to New York, hired an opera company and an opera-house, and burst forth as Carmen. I sat through two acts, although I knew before half of the first was ended that she was a lamentable failure. When I reached the lobby on my way out, I was buttonholed by the prima donna's manager, who adduced his most potent arguments to persuade me to stay. When I had exhausted my patience, I said unto him:

"Immie, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll bet you twenty-five dollars she can't learn

to sing before the next act."

Now for the other side of the medal. An unknown pianist was to give his first recital in Æolian Hall. None of the critics had ever heard of him. Pianist after pianist had passed across that stage, each a supreme exponent of the ancient doctrine "ex nihilo nihil fit." What mattered one more or less? Entering the hall, I found that the youth was already on the stage at the piano. It was too late to go to my seat. Overcoat still on and hat in hand, I stood behind the rail at the rear, ready to fly after the first or second number. One of my confrères arrived and joined me. The unknown pianist, palpably nervous but not overcome, played his first number. There was no mistaking the quality of the performance. I looked at my confrère and he looked at

"Richard," I said, "I think we'll have to sit down and listen to this boy."

We went to our seats, remained through the whole recital, and turned out half a column each the next morning. The boy was Mischa Levitzki. When we heard him play his first number we both perceived not only that he knew how to play the piano but that he was thoroughly musical. The questions remaining to be settled were those of his breadth of vision. his knowledge of styles, and his command of his clearly manifested powers in various fields. What has been said about the critical examination of performance applies equally to that of composition. It is not necessary to hear the whole of a badly conceived and feebly written piece of music in order to know that it is worthlisten to new compositions, for they hold that the creative artist deserves more searching investigation than the passing performer. When the professional listener, tired and bored, hears a new note in the vast and confused chorus of conventionalists, he sits suddenly erect in his chair, and his heart beats with fresh vigor. There is more joy in criticdom over one composer discovered than over a hundred new chanters or manipulators of keys.

Ę,

Many excellent persons, whose food brings to them the chief joy of living, are wont, when they read a few curt statements in regard to an insignificant performance, to declare that the critic was suffering from indigestion. It must be conceded that critics, being people, do sometimes suffer some of the ills to which the flesh is heir; but after a long and arduous experience in the business of listening to musicians, I am prepared to assert that, when I am "indisposed," as the operasingers call it, I do not hear people singing out of tune who are singing in tune, nor pianists pounding the instrument mercilessly when they are actually playing as gently as sucking doves. Probably a bilious commentator might phrase the record less politely than a man who had just fallen heir to a fortune. Personally I am unable to speak with authority, since I have not suffered from biliousness in many years.

But the truth is that the majority of casual readers of criticism are under a misconception as to its real character, and, therefore, as to the methods by which its duties are discharged. Fourfifths of the work of a so-called music critic are plain news reporting. The most cursory examination of the review of a concert in a morning paper will show that it is chiefly not an expression of opinion but a statement of facts. It is not a matter of opinion whether a singer has a good voice, an equalized scale, a just intonation, a good legato, a fluent delivery of florid passages, a correct trill, a clear-cut staccato, or distinct enunciation. Neither is it a matter of opinion whether she sings Handel or Bach in the right style or shows a comprehension of Brahms's "Nightingale." Similar conditions surround the determination of the merits of a pianist, a cellist, or other solo performer.

The question to be asked is "Does the critic know these things? Can he recognize the facts which are presented to his hearing by the performer?" If he can, he is able to tell in ten minutes whether a singer or instrumental performer is worth listening to for an hour. In nine cases out of every ten he will know as much about the musician in a quarter of an hour as he can learn in an hour and a half. The critic who cannot tell within five minutes after a singer begins a recital whether she knows how to sing ought to be in some other business. He is surely not qualified for that which he is pursuing.

The objection will be raised that singers and performers are frequently so nervous at the beginning of a recital that they cannot, do themselves justice. This is incontestable. But the critic ought to know just what sort of shortcomings result from nervousness and what do not. Furthermore, when he perceives that the performer is partly incapacitated by nervousness, it is his duty to wait till composure is acquired. But no degree of nervousness deprives a musician of his knowledge of his art; and if the beginning of the concert reveals radical ignorance, even the disappearance of nervousness will not uncover wisdom.

Of all the jests concerning music critics which enshrine a fundamental belief, the oldest and most honored is that the critics write their articles before the performance and not afterward. This merry gibe is applied principally to the long articles which appear after operatic productions. No one is more astonished than the jester when he is told that his assertion is true.

If there is somewhere a man of such supreme intellect that he can walk into an opera-house, a perfect stranger to a new opera then and there to be performed, sit through it, and write a column and a half or two columns of analytical comment, he is not in the music-critic business. Men with intellects of that caliber are commanding armies in the field or managing the foremost commercial and financial enterprises of this world, and some of them are paid more in a year than the profits of any newspaper except, perhaps, half a dozen.

The method of the music critic in pre-

paring his two thousand or two thousand five hundred words about a new opera may be worthy of passing consideration. The first thing he does is to buy a score, and the next thing is to absorb the libretto. The newspaper critic is not at liberty merely to read the libretto and tell its story. He is expected to give some account of its literary origins. This is sometimes easy to do and sometimes not. This matter of literary sources and inspirations pursues the music critic far beyond the borders of opera. Three titles will suffice to suggest to the reader the possibilities: Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture, D'Indy's "Istar" variations, and Strauss's "Don Juan." Who was Sakuntala and what was the Oriental tale which aroused the imagination of Carl Goldmark? Who was Istar, what was her descent into the nether world? What was the dance of the seven veils which was derived from her history, and how did Oscar Wilde associate it with the dancing of the daughter of Herodias before Herod? Who was Don Juan and what resemblances are there among the zart's opera, and the irresponsible philanderer of Byron's poem?

When Wagner wrote "Tannhäuser," he imposed upon music critics the task of tracing all the versions of the legend, of pointing out in what way the composer had altered or added to the tales, and. above all, of defining clearly the strongly developed ethical lesson of the drama, which rests largely upon the fact that Tannhäuser's deadly sin is not carnal but religious, in that he associated with one of the heathen deities who were the mortal enemies of Christianity. The study of the literary side of an opera is captivating. Also, it is almost endless, as the writer of this paper could easily illustrate by producing the mass of matter accumulated in the preparation of commentary on the "Salome" of Richard Strauss. When the composer's theme is historical, or associated with historical topics, questions innumerable may arise. Even so lately as the time of the production of "The Polish Jew" at the Metropolitan Opera House, when the red-robed hang-

they have hanging in Alsace in 1833, when it was a French province?" Some of the young persons who wish to become music critics, and who believe themselves qualified because they have studied harmony and can play upon some instrument, might do well to ponder these matters.

But to proceed with the newspaper man's preparation for his account of the production of a new opera. After he has thoroughly studied the libretto as a play and acquired all the necessary information about its literary sources, he begins to examine the music. The more ambitious the critic the more searching the examination. If any aid can be had, he naturally avails himself of it. If some amiable Italian has already written a careful analysis of this music, the American commentator does not say to himself: "I will not read that lest some amateur accuse me of stealing my ideas." But, unfortunately, assistance as a rule is scarce. Sometimes the American commentator is obliged to originate all the ideas about a new opera, as in the case of hero of Strauss, the chief actor in Mo- "The Girl of the Golden West," which was first heard at the Metropolitan Opera House. Diligent study of Puccini's score revealed to me fourteen leading motives. I confess it would have been easier to have them discovered for me by a previous writer.

In the case of that particular opera I borrowed David Belasco's prompt-book of the original play and carefully compared it with the opera libretto, in order to show precisely what changes had been made by the librettists. The next step was that which all the musical writers take. namely, to attend rehearsals. At several rehearsals of that particular work I sat with Mr. Belasco and had the benefit of his incomparable judgment of stage values. One day, however, I found that certain details of the music baffled me. I needed an orchestral score in order to grasp them, but the American representative of the Ricordis, Mr. George Maxwell, informed me that I could neither buy nor borrow the score because there were only two in the country, one on the desk of Arturo Toscanini, the conductor, and the man appeared in the last act, one of the other in the hands of Puccini, who was younger critics instantly asked: "Did sitting on the opposite side of the house.

"Very well," said I, "then you go and tell conditions surrounding the duties of a Puccini that I want it."

And Mr. Maxwell, being a gentleman of fine discrimination, did so with gratifying result. Five rehearsals of "The Girl of the Golden West," including the final full-dress rehearsal, furnished the recorder with the information about the actual stage presentation of the work upon which he based his review. Naturally, some space was reserved for the last words about the first performance, its effect with an audience, and other details. And it is in this way that criticisms of new operas are invariably written before the productions. Mr. Gatti-Casazza never reveals a new work to the public without giving it at least one complete private performance, exactly as it is to be done before an audience. Sometimes two such dress rehearsals take place. The daily newspaper recorders are accorded every possible privilege by the impresario, to the end that they may assimilate a novelty before they turn out an article about it. No results at all comparable with those now attained by this process could be reached by an attempt to write the article after the performance.

But what about the new symphonic composition in a concert which does not terminate till after 10 P. M.? The layman's mind pictures the music reporter as boarding a subway train and entering his office down-town with a rush, seating himself at a desk and writing at top speed till some ghostly hour in the early morning. The task is neither easy nor comfortable as it stands, but it need not be quite so unpleasant as that. The new symphonic composition is not likely to be the last number on the list. The reporter may go away after it is played. Again he must commit that grave sin of departing before the concert is over. The critics of the critics, who never give any good reason why he should stay, hold that he should not go, but his business compels him to do so. If he desires to get anything into his paper, whose first edition is closed up at midnight, he must have his article written and in the office by 11.30. He usually goes home to write and sends the article by messenger.

And what about the hastily prepared but emphasis may be laid now on the article after a first hearing? Well, the value of linguistic acquirements. A mu-

daily newspaper writer on music are far from ideal. He ought to saturate himself with the symphony as he does with the opera; but the same opportunities are not offered. The best he can do is to train himself to analyze musical works while listening to them. He must content himself with a more or less impressionistic review, knowing full well that, if the work is good, he will hear it again and again, and be permitted to write more about it. Why, then, would it not be better to wait till he-does hear it again and again before writing anything at all about it? That, indeed, would be supreme happiness to the hurried music reporter, were it not for one difficulty. If his review were not printed in a daily newspaper the day after the performance of the work to be discussed, it would never be printed at all. Daily newspapers have a singular lack of appreciation of all news more than twenty-four hours old. In fact, they do not accept it as news at all and hence will not publish it.

But these so-called music critics all concoct weekly articles, generally "released" on Saturday or Sunday. Why not reserve the critical consideration of important music till then? In a limited way this is now done, but the quantity of music calling for comment in the course of a week is far too great to be held for Sunday consideration. The Sunday article would occupy a page, and no one reads page articles. Furthermore, as already shown, the bulk of the critic's work is pure reporting, and this can be done quite as well immediately after the performance as three days later. The chief requirement of the daily paper is news, and unless music and the drama are treated as news they will assuredly receive very little consideration of any kind.

After so many years in the harness of the daily newspaper chronicler of musical small beer, the writer of this article is amazed at receiving so many communications from young persons of both sexes who are ambitious to become music critics. "What should we study? How prepare ourselves?" they ask. What should be studied has already been partly told, but emphasis may be laid now on the value of linguistic acquirements. A mu-

sic critic ought to know Latin (the language of the Catholic Church), French, German, and Italian. If he should acquire some knowledge of other tongues, he would find it useful. But the four which have been named are really necessary.

One of the duties of a commentator on the making of operas is to determine whether the musician has shown consideration for the genius of the language in which his libretto is written. To be sure. the public cares nothing about this; but the critic should invite attention to it. Once he sets out on the quest after correct "declamation," as it is called, much will be his amazement at the sins of the great. From Puccini to Wagner and from Wagner to Henry Hadley he will find all of them distorting words in such a manner that no audience can identify them. The same offense is committed in songs and in Roman church music. The less-informed commentators will blame the singers for the unintelligibility. The linguist will lay the censure where it belongs.

A second reason for learning languages is that many valuable books written in foreign tongues have not been translated. A serious student of musical art would hardly wish to be shut out from the "Encyclopédie de la Musique et Dictionnaire du Conservatoire" because he knew no his commonumental "Origini del Teatro in Italiano" or Johannes Wolf's "Geschichte der him.

Mensural Notation," for want of linguistic acquirements. Fetis's "Biographie Universelle" and Clement and Larousse's "Dictionnaire des Opéras" may be cited as two works very frequently consulted. If the amateur who charged critics with getting information from Grove's "Dictionary of Music" had known of the existence of the French work on operas, he would have made a much better shot. Possibly he might have been interested to learn that books very often referred to by critics are Mr. Krehbiel's "Book of Operas" (there are two of them), W. F. Apthorp's "Opera Past and Present," and Gustave Kobbe's "Complete Opera Book." But, alas! all three of the authors were daily newspaper critics, and hence must have been entirely ignorant of the matters about which they wrote.

The final confession of all, and perhaps the most significant, is that no one of the daily newspaper commentators on music knows all that he ought to know. True, the same thing may be said of all doctors, lawyers, and ministers; but that is not our affair. The temptation, while disclosing some of the secrets of the music critic's methods, to point out also what he ought to be able to do, could not be resisted. And so in the end the penitent, making his confession, admits that he has left undone those things which he ought to have done, and therefore there is no health in him

TO A POET IN THE SUMMER OF LIFE

By Maurice Francis Egan

Come, come, my boy, you've played enough
In the fair fields of Arcady,
You've loved the flashing of the fluff
That from the thistle top is free;
You've gathered gold from daffodils,
You've loved the sound of silver rills,
You've played with Syrinx in the reeds
And rode upon the winged seeds,
You've followed Daphne, until she
Sought refuge in the laurel tree,—
Come! Come!

Come, come, my boy, the May is past,
And June is walking down the street,
The joy of spring is gone at last,
An older lady you must meet,—
Your Muse has ceased to be a maid,
She'll have no lyrics in the shade,
No dalliance 'mid primroses,
A settled matron her pose is,
No trifling lays will please her now,
A full-blown wreath is on her brow,
Come! Come!

Well, take your lyre,—a song of spring Bursts from your throat,—
"Of early lily bells I sing,
The melting ice around the boat—"
It will not do,—it will not do!
The lady yawns,—polite, 'tis true,—
Behind her fan,—the May is gone,
The grass is dry upon the lawn,
No young lambs play about her feet,
Mutton's only good to eat,—
Come! Come!

Ah, Poet, throw away the lyre,
And take you up the larger harp,
Burn oak, not beech-buds, in your fire,—
Your youthful tenor, clear and sharp,
A mellow barytone's become;
Discard the songs you used to hum,
Your hands that touched the dainty strings
Are now too strong for little things;
No longer delve into the earth
In search of long-dead writers' worth,
Come! Come!

You have the head, you have the heart,
You have the poet's soul of flame,—
The right is yours to play your part
And take the bardic crown of fame;
Let Shelley whisper in the night,
And Herrick cheer you as he may;
But from our ever-moving life
Learn to quell the world's wild strife,—
To cheer the old, inspire the young,
To sing the songs that might be sung.
Come! Come!

COPENHAGEN, 1917.

ELMS AND FAIR OAKS

By James Boyd Author of "The Sound of a Voice"



E alwavs struck me as a futile old man, my grandfather. Nice and kindly and all that sort of thing, but somehow he just didn't seem to have the stuff. I

don't know how to put it, but I'd been to one of the big schools where they teach the fellows to make good, and I could see that there was something missing in him. When I was a little kid at home I thought he was fine, but after I'd been at school long enough to learn some of the things that count I found out that the old man didn't have them. Everybody liked him, but that was all. They called him "Gramper"; everybody. Still when I was ready to leave for college it seemed like the only decent thing to go and say good-by. Especially as he'd gone to Princeton himself, some time before the Civil War. And anyway I'd noticed that the really big men at school were always nice to an older man, even when you could on yourself, Gramper," I said. see they knew he hadn't the stuff.

He was sitting in his living-room before the fire. The place had been the same for years; lots of books, an old globe of the world, and a picture of Lincoln. He turned slowly as I came in. He looked like an old lion. That was the funny thing about him; you would think if you saw him that he was a great man.

"Well, Gramper," I said, "I'm going off to college to-morrow. Thought I'd come and say good-by."

The old man raised his big gray head and then looked into the fire.

"Going off to college, eh? Going to Princeton." He stroked his neat, short beard.

"It's a "Princeton," he murmured. queer sort of a place unless it's changed, and I don't suppose it has, really. It gets hold of a man in a way none of the others do—gets hold of him whether for good or bad. Princeton made a lot of difference to me. I suppose you're busy getting ready?"

"No," I said. "I'll sit here for a little

Gramper nodded slowly toward a chair and looked at the bowl of his pipe.

"I went down to Princeton in the fall of '58," he said, "with a hair trunk and a new beaver hat. I suppose you knew?"

"I knew it was just before the war," I said. "But I didn't know about the hat."

Gramper smiled. "The hat," he said, "was the main thing. At least I thought so then. My father gave it to me the day before I left. It came from Philadelphia."

"I know," I said, "all hats come from

Philadelphia."

"No, you don't know. Not at all. All the hats come from Philadelphia now, but then every town had its own hatter. No one my age ever had a hat from Philadelphia before."

"I expect you were pretty well stuck

"Well, I might have been," he answered, nodding, "if I hadn't been so scared. You see it was a big thing in those days—to go away to college. kind of scaring adventure. I was the only one from the academy here."

"I suppose it was quite a journey," I said. "Did you go by stage-coach or did

they have the canal-boats then?"

"Oh, I'm not quite as old as all that; the railroad was running; only, the engines were wood-burners. It went to Philadelphia and from there to New York along the canal. I remember I kept looking out after we left Philadelphia to see if I could make out the college buildings. But I could only see flat fields and sloping woods. Suddenly the conductor roared out 'Princeton!' in my ear. His voice lifted me right to my feet. I was very red and thought every one in the car knew he meant me.

"The next minute I was standing in a ring of hack-drivers, a small ring, but very noisy. I picked out an old darkey

Digitized by Google

in the background who looked comparatively respectable in a bleary way.

"On the way up the long hill I found out that the driver's reserve, which I'd thought came from delicacy of feeling, was really due to intoxication. But the horse seemed to know the way and we got along slowly.

"My room was in East College and the driver carried up my trunk. I gave him a quarter and he took off his hat

and scraped a foot behind him.

"'Ah thanks you, misto, Ah profoun'ly does,' he said, and then he looked to make sure no one was around.

"'An don' fo'get Eustace,' he said,

'Frien' alle young gempmum.'

"He rolled his eyes like a stage conspirator. 'Any li'l thing,' he said, 'any li'l thing,' and tiptoed out. Of course, I didn't know what he meant.

"That night I sat in my little room looking at my hair trunk. It was hard to believe that very trunk had stood the day before in my own room at home. It seemed as though I had gone such a long

way since then.

"I could hear some one moving in the next room. It was another freshman, the janitor had told me. He began to sing a song about 'Eliza Jane.' I remember how funny it seemed the way he pronounced the words. I'd never heard a Southern accent before. But he could sing like anything, with a little kind of shuffle in the time that made my feet tap on the floor. There were a lot of verses and I began feeling better all the time.

"At last he stopped. That singing had given me a kind of bold, adventurous feeling. I wasn't that way by nature. But before I knew it I was pounding on the wall and calling out to him: 'Go on—

sing some more.'

"That doesn't sound particularly bold, I suppose, but it really was for me.

"He hollered right back as if it was the

most natural thing.

"'Yankee!' he hollered, 'come on in here and I'll show you how to sing—and dance.'

"Well, then I felt a little awkward for having so much brass, but I got up and went into the room.

"There stood a tall, slim young man, with reddish hair." Gramper mused.

"Tall and slim," he went on, "with a lean, reckless face. He was standing, elegantly dressed, in a pile of belongings that he'd thrown everywhere. He bowed and held out his hand with a sort of mixture of formality and impudence.

"'La Rue is my name, seh,' he said;

'from New Orleans!'

"I gave him mine and he asked me to sit down. We talked for a while. He was very much at ease and I was bashful and lumbering, I suppose. I told him I had enjoyed his song. When I said that he began to sing again:

'Li'l David, play on yo' harp— Hallelu! Hallelu! Li'l David, play on yo' harp— Hallelu!'

"Then he whistled it, doing funny little gliding steps right there in the pile of clothes." Gramper hummed a bar, moving his square hands in rhythm on the arms of his chair.

"There wasn't much to it, but it made me tingle all over. It was so new and

strange.

"Well, sir, that was the man, Larry La Rue. French and Irish—and imp of Satan.

"We stuck to each other from that time on. He was just the kind of fellow I wanted to be and couldn't. At first he kept me from getting too homesick. I asked him if he ever felt homesick himself

"'Well, if I do,' he said, 'd'yeh reckon I'm going to let on to these Yankees? No seh, I've got my tail over the dashboard and I'm bound to keep it there.'

"Later on things changed and I used to help him sometimes. I got him home once when he was pretty full—he'd started to shoot out the light on the president's porch with a horse-pistol—and several other times.

"He was always like that. Right to the end whenever I saw Prexy Maclean sprinting across the campus in his galoshes and cloak, I knew that Larry was probably a few yards in front of him—but gaining.

"After the first year we had a room together. He called me Achates and let me get him out of scrapes with a sort of good-humored tolerance. One day,

though, when another fellow tried to call me that, he turned on him like a flash.

"'What do you mean, seh?' he said,

'by insulting my friend?'

"It was ridiculous, of course, but he had a small, cold voice when he was angry, and the fellow got red and apologized.

"He was just like a child," said Gramper gravely, "just like a child—he

was wonderful.

"They were great days. In the spring we played town-ball and rounders. But the winter was the time for Larry. It was a cold, dull term, and he became one of a crowd who were bent on bringing conviviality into life by fair means or foul. They were mostly Southerners, and belonged to a secret society that had been forbidden by the faculty like all the others.

"I first noticed that Eustace was hanging 'round a good deal. Larry used to call him a 'free nigger' in a way that made it sound as if that were as low as a human being could sink. And Eustace worshipped him. Larry made him confess that Eustace wasn't his real name—he'd just heard it in a play. His real name was Henry, but Larry said that was too high-toned and christened him 'Gomorrah' instead.

"Well, Eustace was always shuffling back and forth with messages, and in the end Larry told me what it was all about. He and his friends were to have a dinner the next night at the tavern in town. That was against the rules of course, but when the time came they slipped out. The tavern was just across Nassau Street, so it was easy. But about ten o'clock I could hear the noise of their cheering in my room. I knew that couldn't last long, so I went out to see how things stood. I sneaked along by the church and across the street. There, sure enough, was a tutor coming toward the inn. I just had time to duck into the coach-yard and up the back way to where they were. I could hear Larry's voice as I came up the stair. He was saying, 'Gentlemen, I give you the sacred rights of each sovereign state and each sovereign individual.' They started to look at me very coldly as I burst in. But I just said, 'Old Noggsout front,' and the sovereign individuals

were out the back door, climbing fences in all directions, and me with them helping Larry, who would start to climb every fence six feet before he got to it.

"None of them was caught, but there was no chance of another party at the

tavern after that.

"You know," said Gramper with an uncertain smile, "I've always regretted that I didn't have the sense to say, 'Gentlemen, I give you Old Noggs—on the front pavement.' That would have been good. It's just the sort of thing Larry would have done.

"What was I telling about? Oh, the next thing was a party in one of their rooms. It really didn't amount to much, but they had got Eustace to smuggle in quite a lot of port, and this time the

tutors caught them all.

"Prexy Maclean let them know that it would go a good deal easier with them if they told him who smuggled the port. There was always something of the sort going on, and he wanted to stop it.

"They came back to our room to talk it over. Some were in favor of telling, on the grounds that it would save their skins and at the same time rid the college of a pernicious influence. But Larry was indignant. 'I resent that suggestion!' he said, 'most vehemently. I consider it beneath our dignity to save ourselves at the expense of a free nigger.' So they didn't tell and were rusticated for four months.

"The fall of junior year was '60 and we began to hear of trouble between the North and the South. It worried us all a little, because nearly half the men were Southerners, of course, and our friendships were all mixed up together. The place was so beautiful—the old buildings and elms and green country—a great place to make friends. We were worried, though, when we read the papers and heard from home, but we never thought war would really come. We thought every one was like us. But toward spring some of the Southern men began to leave. and then all of a sudden one morning in April '61 we got the news that Sumter had been fired on. It was incredible. It still is—the most incredible day of my life. In other places they were full of excitement and patriotism—getting ready to

fight. But in Princeton there was nothing separating us. Larry turned to Eustace

but a kind of dumb sadness.

"That night Larry and I walked away off together. The elms were dark and soft in the starlight. The road was soft and dusty. We didn't say anything. Far away we heard the bell strike nine.

"I stopped and whispered, 'Larry, I hope it won't come. I hope it won't.'"
"'Won't come!' he said, 'Don't be

a fool. It has come.'

"'I'm not,' I said, 'but you know.'

"'I know,' he said, 'I'm the fool and always have been. But I'd have been a heap bigger one if it hadn't been for you, Achates. I know that, too. I expect you thought I didn't. But you just always remember—' and before I knew it he put his arms around me and began to cry.

"I was trying to think of something to say to him when he looked up in his old

way and started to sing:

'You might as well live in union, You got to die.'

"We went back to our room.

"Early next week the Southerners all left together. Prexy Maclean made them a great speech, and loaned them money to get home on.

"When it was time for them to go, the rest of us marched down with them to the railroad station. We carried their

satchels for them.

"I was carrying Larry's, but, the first thing I knew, old Eustace had appeared from nowhere, the way he always did, and was taking it out of my hand. ''Scuse me, misto,' he said, 'but dis yer's ma bin'nes,' and he fell in at Larry's heels and never took his eyes off him. It was a busy day for the hacks, but he let some one else drive his.

"We straggled along in little groups; some of them were making a good deal of noise, some were very quiet. A few of the Southern men had negro body-servants, slaves they had brought to college with them. We knew these old darkies, of course, and had lots of fun with them, blaming all the trouble on them and getting them mixed up and indignant.

"But when the train came in the fooling stopped. We shook hands awkwardly as if we were ashamed of what was

separating us. Larry turned to Eustace and handed him a dollar bill, one of Prexy Maclean's. But the old negro drew back.

"''Scuse me, no suh,' he said, ''scuse me, no. You is de highes' gempmum das been to dis yer college since Ah come; de highes' gempmum. Ah des tote de bag down fo' de honor, dassall.' His voice broke and he bundled the satchel up the steps of the car.

"We just stood there watching the others get on board. As the train began to move, we gave three straggling cheers. They waved from the car win-

dows.

"We were turning away when we heard a long high yell. There was Larry on the rear platform. His hat was off and he was laughing. I can hear him now. He was shouting,

"'Good-by-you damn Yankees!'

"Well, after that college was just a sort of pretense. Men kept leaving to join the Union Army, and the next year, when people saw what the war really meant, most of the fellows who were of age went. We were seniors then. I'd hung back on one excuse and another, but, in my heart, it was because I didn't want to fight against Larry. In the end, though, I had to go. I joined the

300th Pennsylvania from home.

"I'd had military drill at the academy and they were short of officers then, so in four or five months I got my commission. I wasn't properly qualified, of course, but things were in a bad mess in those days and if I didn't take it, it would go to some political hanger-on. We were swamped with bad officers then. There was no system. As the war went on we got rid of them. Some were shot by firing squads, some by their own men, and a few by the Confederates—by mistake. That's a part of war you don't hear much about. Others were given small jobs where they could do no harm."

Gramper slowly knocked out his pipe.

"I was one," he said.

"At first, though, I got on well enough, and by '62 I was a captain—captain of Company E.

"We were fighting in the Peninsula, though there wasn't much fighting to it. We were always changing position and rougher than we did when I saw them digging fortifications with nothing much to show for it so far as we could see. But our brigade was well officered and well disciplined by that time, and we didn't lose heart as much as some of the others. When we got to Fair Oaks, they put us in the centre of the line and told us we were going to be attacked. The men made bitter jokes about the honor, but they were proud, in a way, and we knew they would stay there. I was proud, too, until I heard that one of the regiments against us was the Louisiana

When morning came we were behind a stone wall and the enemy were in the woods on the opposite slope of the little swampy valley. My orders were to hold our fire till they struck the soft ground in the bottom and then to give a volley and

fire at will.

"The day was still and bright and though we couldn't see them, we could hear their officers forming them up to

charge.

"My men were biting their cartridgecaps and spitting. I remember one new recruit about your age, near me, who tried to spit like the older men. But he couldn't. His face was gray and he couldn't spit at all.

"Then from the woods there came that wild shivery cheer. We knew it well by

then, but we never liked it.

"There was a crackling of branches and the tattered, muddy lines broke out of the woods on the run. They were a toughlooking crowd. We could see the white of their cheek-bones against their scrubby

"We were well equipped and turned out like regulars, but I wished we looked strong, clear voice, "at Princeton."

coming.

"Then as they hit the swamp, I saw an officer in the front rank take off his hat and jump ahead. It was Larry."

Gramper breathed hard.

"I couldn't give the order to fire.

"Our troops had opened on both sides of me and as the Confederates floundered through, I could see my lieutenantslooking at me. The men had sighted their rifles, but they were trained soldiers and there wasn't a shot.

"I kept staring at Larry. My God, would he never get out of the way?

"As they came out of the swamp, some of his own men passed him. He was covered for an instant and I gave the order. But it was too late—the next minute they were through the smoke of our volley, clubbing at our heads. We

"As we went down the hill I saw Larry standing on the stone wall. He was making a little bow and yelling:

"'Good-by-you damn Yankees!"

Gramper stared for a long while into the fire.

At last I asked, "Did you never see him again, Gramper?"

He raised his big head with a start and

gave a short laugh.

"Larry? Oh no. I was sent to the rear in charge of army stores. After the war I looked for him. He was missingmissing since the battle of Fair Oaks.

He burnished the bowl of his pipe in the palm of his hand and cleared his throat. Then he looked at me with a smile.

"Those were great days," he said in a



CHINESE SKETCHES

By Nora Waln

BEHIND THE WALLS

- Gray walls, of stone and mortar built, stretch out a dull expanse along the city street, enclosing in strong protective arms the life within, making of each compound a citadel secure.
- Now that Spring has come, gates still guarded close against unwonted entrance are here and there left ajar and admit of glimpses of stone-flagged courts with many colored flowers set in stiff array and passing peeps at the life of the world within.
- A pair of great red doorways, decorated with carved designs, painted in green and gold and blue, are flung wide, revealing a clean-swept court wherein a small boy sits mending his broken kite.
- Farther down the hutung, an amah holds back two silk-clad children, who peer through the gateway and beg to buy of sweets from a vender just outside.
- And still a little farther on, a broken door hangs unevenly on rusty hinges and within half a dozen miserable beggars squat.
- Beyond the gates of a government school, a group of boys pass back and forth in drill.
- A coolie crosses the courtyard before one entrance-way, bearing great buckets of water suspended from a bamboo pole across his shoulder.
- A flash of color is caught as a girl clad in trousers and coat of soft green and heliotrope silk sways over a flower-filled courtyard on her small bound feet, lifting her dark eyes as she passes the gate for one swift glance at the mysterious world without.
- Before one door, a tethered donkey waits his master's return, pushing his nose against the crack in a vain attempt to force it wider.
- And so as spring comes, the gray dusty hutungs are no longer dull dirty passageways, but winding paths along the edge of many worlds.

MY TEACHER

HE sits across the table from me, repeating in a monotonous voice the sounds with which his people make known their thoughts to each other.

I repeat after him tone for tone.

While we drone on I wonder about him, how he lives and what he thinks in

the brain beneath his tight-fitting velvet cap. His voice is even and clear, his eyes contemplative with what seems like the wisdom of ages.

He is good to look at in his long-skirted garment of green silk, lined with Vol. LXX.—40

Digitized by Google

tan-colored fur; his trousers are bound neatly at the ankle with strips of purple satin, and his feet disappear into shoes of black velvet like his cap. His hands are slender; the long supple fingers end in carefully kept pinked nails.

He turns a page and repeats a new proverb.

We drone on.

The clock strikes and the hour is done.

He rises to go, the passive calm of his face still unbroken.

Just at the door, he pauses—for a moment the barrier is down. His face is aglow with pride, and his eyes are lit with a new wisdom as he says, "This morning my first son was born."

BABY'S BATH

My teacher's little son had his first bath to-day, as he is three days old. The custom is that a friend shall stand by while it is done, and I was asked to come.

They took me through two inner courts to a room where there was a rosewood bed carved in quaint design and hung with curtains all about.

On a quilt-covered chair beside the bed the young mother sat.

Her hair was oiled and smoothed a glossy black, her eyes shone like jewels, and a faint pink glowed in her olive cheeks.

She was supremely happy, for she had borne a son and won the place of honor next to her mother-in-law in the home.

Her rosebud mouth was sweet with smiles as she held her baby close and shyly looked at me, the stranger who had come.

The amah brought a small white basin, and in the water I was asked to place the egg and coin, for food and wealth.

The mother unfolded the baby's blanket and held his little olive body on her knee, while with her hand she put the water over him.

He did not like it a bit, but kicked and began to cry.

She let me hold his rosy crumpled hand, and before the bath was done, she of the East and I of the West, with so much of difference between, knew that just being women made us kin.

GOLDEN LILIES

This morning they bound the feet of little Su Leng.

She was five years old to-day, and I went with a birthday gift in the late afternoon, taking a bouncing ball because I liked to watch her run and skip in play.

Then I did not know that she would never dance in glee again across the sunlit places.

The mother and I drank tea in the flower-filled inner court, and exchanged the courtesies of the day.

Su Leng's brothers of four and six, foot-free, tossed the new ball back and forth.

A gaily colored butterfly flitted from blossom to blossom.

On former days the little girl had fluttered in laughing pursuit of butterflies from over the wall.

To-day she sat quietly beside her mother, save for one pitiful attempt to play, made when the ball fell near her.

Her cheeks were stained with traces of tears of the day's earlier pain.

She kept her eyes intently on mine and when I looked at her she smiled the saddest, sweetest smile.

The round contour of her baby face was already marked with the passive patience of the women of her race.

All the while I stayed the mother chattered on.

She showed me with pride her small feet clad in richly embroidered slippers, and told me they measured but four inches.

I thought of the shapeless mass of dead white flesh beneath the outer silken coverings; and how they thumped when she walked.

"Golden Lilies," she called them.

The mother smoothed the little girl's hair as she said to me, "Yes, they will hurt for a few years, but they may be only three inches long, because they were bound so young."

It is late.

Outside the moon floods my compound with white light.

I cannot sleep.

On the other side of the wall in my neighbor's compound, a little girl moans and moves on her k'ang.

"Golden Lilies"—

"Three-inch shoes"-

That is what the mother said.

SHACKLES

Srx o'clock.

End of the day's work, rest and the evening meal.

The coals glow cosily on my fire and I draw the curtains close;

To-night I cannot bear to see them pass.

And yet I know they go.

Bent shadows in the gathering twilight their bodies are, as they trudge wearily by my door.

Some are only six and seven years old;

But they work the twelve-hour night shift.

Wrapped in cloth they carry a cold midnight lunch.

How small their hands are!

But they are trained to be swift and there is work that tiny fingers can do best.

They are little children but there is no play in them.

Their bodies droop like flowers that never see the sun.

A block away the great new factories belch forth the day shift ready for the night turn.

The wooden structures house shining new machinery, intricate, and wonderful, the first ever seen in this Oriental city.

The buildings are quickly and cheaply made with no thought for light and air. They are newly come and there is no law to question how they are made.

The factories and I are of the West;

We represent the new-increased production, progress.

We make our profits and depart,

Having taught a few Orientals how to fasten shackles on the lives of little children.

Oh God, is this to be our gift?

THE EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY

All day long, from early dawn till late at night, men in silken robes went by; but we, who were not Manchu, were made to stay without and so we could not hear them bid him joy.

The magnificent spaces of the Imperial City through which they passed were lit with sunlight that matched the golden roofs.

All of those who went within wore coats of wondrous silk, spun in patterns that had been an artist's dream.

On their feet were velvet shoes; and on their heads were hats with crowns of cloth of gold, with brims embroidered, like the squares on front and back of each of their robes, with gossamer threads of lovely hues in designs of angels and curves and flowers and dragons and butterflies.

From the neck folds of their robes, and sometimes caught up and held in their slender hands, long chains of bright colored beads hung down.

There was quite a host of those who passed.

We heard not what they said within, for the guards would not let us go. But we saw the limits of the grounds and the roof 'neath which the little Emperor had grown to be fifteen.

With three more years added in the Chinese count, one given by court, and one by earth, and one by heaven, because he is the birthright king.

And I wondered why they kept him there, and if he would not like to come out and have a real place in the ranks of boys and men.

And why, in the days of the Republic, they hire a tutor to teach him the ways of ruling a limited Monarchy.

And why, just once in twelve months, the Manchus wear their ceremonial robes and go to bid him joy in the growth of another year.

The Middle Kingdom is no more, and in its place a Republic has come; And yet they seem to fear him, a little boy just fifteen years, while they teach him to be an emperor.

I wonder why.

HATAMEN STREET

A NEVER-ENDING tide of life flows up and down Hatamen.

The street is made in generous length and breadth as Peking spaces are.

All along its three-mile way, from the south gate under the four pilos to the north wall, it has on either side a fascinating line of shops.

At any hour it is a wondrous place to walk, but the street is at its best when the day is almost done.

As the sun goes to rest behind the western hills, the coals 'neath the steaming pots of the street cook brighten, and from the ruddy forges the sparks dance like fireflies.

There is a rhyme of home even in the fall of the camels' heavy feet as their master leads them to the place of the night's rest.

It tinkles merrily in the donkey's bells as he trots by with his fat rider.

It is heard in the springless rattle of the blue Peking carts.



It is in the song on the lips of folks and the blind musician gives it voice on his quavering violin.

Street venders pack their wares and neatly put away the rattles and the drums they use by day to call their trade.

The toy man, knowing that the children are near to sleep, makes ready to go home.

The street sprinklers cease their work.

Men who have heavy loads to carry swing them carefully balanced from bamboo poles across their shoulders, ere they join the home-bound throng.

Some of those who hurry along have houses all their own;

They disappear into hutungs and through gates.

And some, like the fortune-teller yonder, have only a shelter in which they sleep.

But those who have no place to call their own seem to satisfy the longing in their hearts by calling Hatamen—Home.

There is a friendly feeling all about at eventide, when folk talk with folk as they do here.

As night draws near the policemen assist each other to light the lamps, and passers-by stop and make a ceremony of the lighting.

All up and down Hatamen, the cooks serve steaming food to those who have no stoves at home.

Overhead the brilliant stars hang low.

And in the street, the friendly lights glow for the folk who tarry there.

A WEDDING DRESS

Four years artists of the thread took to make ready Mai Sung's Wedding Dress.

A thing almost alive it seemed to the girl as it lay there in the moonlit room drawing unto itself the silver rays that came through the paper windows and reflecting a quivering radiance.

Mai Sung moved cautiously lest she disturb her slumbering household, for this was not quite a modest thing she did—to slip into the room alone at night and show curiosity about the morrow.

The dress with magnetic force drew her toward it. She had had small part in its making but she knew the symbolism of its every pattern stitched as they had been on the wedding dresses of all the women of her family before her.

The heavy golden threads almost hid the rich scarlet satin on which they were embroidered.

The girl ran her fingers caressingly over the dress. She liked its beauty and she tried to realize that it was hers.

She slipped it over her shoulders, patting its folds into place, fastening each of the little buttons, thrilled with the magic of its golden threads.

And then as she lifted up the wedding head-dress to slip it over her dark hair, all the light in the room seemed to be drawn to the long band of heavy red satin that lay beneath it. She drew back trembling with fear; it was the band which her mother would wind round and round her head to-morrow, the symbol that her own family bound her to her new life, to the unseen man who was to be her husband, and to the will of his family.

- She tried to take her eyes and thoughts away from it, turning them to the boxes of clothing, the rosewood furniture and the lovely linens that her parents had prepared to make more sure her welcome into her new home.
- Her parents were kind, they loved her, she need not fear. She thought of the pretty patterns of the dresses, of the dainty little shoes of many colors, of the soft squirrel lining in the long blue wrap; there were more than she could count from memory. They filled thirty-seven cedar boxes.
- Early in the morning she knew that gifts of fruit would go to her new mother, a little later the long procession of thirty-seven chests, and then in the afternoon she would follow, leaving her father's compound for the first time since she was fifteen. Her heart beat rapidly with the thought of the adventure—a whole new unknown world opening to-morrow.
- She smoothed the wondrous dress again; it glowed pure gold, reassuring her, but each time she raised her eyes they were drawn to the band of plain red satin, and each time she was shaken with fear. Who were these people to whom she was to go? Would this man she was to marry be kind to her and how would she please him?
- Five of these years of preparation he had spent studying in America. She could read a little, but to her, America was a far-away somewhere—she did not understand about it.
- To-morrow the wedding chair would come early so that the guests might examine it. Lost in thought, she turned the engagement bracelets around on her wrists. She recalled the day that her mother had slipped them over her hands and told her that three years before arrangements had been made for her marriage. It seemed a long time ago now.
- Only a few hours more and she would go to the new home. The chair would be of red satin; it too would be embroidered with golden threads. There would be a fine procession; there would be banner carriers and music men, but she would be sealed in utter darkness and would not see the streets through which she passed; and they would leave her at the threshold of her new life with the band of red satin wound round and round her head.
- It lay before her glowing with a frightening brilliancy. She would have thrust it away but she was afraid to touch it—it seemed some evil spirit about to spring to life.

Fascinated she could not take her eyes from it.

The bell on the drum tower sounded the hours as they passed. There was a stir in the kitchen court; servants were up early putting the finishing touches to the wedding-feast.

The day had come.

AT THE ALTAR OF HEAVEN

COOL groves of quiet trees

A distant line of blue domed temples.

Bronze urns for sacrifice built with infinite care by the hand of man. Great open spaces where new grasses climb up through the brown stubble. An altar laid of pure white marble by a people whose Emperors came with pomp and pageantry to wait in silence for the voice of God.

Yellowed and softened by time the altar is no longer used when affairs of state are troublesome.

Relics of a day that is gone are the spirit steps, the mute white pillars that

lift their arms beside the groves, the bronze urns, the crumbling oven in which the sacrificial beasts were burned.

Relics too of a day that is gone are the creeds and can'ts with which I sought to find God in earlier times and in the maze of which I lost Him in a world torn asunder with war and distrust and suffering.

Here in the quiet peace at a discarded altar built for another creed and another people I have rested, and a voice that has been speaking in all the tongues of all the ages, with wondrous patience and tenderness, has spoken again to me, saying; "Be still and know that I am God."

PEKING.



OR people to live a life which has the appearance of being blameless, bland, and innocent is certainly becoming more difficult all the time. A man who casts languishing glances at a glass of lemonade is suspected of knowing something of the mysteries of copper kettles

The Difficulty of Being Unsuspected

and stone crocks. A woman who wears her skirts below her knees is considered to have been treated unfairly by nature. The idea of the ulterior motive is becoming irritatingly prevelant. There's an opinion that every one has something to sell—or, at least, is using all his wit to make a trade or deal of some kind. This one may be shrewd in disguising his design; that one's motive may be immediately apparent. But every one is considered as "handling a line." Lately I heard a business man, laden with golf clubs of a Sabbath morning, remark that he didn't care to go to church that day because he had "heard the preacher's line" before. A graduate of a great university has been heard to mention "Tennyson's line." The implication in all this lies deeper than we suppose; it does not describe a mood or a trend. It means that every one is a trader, and that each one has a special method of displaying his wares.

Because of this commercialized view of life, all of us have become suspicious characters. When we receive a kindly invitation, we wonder what social game is afoot; when your old and tried family physician suddenly discovers that you have appendicitis, you cannot avoid speculating meanly

tires now so alluringly advertised. And the moment we meet a new acquaintance this process of appraisal begins. In very short order we try to have every one ticketed, docketed. I suppose that this feverish "lining" is a form of self-defense; we are forearming ourselves because we are suspicious. We fully expect something to be offered us in the way of a bargain. For example, the ornate catalogue of one of America's proudest colleges is called by the undergraduates "Our Little Song and Dance." The gravest of our public officials are sufferers from the levity of the attitude of those who should do them honor. A senator who has made a great speech—Do senators make great speeches in these days?—is said to "have the goods." Imagine any one daring to say, in 1850, that Daniel Webster "had the goods!" We are losing our reverence because we have become a suspicious people.

But the chief sufferers from this trouble are the great men and women of the ancient world. Opening a magazine, we see a most fetching Antony and Cleopatra scene, and we imagine that we are viewing an historical pageant. But, as we read the description of the magical scene, we learn that the real purpose of the picture is to enamour the eye until it is trapped into the discovery that Mutimas, of the purest Turkish, can be had in week-end boxes of one hundred, with or without cork tips. Or perhaps the scene is of the Queen of Sheba, for whom all men and most women have a secret mysterious that his car is badly in need of a set of cord regard. We are pleased to have the great

biblical character drawn for us in so altogether charming a fashion. But the inevitable "line" is to follow. We come to the exciting and delicate discovery that Sheba must have known the salubrious effect, on the epidermis, of Olivene soap. But we are disappointed at this neatly arranged climax; for soap and romance do not cohere very satisfactorily. Vaguely dissatisfied, we turn to a page showing vignettes of eighteenthcentury coffee-houses, with artistic inserts of Johnson, Addison, Goldsmith, and other worthies of their day. This page has a decidedly literary aspect; but its flavor is to prove commercial: we are told with much enthusiasm that Dingo Coffee will make any table as vivacious and intellectual as the Great Cham's at the Mitre! Perhaps. we see a picture of blind Homer, pathetically begging his bread in an Attic village; then we are dramatically reminded that if he had been able to take advantage of a course in the National Condensed Correspondence College, he never would have been a beggar!

I do not know that there's anything new about all this. King Charles II, who had a most urbane knowledge of life, used to claim that every man had himself to sell, and every woman, herself; and that the device whereby the man kept up the price of his product was the word "honor"; women, he claimed, used the word "virtue" for the selfsame purpose. Naturally we dissent from such arrant cynicism. But it is a fact that a suspicion of the ulterior motive is robbing us of many of the simple enjoyments of life. . . . If, on a cool autumn day, a wife kisses her husband with gratifying zeal, we begin to wonder if her last year's set of furs is not just a little too shabby to go through another winter; and if a husband phones in a most serious tone that he is detained at the office, his wife's mind instanter sniffs the approach, at midnight, of a clove-alloyed breath. . . . The fact is, we are terribly suspicious of our loved ones, of our neighbors, and perhaps of ourselves. I wish it were easier to be unsuspected. Even a man who writes a little paper for a magazine is suspected of coveting rewards other than those purely æsthetic and artistic. Base suspicion! Yet this game is one that all of us are playing; and the pain we experience from being suspected is perhaps compensated by our pleasure in to survey the "necessary apparatus." suspecting.

REAT-GRANDMOTHER came across the mountains to Indiana from the Old North State more than eighty years ago, with nine children and such few household goods as the caravan of covered wagons could accommodate. In some corner she tucked away a The Bath book with stout brown-leather in 1832 medicine-stained and covers: water-marked, but speaking as of old with a voice of final authority, "Gunn's Domestic Medicine" is with the family yet.

It was printed in 1832 with the intention of furnishing medical advice to those inhabitants of Tennessee and the "Southern and Western country" who had no physicians and who desired to know the proper time and method to bleed the patient or administer sassafras tea. It remains in this later age to give strange thoughts to those who are venturing to build post-war houses and are undecided whether one bath on second floor for the family and another on third for the maid are enough, or whether a guest-room bath is also a necessity.

For Doctor Gunn was a bath enthusiast. and he gloried in his eccentricity. Not even feather-beds nor "dispepsia" could rouse in him the scorn that he felt for those "who imagine that when they have furnished their mansions with splendid mirrors, Turkey carpets and sophas that all things are complete."

"I say," he thunders, "that unless they have a small room appropriated to bathing in which the necessary apparatus can be fitted up for use, their houses want one of the most necessary appendages for health."

Noble! we say; and we applaud loudly when he turns with many italics and rather uncertain spelling to the demolition of some of the contemporary medical brethren: "I do ascert without fear of contradiction, save by the ninnyhammers of the profesion, that if the warm bath were more frequently used with proper abstinence from food on the approach of fever and many other diseases, medical assistance would not be required."

We remember our own debates on tile floors vs. linoleum, and built-in bathtubs vs. the kind that stand on legs and are aggravating to scrub under, and we follow Doctor Gunn with anxious interest into his ideal small room appropriated to bathing

Our unaccustomed eyes rest upon a "bath-

ing-machine, improperly called a tub." Says Doctor Gunn proudly: "It is easy of construction and very simple, being in shape like a child's cradle without the rockers, about six feet in length and of width sufficient easily to admit the body, with a hole in the bottom near the foot to let the water pass off after being used.

"It may be constructed of wood or tin, and if of the latter, ought to be painted to prevent rust. Where it is made of wood plank the cracks ought to be filled with boiling tar or pitch to prevent leaking.

"Rocks properly cleansed previously to being heated in the fire afford a very easy means of heating the water to any temperature."

This was the "warm bath." One might safely indulge once a week in winter and two or three times a week in summer; and this, on the whole, does not seem too frequent unless one objects to the labor of heating the water with hot stones fished from an equally hot fireplace.

There was also the cold bath, and this in its simplest form required only a convenient river or creek, free from "cold springs in its branches."

Only the time of day and year was considered here, although it is better to "enter the bath on an empty stomach," and, having first wet the head, "to dive in head foremost, so as to make the impression uniform. The morning is the best time for bathing, or two hours before sunset, as the water has by the rays of the sun acquired an agreeable warmth." As autumn draws on, the cold bath should last only a minute and should be replaced by that novelty, the shower-bath.

"The shower-bath means the falling of water from a height of seven or eight feet in a shower similar to rain," Doctor Gunn proceeds happily. "The construction of this bath is very simple. Fix a box that will hold water, or a large tub will answer; bore the bottom full of holes made with a large gimblet—let the box or tub be placed above your head the distance above mentioned and let the water be thrown in, you being underneath."

Or, preferring the bath without assistance, we may exercise a little ingenuity. "Have a box made with a trap door underneath so that by pulling a string the trap door will fall a hinge and permit the water to fall on your body." A less social occa-

sion but with more "delicacy to the exposure of your person"!

This form of cold bath, we are assured, produces the most electrifying and delightful sensations, and it is obviously free "from the injuries to which bathing in creeks and rivers expose us."

Confidentially speaking, I doubt if any of great-grandmother's flock ever forsook the wooden wash-tub for the "bathing-machine," or the shower-bath, and when they went swimming in the creek, probably they never considered the medicinal advantages of their splashings. I never saw great-grandmother, but I gather that she was a busy person with little time to try or tendency to encourage new-fangled notions. Her "Dr. Gunn" opens most readily to Measles and the section on common herbs.

But somewhere in its many editions the "Domestic Medicine" must have reached an adventurous soul who was brave enough to astonish the neighborhood with a bathroom and the "necessary apparatus."

There our modern bathrooms had their beginning and there, when weary of plumbers and the high cost of building, we might return, with the aid of a few boards, some asphalt to fill the cracks, borrowed, let us say, from the nearest road-making machine, and a half-dozen cobblestones heated in the furnace.

The guest-bath? Certainly, we will have that, too. The easiest solution would lie in building on the banks of a creek, but, failing that, why not a trap-door shower in the garage?

F all the changes that have come about in commercial life probably none are more striking or significant than that which has taken place in the shop of the apothecary.

The long, ill-lighted "drug store" of forty years ago or less, lined below with At the row after row of mysterious draw-Apothecary's ers filled with roots and herbs from every land, and with shelf above shelf of Latinized-labelled jars containing gallon after gallon of extract and tincture, has given place to a gay saloon, housing a giant bar of polished marble and glittering metal, flowing with carbonated drinks, ice-cream, cakes, pies, sandwiches, and candy. The containers for healing liquids have shrunk in size, and slunk to the rear, while the drawers of drugs have been displaced by displays

of perfumes, powders, stationery, vacuumbottles, toilet articles, china, bric-à-brac, and what-not. The composite odor from the world congress of the vegetable and mineral kingdoms has given place to another from scented soaps, perfumes for my lady's handkerchief and for my master's breath.

The house of the servant of Æsculapius has certainly undergone a most marvellous transformation. The substitution of vegetable and mineral substances for powdered snail-shells, extracted frogs' eyes, and desiccated deer dung was a process of centuries, and their place of residence still remained the house of healing, but with the revolution of the past few years the drug store is no more except in name. It still caters to the inner man, but is more a heavenly annex to the grocery store than a dispensary of cures for human ills. The mixer of drinks has become a far more important person than the pharmacist. Even the globes of colored fluids, which, in nights gone by. directed the seeker after relief from bodily ills to the harbor of hope, are fast disappear-The lights have lost their significance. are extinguished at an early hour, the key is turned, and the proprietor retires for an all night's rest, while poor humanity must put up with its pains as best it may, until long after the break of the succeeding day.

Oh yes, the proprietary preparations, coquetting as formerly in containers of every contour and wrappers of every hue, still have a place, though they huddle together in fear of extinction since their alcoholic content has been exposed and reduced.

The factors which have worked this extraordinary change are not apparent on the surface, but, in general, are: better sanitation and, so, less sickness; better medical knowledge, and more ready cash. The drugs which, in a generation past, were employed for the "treatment" (not cure) of typhoid fever would, alone, have kept one of the old-time apothecaries busy in any community. So desperate and so long an illness makes it difficult, even now, not to employ many medicines to bolster the courage of the well, even when they seem of doubtful value to the sick.

The actual laboratory testing of drugs, with the failure of most of them to live up to their reputation, has, of course, greatly reduced the writing of elaborate prescriptions, and sent a whole host of drugs into

oblivion, though their names and histories and suggestion of their supposed magical virtues are still preserved in that monument of medical ignorance—the pharmacopæia.

This accounts for the shrinking of the business: the expansion of the carbonated and saccharine side is certainly due to the fact that people have more money to spend. The business has passed from one dealing with nauseous necessities for preserving life to one dispensing the most elaborate of luxuries for pleasing the palate. The business is on the same foundation, for most medicines, nowadays, are taken to conciliate and restore an abused stomach, or to quiet the outcry of organs sympathetically injured, and now the drug store lures to the overworking of that same indispensable receptacle for that which passes the palate. The apothecary was more worthy in furnishing hope to the unhealthy than in making the healthy less hopeful.

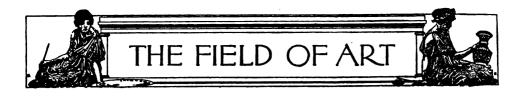
Will the results of this commercial revolution be reflected in the physique and longevity of the rising generation? If they can withstand, without damage, the deluge of iced drinks and the avalanche of sweetmeats to which their alimentary organs are exposed, the human machine is more adjustable than we know it to be.

It is interesting to note that, as the drug store changes to café, the eating-house is exhibiting a reverse metamorphosis; for, in a large establishment, devoted otherwise exclusively to meats and drinks, we read, at the bottom of the menu:

> Aspirin...... 5 cents Bromo-Seltzer.... 15 cents

Superfeed and swallow an antidote for discomfort, this seems to say. The Romans were wiser in prophylactically poking their fingers into their fauces. The physician as an adviser, if not as a prescriber, is more necessary than ever, for humanity's main business and pleasure in life is ever that of pleasing its palate at all costs.

Where our ancestors of a century or so since swallowed tons of liquor and mountains of meat, we imbibe fountains of fizzing water and consume freezers of cream and counters of confection. We are certainly more æsthetic in our choice, and perhaps we are wiser; but equally with the men of former time we work our bodily laboratories to the limit, and usually beyond.



WOOD-BLOCK PRINTING TO-DAY

By Frank Weitenkampf Author of "How to Appreciate Prints"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM RECENT EXAMPLES



From a book-plate by G. W. Plank.

are many demands on our appreciation of art in many forms. Wood-engraving should not be lost sight of through a possible contempt bred of a familiarity of centuries. The wood-block is of a possible pliability, a potential response to individual touch, quite apt to be overlooked or insufficiently realized.

Forty years ago, wood-engraving in the United States entered on a brilliant period of achievement in reproductive work, with remarkable virtuosity, an almost incredible refinement of technic. It was the natural final outcome of the development of the method practised by Thomas Bewick in

That was based on the employment of wood cut across the grain instead of with the grain, and the utilization of the "white line." The latter was cut into the block instead of being thrown into relief by cutting away the surface around it, thus offering a more economical and more effective method of producing variety of tone by utilizing the gamut of grays between black and white. Timothy

N these days there Cole, active veteran of those golden days of America's "New School" of wood-engraving, W. G. Watt, and a few others, are vet exercising the witchery of this craft. transmuting the painter's art into the monochrome of the wood-block.

> But to-day, overwhelmingly, our production in wood-block printing, and its near relative, linoleum printing, lies in the direction of "original" or "painter" engraving. That implies artist and engraver in one person, the block being used, as is the etching plate or the lithographic stone, as a direct medium of expression for the artist, an autographic art. Thus the artist's design is transmitted directly to his public, without the intervention of a professional engraver.

In this use of the wood-block the tendency is toward simplicity in execution, few lines, flat tones of black or color, the use of the plank cut with the grain instead of the England in the late eighteenth century. block cut across the grain. And there is



Sleigh Ride. By J. J. Lankes.



Wounded. By John J. A. Murphy.

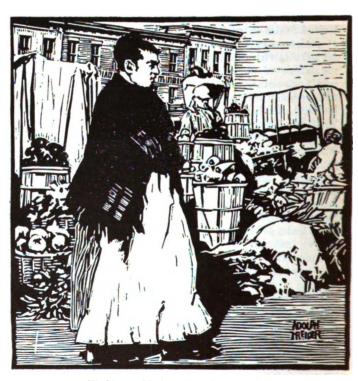
felt the influence of the early facsimile cuts Moore, Nicholson, Ricketts, F. Morley and of the Japanese color print. Whatever Fletcher, Vallotton, Lepère, Colin, Rivière,

of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries is usually not shown in a dull copying of manner. Pure, unadulterated archaizing is rarely more than a sport, a stunt, the artist projecting himself backward into a time which is not his own living, pulsating present. More than one of our artists evince a sympathetic and profitable study of the spirit and craftsmanship of other days, assimilated and placed at the service of the expression of their own time and place. With this there comes also an understanding of the characteristics of the medium-the woodblock and knife or burin-with both its

possibilities and its limits.

A striking feature in all this modern work, viewed collectively, as in the recent comprehensive exhibition of American prints at the New York Public Library, is its variety in handling and expression. That aspect is naturally intensified if we consider foreign production as well, with its added racial and personal outlook. European artists such as Blake, Calvert, Shannon, Sleigh, Brangwyn, Sturge

reflection there may be found of the spirit Calrègle, Orlik, Laage, Klemm, R. Leclercq,



Washington Market. By Adolph Treidler.

touch of individual intent.

the individual note but also the reflec- rugged line turns into a sweeping gesture

tion of modern points of view, ideas, ideals, which integrate the spots of individuality into groups of approximately common aims. It's a loose classification. however, for the spirit of individualism shines forth in differences subtly expressed here, vigorously there. The clean-cut blacks of Mildred Mc-Millen contrast with the rolling, rough-hewn, scumbled lines of Birger Sandzen, the precision and reticent delicacy of Rudolph Ruzicka with the bold cutting of Tod Lindenmuth, the

1

Ē

3

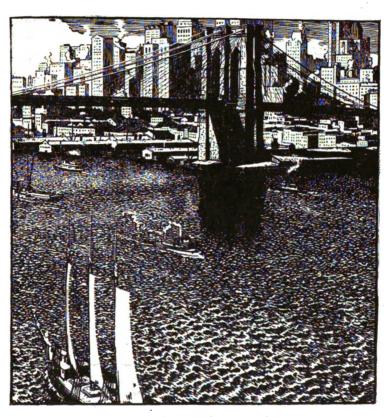
Ξ

2

sculpturesque realism of J. J. A. Murphy with the decorativeness of Horace Brodsky, the light tints of A. W. Dow with the complete color effects of Gustave Baumann.

Certain artists, while differing in style and aims, may conveniently be considered together because of a general tendency toward realism. Most of them have some connection with deep-rooted traditions in wood-engraving, traditions of the old days of facsimile cutting on the plank. One, indeed, Howard McCormick, with a rugged insistence on pictorial completeness, recalls our American school of the eighteeneighties, but only at a distance; no trained

Jan Claessens, Adolfo de Karolis, Emilio line here, but a vigorous vet sane variation Mantelli, offer rich proof of the response of of handling to suit the passing need. Drawthe evidently pliable wood to the evoking ing with the graver, brushing almost. Tod Lindenmuth also works for distance, and In the increasing use of the wood-block gets effects of detail by suggestion of detail by American artists there appears not only which is not there. With Sandzen the



New York from the Manhattan Bridge. By Rudolph Ruzicka.

which at times rolls gnarled trees and clouds into convolutions like those of a finger print. Robustness, likewise, is the outstanding quality of J. J. Lankes, with a muffled undertone of sympathetic human interest in his bits of rural life. More suave is the vigor, changing in manner with the purpose, of W. A. Dwiggins, always direct, happy, and sufficient. Vigor is still the word for J. J. A. Murphy. Quite personal and natural, with thoughtful entry into his subjects, and with a fine sense of omission and of balanced composition, he guides his technic in terms of the mind to produce results of a sculpturesque effect.



Village Roofs. By Arthur W. Dow.

His wife, Cecil Buller Murphy, has a impulse to divergent individualities. Where similar bigness in execution. In her nudes Brodsky offers strong juxtaposition of absothere is no attempt to go beyond the simplest outline to indicate the soft firmness of comes silhouette, Diederich remodels men flesh, yet it is indicated. Childe Hassam, again, uses a tint block with white crosshatching to arrive at results similar to those in his paintings and etchings of the human body. Sanity, directness, restraint, and honest craftsmanship mark the work of Rudolph Ruzicka. He has observed and

reproduced the beauties and interests of urban aspect with a delicate taste, a contemplative attitude, and quiet humor.

The reality of every-day life is thrown out of focus in figures such as those by John Storrs, of a monumental quality that stamps a group of soldiers, for example, as a type of the warrior rather than a picture of present-day "doughboys." This feeling of an alignment of the world into linear arrangements to express mental attitudes is also Rockwell Kent's. His nudes stride this world of problems and tragedies and ecstasies with a gesture that recalls Blake, without calling for further comparison; Kent needs no such crutch.

Thence the step is natural to the decorative effect which is the key-note of cuts by Hunt Diederich, George Biddle, Horace Brodsky, William and Marguerite Zorach. A matter of conventionalities and swirling lines, going from a certain central

lute black and white, which at times beand animals into proper shape for the measured cavortings that fit into his decorative scheme. And with the Zorachs form is schematized even more into a matter of design, of balance, of intertwining patterns almost geometrical.

A frank and humorous archaiging is



Landscape. By Mildred McMillen.

indulged in by John Held, Jr., borrowing from early nineteenth-century chapbooks or similar popular printings. In his "Mate of the Lille-Elena" he moves toward the methods of the old-time theatreposter carvers, well utilized by James Britton in some posters done years ago. Harry Townsend has announced the Painter

Townsend has announced the Gravers' exhibition with the directness which the mural advertisement demands, and Adolph Treidler, his poster-making abilities evident, digs out form with an almost tactile effect. In all this black-and-white work the wood-block remains in evidence, the grain shows.

The mention of posters recalls other uses to which the woodblock has been put. Book-plates form an interesting specialty, cultivated by Ruzicka, George W. Plank, A. Allen Lewis, and W. F. Hopson, the art of the lastnamed long since clarified into a sure and calm taste and craftsmanship. An easy change of manner, according to the subject in hand, is shown by Plank, while Lewis has a direct and simple vigor that recalls the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in a vague and attractive way. Holiday cards for individuals embody happy conceits by Ruzicka, Lewis, and F. T. Chapman, and the art has been felicitously applied to commercial purposes by

Murphy, Chapman, Percy A. Grassby, and Ruzicka.

The service rendered to the people by wood-engraving through five centuries came to a very large extent in the form of book illustration. And to-day, now and then, some of our "painter-engravers" get an opportunity to exercise their craft in the adornment of a book. In such casesfor instance Mrs. Charles MacVeagh's "Fountains of Papal Rome" and "Journeys to Bagdad," by Charles S. Brooks, Ruzicka the illustrator of the former, Lewis of the latter—even though the artists have not had opportunity to direct in the wedding of type and decoration, there is yet the impetus toward harmony between the two. Wood-engraving, a relief process as is type-

cutting, is a peculiarly effective and proper element in the realization of this fundamental factor in the making of decorated books. The example of the finest illustrated books of those early days of printing, whose productions we have not surpassed to-day, shows that clearly.

In the course of the tendency to get be-



French Hillside. By Harry De Maine.

yond straight black and white, Lewis, Ruzicka, Grassby, and Childe Hassam have used, with modifications, the old chiaroscuro method, employed centuries ago to reproduce wash-drawings with white high lights. The process consists in adding to the black design a tint printed from a separate block, with the lights cut out in white. Ruzicka sometimes employs several tints to suggest color effect. From this, one steps on naturally to color printing, in which the influence of the Japanese has been very strong.

The question of color or no color is one to be settled by individual taste. If you are in an affirmative attitude, there is a very notable variety to choose from. The Japanese tradition is expressed with grace and delicacy by the late Helen Hyde and Mrs. Bertha Lum, more robustly by B. I. O. Nordfeldt. Arthur W. Dow, long since, with a facile and sure touch, showed the possibilities of flat tints without black outline, in his "Ipswich Prints." Since then, that method has been applied in ways that reflected changing tendencies, general and individual, in a variety of manners, ranging from merest color suggestion to a chromatic vehemence that ends in practically ignoring the character of the medium. Hugh M. Eaton, Elizabeth Gardner, Harry De Maine, Mildred Fritz, Juliette S. Nichols exemplify as many different ways of color printing, which in some cases turns into a reduction into juxtaposed tints of the artist's seeking rather than nature's. An avowedly decorative use of color and form in combination appears in the studies of birds by H. M. Baer and in the Russian dancers by Mrs. W. M. Ivins, Jr., graceful weldings of tint and form, some with a touch of Bakst, others with a faint suggestion of children's books of the Greenaway period. Gustave Baumann strives for a completeness of realistic color effect, without losing sight of the wood-block, while the color prints of Margaret Patterson, Edna Boies Hopkins, Elizabeth Colwell, and others almost suggest actual work in oil or body color rather than printing. The fact that most of the women artists in this field work in color may be noted.

In all this contemporary work, here as abroad, there is, quite apart from the ques-

tion of quality, a variety of an extensiveness and richness not dreamed of in other days. And it reflects its time, our time, a period of many minds, ideas and ideals, and some aberrations.

Clearly, here is an art which, with all its characteristic of vigorous simplicity, can be moulded, without loss of its nature, to the manner of each individual artist. A medium as much worth our attention, in its way, and within its limitations,-limitations are always to be understood in any medium—as is etching. Clearly, too, the amateur or collector, in this garden of latent delights, must attend to some weeding. We cannot escape here, any more than we do in etching or any other art, the entrance of the glib one. It's so tempting to be able to perpetuate one's drawing by putting it down on a plate or block or stone from which impressions can be taken,—and perhaps sold! It's comparatively easy to make prints, but much more difficult to make good ones. After all, part of the pleasure of the game lies in the hunt, the comparison, the choice. And the exercise of those prerogatives, the activities of sorting, will help also to keep up the good name of wood-engraving. And to keep the block print, that buxom maid now being introduced to so many would-be practitioners, from the indignities which, in Whistler's metaphorical pleasantry, the more elegant etching had to endure when, with easy familiarity, the passing gallant chucked her under the chin.



Head-piece from "Journeys to Bagdad" by Charles S. Brooks. By J. Allen Lewis.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.



A SEASON OF INTERESTING EVENTS

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

HIS present autumn season has in some respects fulfilled expectations of judicious financial observers; in others, it has been a chapter of surprises. Of one thing we may be certain: that this au-

A Confusion of Incidents tumn will be remembered in the traditions of financial history as the first grasp at recovery from the long after-

war depression, and yet as a season marked by events so conflicting and anomalous as to illustrate by themselves the confusion into which the world has been thrown by the war and its inevitable

economic sequel.

The events of the past few weeks have been disconnected and yet connected; some of them were spectacular in the extreme. They comprised the continued inpour of gold on a prodigious scale into the United States, until the treasure vaults of our Federal Reserve were believed to hold 30 to 40 per cent of the whole world's monetary stock of gold. With this came reduction of the official bank rate for money, on the very eve of the usual active autumn business season, to the lowest level since January, 1920; sudden release of stored-up grain which farmers had refused to sell at the lower prices, in such quantity as to cause during July the largest shipment of wheat ever made in a single month from American farms to American markets, and in August the largest export of American wheat of any month on record.

At the very beginning of autumn, the discovery was made that not only had the acreage planted to cotton suffered the largest reduction in the history of the cotton industry, but that this curtailment had been followed by the most disastrous cotton-growing season in our history, possibly cutting down the yield one-half from 1920. Such a rise in the cotton market duly providing the stipulated instalments

had resulted that, while the lately insolvent South was busy paying its debts by selling its cotton at the doubled price, the cotton merchants and manufacturers were withdrawing from the market because of their absolute doubt if the consuming public would pay the necessary higher cost for goods. Yet along with all this confusion of events an atmosphere of increasing hope and confidence, reflected in the strong recovery on the Stock Exchange, was plainly discernible.

were visible at home, the financial public's attention was attracted forcibly to the rapid and spectacular fall in the foreign value of the German currency and to the spread through Bolshe-

vik Russia of a famine which foreshadowed one of the great

Fall of the German Mark

calamities of history. It is doubtful whether an economic situation has ever arisen with any country in which, as in the present situation of Germany, the concrete economic facts were so plainly visible to every one yet in which the outside world's deductions from those facts were so diametrically conflicting. The three outstanding facts, which any reader of the news could learn, were these: First, Germany's export trade was increasing steadily. Statements published at Berlin have valued such shipments at 10,057,-000,000 paper marks in the calendar year 1919, an immense shrinkage from 1913, but at 69,524,000,000 in 1920, and even allowing for the depreciation of 50 to 75 per cent in the average value of the German currency for 1920 as compared with 1919, the larger figure would indicate more than the doubling of the actual exports.

Second, the German Government was

on its war reparations; payment of one billion gold marks, arranged to be made in the three months beginning May 31, was completed by transfer of the actual cash on the Paris, London, and New York markets before the 31st of August. Third, the inflation of Germany's paper currency was proceeding at an extremely rapid rate, with resultant fall in value of the mark in foreign countries to the lowest level in history. Between the last week of May and the middle of September the outstanding German paper, as reported by the Reichsbank, increased 11,000,000,000 marks, making a total increase of nearly 40 per cent, as compared with twelve months before, and meantime the mark, which, as against its nominal value of 23% cents, had sold in foreign exchange transactions for 2 cents in September, 1920, and for 134 cents when reparations payments began at the end of last May, had fallen in September of the present year to seven-eighths of a cent.

SUCH were the visible economic changes in the German situation. From these undisputed facts our own financial markets at the beginning of the present autumn were drawing alternately

Germany's Economic Problems two highly conflicting inferences. One was that Germany, being able, because of her low labor costs and the

low foreign value of her currency, to sell goods on foreign markets for less than the cost of foreign products, was about to invade the markets of the world with German merchandise and ruin foreign competitors. The other inference was that the fall in value of the paper currency, to a discount of no less than 96 per cent from parity, foreshadowed wreck of the whole financial and industrial organism of Germany.

The first prediction was heard most insistently while the "American valuation plan" for imports under the Fordney Tariff Bill was being urged at Washington, but it appeared and re-appeared in subsequent trade reviews and despatches, and in the talk of American merchants. The second prediction began to have its day when the wild and extravagant speculation on the German markets, caused by the violent change in paper values

which followed the increasing depreciation of the mark, had led to the temporary closing of the German stock exchanges through absolute inability to handle the prodigious mass of speculative orders crowded into brokers' hands. In particular, it was then very commonly asserted that when the date for the next instalment on the reparations payment should arrive, Germany would default.

Now these deductions as to the indicated strength or weakness of financial Germany could not possibly both be correct. One or the other of them must have been wholly wrong, or else the actual probabilities of the situation must have rested on some middle ground. Let us, if we can, discover what is the truth of the matter. We shall find many facts apparently conflicting and some information curiously contradictory. But a cool survey of the situation, in the light of past experience and of the actual present status of the markets, ought to provide at least some basis for intelligent conclusion.

THAT the billion-mark instalment, due before August 31 on the German reparations, was paid in gold or its equivalent at the stipulated date, nobody questions. I have previously explained the

machinery by which this \$238,000,000 payment was effected. The money was raised partly by sale of old

Financing the Reparations

German securities on foreign markets; partly by sale of actual paper marks to foreigners; partly by use of foreign credits arising from German exports of merchandise, those credits having been bought by the government from the German exporters in exchange for German bank balances or new German paper marks; partly by its purchase of American currency sent by German-Americans in the United States to friends in Germany, such currency being then returned by the government to America to establish a credit balance; partly through export of silver to the United States, and partly, at the very last of the billion-mark payment, through shipment of something like \$20,000,000 gold.

This gold was obtained by the German Government in two ways. Most of it (67,000,000 gold marks, or \$15,000,000)

was taken from the German Reichsbank's cured the requisite foreign balances partly gold reserve, which was drawn upon then for the first time since the autumn of 1010 and which was reduced by such withdrawal from the 1,001,000,000 marks at which it had remained during nearly two years, to 1,023,000,000, the lowest point since 1912. But part of the gold was also obtained through purchase at a premium by the government on the open German market. Probably some considerable sums of gold from the old Russian Imperial Bank had been sent into Germany by the Soviet to buy food. At all events, the German treasury made a bid of 340 marks in paper currency for 20 marks in gold—which meant, it will be observed, a home price of 1,700 for gold in German paper, if the normal value of the paper mark were to be assumed as par. Some idea of what this gold premium meant may be had from the fact that at the extreme point of our own country's currency inflation during the Civil War, the price of gold in July, 1864, reached 285.

THIS brief summary of the process by which the German Government collected the foreign gold credits necessary for the billion-mark payment, forcibly proves one fact—that the payment was in the main achieved, directly The Paper or indirectly, through a much Currency more than equivalent disbursement by the German treasury of paper currency. Since the government's home expenses were far greater than its receipts, it was inevitable that the foreign credits bought from German exporters, the American currency bought from German beneficiaries, and the gold and silver bought on the German market, should have been obtained through issue of new paper marks of a nominal value many times greater than the amount of the reparations payment. In other words, the German Government has thus far been paying its indemnity through constant and very rapid increase of its irredeemable paper.

But that is a process which cannot go on indefinitely without some striking consequences. We have hitherto seen that the war began, as against prices increased when France paid its five billion francs indemnity to Prussia after 1871, it pro- United States, 3 times in England, and

through exporting moderate amounts of gold, silver, and French bank-notes, partly through buying from its own citizens, by issue of new domestic bonds at very low prices, such foreign credits as were owned by those citizens, but mostly through selling to foreign investors a great part of the four-billion-francs government loan and transferring the cash proceeds to Berlin. The bank-note circulation of France, it is true, nearly doubled in the two years following 1870, rising from \$298,000,000 in American values to upward of \$500,000,000. But the country was able to command an excess of gold imports on foreign trade account, and although gold redemption of its paper currency was suspended during two or three years, the depreciation of that paper was never greater than 2 per cent, and before the end of 1872 the currency was back at par.

NE may readily see the diametrical contrasts of this process with the present machinery of the German payment. Whether through choice or necessity, but largely because of inability to

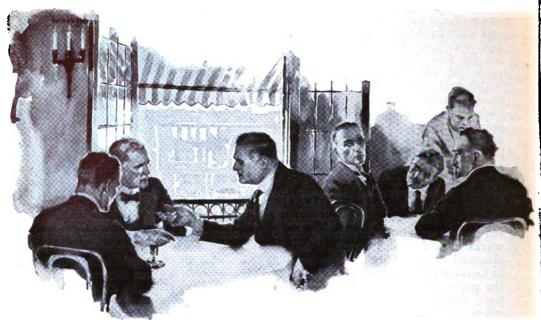
float a great loan abroad and unwillingness to float one at home, Germany has embarked on an outright programme of Inflation foreign-reparations payment

Results of

based upon inflation of the currency. That recourse was bound to bring a train of special consequences. The fall in the foreign value of the mark from 17 cents when we went to war with Germany in 1917 to 8 cents when international dealings were resumed in 1919 and to less than 1 cent in September, 1921, was only the outward sign of what was happening. Germany's home prices necessarily advanced along with this depreciation of the currency.

The Frankfurter Zeitung, after reducing the general average of German commodity prices at the beginning of 1920 to 100, has estimated that the average just before the war was about $9\frac{1}{4}$, and that the average last July was 156. In other words, prices had increased 15 times over since at their highest point 11/4 times in the

(Financial Situation, continued on page 59)



"I Hear ..."

Millions of dollars each year are needlessly lost because of the whisper—

"I hear it is a good investment."

Through our 50 offices we "hear" thousands of such reports. Many are worthless.

Hearsay offers a broad road to mis-investment and loss.

To guide investors who want carefully weighed information, we maintain offices in the leading cities of the country and 10,000 miles of private wires.

Today, liberal returns may be had from well chosen securities. Look for them on our current list. Sent on request for V.S.-170



BONDS
SHORT TERM NOTES
ACCEPTANCES

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

Offices in more than 50 leading cities throughout the World

(Financial Situation, continued from page 57)

578 times in France. But these high home prices necessarily counterbalance on the export market the low exchange rate. Furthermore, whereas prices in England, France, and the United States decreased in each case more than 40 per cent from the highest during the violent trade reaction which began in May of 1020, the German average, after an irregular decline in the first half of 1920, has this season reached unprecedented heights.

On the Berlin Stock Exchange the Frankfurter Zeitung's average for last July showed prices even of securities to have then been double what they were in January, 1920. This represented not only the measure of currency depreciation, but eagerness of German people to get rid of their paper marks in exchange for something else of tangible value. As an inevitable result, not only did the wildest kind of speculation prevail in commodity values, but such an avalanche of speculative buying orders came to the German stock market that in August and September, when the buying mania was stimulated to its highest point by the sudden collapse of the mark to its lowest level, the Boerse had to shut down repeatedly, first for a day and then for several successive days, with the purpose both of enabling brokers to

put their accounts with customers in order and of getting some kind of control over the speculative hysteria.

CO far as there was any evidence at the opening of autumn, this programme was bound to be continuous. No doubt, so long as papermarks could be sold to German citizens or to foreign markets, money could be raised for the next reparations payments, of which further large instalments are to fall due in the middle of this No-

in Central Europe

it is wholly inconceivable that such a process could be repeated without in the end reducing the value of the mark to a purely nominal figure. The possibilities in that regard have already been shown by the experience in other parts of Central Europe.

vember and next February. But

The paper currency of Poland, before her experiment of war with Soviet Russia, had fallen to I cent per mark, or about the value at which German currency was quoted last August. But between September of 1920 and August of 1921 this paper currency increased from 33,200,000,000 marks to 115,200,000,000, and the value of the Polish mark had shrunk to two one-hundredths of a cent, or less than

(Financial Situation, continued on page 61)

What Follows A Rise In U. S. Government Securities

THE recent advance in price of U. S. Government Securities is worthy of the attention of all investors.

Bankers of experience are predicting a return to par for some of the Liberty Issues before the end of 1922.

A rise in the price of Government Bonds has in the past been an unfailing indication of a rise in the general security market.

The present price level of Municipal Bonds which are free from Federal Income Taxes can not be maintained indefinitely.

High Grade Municipal Bonds may still be purchased at prices that make yields very satisfactory. The issues of longer maturity are particularly recommended at this time, both for future price appreciation and to insure present tax free yields for as long a period as possible.

Write for our current list of offerings yielding from 5% to 61/2%



New York

Cincinnati

Detroit

Chicago



What Our Record Means to You



HE words, "39 years without loss to any investor," of course are familiar to you. But we wonder if you have stopped to consider what they

really mean to you.

If you are an investor, they should mean much. This record is our biggest business asset. It sells many millions of dollars in bonds every year. If any of our clients should lose money in securities which we had recommended, this record would be destroyed, and our biggest business asset would be shattered.

Think this over, and you will realize that we could not afford to sell you a security unless we were sure of its safety.

The securities we sell are available in any amount from \$100 up. Investigate. Write today for our booklet which explains the *Straus Plan*. Ask for

BOOKLET K-1110

S.W. STRAUS & CO.

NEW YORK - Straus Building

Incorporated

CHICAGO - Straus Building

OFFICES IN FIFTEEN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Thirty-nine years without loss to any investor

(Financial Situation, continued from page 59)

one nine-hundredth part of its nominal value. It was said at London this past summer that whereas about 203/8 marks should normally exchange for a pound sterling, 14,000 Polish paper marks were now required to buy a British sovereign. It is surely not surprising that the further comment of financial London should have been that English trade with Poland had become impossible.

NOR was Poland alone in this experience; Hungary, with her paper valued on exchange at nineteen one-hundredths of a cent, and Austria with her currency rated at nine one-hundredths (the unit being in each case

The Scope of Depreciation

normally worth 20½ cents) pointed the same unpleasant moral; the Central European currencies as a group had fallen to no very differ-

ent value from that of a Confederate dollar in 1864 or a French assignat in 1796; and, to emphasize the possible situation, one had to consider also the case of Russia, where the paper inflation experiment seemed to have reached outright burlesque, where the cost of the actual paper on which the government printed its ruble currency became a serious item in the public expenses, and where it was

not the imagination of an extravagant humorist but the report of official American agents crossing Russia that such a traveller had to provide a suitcase to carry the paper money for the expenses of the journey.

With any such progressive depreciation, the doing of business except on the basis of barter must eventually become virtually impossible. Meantime, the cost of necessaries of life would have to go on rising with the depreciation of the mark. The struggle for adjustment of wages and salaries to the impossible cost of living would disorganize industrial and social mechanism; contracts and business projects would become mere gambles; the government itself would find its expenditures reaching such a scale of magnitude as could not be approached by the slow upward readjustment of taxation. At the same time, the extravagant speculation called into being by the depreciated money would necessarily subject the German financial structure to the constant chance of collapse in prices and a credit panic.

THESE were the formidable facts on which was based the inference of a ruined Germany. How, it was asked, could the country's economic organism possibly survive? But, on

(Financial Situation, continued on page 65)

Ability to Render Efficient Service

is Achieved by Experience and Organization



SINCE 1852 Knauth, Nachod & Kuhne has specialized in foreign exchange and has developed an organization, with responsible connections throughout the world, especially qualified to handle the foreign transactions of American business men, American Banks and American travelers.

 $K.\ N.\ \&\ K\ 's$ reputation for intelligent and accurate service is world wide.

Our Investment Department will give you impartial advice as to how your investment needs can best be met.

We are Members of the New York Stock Exchange and place our facilities at your service.

"Seventy Years in Serving the Public"

Knauth Nachod & Kuhne

Equitable Building

NEW YORK

A Country-Wide Investment Service

New York

140 Broadway
Fifth Ave. & 44th St.
Madison Ave. & 60th St.
268 Grand St.

ALBANY, N. Y. Atlanta, Ga. BALTIMORE, MD. BOSTON, MASS. BUFFALO, N. Y. CHICAGO, ILL. CINCINNATI, O. CLEVELAND, O. ERIE, PA. HARRISBURG, PA. HARTFORD, CONN. JAMESTOWN, N. Y. JOHNSTOWN, PA. LOS ANGELES, CAL. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. PHILADELPHIA, PA. PITTSBURGH, PA. PORTLAND, MAINE Providence, R. I. READING, PA. Rochester, N. Y. St. Louis, Mo. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. SCRANTON, PA. Washington, D. C. WILKES-BARRE, PA.

Our nearest Office will serve you promptly

The Day of the Bond



The lowest level touched by bond prices in the past forty years, was in May, 1920. Since that time prices have been gradually rising.

But bonds are still cheap.

There is still

open the opportunity to buy well-secured bonds—the premier investment—to give liberal future income over a period when current interest rates may be much lower.

In addition, well-selected bonds have the advantages of marketability, maturity to suit the investor, and availability in a wide diversity of types.

At any of our offices you can obtain a comprehensive list of recommended bonds; and we shall be pleased to give you information as to these or other issues.

Guaranty Company of New York

Unity of American Banking

THE basic strength of our financial structure rests in the thousands of local banks which constitute the first line of American banking. Such a bank is a bond of union between its own community and world markets. It provides a safe and orderly process for collections and payments, whether local, national or international. It has access to national credit resources requisite for local needs and in turn merges the surplus of its community into the national pool of capital.

By the very nature of its purpose your bank is vitally interested in and essential to your financial welfare. Its success depends on yours; your problems are the problems of your bank. It understands your business—its needs and opportunities.

The collective power of these local banks focuses in another sort of bank which serves the country as a whole, supplementing rather than competing with local banks. The National Bank of Commerce in New York, an example of such a bank, operates on a world-wide basis, maintaining relations with the great banks of foreign countries and representing local banks in matters outside of their fields.

By reason of its vast resources this bank of national scope is able to serve those great industries whose credit needs are beyond the legal loaning capacity of local banks.

Thus, American banking constitutes a finely balanced, highly efficient machine adequate to the needs of business, whether large or small, national or international.

The National Bank of Commerce in New York is in the broadest sense a national and international commercial bank.



National Bank of Commerce in New York

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits Over Fifty-five Million Dollars

Helping Us To Help You

F you will fill in the form which accompanies this advertisement, we shall be pleased to place your name on our mailing list to receive from time to time, without obligation, a description of investments which we have investigated and recommend for your individual requirements.

Whether you invest in Government or Municipal Bonds or the securities of Railroads, Public Utilities or Industrial corporations, you will find the recommendations of the William R. Compton Company a valuable aid in selecting only those which conform to the highest investment standards.

Our experience of 28 years is at your disposal.

If you do not care to write, just check and sign the form below which we have provided for your convenience.

William R. Compton Company

INVESTMENT BONDS

ST. LOUIS Compton Bldg.

14 Wall St.

CHICAGO 105 S. La Sallo St.

CINCINNATI Union Trust Building NEW ORLEANS 304 Canal Bank Annex

Fill in below, detach, and mail to our nearest office

	Date	1921.
William R. Compton Compai	ny:	
I am interested in the types of in obligation, place my name on yo tions of securities in the groups of	ur list to receive your	
☐ Government Bonds ☐ Municipal Bonds	Name	
☐ Railroad Bonds ☐ Public Utility Bonds	Street	
☐ Industrial Bonds	City	
	a. .	
Yield desired, about%	State	• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

For Mortgage Bond Buyers

An Investment Record Book Distributed Free

As a convenience for maintaining an accurate, though simple, account of your securities, this newly-prepared *Investment Record* book will prove of much value to you. It is especially designed for the benefit of owners of First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds.

Greenebeum Service has been of great aid to thousands of careful investors for over two-thirds of a century. The Oldest Banking House in Chicago offers to Real Estate Bond buyers this flexible, loose-leaf, pocket-size Investment Record, as a small part of its most complete and effectual service to investors.

A copy of this handy *Investment Record* book is free to you for the asking. Just sign and mail the coupon below.

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company

66 Years' Proven Safety Correspondents in Many Cities

Stockholders of Greenebaum Sons Investment Company are identical with stockholders of Greenebaum Sons Bank and Trust Company

Oldest Banking House in Chicago FOUNDED 1855

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company
S. E. Cor. La Salle and Madison Sts., Chicago
Please send copy of INVESTMENT RECORD to
NAME
STREET
СТТУ
STATEII

(Financial Situation, continued from page 61)

the other hand, it was set forth by another body of insistent opinion that the low and constantly depreciating value of

the mark was enabling Germany to sell goods on foreign markets at such abnormally low prices in

many Opposing arkets Inferences ces in countries that no

the currency of those other countries that no competitor could meet her exporters' prices. Wages in Germany, it was pointed out, had not risen in proportion to depreciation of the currency, and long working hours were the rule for the German laborer. How, then, could the rest of the world compete with Germany in cost of production? Why should her government itself not deliberately keep the mark at its depreciated value and thereby capture the trade of the world?

There is an answer to each of these despairing questions. To take the second of them first, it is pertinent to inquire why, if Germany has possessed ever since the armistice such indisputable and increasing power of invading outside markets through her own depreciated values, her merchants are not doing it. That the German merchant has begun to regain some of the markets lost to Germany in war-time is entirely true. That would have happened had the mark remained at par. German goods are troubling competitors in Spain, in some parts of South America, even in the Far Eastern markets. But the picture of a disastrous and destructive competition is hardly borne out by the facts.

During the first six months of 1021 England imported £11,794,000 worth of goods from Germany, undoubtedly more in quantity than the £11,806,000 of the similar period in 1920, but a poor enough showing, at the more than doubled average prices, when compared with the £39,531,000 of the first half of 1914. In the seven months ending last July the United States imported \$45,274,000 worth of merchandise from Germany, which was about the same as in 1920. But this compared with \$102,430,ooo in the same seven months of 1913, when the average of American prices was 40 to 50 per cent lower than in the present year. Yet England and the United States were by far the richest markets in which to sell. They were, moreover, the markets in which the relative depreciation of the German currency was greatest and in which, therefore, the theoretical opportunity for competitive sales was largest.

(Financial Situation, continued on page 67)

-"the chequered history of this trust estate"

THIRTY-SEVEN years ago a man whom we shall call Mr. B. died. He left a will in which he made certain trust provisions for his daughter. In the will he appointed four individuals to carry out these provisions.

Mr. B.'s daughter is still living. But not one of the trustees originally named is serving today.

One of these persons never qualified; a second resigned; a third was removed; the fourth died a number of years ago.

Meantime the husband of Mr. B.'s daughter had been appointed as the trustee. A short time ago he, too, died.

Following this, Mr. B.'s daughter, through her attorney, applied to the court to have a trust company appointed as trustee.

The court granted this application, and a trust company is now administering the fund.

The advantages of a trust company as executor and trustee are

emphasized by the history of this case and the following words from the court record:

The application was based on the desire of all the persons interested "to avoid a repetition of the expense, annoyance, and care to which they have been subjected by the unusually chequered history of this trust estate in its thirty-seven years of existence. Not only do they seek the stability and freedom from natural death of a corporate trustee, but they have special reasons for desiring the appointment of a trust company with which they have sustained continuing relations of trust and confidence. Moreover, they do not desire to be put to the expense of premiums on bonds and of successive accountings whenever a new individual trustee might be required."

An interesting booklet on wills and trusts, entitled, Safeguarding Your Family's Future, may be obtained free at trust companies throughout the country, or by writing to the address below.





TRUST COMPANY DIVISION
AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION
FIVE NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK

(Financial Situation, continued from page 65)

JOW is this slowness of Germany to use her Π advantages to be accounted for? First, by the obvious fact that Germany's own home prices had risen in reasonable proportion to the fall in the value of the mark. On August 1,

The Truth about Germany

when the German mark was worth in New York one-nineteenth of its value of 1913, German statistical tables calculated that average

prices on the German commodity markets were 171/8 times as high as in the same pre-war year. But the price of German-made goods in Germany must largely fix the price of the same goods when offered on foreign markets.

The question of cheap German labor is itself subject to certain substantial qualifications. Recent German calculations have shown that. even last July, average wages paid in Germany were more than eleven times as high as what was paid in 1914. The efficiency of that working community has been openly declared by German manufacturing associations, in a formal report, to be only 60 per cent per capita of what it was before the war. The theory of a ten-hour German working-day has been conclusively proved to be a myth, and German wages have been at least advanced in full proportion to the rise in the German cost

of living. One extremely well-informed and practical observer of the international trade problems with which it is his official duty nowadays to grapple, Secretary Hoover, has said in a public statement that, with the burden of her taxes and her economic confusion, aggressive competition by Germany even in such markets as those of South America cannot possibly be more than temporary.

The reasonable inference from the whole situation is that whereas in the long run Germany must pay in exported goods the interest, if not the principal, of the international debt incurred by her government's actions in the war, she is far more likely to make such payment effective if her home finances have been brought out of their present chaos. This was distinctly the experience of the United States after the depreciated money period of the Civil War and the subsequent resumption of specie payments. The reasons for it in our own case were reasons which apply to Germany to-day. But there remains the other and opposite popular deduction from Germany's present disordered national finances and, in particular, from the fall of the paper mark to less than one twenty-fifth of its normal value. It was not only in the outside world but in Germany it-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 69)

${\it Back}$ of the ${\it Bond!}$

AMERICAN Rond & Mortgage

Just as a man may be judged by the company he keeps so may the merits of a bond be judged by the house which issues it.

Back of every bond issued by the American Bond & Mortgage Company, is the long record of sound financing of this house.

And the bond holder is protected by every possible safeguard known to our executives through 41 years' experience in the investment business. In these years gone by many millions of dollars have been invested in our bondsalways with profit and safety.

> Our literature describes current offerings. Send for it today.

American Bond & Mortgage Bldg., Chicago - 562 Fifth Ave., New York City Columbus, Ohio Grand Rapids, Mich. Rockford, Illinois

YEARS HAVE THENT PAPERIENCE SAFEGUARDS OUR GUENTS INTE

Sign Below and Mail This Coupon for Circular Q-511

......Address.

Digitized by Google

IN THE MIDST OF THINGS



The CONTINENTAL and COMMERCIAL BANKS

CHICAGO

Complete Banking Service

More than \$55,000,000 Invested Capital

Bargains in Bonds

Investors who have bought bonds for many years do not need to be told of the investment opportunities that now exist. All they need do is to compare present interest rates with those prevailing a few years ago.

But present opportunities cannot last indefinitely. Predictions as to the future of interest rates are useless. Present facts are known -bonds are now a real bargain.

May we send our current investment offerings? Write for list "NS"

ELLS-DICKEY COMPANY

SURPLUS & CAPITAL \$ 1,300,000 MINNEAPOLIS . **MINNESOTA**

Looking Ahead

When your favorite speculative securities have run their course and carried you far behind in the race for financial independence, when that time comes. Prudence-Bonds will still be paying six per cent, regularly, uninterruptedly, year in and year out, to the last hour of maturity!

Send for Booklet S.C. 131 explaining Prudence-Bonds in detail

The Prudence Company, Inc.

(Realty Associates Investment Corporation)

31 Nassau St. New York

162 Remsen St. Brooklyn

self that prophecies of a country threatened with permanent economic ruin became recently familiar.

NO one, after the world's repeated chapters of experience in the of experience in the past century and a half, can reasonably question the certainty of weakened credit, financial disturbances of an increasingly serious sort, ultimate extreme distress among its people and ultimate

paralysis of its foreign trade, in the The Quescase of a country whose govern"Economic ment persists indefinitely in put- Ruin" ting out irredeemable paper cur-

rency on any such scale. That much is beyond dispute. Poland and Austria have already reached the point of currency depreciation at which it is difficult for outside nations to trade with them at all: Russia long ago reached a condition in which it was impossible. But to recognize these unavoidable results of unlimited inflation and depreciation is a very different thing from proving economic ruin.

"Economic ruin," indeed, is a term which people who use it would find trouble in defin-The assets which insure to any country the prospect of economic power and prestige are its natural resources, the efficiency of its working classes, and the energy of its financial and industrial managers. A country may possess all of these qualities and still be reduced to a negligible place in the economic world if it is saddled with an insane government or a worthless currency. Yet even in such case the potentialities remain. Russia of to-day is crushed under both sorts of incubus; notwithstanding which, the outside commercial world is absolutely in agreement as to the enormous tangible wealth and economic power which are latent in that country. I have hitherto pointed out, but it is worth pointing out again, the manner in which the seemingly hopeless industrial and financial paralysis which had seized on the American States under the worthless paper currencies just before the formation of the Union and on France in the riot of her revolutionary paper money, was followed—in each case almost within a decade—by return of great prosperity under a sound money system. Such was the outcome in those two historic cases, even though the paper-inflation experiment had to be ended in both by outright repudiation of the fiat money.

T will doubtless be replied that Germany's present case is out of line with all precedent and reason because of the crushing war in-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 71)

When you are in New York

THERE are many ways that we can serve you. We can help you transact your business; we can make your stay more pleasant.

If you are going abroad, we will furnish you with our Dollar Letter of Credit, and after you reach Paris, the Travel Service Bureau of our Paris Office will help you arrange your itinerary, assist you in passport matters, purchase railroad and steamship tickets, obtain hotel accommodations, arrange motor, airplane and sightseeing trips, relieving you of all details.

Perhaps you never thought of making a personal call on a big New York bank. If you will come to see us on your next visit to New York, we believe you will begin a friendship that will be as valuable as it will be pleasant. Our Uptown Office, Madison Avenue at 45th Street, is very convenient to your hotel.

THE EQUITABLE TRUST COMPANY

OF NEW YORK

37 WALL STREET

UPTOWN OFFICE: Madison Ave. at 45th St. Colonial Office: 222 Broadway

London-3 King William St., B.C.4
Paris-23 Rue de la Paix







How to Test Public Utility Bonds

EVEN experienced investors will be interested in the outline for judging the merits of Utility Bonds suggested in our pamphlet, "Ten Tests of a Sound Public Utility Bond." The beginning investor will find it full of helpful information.

Write for full details contained in our booklet S.M.-o

HALSEY, STUART & CO.

CHICAGO 200 S. La Salle St. PHILADELPHIA Land Title Bidg. NEW YORK 49 Wall St. DETROIT Ford Bidg. BOSTON 10 Post Office Sq. ST. LOUIS Security Bidg.

MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS
First Wis. Nat. Bk. Bidg. Metropolitan Bk. Bid

Mid To

Are You Getting Ahead or **Just Getting Along?**

Many people try hard to save, but only just get along—they merely "get by."

The Forman Plan shows you how to be financially independent. It enables you to make full interest on your money from the start and gives you a vivid incentive to save systematically.

"The True Story of Plain Tom Hodge" is a book worth reading. It will show you a new future and a new prosperity.

Write today for FREE copy

George M. Forman & Company

Farm Mortgage Investments

105C West Monroe St. : Chicago
Thirty-six Years Without Loss to a Customer

demnity and that, in particular, her experience with the first reparations payment has proved

that no recourse exists for laying down the stipulated cash except through sale of constantly depre-

As to the Indemnity

ciating issues of government paper. To this familiar contention, however, there are two somewhat obvious answers. One is the fact that the Reparations Commission has full power to relax the terms of payment when they are proved to be impracticable. Even now negotiations between two thoroughly practical financiers, Rathenau in behalf of Germany and Loucheur in behalf of France, have gone a long distance toward outlining a plan for payment of German reparations in material and services, and not in cash.

The other equally obvious answer is that the policy thus far pursued by Germany in financing the reparations, involving, as it has done, the rapidly increasing discredit of German finance, German currency, and German securities, has cut off her government from the one recourse through which such international cash payments have always hitherto been made—the placing of government loans with prosperous foreign markets and the drawing on the proceeds. But Germany will never achieve that solution of the problem until her government takes the currency in hand, with the courage displayed by France in recently cutting down the French paper circulation 2,700,000,000 francs from its maximum of last November. Thus far the German Government's plan of financing its reparation payments has been as hopelessly unsound in principle, as sure of bringing economic retribution, as the Imperial government's deliberate policy, under the Helfferich finance ministry, of paying for the war in bonds and refusing to raise the taxes.

IT is probably true that return to world-wide economic equilibrium will have to await the solution of this problem by Germany. It will probably also have to be preceded by some kind of rehabilitation of their public finances, some kind of reform in their cur-

some kind of reform in their currencies, and some return to sane procedure in political and economic relations with their neighbors on

The Russian Famine

the part of the other states in Central Europe. Whether we can expect to see an economically reconstructed Europe until the ending of the political nightmare in Russia is also a consideration which may make the hopeful hesitate.

(Financial Situation, continued on page 72)

Partial Payment Investing in Byllesby Securities

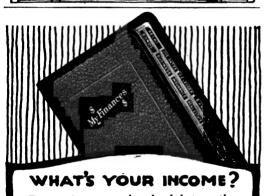
PRESENT day yields of 7% to 9% from safe securities are being obtained for future years by large numbers of investors using our Partial Payment Plan.

This plan was designed for the purchase of Byllesby securities—the Bonds, Notes and Preferred Stocks of successful, long established utility companies built up and permanently supervised by our own engineering and management organization.

Byllesby suffities render vital service to 500,000 customers residing in 533 cities and towns in 16 states. They have 25,000 home shareholders. Write for Booklet S-5, describing the attractive, income-building features of our Partial Payment Plan.

H.M.Byllesby & Co.

CHICAGO
208 S. La Salle St.
111 Broadway
Boston - Providence - New Haven - Detroit
Minneapolis - Madison - Oklahoma City



I NCOME taxes prove how hard that question is to answer—from memory. With \$My Finances\$ you can answer it instantly because you have a complete and perpetual record of your personal income. "Keeping track of your income with \$My Finances\$ is a pleasure, not a drudgery." Handy, loose-leaf, all leather. See your stationer or mail the coupon today.

TRUSSELL MANUFACTURING CO.
21 N. Cherry St. Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Trussell Mfr. Co., 21 N. Cherry St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Send me \$My Finances\$ for 3 days' trial. I enclose \$	
for style	
Name	
Address	
My stationer is	

Style 308 F Size 6 1 x 3 1 \$3.50 " 208 F " 6 1 x 3 1 \$4.25 Style 311JF Size 81/3x51/3 \$4.25 " 311KF " 81/3x51/3 \$5.25 (Financial Situation, continued from page 71)

Prediction has gone wrong too many times in the four years of Bolshevik dictatorship to encourage acceptance of prediction now as to the time or manner of its downfall. All that any experienced reader of the news from Russia can say with assurance is that the Soviet's abandonment of its hope for a Communist uprising in the rest of Europe, its failure to convert the Russian peasants, and its clumsy efforts to make terms with foreign capitalism, foreshadow the eventual complete collapse of the Bolshevik undertaking as surely as the retreat from the Marne in September, 1914, foreshadowed defeat of Germany in the war. Whether the political change will come in connection with the catastrophe which has overtaken agricultural Russia is pure matter of conjecture.

Famines, even of the most devastating sort, are not new in Russian history. Three times in the first half of the nineteenth century and four times in its second half the failure of a harvest has brought whole provinces to the verge of starvation. As recently as 1801, central and eastern Russia was reduced to a state of suffering whose only alleviation was the prompt and generous forwarding of grain in quantity by the American people—so forcibly, though under such curiously altered circumstances, does history repeat itself. Russian famine of 1921, which many signs have seemed to indicate as the worst in Russian history and whose victims, by the official calculation of the American Food Relief directors, may in the end be numbered by millions, stands in a class apart from all the others.

IT is a sequel as logical as it is mournful to the practices of the political fanatics who, governing at Moscow, have forced the farmer to give up in exchange for virtually worthless paper rubles the little grain he had been able to produce, or else have flethy confis-

produce, or else have flatly confiscated his surplus. A calm and dispassionate survey of the situation by our own Department of Com-

merce, based on a mass of expert reports received by it, informs the reader that in one of the richest grain-growing provinces of Russia the peasants, faced with the law against selling their surplus grain on the open market, planted last spring only 58 per cent even of the meagre acreage harvested a year ago.

In another fertile province "95,000 acres usually cultivated were-not sown at all." In yet another, such had been the government's

(Financial Situation, continued on page 73)

and the

Harvests

38 YEARS WITHOUT LOSS TO AN INVESTOR

For two generations THE GEORGIA LOAN & TRUST CO. has been selling Farm Mortgages, secured by properties in Georgia, Alabama and Florida.

Present rate of interest 8%.

No investor holds a mortgage bought from this Company that is not worth its face value and interest.

Follow the rule—SAFETY first, and buy Farm Mortgages such as are offered by

THE TITLE GUARANTY & TRUST CO. THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BRIDGEPORT BLD

BRIDGEPORT, CONN. MORTHERN OFFICE OF THE GEORGIA LOAN & TRUST CO. MACON, GEORGIA

Safety of Principal

is assured by investing in conservative

FIRST MORTGAGE NOTES

Miami Hotel, Apartment and Business Properties

Send for booklet BI

Bond and Mortgage Dept.

FIRST NATIONAL COMPANY

First Trust & Savings Bank Bldg. MIAMI, FLORIDA

The Financial Inquiry Bureau

When you have Capital to invest take the trouble to investigate so that you will be in a position to gauge for yourself the value of the Security you are about to purchase. The careless investor has only himself to blame for his losses.

If you desire advice or information on any financial matter, send your inquiry to the Bureau.

NOTE. -- We have no securities for sale. We neither buy not sell, being solely Inquiry Agents.

The personal attention of a conservative investment specialist is given to each inquiry received. For a thorough analysis of an investment a nominal fee is charged amounting to \$3.00 for one stock or bond, and \$2.00 for each additional security analyzed at the same time.

Many of our readers who have utilized this service have commented upon the quality and scope of the information received. If you have an investment problem write to-day.

Address inquiries, accompanied by a remittance, to The Financial Inquiry Bureau, Scribner's Magazine, Fifth Avenue at 48th Street, New York.

requisitions on the grain growers of the previous season that "only 20 to 35 per cent of the necessary seed for sowing this year was available." Under the paralyzing hand of the Soviet "the urban population has produced little goods to offer in exchange, and the currency depreciation, through the increase of currency issues to over one thousand billions of rubles, has rendered their accumulation no attraction."

As for the possibilities of transportation, "out of a total of 19,106 locomotives in good condition before the war, there are at present only from 5,500 to 7,650 reported in working order by different authorities, or a decrease of motive power by 60 to 75 per cent. Even of that number approximately 1,000 are idle, owing to lack of fuel. Serviceable cars are reported at a decrease of from 48 to 70 per cent of the pre-war number." Eighty per cent decrease of coal production under the Bolsheviki has, in fact, forced the railways to use wood for fuel; but "such wood must come from the forests of northern Russia, and the haul is too long for supply to southern Russia railways." Even if it were a question of exchanging manufactured goods for grain, "it is estimated that industry in general has decreased over 90 per cent."

BUT the peasant has not the grain to sell. It is the Nemesis of this wicked tyranny that, until the present season, it was the Russian provinces far away from Moscow, and, therefore, free from compulsion of the Bolshevik armies, which raised such grain

as was produced in Russia, whereas the provinces within easy grasp of the Soviet had in despair practi-

cally ceased producing. What has happened now is that the great drought of the past summer has blighted the crops of the Volga Valley, where the Soviet emissaries had been kept at arm's length, and has spared the northern grain fields, where, as a consequence of the Soviet's plundering policy, nothing had this season been planted.

The social and economic results of this appalling disaster are too plain to need prediction. What its political results will be no one can guess. It is often said that history does not tell us of governments overturned because of destructive famines. In a measure this is true, probably because a famine-stricken people is apt to lose all hope and all initiative, except for the desperate struggle to escape starvation. Yet, on the other hand, famine has often

of Bol-

shevism

had a part historically in some of the greatest political reversals. The French Revolution of 1780 would probably have occurred in any case; but it was indisputably the grinding famine of that year and the armies of hungry men which crowded from the provinces into the capital, that made the political downfall so complete. Too little importance has been given to the part played, even in Russia, by the harvest shortage of 1005 in bringing about the political revolution of that year. But as for Russia of to-day, we shall have to wait to see; knowing only this—that the ghastly picture of the results from a Communist régime in full control of the life and industries of a great productive country will at least put an end, once and for all, to Bolshevist propaganda in the outside world.

INFORMATIVE FINANCIAL LITERATURE

Following are announcements of current booklets and circulars issued by financial institutions, which may be obtained without cost on request addressed to the issuing banker. Investors are asked to mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE when writing for literature.

INVESTMENT BOOKLETS AND CIRCULARS

Two folders of timely interest are being distributed gratis by Halsey, Stuart and Company. One, entitled "Ten Tests of a Sound Public Utility Bond," will serve as a guide in the selection of such bonds, and the other, "How to Judge a Municipal Bond," will be of equal value to intending purchasers of municipal issues.

"Tomorrow's Bond Prices," "Bonds as Safe as Our Cities," and "Municipal Bonds Defined" are a series of booklets recently published by William R. Compton Company, St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, and New Orleans. The first explains the significance of the present investment situation and the opportunity to obtain high returns over a period of years. The other two déscribe the various kinds of municipal bonds and the safeguards surrounding them.

The Guaranty Company of New York has published a new booklet, "Investment Recommendations," which will be sent to investors on request.

"Who Buys Bonds," an analysis recently published by Wells-Dickey Company, of Minneapolis, shows a surprisingly wide-spread interest in sound securities. Write for your copy.

BOOKLETS ON FINANCIAL SUBJECTS

A Quick-Reckoning Income Tax Table, aiding the investor to determine the gross yield he must get on a taxable bond to correspond to the yield on a tax-free municipal, is being distributed by Stacy and Braun, 5 Nassau Street, New York.

"Income Building on the Byllesby Ten Payment Plan" is the title of a new attractively illustrated bookslet which is being distributed by H. M. Byllesby and Company, 208 S. La Salle Street, Chicago. and III Broadway, New York.

The Guaranty Trust Company of New York has published for free distribution a booklet entitled "Trust Service for Corporations."

"The Giant Energy—Electricity," a booklet in popular form, which shows the attractiveness of carefully selected public utility bonds, and deals largely with the wonderful growth in the electric light and power business. Published by the National City Company, National City Bank Building, New York.

The Continental and Commercial Banks, Chicago, will send on request booklets on the general condition of business and "Capital—Shall We Export It or Use It for American Business."

"A Booklet Describing Equitable Service." The Equitable Trust Company of New York.

Bankers Trust Company of New York will send on request its booklet, "Why a Trust Company," an informative little pamphlet explaining the advantages of appointing a trust company instead of an individual as executor and trustee under wills.

REAL ESTATE AND FARM MORTGAGE BOOKLETS

"Greenebaum Safeguarded Bonds" is a new booklet just published by Greenebaum Sons Investment Company, La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago. It shows how First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds offered by this old institution are protected by a positive, timetested system of safeguards.

"\$100 per month makes over \$20,000 in twelve years," says the booklet published by The Prudence Company, Inc., 31 Nassau Street, New York City.

The Title Guaranty and Trust Company of Bridgeport, Connecticut, will furnish upon application a list of mortgage investment offerings.

"Common Sense in Investing Money" is a comprehensive booklet published by S. W. Straus and Company, Fifth Avenue at Forty-sixth Street, New York, outlining the principles of safe investment and describing how the Straus Plan safeguards the various issues of First Mortgage 6% Serial Bonds offered by this house.

The American Bond and Mortgage Company, Chicago and New York, has just published a book entitled "Building With Bonds," beautifully illustrated, hanc somely bound, and dealing comprehensively with the familiar forms of investment, especially First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds. Copy on request.

"The True Story of Plain Tom Hodge" describes in detail a new partial-payment plan for selling farm mort gage securities. Write George M. Forman and Company, 105C West Monroe Street, Chicago.

VOL. LXX ' No. 6

DECEMBER 1021

35 CENTS

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

ILLUSTRATED





CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS NEW YORK

397 - 399 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK - CONSTABLE & COMPANY LIMITED LONDON



The Century— the world's most famous train

The Twentieth Century Limited, when it inaugurated the 20-hour service between New York and Chicago, brought the two greatest markets of the country within overnight reach of each other. This saving of a business day has been of incalculable value to industry, commerce and finance.

With ceaseless regularity this world-famous train—for more than 7,000 nights—has been making its scheduled flight between the port

of New York and the head of Lake Michigan over the water level route of the New York Central Lines.

Travelers whose business takes them frequently back and forth between Chicago and New York



New York - Chicago 20-hour service

"Century" Westbound New York 2.45 p.m. Chicago 9.45 a.m.

"Century" Eastbound Chicago 12.40 p.m. New York 9.40 a.m.

habitually use the "Century" because of its deserved reputation as the most comfortable long-distance, fast train in the world.

The equipment of the "Century" is maintained at the highest standard; its appointments, conveniences and cuisine are planned to meet the desires of the most exacting travelers; it lands its passengers in the heart of Chicago and New York.

The Twentieth Century Limited is the pride of the employees who operate it and guard it night after night, and it is the standard bearer of a service known the world over as the highest development of railroad transportation.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

BOSTON & ALBANY — MICHIGAN CENTRAL — BIG FOUR — LAKE ERIE & WESTERN KANAWHA & MICHIGAN — TOLEDO & OHIO CENTRAL—PITISBURGH & IAKE ERIE NEW YORK CENTRAL—AND—SUBSIDIARY LINES

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

Contents Christmas Number 1921

From a drawing by Florence Minard to illustrate "To Avernus and Out."		. Fronti	spiece			
WHEN I GREW UP TO MIDDLE-AGE. Poem THE NATIVITY—A MIRACLE PLAY IN	Maxwell Struthers Burt		643			
NEW ENGLAND	Ella M. Boult		646			
TO AVERNUS AND OUT—A Story Illustrations by Florence Minard.	Henry van Dyke' .		653			
LEAVES FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY— GENERAL GRANT—ROSCOE CONK- LING—GARFIELD AND ARTHUR— GROVER CLEVELAND—JAMES G.						
BLAINE. SECOND PAPER. (To be continued)	Chauncey M. Depew		664			
THREE GREAT LADIES. Poem Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams.	Sarah N. Cleghorn .	•	677			
PAINLESS THINKING	Edgar James Swift .		68 o			
IN THE NAME OF THE COMMONWEALTH	Mary Eleanor Roberts		· 686			
THE RUNAWAY BLIMP—A Story Illustrations by O. F. Howard.	Harriet Welles		689			
HOMESTEADERS. Poem	Helen Ives Gilchrist .		701			
CHRISTMAS CANTICLE. Poem Illustrations by Charles E. Cullen.	Clinton Scollard		702			
AN ADVENTURE IN SALAMANCA Illustrations by the Author.	Ernest Peixotto		704			
THE LOVE-SONG. Poem	Bernice Lesbia Kenyon		714			
THE RIGHT HUNCH—A Story	Katharine Holland Brown	a .	715			
THE PLANT-LORE OF "THE COMPLEAT ANGLER". Illustrations reproduced from "The Compleat Angler," London, 1775.	John Vaughan		720			
ODYSSEUS. Poem	Ainsworth O'Brien-Moore	ð .	729			
BRITISH ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ENG- LISH	Thomas G. Tucker .		730			
CORKRAN OF THE CLAMSTRETCH—A Story	John Biggs, Jr		737			
PHILANDERING AMONG THE ROSES—A	Shirley L. Seifert .		746			
Illustrations by C. R. Weed. THE POINT OF VIEW—A Christmas Sheaf	-The Christmas Guests-Th	e Rein-				
deer Toboggan	· · · ·	•	759			
THE FIELD OF ART—Theodore Robinson Illustrations from paintings by Theodore Robinson.	Eliot Clark	• . •	763			
THE FINANCIAL SITUATION—Three Years after the Armistice	Alexander Dana Noyes		769			
PUBLISHED MONTHLY. PRICE, 35 CENTS A NUMBER; \$4.00 A YEAR						

To BE WELL INFORMED you must be in contact with the best minds of today. The daily paper will give you the background of events, but the mature judgment of events can only come from the best minds who have time to consider them carefully. It has been for a generation the aim of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE to put its readers in contact with the leaders of thought and literature. Statesmen, scientists, philosophers, men of action, men of adventure, practical men of business, all write for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. It has things told, not through interviewers, but at first-hand by the men who do them.

Depew's Recollections

These papers are the intimate talk of Senator Depew about the great men and events of his long and distinguished career—the unique record of a career which began to be important more than sixty years ago. Senator Depew has known every President of the United States from Lincoln to Harding.

Scribner's Magazine for the year 1922

What Am I? What Shall I Believe?

Two remarkable studies in the interpretation of personality by Edward G. Spaulding, Professor of Philosophy at Princeton, and well known elsewhere by his lectures at the Brooklyn Institute, the Harvard Summer School, and by his writing. These articles are for the layman, and have a direct personal application to life and conduct.

Michael Pupin's Own Story

This is the absorbing story of a Serb who had read about America, the land of opportunity and freedom, and who ran away from home at the age of fifteen with a fellow student. He is now Professor Pupin of Columbia, the inventor of the Pupin coil, which put telephone wires underground and which made long-distance telephoning possible. He will tell his own story in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

Europe at Work by Whiting Williams

Mr. Williams has been at work all summer in the factories and coal-mines of France, Belgium, and Germany. He will write several articles regarding his adventures and his conclusions gained therefrom under the general head of "Europe at Work." Few observers, if any, have paid such a price in sweat or other discomforts for getting their opinions over so wide a field.

The World and the Stars

Doctor Hale, of the Mt. Wilson Observatory, will continue his remarkable articles which have been showing how the constitution of matter is revealed by the laboratory of the stars.

The Fiction Isa Feature of Scribner's

Among established Scribner favorites whose stories will appear this year are Henry van Dyke, Katharine Holland Brown, Mary Synon, Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, Louis Dodge, Edward C. Venable, Abbie Carter Goodloe, Charles Belmont Davis. Stories by a group of new writers will appear, among them James Boyd, Alexander Hull, Dorothy Livingston, Walter Gilkyson, W. Edson Smith, Arthur Tuckerman, Camilla Kenyon, Rebecca Hooper Eastman, Rebecca N. Porter, and John Biggs, Jr.

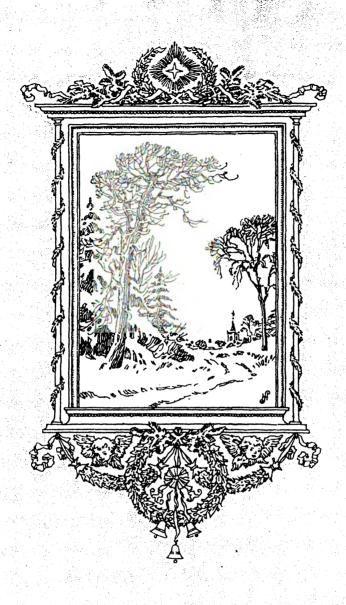
The Financial Situation The Point of View, The Field of Art

[THREE DEPARTMENTS IN EACH NUMBER]

Alexander Dana Noyes, Financial Editor of the New York Times, has made his Financial Department in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE known all over the United States. A sane, unsensational exposition each month of the financial and economic changes. All important bankers, business men, and investors read it and appreciate it.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 597-59	9 Fifth Avenue, New Yor
Please send Scribner's Magazine for one year. Signed	WITHOUT COST TO YOU
Name	WITHOUT COST TO YOU Sign the coupon and we will include without cost a copy of the cur- rent issue of SCRIBHER'S MAGAZINE
Address	rent issue of scribner's magazine
On receipt of your memo I will remit \$4.00. Check may be sent with order	-

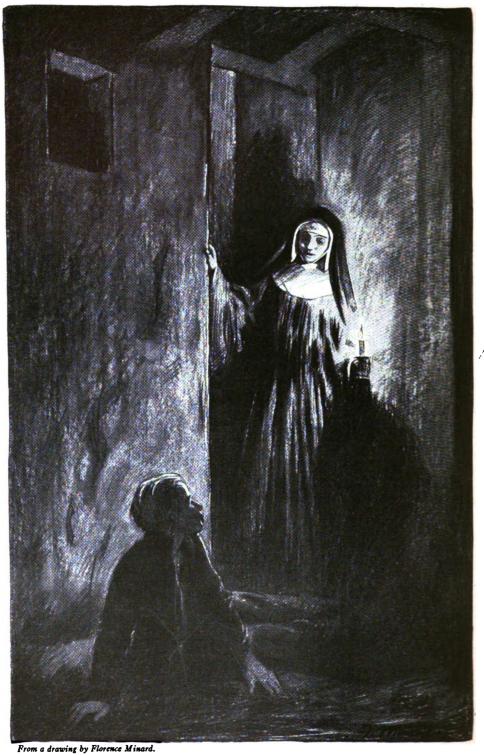






Vol. LXX.—41

6**4** I



IT WAS A DREAM, SURELY, BUT NOT SUCH AS HAD VISITED HIM OF LATE. —"To Avernus and Out," page 659.



SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXX

DECEMBER, 1921

NO. 6

When I Grew Up to Middle-Age

BY MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT

When I grew up to middle-age,
Neither before, nor shortly after,
I met an ancient man who knew,
Or so he said, the source of laughter:
In a meadow by a stream,
Trees beside and trees above him,
There he lived and ate and thought,
And smoked, and fished, and drank, Lord love him!

And drank Lord love him? None correcter; A splendid drink resembling nectar, Or golden ale, upon the brim Bubbles came up like dreams to him: "For no man dreams at all," said he, "Unless he drinks good ale, like me."

Bees were very good to him,
So were hollyhocks; around,
In an orchard of ten trees,
Apples fell upon the ground:
"Fruit," said he, "is from the Lord;"
And took a score more bees to board.

And from the Lord are books and light,
A room that opens on the night,
On a wet summer that discloses
The sharp and sudden scent of roses. . . .
Noise while reading made him wroth,
Save the faint lisp of circling moth.

(His neighbors thought it very queer A man should love birds, books, and beer; And queerer still that all through life, Despite his talk, he'd loved his wife.)

Copyrighted in 1921 in United States, Canada, and Great Britain, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Printed in New York. All rights reserved.

Digitized by Google

... A little weathered, withered thing Who shone like a wedding-ring.

(For no man loves a wife for good, But all men talk as all men should.)

And he? His talk was frank and salty Amused and quiet, almost malty; Out of convention; hardly nice: Marriage is marriage; vice is vice.

"I find," he said, "one woman holds
A dozen different women in her;
So I have loved the saint and nun,
The dancer and the wide-eyed sinner. . . .
. . . To marry wives of every nation,
Takes," he observed, "imagination."

(They did not understand the last: It bothered them: through all his past They searched; but not a single handle They found for any sort of scandal.)

Dawns when swallows swept the sky; Noons when orchards slept in gold; Dusk with a thin moon riding high, These were new to him and old; And he thrilled as one-and-twenty When the faint cock, far away, Stirred him from his sleep and sent the Smell about him of new hay.

Or on any afternoon,
Down a lane turned green and cool,
If in hidden wood there soon
Spread for him a secret pool,
Sudden as a little pain
Ran the joy of leaf and moss,
And he felt that grief was slain
By the sun where branches cross.

What a gray egregious lad! No wonder people thought him mad.

"Skies," he said, "are usually blue: Trees," he said, "are essentially green; The moon is yellow, and stars are gold, And people seldom say what they mean." (Insulting at once, as the thoughtless do, Artists, reformers and statesmen, too.)

"Flowers," he said, "are important things: Beer," he said, "is a pleasant brew; And most of the bother that comes," he said, "Is one seldom does what one wants to do."

"Life," he said, "is a gracious thing; God, I imagine, is naturally merry; So most of His prophets and preachers and kings Make Him, I'll wager, exceedingly weary."

And so he would ramble on for a span, A silly, hardly respectable man.

But somehow trees and hills and fishes, Books and lamp light, ale and dishes, Mellow pictures, young folks' wishes, Hot potatoes done in cream, Shadows on a bickering stream, Peaches on a southern wall, Gave him joy one and all.

And on many a moonlit night, When the moon like water lay, When along his garden bright, Silver, that is gold by day, Carrots raised their delicate ferns, And the lordly cabbage threw White reflections from its urns Such as cups of princes knew, He would watch Capella rise Up above the darkling hedge, Till he felt he could surmise Some faint wound of beauty's edge; Till he felt that he could hear Some faint sound of beauty's horn, Sweeter perhaps than he could bear, In a midnight yet unborn —Only if he stretched his hand! -Only if his eyes were keen! Eighty years to understand, Yet how little he had seen!



BY ELLA M. BOULT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BEATRICE STEVENS

N one of the oldest of the Connecticut hill towns there is given annually at Christmas a drama of The Nativity. Created by the people and for the people of its own countryside, the world has made a path to it, so that the barren little hall where it is presented has become

quite inadequate.

It originated in a communal impulse to commemorate Christmas, and by a coincidence had its initial performance the year of New York's first community celebration, when the great tree from the Maine woods shone forth over the crowds on Madison Square. Three church societies organized the spiritual life of the place: the Congregational, sentinel and saint of every Pilgrim-founded town, the Episcopal, and the never-flagging Roman Catholic. But it was from none of these -or, perhaps more truly, from all threethat this celebration sprang. Those that created it were of all creeds—and of none.

How spontaneously religious ceremonial in mediæval England developed into the Miracle Play is a matter of history; as casually this drama of The Nativity took root in the formidably alien soil of Puritan New England. At first little more than a series of tableaux in the tradition of the old paintings, it has grown as naturally as the maples on the street, and has become as truly a part of the place as they.

In form The Nativity is rhythmic pantomime enacted to the cadence of music carefully chosen for its significance, but reduced to the simplicity of a reed-organ. Throughout the play, in all material things, a note of crudeness prevails. This

is partly from necessity, but chiefly that the dominance of the theme may be maintained. There is no scenery. The stage is hung in blue curtains, hardly distinguishable as such; for since light is utilized as a dramatic factor, and is always significant, the scenes are keyed to darkness or to a color as of twilight. The Angel of the Lord brings radiance; the Manger sheds radiance; the Shepherd's fire holds light: in and of such light the dramatic grouping is built. The background is always of blue distance or of solid black shadows. The Manger is of rough-hewn slabs. There are no other properties.

The text of the play is the Gospel account read in continuity, and followed by Haydn's "Holy Night," sung with simplicity by a single voice, and made continuous with the opening scene of the drama. The cadence of this hymn is no more than a cradle song, and, with that significance, it has been made the theme of The Nativity which develops in the following scenes:

THE ANNUNCIATION, St. Luke 1:26-38, "O Rest in the Lord" (Mendelssohn). THE SHEPHERDS, St. Luke 2:8-20, "He shall Feed His Flock" ("The Messiah": Handel).

THE ANGEL, "Come unto Me" ("The Messiah": Handel).

THE HEAVENLY HOST, "Rejoice, Rejoice" ("The Messiah": Handel). THE MANGER AT BETHLEHEM, St. Luke

2: 1-7, "Holy Night" (Haydn).

THE SHEPHERDS AT THE MANGER, St. Luke 2: 15-20, "He Shall Feed His Flock" ("The Messiah": Handel).

THE ADDRATION OF THE MAGI, St. Matthew 2: 1-12, "Largo" (Handel).

JOSEPH'S DREAM, St. Matthew 2:13, "Holy

Night" (Haydn).

The characters are the Angel Gabriel, Mary, Joseph, Five Shepherds, and Three Kings, the Kings' Heralds and Gift Bearers, the Keeper of the Inn, and the Heavenly Host.

As the music modulates from the Cradle song to Mendelssohn's "O Rest in the Lord," the curtain rises upon Mary. She is a young woman of the people, a gentle girl, shy, yet confident, and a dreamer. A day of service has passed, her tasks may well end. It is still, the world is beautiful, life is tranquil.

In the far distance a light is seen, long unnoted. As it advances, it turns to purple, to rose; and, as Mary becomes at last aware of it, to gold. Holding lyric rapture in check, lest the sudden vision be too much for eyes veiled in mortality, the Angel comes quite close, as in some of the earlier pictures. The action is accomplished with profound tenderness and simplicity, as the salutation exalting Mary changes quickly to "Fear Not," when the frailty of her humanity makes itself felt. Born to a heritage of obedience as of courage, submission is her instinct. The power that she does not find in herself she seems to receive from the majestic figure that towers above her like a golden cloud.

The music, uninterrupted throughout the play, changes, as the curtain falls for a moment here, to the shepherd's theme, "He shall Feed His Flock," from "The Messiah." Through the blue light, as from beneath a clear starlit sky, a solitary shepherd, with a cloak of skins, is seen moving in the distance. A sense of mystery is present. The Sentinel is watching and listening to more than the flocks he guards. As other shepherds come, as they hail their fellow, as they withdraw to make a fire of fagots brought by one of their number, as they crouch over it to warm themselves, peering out toward the Sentinel and, again, turning their gaze above them in anxious search, they manifest a prescience of something pending. They cannot evade it. In the end all but one, the "blue shepherd," are stretched about the fire for rest, but sleep does not come. They are tense and alert.

The group of shepherds, once hardly differentiated each from the other, have come to be characterized as the Sentinel,

the Dreamer, who is the "blue shepherd," The Friend, The Fire-builder, and The Sleeper.

Into the darkness, broken only by their fire, rays of light begin to penetrate. At first they are seen only by the Sentinel, who is enraptured by this fulfilment of his expectancy. He would inform his companions, but he cannot move. The radiance itself seems to push him back upon them, half-blinded by its glory. The "blue shepherd" springs forward to join him; the Friend and the Fire-builder are aroused, and, at last, the Sleeper.

The Messenger is of a great friendliness to the shepherds—men close to the earth and its cares; men accustomed, themselves, to give help to the helpless and protection to the weak. They are simple and rugged. Their daily round of tasks, their food, their slumber, such is the full measure of their lives. Nothing is changed on this night, though all human experience is henceforth to be illuminated, and the moment of transition is at hand.

Here, too, the Angel's word is "Fear not," and, as simply as they were terrified by mystery, even so they are compliant with its solution. Blinded by a light not of their experience, terrified by the unknown, they are quickly won by the truth delivered to them.

Down upon the group, as though summoned from heaven itself by the eloquence of the Angel and the glory of the Message, sweeps the Angelic Host, playing upon trumpet and harp and waving palm branches, with the tidings: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

With the vanishing of the heavenly choir how reasonable is the action of the shepherds:

And it came to pass as the angel was gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said, one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which has come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

Eager as they were before lethargic, they stride away, grasping their staves and crooks, wrapping their skins about them against the cold. One thinks to remain—the Sleeper. At least he will quench the fire. Its warmth wins him. Outside it is dark and cold. What was it

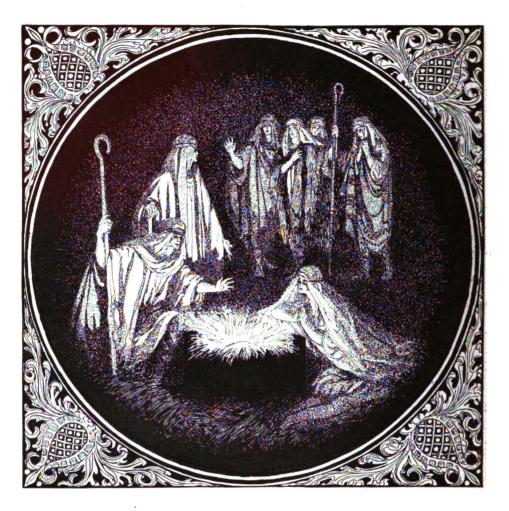






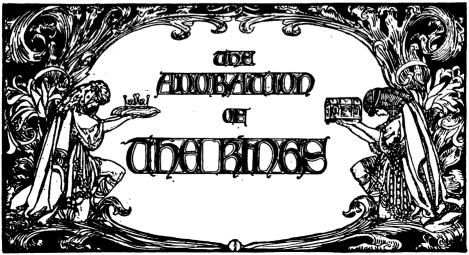


649









roused him? Angels? To what shepherd would it be granted to behold an angel? A dream! nothing more! But a companion runs back to fetch him. It is the Friend. He will not let the other forego the event so gloriously revealed to them, and he drags with him the unwilling herdsman.

And now they are come to the Manger at Bethlehem. The Holy Night music is heard again. All is dark save where the radiance streams forth through the straw, shedding over Mary a golden light and penetrating to the shadows where Joseph stands. The lullaby changes to the shepherd's music as the herdsmen steal in, eager, abashed.

Afraid, they draw away, but Joseph, with kindly dignity, beckons them forward. It is the Dreamer that first ventures. He fears, too, but in him fear is impelling. That light is from the love that casteth out fear: he must enter into it. As he comes to the Manger and sees the fulfilment of the glad tidings, a sudden joy overcomes him, and he throws himself down in the straw, bending forward in ecstasy; but, remembering his companions, he springs impulsively to fetch them. They all fall upon their knees about the Manger. They linger and worship and depart.

Where the shepherds knelt, later, heralded by the slow chords of the Largo, kneel the Three Wise Men from the East: one, a ruler of a simple people who beholds here an ancient prophecy fulfilled; one, a poet who sees his vision realized; and one, a mighty king, who finds at Bethlehem a power greater than his own.

Rich in possession as in vision and in might, they enter under the roof built to shelter the beasts, there to bend the knee and place their priceless gifts at the foot of a straw-filled Manger. In the light that shines from it their treasure fades to tinsel, their magnificence is unnoted. Mary sees nothing but the Child. Joseph heeds them not.

Again there is darkness, made articulate by the lullaby. Those that sought and worshipped and were made glad are gone. Sleep comes to Mary, the Mother, bowed over the Manger. Joseph rests on his staff, in the shadows withdrawn. The light shines out undimmed. The Angel

of the Lord draws near in glory and spreads above the scene the shelter of his wings in protection and in warning:

And when they were departed, behold the angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise and take the young Child and its mother and flee into Egypt.

Such is The Nativity, presented annually in a countryside not unlike Judea in the days of Herod the King. Purely a product of the people, it justifies its constant comparison to the Passion Play of Oberammergau, though it is perhaps more closely allied to the Moralities and Miracle Plays of an earlier time.

Not only are the actors of many faiths, as has been said, but they are of all vocations, and, especially, of varied nations, dominated by the Puritan strain, as must ever be the case where a remnant of that

finely tempered stock remains.

The shepherds are largely men from the farms; the Angelic Host and the attendants upon the Wise Men are girls and boys from the schools; Joseph has been at different times a young Italian laborer, an Englishman, a Southerner, and a man of native birth and Western training. The part of Mary has been taken by a young Irish girl, an English girl, and two girls of New England type. Many races—Irish, English, Scotch, Swedish, French, Italian, and even African—have been represented.

No actor brought to bear greater sensibility than did a West Indian negro as the Third Wise Man. It seemed to our Italian workman an astounding thing that he should take the part of San Giuseppe, but no art could have taught him the profound gravity that he brought to this rôle. It came from within—from a solemn realization of the verities.

Even the brute world did its share. Laddie, a collie, had no more training than his master, but his instinct proved as true. When, a few months after his appearance, he died, he was mourned far and wide as the "dog that came with the shepherds to the Manger at Bethlehem."

The play is essentially a thing to be seen rather than described; for in the very act of recording what is "outward and visible" that which is "inward and spiritual" escapes. It is as a tribute to an achievement of rare beauty that this chronicle is attempted.

To Avernus and Out

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY FLORENCE MINARD

I



thrust their long, bare, ungainly arms up into the brumous night. They seemed trying to push back the folds of fog that hung over

the city. The low houses in their faded gentility slept blindly around the open space, as if exhausted by the day's effort to keep up appearances in a September hot spell. The heavy moisture in the air gathered on the pavement like a dim unlustrous dew. St. George's loomed dark brown on one corner, and the Friends' Meeting-House glimmered gray on the other. It was the dead hour, between midnight's revelry and morning's work, when New York comes nearest to slumber.

A motor-car, shabby but smoothrunning, slipped quietly along the street that divides the park, and stopped a few blocks farther north, at the corner of Second Avenue opposite the grand building of the New Hospital, where a few lights were still glowing softly in the windows. Four men stepped noiselessly from the car and turned up the side street toward the Old Hospital with its long, low front of brick, painted dull yellow, facing a huge junk-yard, heaped full of old iron and worn-out tires and broken engines and automobiles in all stages of decay and dissolution. In the darkness it seemed like a bit of chaos, audibly haunted by lean, fierce cats.

It was not a savory region. To the west lay the placid oasis of Gramercy To the east, just beyond the New Hospital, was a row of little red-brick houses with elaborate cast-iron porticoes and balconies, speaking of a time residential tone. Opposite was the great High School, in gray-stone Gothic, and a slipped over the low iron railing into the

little yellow Slovak church, of no namable architecture. Farther east the street HE gaunt old elms of ran into the populous desert of the Gas Stuyvesant Square House district and the alphabetical Avenues.

But the block where the four men were walking,-going quietly but not creeping or sneaking,—was different, and had a character of its own. It was made up mostly of old stables, buildings of one or two stories: no doubt they once belonged to the mansions of Gramercy Park, and held stately barouches, luxurious victorias, and high-stepping horses. But evil times had come upon them: they were transformed into rag and bottle shops, dingy and ill-smelling garages, storehouses for all sorts of damaged goods. A few old-fashioned tenements were sandwiched in among them. In this depressed and depressing region the Old Hospital had stood for a quarter of a century, under charge of the Sisterhood of the Holy Heart, performing its patient work of ministry to the sick and wounded.

The four men advanced toward it through the misty night as persons who knew exactly where they were going and what they had to do. At least this was true of three of them,-hard-faced young gangsters of the slick New York type.— "Terry the Wop," "Red Butch," and "Slider Jim." The fourth man was older,—anywhere between forty and sixty, grizzled and very much the worse for wear. He seemed to go reluctantly, or uncertainly, as if bewildered or unwilling. He was apparently inclined to argue with his companions, but Red Butch held him by the elbow and marched him along. They did not whisper, but spoke in low voices less audible than a whisper. When they came in front of the hospital Slider Iim hurried west to the avenue to act as lookout, while the when the neighborhood had a modest driver of the car kept watch on the eastern corner of the block. The three others

shallow area and lifted the old-fashioned wooden lid which covered one of the gratings opening into the cellar.

"The stuff's in this wing,—cubby little orfice,—tin safe,—dead easy," mut-

tered Terry.

"How d'yer know?" growled Butch.

"Sawr it," answered Terry, "w'en I was in for a mealy sicker las' week. Two big wads o' bills, bundle o' paipers, looked like lib'ty bons, an' some silver choich things,—it's a cinch!"

The older man, who had been working with some kind of a concealed flame, melting the solder which held the hinge of the grating in place, straightened up and turned around when he heard the last

words.

"Nothing doing," he said. "Here's where I get off. It's too much like robbing a church. Those sisters,—good women——"

"Wot d'yer mean?" said Terry. "Hurry up with that grating, ye poor

fish."

"We can lift 'er now,—go easy!" said Butch. The grating yielded to the four straining hands and was turned over quietly on the wooden cover. The older man stood over the black hole, his hands twitching, his face drawn and haggard, his sunken eyes lit with dull fire.

"It's sacrilege," he muttered. "I'll be damned if I do it. And they shan't

do it either. I'll--"

He lifted his head and opened his mouth as if to call out. But he was too late. A rough hand was clapped over his lips, and another clutched his throat.

"The ole stiff's goin' to pig on us," hissed Terry. "Give 'im the woiks, quick,

Butch."

A piece of lead pipe wrapped in carpet makes no noise when it strikes, but it does the work. Two blows were enough. The older man went limp, sank on the edge of the black hole, and toppled over into the cellar, as a soggy stick disappears in dark water.

"Les' beat it," mumbled Terry, with his hands on the railing. But the steady Butch, listening intently, held up his

"Jest a minnit," he said. "Nobody comin', — no rush, — les' put things

straight."

Deftly and silently they replaced the iron grating and the wooden cover, climbed the fence, and hastened down the street with that swift unnoticeable gait, neither a run nor a walk but a kind of serpentine glide, with which a drifter "moll" disappears through a crowd when she is wanted.

At the corner the driver of the car was waiting, and Slider Jim quickly joined

them.

"W'ere's the stuff?" asked the two spotters. "W'at d'yer do wid ole Woymy Reck?"

"Shut up," grunted Butch, "got nothin',—bumped the dam' squealer off,—gave him his! Now beat it."

The shabby car slid silently away eastward in the fog. Deep gloom settled on its occupants. Their late comrade lay broken on the cellar floor of the Old Hospital,—his right leg twisted under him,—a thin trickle of blood running down his chin,—dirty, haggard, dishevelled, an abject creature at the very bottom of Avernus.

\mathbf{II}

VERNON RECKLIN'S life had begun on high ground. The path by which he made his descent to Avernus had been a long one and a crooked one, but it had never been really an easy one. At every turn there were barriers to break through or creep around. Inherited restraints of taste and behavior; the conventions of his class and breeding; a certain sensitiveness, you might even call it fineness, in his natural liking for clean and beautiful things; and perhaps some moral quality, some instinctive admiration and respect for real goodness; all these made it difficult, at times, for him to continue the descent. He often hesitated, stopped, even turned back a few steps. But in the end he went on again. The restraints were too weak to withstand the force that pulled him,—a secret conviction that the world owed him pleasure,—entire, full, overflowing,—and a resolve that he would have it, take it, capture it if necessary,at all events nothing should stand in the way of what he conceived to be complete self-expression, the satisfaction of all his desires.

minister of a rich suburban church, whose early religious enthusiasm had been crusted over by a passion for popularity and a stately eloquence, both of which he retained to the last. Vernon's mother, after piously spoiling her only child for fourteen years, passed away, and the boy was sent to a costly preparatory school and then to a costlier university, where he showed brilliant scholarship handicapped by a fondness for gilt-edged diversions. In course of time his father died, leaving a small estate of nine or ten thousand dollars, and the young man, now his own master, entered a famous law school and graduated with honors, expensive habits, and Pistoll's firm persuasion: "the world's mine ovster."

At first it seemed as if he would open it without delay or difficulty. His progress was helped somewhat by his father's friends, but even more by his own ability. He was taken into junior partnership in a steady old law firm, but it was too slow for him. He wanted more money for his growing expenses. On the strength of his reputation and his convincing personality, he set up in practice for himself. But his great expectations were not immediately realized, and he began to look around him for some means, any means, of putting them through. He formed intimacies with men of shady character, noted for their cleverness in keeping just within the fences of the law while they slipped their hands through the wire to grab whatever they could reach outside. He accepted cases which were worse than doubtful and tried them with a cynical skill which took advantage of every subterfuge. He carried it off with a certain bravado, and through all he remained agreeable in conversation, attractive in person, rather a captivating figure.

Meantime he contracted certain private habits, in his quest of self-expression and gratification, which bit inward, and fastened a hold on him. Gambling, which was at first only a diversion, became an inveterate passion. He followed it merrily over the little green tables, and gloomily over the stockmarket ticker. He liked wine and wo- about half her dot of a hundred thousand men, and in both he was regarded as a francs, and with this she set up a modest

He was the son of the highly respected drank to excess, but his amours were notorious. They were favorite topics of conversation in the corners of the Cornucopian Club.

> His father's old friends, respectable and steady persons, began to shake their heads and look grave when they spoke of the young man.

> "What's wrong with Vernon Recklin?" asked Judge Plowland one day when he was lunching with Chauncey Larue at the Lawvers' Club.

> "I don't know," said Larue, "but when a man's deliquescing inside, some of it usually leaks out."

> And yet all the time Recklin's descending path was difficult. Not even the primroses of dalliance could make it easy. His instincts, his memories, his finer tastes, the remnants of those early beliefs which had never quite deepened into principles, revolted against some of the conditions in which he was gradually immersed. They were not outwardly vile, but there was a close and sickening odor about them that spoke of decay.

> Many a morning he woke disgusted with himself. As he came out of the cold water of his bath, he made the usual vows. "Never again. No more wine, no more women, no more gambling, no more crookedness. I'll cut it out." But the sharpness of the knife was what he could not, or would not, bear. By the next day his resolution had withered. He was as bad as ever,—perhaps a little worse. When the leaf of a good purpose falls away it leaves a scar, a hard spot.

There was one point in his career where it seemed as if a return to better ways might have been possible. Strangely enough, it was an episode in which the scribes and Pharisees would have suspected only evil. Recklin's attachment to Madame Colette Lamy began when he was about thirty years old. She was a beautiful Frenchwoman, well born and well bred, who had fled from a drunken brutal husband in France and came to New York with her little daughter Marguerite, a brown-eyed, auburn-haired child of nearly six years. Madame Lamy had managed to save and bring with her connoisseur. It was not often that he but extremely chic embroidery shop in

Avenue. Almost at once it became quietly fashionable and mildly profitable. She loved gaiety and music, and went to theatres, little dances, and studio concerts, where nobody cared that she kept a shop, but everybody felt that she was charming, delicious. It was at one of these concerts that Recklin met her, and immediately became convinced that she was necessary to his happiness.

At that time he had not lost his good looks, nor the convincing magic of his manner. He was slender, erect, quick and firm in his movements. His lightbrown hair rolled above a square forehead, and his mustache of a darker brown was smooth and well cared for. His gray-blue eyes, though a little sunken, were large, very clear, and eager. His wrinkles. He talked like an affable archangel and made love like a young Angelico's youngest angels. Sir Launcelot.

On the moment, Madame Lamy was taken with him, and her instant liking grew into something deeper, stronger, irresistible. He appealed to her in a hundred ways, by his satire and by his sentiment, by the candor with which he owned his faults and by the scorn which he had for them, by the lightness of his touch and the urgency of his will. But she was a devout Catholic, and would not consent to marry him because the thought of divorce was horrible to her.

"Mais non," she murmured with her arms around his neck, "dee-ar Vairnon, I lofe you,—zat ess a sinfool zing, but it may be pardon. But divorce, marriage après? Non, zat ees imposseeble, zat ees not to forgeef. Let it be as now, cher ami."

So it was. I am not writing a commentary on the story; I am merely telling it as it happened. Colette kept her promise,—of a loving friendship,—miraculous, incredible, but true! During the two years of their intimacy Recklin was nearer a return to the upward path than he had ever been since he started for Avernus. He liked her inexhaustible gaiety better than the grim excitement of gambling. She cheered him like good wine, and he became able to shake off the hold which stronger liquors were getting

one of the side streets near Madison on him. Not for the world would he have had the little Marguerite see him brutalized by drink. She was so pure, so gentle, so full of a serious joy,—like a ray of light falling through the stained glass of an old cathedral window. She had one of those naturally religious souls to which the beauty of truth is revealed at birth, even as the truth of beauty is to others. In her thin, sweet, childish voice she sang through the house. Often her songs were echoes of the canticles that she had heard in church, but always with little gracenotes and quavers added to them in a quickened tempo. When these three had a day together in the country, under the lace-leafy woods of early spring, or beside the slow-breathing ocean of summer, Marguerite ran joyfully with bare feet along the edge of the foam-scallops, or slightly pale face was without tell-tale danced among the wild flowers with innocent, quaint motions like one of Fra-

It was an idyl; and it lasted two years. Then,—Colette caught pneumonia and died in five days. Marguerite was left by her will to the care of the Sisters of the Holy Heart. Recklin was thrown out again, alone on the slippery hillside, between the rising and the sinking path.

What would have happened if this had not come to pass? Suppose Colette had recovered and lived; suppose the wretched husband in France had drunk himself to death; suppose she had married Recklin: what would have happened?

I do not know. It is not my business. It is God's business. He knows everything as it is. If it is certain, He knows it as certain. If it is uncertain, He knows it as uncertain. As far as possible He lets us choose, not what life will do to us, but what we will do with life. I can only tell you what Recklin did, not why he did it.

He was very ill for three months. When he recovered,—if you call it recovery,—he had the cocaine habit. From this point Avernus-road was straighter and steeper. It seemed almost like a plunge. Of course the barriers and restraints were there, but with this magic power he could make them disappear, forget them, escape from them. If he was going down at least he could go comfortably and happily. So he dreamed him the illusion that he could turn back whenever he liked.

But that clean-looking white salt has a devilish power. It is full of false promises and fatal purpose. It exalts the imagination while it cripples the will. It plays havoc with the inner life long before its deadly effects on the body are visible.

Recklin looked well, even vigorous. He went about his old ways as boldly, he talked as brilliantly, he acted as carelessly as ever. But inwardly he was all gone. There was nothing to hold him back; nothing to consider, except that old desire, now stronger than ever, the dream of self-realization, satisfaction, the draining of the full cup,—yes, of all the cups. If he had any misgivings, there was the white powder to drive them away and make everything seem easy.

His friends,—for he had some who really cared for him in spite of his debonair aloofness and the self-absorption which he concealed under his charming manner,—saw and felt what was happening to him, and a few of them tried to turn him to the other way.

Mrs. Dallas Wilton, a lady whose real goodness was unfortunately handicapped by her fervent too-goodness, had what she called a "serious talk" with him.

"Dear Vernon," she said in her smoothest voice, "you know how much I loved your father, a saintly man! For his sake,—well, you know my deep affection for you. That gives me the right to say almost anything to you, doesn't it? You know there are some very ugly rumors going about you. Heavy drinking, high gambling, disreputable company,— I don't need to specify, do I? Of course I have contradicted the rumors as firmly as I could with my limited knowledge. But they have troubled me awfully. What would your sainted father think of them? Can't you follow in his footsteps? Why should you trifle with temptation?"

Recklin got up to poke the wood-fire. Then he turned smiling slightly and sat down beside her.

"Dear lady," he said with that confidential air which made him seem so far

with the help of his powder. It even gave away, "how can I thank you enough for your warm defense of me? It helps a man when good women believe in him. Let me assure you that I have not been trifling with temptation, nor do I mean to do so. But as for being like my father, that I fear is far beyond me. You see, times change, and men and manners with them. Take for example the old Roman dinner customs as compared with ours."

From this he gently turned the conversation into a fascinating description of the banquets of Lucullus and Petronius Arbiter, with such details in regard to the light costumes and behavior of the flutists and harp-players as he thought Mrs. Wilton's chaste ears would relish.

"She lapped it up," he said to some of his cronies late that night, "as a cat would eat cream. Said it was wonderful, —so artistic,—wanted to know why we couldn't have something like that in New York! Well, we do," he added, chuckling, "but not at that old cat's house, eh, Molly?"

Tom Richards tried his hand at persuading Recklin to reform, but in a different way.

"Look here, old man," he said one night when they were walking home together from a gay college dinner, "you seem to be riding for a fall. Why don't you pull up?"

"Too much trouble," answered Reck-"Besides, if I did I should go over the horse's head."

"It will be easier now than later," said Richards. "You're losing your best friends rather fast, and taking up with a spotty lot,—that Unterstein crowd, rotters all of them. I beg your pardon. It's none of my business of course,—but you know we were classmates,—I can't help speaking frankly even if you cut me for it. Have you by any chance,—you know you are very much altered since your illness,—well, I will put it straight, -have you formed one of those devilish drug-habits?"

The two men had stopped under a lamp-post on the corner of 45th Street. There was a dark flush of anger on Recklin's cheeks. He drew himself up and spoke with a hard, quick voice.

"Mr. Richards, I will thank you to mind your ownThen he paused; his face and his voice poker game at Stingfield's place, in which changed; he went on more slowly: young Harmon Garrett lost fifty thou-

"No, Tom, I'm a fool to take it that way. What I mean is that I do thank you now for being frank with me. You have a right to do it. But you see, you don't really understand the case at all. Suppose you had lost the only thing you had ever really cared for in the world. And then suppose you found something that helped you to get on after a fashion without it, to forget yourself, to have some hours of pleasure, to carry on your work with more snap, to keep up the adventure of life and hope for better days. Wouldn't you take it? That's my case."

"It looks to me like a bad one," said Richards. "You are fooling yourself, or that stuff is fooling you. I wish you

would give it up."

"I will," answered Recklin, "but not yet,—not till I have no more use for it,—not till I find what I'm looking for, the joy of life, full up, all-round happiness, that's what I'm after,—eh, old man? Then I'll cut out all exciting things and join you on the steady path,—I promise you! Well, here I'm going west,—I have a date at Regenwetter's with a couple of friends. So long, Tom, and thank you again." where the flare, and darkness. The up attached in the st underwor for him.

He turned into 45th Street, walking rather heavily with dragging steps, as if he were trudging through sand. When he got beyond Seventh Avenue and the glittering zone of lights, he paused in the shadowy middle of the block, took a little phial from his vest pocket, shook a pinch of white powder into his left hand, and snuffed it up eagerly.

"That makes me feel better," he said to himself. "Poor old Tom, what does he know? But some day I'll keep my

promise, and surprise him."

The surprise came; but not as Recklin had dreamed it. Three sudden plunges carried him completely out of the world in which he still lived though on sufferance. First there was the celebrated Unterstein divorce case,—collusion, bigamy, false papers,—in which he was so far implicated that he was advised to withdraw from the Bar Association as having disregarded the ethics of the legal profession. Then there was the famous

young Harmon Garrett lost fifty thousand dollars in a night. Recklin was in the party, and held one of the I. O. U's. He said he never intended to cash it. Nothing was proved against him; but the game was undoubtedly queer; marked cards were found. Recklin may have known nothing about them, but he was a winner in the game,—and was asked to resign from the Cornucopian Club. Finally came the notorious scandal at Alty Devens' week-end party. Of course, Cissy Devens was a fool girl, and loved playing with fire. But that was no excuse. There are some things that a man simply must not do,—at least with people of a certain standing. So Recklin was cast out, finally and with scorn, from the golden sunshine of society into the region of alternating glare and obscurity, where the high white lights flash and flare, and the low red lights wink in the

The upper world to which he had been attached knew him no more, passed him in the street without recognition. The underworld took note of him and waited for him. The Untersteins and the Stingfields welcomed him and sympathized with him against "the Pharisees." When he was sober their talk made him rather sick. But when he was slightly intoxicated it pleased him.

"After all," he told himself, "hypocrisy is the only thing in the world that is ab-

solutely wrong."

From the club he dropped to the café and the cabaret, and from them to the unmitigated saloon and the "broad" hotel. His talents and accomplishments did not seem to be extinguished, but only perverted. He put them at the service of any one who would pay for them, and at first he made enough money to keep him in comfort and a kind of luxury. He was "legal adviser" to a firm which dealt in fraudulent divorces. He conducted the "propaganda" for certain predatory He was hand in stock corporations. glove with many members of the swell mob. But his profits did not last long: he spent lavishly and gambled wildly. The solemn Wall Street tapeworm ate up most of his gains.

The swell mob, the higher circle of

affections. It is divided into two classes: Even if he could have done it, there was away with them into some new country; his soul. He struggled for a while, and and those who have the misfortune to then sagged back, naturally and sullenly, was not in either class. He never got But now he came at their price, on a away with big money. He never was lower level. They used him for what he caught and convicted. Consequently he fell between the stools, and was alwavs an alien in this section of Alsatia,regarded with contempt by those who had their ambitions set on climbing toward Belgravia, and with mistrust by those who were confirmed picaroons. He was constantly displeased and angered both by the contempt and by the mistrust. Avernus-road was far from pleasant in those years. But he was too proud, or too weak, to turn back.

It was easier, in fact it was inevitable to go on downward, into membership of one of the criminal "gangs" which included clever thieves and bold highwaymen, grifters and gunmen of all kinds. Here his natural abilities, his legal knowledge, and a certain deftness of hand which he curiously developed, gave him a kind of reputation. But it was not leadership; he was not of the tribe; the story of his past, (much exaggerated,) clung to him and made him a suspect. He was not bad enough. He had curious prejudices,—against blasphemy of the name of Jesus, and dirtiness, and violence to women, and assassination,—which marked him as an outsider at heart. He kept on with the gang, because it seemed impossible to do anything else. But the grimy conditions of his life revolted him; often he was almost crazy to break away from it.

Then the great war came and seemed to offer him a chance at least to die with honor. By a miraculous effort he braced up physically, cut out drugs and drink, made himself clean, and enlisted under an assumed name, giving his age as seven years younger than it was. He served with credit in France, won a decoration for heroic conduct in the field, was mustered out, and came home to-what?

A parade,—and then oblivion!

He had been severely gassed and his back into his stupor. lungs and heart were permanently weakened. His nerve was broken. He was They carried the inert body up-stairs,

graft, is not given to permanent personal incapable of continuous hard labor. those who contrive big hauls and get none for him to do. No man cared for be "pinched" and go to jail. Recklin into his old habits and the old gang. was worth. He was only forty-five, but he looked sixty. It was for this reason that they twisted his name into "Wormv Reck." He was really a learned slave, an unvenerable Helot to those nimble and ruthless young brigands. They did not trust him, but they made his brains and his skill serve them. He hated it. but he could see no way out of it.

> So the taskmaster's whip drove him down, deeper and deeper, until at last he lay like a discarded thing in the pit of Avernus, abandoned to death in the cellar of the Old Hospital.

Ш

SISTER COLETTE MARGUÉRITE was the youngest nurse in the hospital, full of energy and zeal. It was part of her duty in that month of September to make the early morning round, unlocking the front doors and putting up the window-shades. It was still quite dark in the lower hallway, so she carried a light in her steady hand. As she passed the cellar-stair it seemed as if she heard a slight sound below like some one groaning or breathing raucously. It startled her, but she was not afraid. She went down the steps quietly and opened the creaking door.

Perhaps it was the noise, perhaps it was the light falling on his face, that penetrated Vernon Recklin's stupor and brought him half-awake. Painfully he propped himself on his right arm and stared silent at the vision in the doorway. It was a dream, surely, but not such as had visited him of late. Was it an angel with pure face and compassionate eyes, sent to warn him? No, the dark robe, the black veil folded over the white cap, the linen band across the brow,—it was one of the sisters,—he was caught at last! He moaned with pain and sank

The little sister ran swiftly for help.

The doctor came quickly and made an examination. Evidently the right leg had a compound and comminuted fracture, and the left collar-bone was broken. There was also a bruise behind the ear made by a heavy blunt instrument,-cerslight fracture of the skull,—impossible to tell vet.

"The injuries are serious," said the doctor, "but not hopeless, unless he is one of those drug-fiends with a ruined constitution. That's what he looks like, his pocket. Sister, this time I reckon her way, and looked after the wounded you have caught a real burglar, a 'bad man as if he were her child.

'un.'"

She shook her head and answered gently, "Have we any right to judge him before we have heard him? He looks to me more like a victim. Perhaps some one tried to rob and murder him, and then threw him down the cellar to get him out of the way and put suspicion on him. Anyhow, no matter what he is, we must do our best to heal his wounds. That is what the hospital is for, isn't it?"

The difference of opinion in regard to the man continued. The police were called, but could throw no light on the and was unconscious or delirious for affair. They agreed that he must be kept where he was, under arrest, while they "investigated." So the doctor took charge of the case, and Sister Colette Marguérite of the man. From the first she seemed to consider him her own trouvaille, her special property, her ward

temporal and spiritual.

There was something that drew her toward him in spite of his degradation, a filmy thread of undefined reminiscence, and could not quite recall. She knew by instinct that his life was stained and dishonored, yet she was sure that in some strange way it was connected with her, belonged to her. There was nothing in his threadbare face that she could recognize; but now and then a tone in his voice seemed familiar, a look in his faded eyes awakened vague memories that puzzled her.

"It is only a foolish imagination, I guess," she acknowledged to the Mother and clear? Ah, I have it now. I will ask Superior. "Probably I never saw the her what her real name is." man before. Certainly I never knew

and laid it, half-undressed, on a bed. any one named Victor Roberts, as he calls himself. But, Mother, may it not be that God sent him to me to save, to be my first convert? Will you permit me to make that my special intention and do all that I can to fulfil it?"

The Mother Superior smiled a little at tainly a brain-concussion, perhaps a the phrase "God sent him"; it was assuredly an extraordinary method of Divine sending, to dump a man in the cellar like a sack of coal; but it was possible, all things are possible. The sincerity and devotion of the little sister were beyond doubt; she had the vocation,—and -yes, see, here's a bottle of the stuff in she was a clever nurse too. So she had

> The doctor, of course, directed the case from the surgical and medical side; and it was a long one and a difficult one. but it finally began to improve. The other sisters took their share of the nursing, of course, when their turns came; and they did their duty faithfully, though none of them especially liked the man. But it was the little Sister Marguérite who adopted him and cared for his soul and undertook to win it back from

Avernus.

After the first week he had a relapse. many days. When reason returned to him he was very silent and passive; he did not seem to care what became of him. His injuries pained him atrociously, but the clean sheets and the cool bathing, the order and quiet of the room, gave him a comfort that he had not known for years. Most of all the friendly presence, the firm, cool touch of the little sister's hands, soothed and refreshed him. Even when he was feverish and fractious, hungering —something that she felt she had lost for his familiar devil-drug, she could make him quiet. He talked little, but his eyes followed her with the questioning, trusting look which you sometimes see in the eyes of a good dog, beginning to grow a soul.

"Surely I know her," he thought vaguely, "somewhere in the world we have been together before this. Where have I seen those wide brown eyes, that curly russet hair which sometimes shows under her coif? And her voice, so light

She answered the question very simply.





Drawn by Florence Minard.

The two voices alternated, one light and clear, the other husky and tremulous.—Page 663.

"You know in this Congregation of the Holy Heart we are allowed to keep our original names. Mine is Colette Marguérite Lamy,—after my mother and Sainte Marguérite,—it is the name of a flower, too.

"Yes." he sighed contentedly, settling back on his pillow, "I know,—I mean, it is a very pretty name. I like it. Thank

you, Sister Marguérite."

As he grew better, their conversations were longer. She talked to him of what was happening in the hospital and outside, and of her education at the conventschool in the Bronx, and of what she could remember of her childhood and her mother.

"Best of all were the days that we spent in the country, in the spring or the summer. There was a friend, a splendid man, who used to go with us and play wonderful games with me in the woods and build sand-forts on the seashore. I can't recollect his name but I shall never forget him. I wish I could see him again."

The man listened as if entranced by tales of wonderful adventure. He encouraged her to go on, but he told her nothing of himself. He was afraid and ashamed. He felt like a bad child whom

his mother comforteth.

Thus skilfully and slowly the little sister laid her lines and intrenchments round him for her great intention, the capture of his soul, her first conversion. She won his confidence. She had an ally within the fortress. Then, one Sunday afternoon, she advanced to the direct attack.

"My friend, I tell you all about me. You listen, but you tell me nothing about you. Why is that?"

"You know my name already. You see what I am. There is nothing more

worth telling."

"But it is yourself that I want to know about. Your name is nothing,—it can be put on or off as you please. Tell me about yourself. Have you been a bad man?"

"Bad?" he said in a low, shaking voice. "That is not the word for it. Say wicked, worthless, miserable. I will tell you, since you ask it, what I have done."

her hand on his arm, "that is not what I ask. Those sins are not for me to hear. They are for the priest in the confessional,—they are for God to forgive. Will you tell them to Him?"

"Is there a God to forgive such a man as me?" The tears ran down the little

sister's face.

"There is, there is," she urged, "I know it. I am as sure of it as that we are Hasn't he spared your life? here. Hasn't he sent you here to me?"

"Yes,—perhaps it may be so,—but for

what?"

"To save you," she pleaded. "He sent you to me for that. Listen; let me tell vou."

Then she unfolded the mysteries of her simple faith; the wideness of the heavenly mercy, like the wideness of the sea; the seeking love of the Holy Heart of Jesus, who died on the cross between two thieves and took one of them with him to Para-Recklin had heard it all a hundred dise. times before, but never on this wise, never with such intense reality as if it had happened in this very city, never so close to the dark background of his own downward path.

He yielded. He turned. He faced

the light. His heart opened.

"Yes," he said quietly, "I'll do what you say,—make confession, repent, believe,—the priest may come to-morrow. Only you must not go far away from me, Sister Marguérite, for what I believe most of all is that God sent me to vou to be saved."

Father Read was a wise and kind old man of much experience, who knew how to build on a frail foundation without crushing it by too heavy pressure. His instructions from day to day were brief but adequate,—the meaning of faith, and penitence, and the sacraments. Yes, confession was needful, of course; but it was always sacred and would never be violated; and it was not necessary to confess other people's offenses, only your own. There was no fear of betraying Baptism need not be repeated. others. The way into membership of the church would be open after a few weeks of teaching and trial. Divine assistance would be given in answer to prayer. Thus the upward path was made clear; and the "No," she interrupted gently, laying fallen man, beginning to climb with the

remnant of his strength, felt that the day of his deliverance had come and held fast to his deliverer, the little Sister Marguérite.

She was filled with humble joy. Her heart sang canticles of gratitude for her first convert, the wreck that had been sent to her to be saved, the lost sheep that she had brought back to the Shepherd. But there were times when she had her fears

and misgivings.

"Have I been too proud?" she asked Father Read one day after her own inno-"Have I trusted too cent confession. much in my own intention and effort? Do you think he is really converted and saved? Do you think he will stand fast? Will he be able to resist temptation after

he goes back into the world?"

"My child," said the old man, knowing more of life in general and of Vernon Recklin's kind of life in particular than she would ever know, "daughter, you must cast away pride and put your confidence in God. He is almighty; the devil is only strong. You must rely on the grace of the sacrament, on the mercy of providence, to guide your convert through the temptations that will surely meet him. If they are too strong for him,—and it may be so,—providence will surely find a way of escape for him. But meantime see that you give him all the help you can."

So she did. Every day she talked with him cheerfully and confidently, made little plans for the future, fixed the times when he should come back to see her and bring her his report. It was almost like a mother preparing her boy to go away to school. Through her friends outside she had secured a lodging for him and a good place to work.

On the morning when he was to leave the hospital she took him to the altar of

seven candles.

"See how bright they burn," she said, "that is because it is so still here. But out in the wind you would need to shield them. Now, my friend, I am going to give you three things that will keep the light in your soul from being blown out. Every day you must say the 'Hail

"I say it with all my heart,—ave Maria plena gratia."

"Then you must say the Pater noster every evening."

"I do say it, and I'll never forget,—our

Father."

"Then there is a special prayer that I want you to say every morning. Please repeat it now after me."

They bent their heads before the altar and folded their hands, he with knotted fingers, she with smooth palms. The two voices alternated, one light and clear, the other husky and tremulous.

> "Vouchsafe, O Lord-" vouchsafe, O Lord, "To keep me this day-" to keep me this day, "Without sinwithout sin. "O Lord in thee have I trusted," O Lord in thee have I trusted, "Let me never be confounded' let me never be confounded.

"Now you must go, my friend," said the little sister. "He sent you to me, and he will keep you safe." But she wept and trembled behind the green door of the hospital as Vernon Recklin went down the steps.

As he turned the corner of the avenue. Terry and two others of the old gang met him. By the "wireless," of the underworld they knew what had happened in the hospital, and were waiting for him.

"Hello," they cried, "here y'are, all cleaned up. Well, Butch is pinched, and Slider's pinched, and we want you, old

squealer. So come along wid us."
"No," he said, facing the two who spoke, while Terry slipped behind him, "I haven't pigged on you, and don't mean to. But I won't go with you, never."

Two pistol-shots cracked from the gun in Terry's pocket.

"You've got yours now," he cried as the Virgin Mary where she had lit the he disappeared with his companions in the noonday flood of people.

> Vernon Recklin sank to the pavement, two bullets in his heart. A little crowd quickly gathered round him. Some one lifted his head.

> "Tell her," he labored as the blood rose in his throat, "Sister Colette Marguérite. -Old Hospital,—tell her—I'm out saved!"

> His hand made the sign of the cross, and dropped on his breast.

Leaves from My Autobiography

GENERAL GRANT—ROSCOE CONKLING—GARFIELD AND ARTHUR—GROVER CLEVELAND—JAMES G. BLAINE

BY CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

ISECOND PAPER I

GENERAL GRANT



HE fairies who distribute the prizes are practical jokers. I have known thousands who sought office, some for its distinction, some for its emoluments, and some

for both; thousands who wanted promotion from places they held, and other thousands who wanted to regain positions they had lost, all of whom failed in their search.

I probably would have been in one of those classes if I had been seeking an office. I was determined, however, upon a career in railroad work until, if possible, I had reached its highest rewards. During that period I was offered about a dozen political appointments, most of them of great moment and very tempting, all of which I declined.

Near the close of President Grant's administration George Jones, at that time the proprietor and publisher of the New York Times, asked me to come and see him. Mr. Jones, in his association with the brilliant editor, Henry J. Raymond, had been a progressive and staying power of the financial side of this great journal. He was of Welsh descent, a very hardheaded, practical, and wise business man. He also had very definite views on politics and parties, and several times nearly wrecked his paper by obstinately pursuing a course which was temporarily unpopular with its readers and subscribers. I was on excellent terms with Mr. Jones and admired him. The New York Times became under his management one of the severest critics of General Grant's administration and of the president himself.

I went to his house and during the conversation Jones said to me: "I was very much surprised to receive a letter from the president asking me to come and see him at the White House. Of course I went, anticipating a disagreeable interview, but it turned out absolutely the reverse. The president was most cordial. and his frankness most attractive. After a long and full discussion, the president said the Times had been his most unsparing critic, but he was forced to agree with much the Times said; that he had sent for me to make a request; that he had come to the presidency without any preparation whatever for its duties or for civic responsibilities; that he was compelled to take the best advice he could find and surround himself with men, many of whom he had never met before, and they were his guides and teachers; that he, however, assumed the entire responsibility for everything he had done. He knew perfectly well, in the retrospect and with the larger experience he had gained, that he had made many mistakes. And now, Mr. Jones,' he continued, I have sent for you as the most powerful as well as, I think, the fairest of my critics, to ask that you will say in your final summing up of my eight years that, however many my errors or mistakes, that they were faults of judgment, and that I acted conscientiously and in any way that I thought was right and best.'

"I told the president that I would be delighted to take that view in the Times. Then the president said that he would like to show his appreciation in some way which would be gratifying to me. I told him that I wanted nothing for myself, nor did any of my friends, in the line of patronage. Then he said he wanted my assistance because he was looking for the

best man for United States district attorney for the district of New York. With my large acquaintance he thought that I should be able to tell him who among the lawyers would be best to appoint. After a little consideration I recommended you.

"The president then said: 'Mr. Depew supported Greeley, and though he is back in the party and doing good service in the campaigns, I do not like those men. Nevertheless, you can tender him the office and ask for his immediate acceptance.'"

I told Mr. Jones what my determination was in regard to a career, and while appreciating most highly both his own friendship and the compliment from the president, I must decline.

General Grant's mistakes in his presidency arose from his possession of one of the greatest of virtues, and that is loyalty to one's friends. He had unlimited confidence in them and could not see, or be made to see, or listen to any of their defects. He was himself of such transparent honesty and truthfulness that he gauged and judged others by his own standard. Scandals among a few of the officials of his administration were entirely due to this great quality.

His intimacy among his party advisers fell among the most extreme of organization men and political machinists. When, under the advice of Senator Conkling, he appointed Thomas Murphy collector of the port of New York, it was charged in the press that the collector removed employees at the rate of several hundred per day and filled their places with loyal supporters of the organization. This policy, which was a direct reversal of the ideas of civil-service reform which were then rapidly gaining strength, incurred the active hostility of civil-service reformers, of whom George William Curtis was the most conspicuous.

When General Grant came to reside in New York, after his tour around the world, he was overwhelmed with social attentions. I met him at dinners several times a week and was the victim of a characteristic coldness of manner which he had towards many people.

One St. Patrick's Day, while in Washington, I received an earnest telegraphic

request from Judge John T. Brady and his brother-in-law, Judge Charles P. Daly, president of the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, saying: "The Sons are to have their greatest celebration because they are to be honored by the presence of General Grant, who will also speak, and it is imperative that you come and help us welcome him."

I arrived at the dinner late and passed in front of the daïs to my seat at the other end, while General Grant was speaking. He was not easy on his feet at that time, though afterwards he became very felicitous in public speaking. He paused a moment until I was seated and then said: "If Chauncey Depew stood in my shoes, and I in his, I would be a much happier man."

Î îmmediately threw away the speech I had prepared during the six hours' trip from Washington, and proceeded to make a speech on "Who can stand now or in the future in the shoes of General Grant?" I had plenty of time before my turn came to elaborate this idea, gradually eliminating contemporary celebrities until in the future the outstanding figure representing the period would be the hero of our Civil War and the restoration of the Union.

The enthusiasm of the audience, as the speech went on, surpassed anything I ever saw. They rushed over tables and tried to carry the General around the room. When the enthusiasm had subsided he came to me and with much feeling said: "Thank you for that speech; it is the greatest and most eloquent that I ever heard." He insisted upon my standing beside him when he received the families of the members, and took me home in his carriage.

From that time until his death he was most cordial, and at many dinners would insist upon my being assigned to a chair next to him.

Among strangers and in general conversation General Grant was the most reticent of men, but among those whom he knew a most entertaining conversationalist. He went over a wide field on such occasions and was interesting on all subjects, and especially instructive on military campaigns and commanders. He gave me as his judgment that among all

the military geniuses of the world the greatest was General Philip Sheridan, and that Sheridan's grasp of a situation had no parallel in any great general of whom he knew.

I was with General Grant at his home the day before he went from New York to Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, where he died. I learned of the trip and went immediately to see him, and was met by his son, General Frederick D. Grant. I said to him: "I learn that your father is going to Mount McGregor to-morrow, and I have come to tender him a special

After all the necessary arrangements had been made he asked me to go in and see the General. Before doing this I asked: "How is he?" "Well," he answered, "he is dying, but it is an infinite relief to him to see people whom he knows and likes, and I know he wants to see you. Our effort is to keep his mind off himself and interest him with anything which we think will be of relief to him, and if you have any new incidents do not fail to tell him."

When I entered the room the General was busy writing his "Memoirs." He greeted me very cordially, said he was glad to see me, and then remarked: "I see by the papers that you have been recently up at Hartford delivering a lecture. Tell me about it."

In reply I told him about a very interesting journey there; the lecture and supper afterwards, with Mark Twain as the presiding genius, concerning all of which he asked questions, wanting more particulars, and the whole story seemed to interest him. What seemed to specially please him was the incident when I arrived at the hotel, after the supper given me at the close of my lecture. It was about three o'clock in the morning, and I went immediately to bed, leaving a call for the early train to New York. At five o'clock there was violent rapping on the door and, upon opening it, an Irish waiter stood there with a tray on which were a bottle of champagne and a goblet of ice.

"You have made a mistake," I said to

the waiter.

"No, sir," he answered, "I could not make a mistake about you."

"Who sent this?" I asked.

"The committee, sir, with positive in- had one last night."

structions that you should have it at five o'clock in the morning," he answered.

"Well, my friend," I said, "is it the habit of the good people of Hartford, when they have decided to go to New York on an early train, to drink a bottle of champagne at five o'clock in the morning?"

He answered: "Most of them do, sir." (Nobody at that time had dreamed of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Vol-

stead law.)

With a smile General Grant then said: "Well, there are some places in Connecticut where that could not be done, as local option prevails and the towns have gone dry. For instance, my friend, Senator Nye, of Nevada, spoke through Connecticut in my interest in the last campaign. Nye was a free liver, though not a dissipated man, and, as you know, a very excellent speaker. He told me that when he arrived at one of the principal manufacturing towns he was entertained by the leading manufacturer at his big house and in magnificent style. The dinner was everything that could be desired, except that the only fluid was ice-water. After a long speech Nye, on returning to the house, had a reception, and the supper was still dry, except plenty of ice-water.

"Nye, completely exhausted, went to bed but could not sleep, nor could he find any stimulants. So, about six o'clock in the morning he dressed and wandered down to the dining-room. The head of the house came in and, seeing him, exclaimed: 'Why, senator, you are up early.' Nye replied: 'Yes, you know, out in Nevada we have a great deal of malaria, and I could not sleep.' 'Well,' said the host, 'this is a temperance town. We find it an excellent thing for the working people, and especially for the young men, but we have some malaria here, also, and for that I have a private remedy. Whereupon he went to a closet and pulled out a bottle of brandy.

"After his host had left, Nye continued there in a refreshed and more enjoyable Soon his hostess came in and, spirit. much surprised, said: 'Why, senator, you are up early.' 'Yes,' he said, 'out in Nevada we have a great deal of malaria, and while I am on these speaking tours I have sharp attacks and cannot sleep. I



"'Well,' she remarked, 'this is a temperance town, and it is a good thing for the working people and the young men, but I have a touch of malaria now and then myself.' Then she went to the teacaddy and pulled out a bottle of brandy. The senator by this time was in perfect harmony with himself and the whole world.

"When the boys came in (sons of the entertainer) they said: 'Senator, we hear that you are an expert on live stock, horses, cattle, etc. Won't you come out in the barn so we can show you some we regard as very fine specimens?' The boys took him out to the barn, shut the door, locked it, and whispered: 'Senator, we have no live stock, but we have a bottle here in the haymow which we think will do you good.' And the senator wound up his narrative by saying: 'The wettest place that I know of is a dry town in Connecticut.'"

The next day General Grant went to Mount McGregor and, as we all know, a few days afterwards he lost his voice completely.

ROSCOE CONKLING

For a number of years, instead of taking my usual vacation in travel or at some resort, I spent a few weeks in the fall in the political canvass as a speaker. In the canvass of 1868 I was associated with Senator Roscoe Conkling, who desired an assistant, as the mass meetings usually wanted at least two and probably three hours of speaking, and he limited himself to an hour. General Grant was at the height of his popularity and the audiences were enormous. As we had to speak every day, and sometimes several times a day, Mr. Conkling notified the committees that he would not speak out of doors, and that they must in all cases provide a hall.

When we arrived at Lockport, N. Y., the chairman of the committee, Burt Van Horn, who was the congressman from the district, told the senator that at least twenty thousand people from the town, and others coming from the country on excursion trains, had filled the Fair Grounds. Conkling became very angry and told the congressman that he knew perfectly well the conditions under which he came to Lockport and that he would

not speak at the Fair Grounds. A compromise was finally effected by which the senator was to appear upon the platform, the audience be informed that he would speak in the Opera House, and I was to be left to take care of the crowd. The departure of the senator from the grounds was very dramatic. He was enthusiastically applauded and a band preceded his carriage.

For some reason I never had such a success as in addressing that audience. Commencing with a story which was new and effective, I continued for two hours without apparently losing an auditor.

Upon my return to the hotel I found the senator very indignant. He said that he had gone to the Opera House with the committee; that, of course, no meeting had been advertised there, but a band had been placed on the balcony to play, as if it were a dime-museum attraction inside; that a few farmers' wives had straggled in to have an opportunity to partake from their baskets of their luncheons, and that he had left the Opera House and returned to the hotel. The committee coming in and narrating what had occurred at the Fair Grounds, did not help his imperious temper. The committee begged for a large meeting, which was to be held in the evening, but Conkling refused and ordered me to do the same, and we left on the first train. The cordial relations which had existed up to that time were somehow severed and he became very hostile.

General Grant, as president, of course, never had had experience or opportunity to know anything of practical politics. It was said that prior to his election he had never voted but once, and that was before the war, when he voted the Democratic ticket for James Buchanan.

All the senators, representatives, and public men who began to press around him, seeking the appointment to office of their friends, were unknown to him personally. He decided rapidly whom among them he could trust, and once having arrived at that conclusion, his decision was irrevocable. He would stand by a friend, without regard to its effect upon himself, to the last ditch.

perfectly well the conditions under which Of course, each of the two United he came to Lockport, and that he would States senators, Conkling and Fenton,

possible to conceive of two men so totally Fenton. The result was that he transto Senator Conkling.

Conkling was a born leader, very autocratic and dictatorial. He immediately began to remove Fenton officials and to replace them with members of his own organization. As there was no civil service at that time and public officers were necessarily active politicians, Senator Conkling in a few years destroyed the organization which Fenton had built up as governor, and became master of the Re-

publican party in the State. Roscoe Conkling was created by nature for a great career. That he missed it was entirely his own fault. Physically he was the handsomest man of his time. His mental equipment nearly approached genius. He was industrious to a degree. His oratorical gifts were of the highest order, and he was a debater of rare power and resources. But his intolerable egotism deprived him of vision necessary for supreme leadership. With all his oratorical power and his talent in debate, he made little impression upon the country and none upon posterity. His position in quotable phrases, and characterizations. the Senate was a masterful one, and on his speeches appear in the schoolbooks or in the collections of great orations. The reason was that his wonderful gifts were wholly devoted to partisan discussions and local issues.

His friends regarded his philippic against George William Curtis at the Republican State convention at Rochester as the high-water mark of his oratory. I sat in the seat next to Mr. Curtis when Conkling delivered his famous attack. His admirers thought this the best speech he ever made, and it certainly was a fine effort, emphasized by oratory of a high order, and it was received by them with the wildest enthusiasm and applause.

The assault upon Mr. Curtis was exceedingly bitter, the denunciation very severe, and every resource of sarcasm, of which Mr. Conkling was past master, was poured upon the victim. His bitterness

wanted his exclusive favor. It is im- lasted two hours, and it was curious to note its effect upon Mr. Curtis. Under different in every characteristic. Grant the rules which the convention had liked Conkling as much as he disliked adopted, he could not reply, so he had to sit and take it. The only feeling or ferred the federal patronage of the State evidence of being hurt by his punishment was in exclamations at different points made by his assailant. They were: "Remarkable!" "Extraordinary!" "What an exhibition!" "Bad temper!" "Very bad temper!"

> In the long controversy between them Mr. Curtis had the advantages which the journalist always possesses. The orator has one opportunity on the platform and the publication the next day in the press. The editor—and Mr. Curtis was at that time editor of Harper's Weekly—can return every Saturday and have an exclusive hearing by an audience limited only by the circulation of his newspaper and the quotations from it by journalistic friends.

> The speech illustrated Conkling's methods of preparation. I used to hear from the senator's friends very frequently that he had added another phrase to his characterization of Curtis. While he was a ready debater, yet for an effort of this kind he would sometimes devote a year to going frequently over the ground, and in each repetition produce new epigrams,

There used to be an employee of the the platform most attractive, but none of state committee named Lawrence. He was a man of a good deal of receptive intelligence and worshipped the senator. Mr. Conkling discovered this quality and used Lawrence as a target or listeningpost. I have often had Lawrence come to my office and say: "I had a great night. The senator talked to me or made speeches to me until nearly morning." He told me that he had heard every word of the Curtis philippic many times.

Lawrence told me of another instance of Conkling's preparation for a great effort. When he was preparing the speech which was to bring his friends who had been disappointed at the convention to the support of General Garfield, he summoned Lawrence for clerical work at his home. Lawrence said that the senator would write or dictate, and then correct until he was satisfied with the effort, and that this took considerable time. When was caused by Mr. Curtis's free criticism it was completed he would take long of him on various occasions. The speech walks into the country, and in these walks

recite the whole or part of his speech until received a note from Mr. Conkling, asking he was perfect master of it.

This speech took four hours in delivery in New York, and he held the audience throughout this long period. John Reed, one of the editors of the New York Times. told me that he sat on the stage near Conkling and had in his hands the proofs which had been set up in advance and which filled ten columns of his paper. He said that the senator neither omitted nor interpolated a word from the beginning to the end. He would frequently refer apparently to notes on his cuffs, or little memoranda, not that he needed them, but it was the orator's always successful effort to create the impression that his speech is extemporaneous, and the audience much prefers a speech which it thinks is such.

Senator Conkling held a great position in a critical period of our country's history. If his great powers had been devoted in the largest way to the national constructive problems of the time, he would have been the leader of the dominant part and President of the United States. Instead, he became the leader of a faction in his own State only, and by the merciless use of federal patronage absolutely controlled for twelve years the action of the State organization.

All the young men who appeared in the legislature or in county offices who displayed talent for leadership, independence, and ambition were set aside. result was remarkable. While prior to his time there were many men in public life in the State with national reputation and influence, this process of elimination drove young men from politics into the professions or business, and at the close of Senator Conkling's career there was hardly an active member of the Republican party in New York of national reputation, unless he had secured it before Mr. Conkling became the autocrat of New York politics. The political machine in the Republican party in his Congressional district early in his career became jealous of his growing popularity and influence, both at home and in Con-By machine methods they defeated him and thought they had retired him permanently from public life.

if I would meet him. I answered: "Yes, immediately, and at Albany." He came there with Ward Hunt, afterwards one of the associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. He delivered an intense attack upon machine methods and machine politics, and said they would end in the elimination of all independent thought, in the crushing of all ambition in promising young men, and ultimate infinite damage to the State and nation. "You," he said, "are a very young man for your present position, but you will soon be marked for destruction."

Then he stated what he wanted, saying: "I was defeated by the machine in the last election. They can defeat me now only by using one man of great talent and popularity in my district. I want you to make that man your deputy secretary of state. It is the best office in your gift, and he will be entirely satisfied."

I answered him: "I have already received from the chiefs of the State organization designations for every place in my office, and especially for that one, but the appointment is yours and you may announce it at once."

Mr. Conkling arose as if addressing an audience, and as he stood there in the little parlor of Congress Hall in Albany he was certainly a majestic figure. He said: "Sir, a thing that is quickly done is doubly done. Hereafter, as long as you and I both live, there never will be a deposit in any bank, personally, politically, or financially to my credit which will not be subject to your draft."

The gentleman whom he named became my deputy. His name was Erastus Clark. He was a man of ability and very broad culture, and was not only efficient in the performance of his duties, but one of the most delightful of companions. His health was bad, and his friends were always alarmed, and justifiably so, about him. Nevertheless, I met him years afterwards in Washington, when he was past eighty-four.

At Mr. Conkling's request Mr. Clark made an appointment for a mutual visit to Trenton Falls, a charming resort near Utica. We spent the week-end there, and I saw Mr. Conkling at his best. He was When I was elected secretary of state I charming in reminiscence, in discussion, actors upon the public stage, and in vary- Cornell. ing views of ambitions and careers.

hands after the election of General Grant. he pressed upon me the appointment of postmaster of the city of New York. It was difficult for him to understand that. while I enjoyed politics and took an active part in campaigns, I would not accept any office whatever. He then appointed one of the best of postmasters, who afterwards became postmaster-general, but who was also one of the most efficient of his lieutenants, General Thomas L. James.

When Mr. Conkling was a candidate for United States senator I was regarded as a confidential friend of Governor Fenton. The governor was one of the most secretive of men, and, therefore, I did not know his views as to the candidate, nor whether he had preferences. I think he had no preferences but wished Conkling defeated, and at the same time did not want to take a position which would incur the enmity of him or his friends.

One night there was a great public demonstration, and, being called upon, I made a speech to the crowd, which included the legislature, to the effect that we had been voiceless in the United States Senate too long; that the greatest State in the Union should be represented by a man who had demonstrated his ability to all, and that man was Mr. Conkling. This created an impression that I was speaking for the governor as well as myself, and the effect upon the election was Mr. Conkling thought so, and that led to his pressing upon me official recognition.

How the breach came between us, why he became persistently hostile during the rest of his life, I never knew. President Arthur, Governor Cornell, and other of his intimate friends told me that they tried often to find out, but their efforts only irritated him and never received any response.

Senator Conkling's peculiar temperament was a source of great trouble to his lieutenants. They were all able and loyal, but he was intolerant of any exercise on their part of independent judgment. This led to the breaking off of all 1882. The legislature, for the first time

in his characterization of the leading of them—President Arthur and Governor

A breach once made could not be When the patronage all fell into his healed. A bitter controversy in debate with Mr. Blaine assumed a personal character. In the exchanges common in the heat of such debates Blaine ridiculed Conkling's manner and called him a turkey-cock. Mutual friends tried many times to bring them together. Blaine was always willing, but Conkling never.

Conkling had a controversy which was never healed with Senator Platt, who had served him long and faithfully and with great efficiency. During the twenty years in which Platt was leader, following Senator Conkling, he displayed the reverse qualities. He was always ready for consultation, he sought advice, and was tolerant of large liberty of individual judgment among his associates. He was always forgiving and taking back into confidence those with whom he had quarrelled.

One summer I was taking for a vacation a trip to Europe and had to go aboard the steamer the night before, as she sailed very early in the morning. One of my staff appeared and informed me that a very serious attack upon the New York Central had been started in the courts and that the law department needed outside counsel and asked whom he should employ. I said: "Senator Conkling." With amazement he replied: "Why, he has been bitterly denouncing you for months." "Yes, but that was politics," I said. "You know the most brilliant lawyer in the United States might come to New York, and unless he formed advantageous associations with some of the older firms he could get no practice. Now, this suit will be very conspicuous, and the fact that Senator Conkling is chief counsel for the Central will give him at once a standing and draw to him clients." His appearance in the case gave him immediate prominence and a large fee.

Senator Conkling's career at the bar was most successful, and there was universal sorrow when his life ended in the tragedy of the great blizzard.

My old bogie of being put into office arose again in the senatorial election of relations with the two most distinguished in a generation, was entirely leaderless. a new one had not yet crystallized.

Mr. William M. Evarts was anxious to be senator, and I pledged him my support. Evarts was totally devoid of the arts of popular appeal. He was the greatest of lawyers and the most delightful of men, but he could not canvass for votes. Besides, he was entirely independent in his ideas of any organization dictation or control, and resented both. He did not believe that a public man should go into public office under any obligations, and resented such suggestions.

A large body of representative men thought it would be a good thing for the country if New York could have this most accomplished, capable, and brilliant man in the United States Senate. They urged him strongly upon the legislature, none of whose members knew him personally, and Mr. Evarts would not go to Albany.

The members selected a committee to come down to New York and see Mr. Evarts. They went with the idea of ascertaining how far he would remember with gratitude those who elected him. Their visit was a miserable failure. They came in hot indignation to my office and said they did not propose to send such a cold and unsympathetic man as their representative to Washington and earnestly requested my consent to their nominating me at the caucus the next morning.

The committee telephoned to Albany and received the assent of every faction of their party to this proposition. Then at home." they proposed that when the caucus met, Mr. Evarts, of course, should receive complimentary speeches from his friends. Meanwhile others would be nominated, and then a veteran member, whom they designated, should propose me in the interest of harmony and the union of the party, whereat the sponsors of the other candidate would withdraw their man, and I be nominated by acclamation. My answer was a most earnest appeal for Mr. Evarts. Then Mr. Evarts's friends rallied to his support and he was elected.

I place Mr. Evarts in the foremost rank as a lawyer, a wit, and a diplomat. He tried successfully the most famous cases of his time and repeatedly demonstrated his remarkable genius. As a general rail- net his organization was in danger in

The old organization had disappeared and ministrator in the retaining of distinguished counsels, I met with many of the best men at the bar, but never any with such a complete and clarified intellect as William M. Evarts. The mysteries of the most complicated cases seemed simple, the legal difficulties plain, and the solution comprehensible to everybody under his analysis.

Mr. Evarts was the wittiest man I ever met. It is difficult to rehabilitate in the sayings of a wit the complete flavor of the utterance. It is easier with a man of humor. Evarts was very proud of his efforts as a farmer on his large estate in Vermont. Among his prizes was a drove of pigs. He sent to Chief Justice Morrison R. Waite a copy of his eulogy on Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase, Waite's predecessor, and at the same time a ham, saying in his letter: "My dear Chief Justice, I send you to-day one of my prize hams and also my eulogy on Chief Tustice Chase, both the products of my pen."

The good things Mr. Evarts said would be talked of long after a dinner. I remember on one occasion his famous partner, Mr. Choate, who was a Harvard man, while Evarts was a graduate from Yale, introduced Mr. Evarts by saying that he was surprised that a Yale man, with all the prejudices of that institution against the superior advantages of Harvard, should have risked the coats of his stomach at a Harvard dinner. Mr. Evarts replied: "When I go to a Harvard dinner I always leave the coats of my stomach

Mr. Evarts once told me when I was visiting him at his country place that an old man whom he pointed out, and who was sawing wood, was the most sensible philosopher in the neighborhood. Mr. Evarts said: "He is always talking to himself, and I asked him why." His answer was: "I always talk to myself in preference to talking to anybody else, because I like to talk to a sensible man and to hear a man of sense talk."

GARFIELD AND ARTHUR

General Garfield was inaugurated in March, 1881, and his difficulties began with his Cabinet. Senator Conkling, who saw clearly that with Blaine in the Cabiway counsel and, therefore, as an ad- New York, did not want any of his friends was offered to Levi P. Morton, but at the request of Senator Conkling he declined.

It is the irony of fate that General Garfield, who did more than any other statesman to bring the public from its frenzy after the murder of Lincoln back to a calm and judicious consideration of national conditions, should himself be the victim, so soon after his inauguration, of an assassin.

Lincoln was assassinated in April, after his second inauguration in March, while Garfield was shot in the railway station at Washington July 2, following his inauguration. The president was removed to a cottage at Long Branch, N. J., and lingered there with great suffering for over two months.

I was living at Long Branch that summer and going up and down every day to my office in New York. The whole country was in alternate emotions of hope and despair as the daily bulletins announced the varying phases of the illustrious patient's condition. The people also were greatly impressed at his wonderful self-control, heroic patience, endurance, and amiability.

It was the experience of a lifetime in the psychology of human nature to meet, night after night, the people who gathered at the hotel at Long Branch. Most of them were office-seekers. There were those who had great anticipations of Garfield's recovery, and others, hidebound machinists and organization men, who thought if Garfield died and Vice-President Arthur became president, he would bring in the old order as it existed while he was one of its chief administrators.

There were present very able and experienced newspaper men, representing every great journal in the country. The evening sessions of these veteran observers of public men were most interesting. Their critical analysis of the history and motives of the arriving visitors would have been, if published, the most valuable volume of "Who's Who" ever published. When President Garfield died the whole country mourned.

Chester A. Arthur immediately succeeded to the presidency. It had been my good fortune to know so well all the the first acts of President Arthur was to presidents, commencing with Mr. Lin- demand the enactment of a civil-service

to accept a Cabinet position. The navy coln, and now the occupant of the White House was a lifelong friend.

> President Arthur was a very handsome man, in the prime of life, of superior character and intelligence, and with the perfect manners and courtesies of a trained man of the world. A veteran statesman who had known most of our presidents intimately and been in Congress under many of them said, in reviewing the list with me at the recent convention at Chicago: "Arthur was the only gentleman I ever saw in the White House."

> Of course, he did not mean exactly He meant that Arthur was the only one of our presidents who came from the refined social circles of the metropolis or from other great cities, and was past master in all the arts and conventionalities of what is known as "best society." He could have taken equal rank in that respect with the Prince of Wales, who afterwards became King Edward VII.

> The "hail-fellow-well-met" who had been on familiar terms with him while he was the party leader in New York City, found when they attempted the old familiarities that, while their leader was still their friend, he was President of the United States.

Arthur, although one of the most rigid of organization and machine men in his days of local leadership, elevated the party standards by the men whom he drew around himself. He invited into party service and personal intimacy a remarkable body of young, exceedingly able and ambitious men. Many of those became distinguished afterwards in public and professional life. The ablest of them all was a gentleman who, I think, is now universally recognized both at home and abroad as the most efficient and accomplished American diplomat and lawyer-Elihu Root.

There is no career so full of dramatic surprises as the political. President Hayes put civil-service reform upon its feet, and without the assistance of necessary laws vigorously enforced its principles. Among the victims of his enforcement was General Arthur, whom he relieved as collector of the port of New York. To the surprise of every one and the amazement of his old friends, one of

law, which had originated with the Civil Service Association, whose most prominent members were George William Curtis and Carl Schurz.

i:

The president's urgency secured the passage of the measure. He then appointed a thoroughgoing Civil Service Commission, and during his term lived up to every requirement of the system. In doing this he alienated all his old friends, and among them General Grant, ex-Senator Conkling, Thomas C. Platt, and also Mr. Blaine, whom he had asked to remain in the Cabinet as secretary of state. Among them was also John Sherman, whom he had equally wished to retain as secretary of the treasury.

Arthur's administration, both in domestic affairs and in its foreign policies, meets the approval of history and the impartial judgment of posterity. But he was not big enough, nor strong enough, to contend with the powerful men who were antagonized, especially by his civil-service-reform tendencies. When the Republican convention met in 1884 and nominated a new ticket, it was universally recognized by everybody, including the president, that his political career had closed.

President Arthur was one of the most delightful of hosts, and he made the White House the centre of refined hospitality and social charm. He was a shrewd analyst of human nature and told stories full of humor and dramatic effect of some of his contemporaries.

GROVER CLEVELAND

Grover Cleveland was a remarkable man. He had more political courage of the General Jackson type than almost any man who ever held great responsible positions. He defied Tammany Hall while governor of the State, and repeatedly challenged the strongest elements of his party while president. Threats of defeat or retaliation never moved him. If he had once made up his mind and believed he was right, no suggestions of expediency or of popularity had any influence on him.

In personal intercourse he made friends and had great charm. The campaign against him when he ran for governor of New York was ruthlessly conducted. I considered the actions of his enemies as

unfair and that they would react in the canvass. I studiously discredited them in my speeches.

I knew Mr. Cleveland, and as an evidence of my appreciation of his character and ability, when the office of general counsel of the New York Central Railroad at Buffalo became vacant, I offered it to him, saying: "I am exceedingly anxious that you should accept this place. I think, by an adjustment of the administration of your office, you can retain your private practice, and this will add about fifteen thousand dollars a year to your income."

Mr. Cleveland replied: "I have a very definite plan of life and have decided how much work I can do without impairing my health, and how much of additional responsibility I can assume. I have accumulated about seventy-five thousand dollars and my practice yields me an income which is sufficient for my wants and a prudent addition for my old age to my capital. No amount of money whatever would tempt me to add to or increase my present work."

I doubt if there were many lawyers in the United States who had that philosophy or control of their ambitions. His annual income from his profession was considerably less than the compensation offered by the general counselship of the New York Central.

Cleveland was most satisfactory as president in his quick and decisive judgment upon matters presented to him. There were no delays, no revisions; in fact, no diplomatic methods of avoiding a disagreeable decision. He told you in the briefest time and in the clearest way what he would do.

While President Hayes had difficulty with civil-service reform and incurred the hostility of the Republican organization and machine men, the situation with him was far less difficult than it was with Cleveland, who was a sincere civil-service reformer, and also an earnest Democrat. While a Democratic senator from Ohio, Mr. Pendleton, had passed a bill during the Hayes administration for reform in the civil service, the great majority of the Democratic party believed in Secretary Marcy's declaration that "to the victors belong the spoils."

Vol. LXX.-43

ing out of the fact that the Democrats had been out of office for twenty-four vears. We can hardly visualize or conceive now of their hunger for office. The rule for rescuing people dying of starvation is to feed them in very small quantities, and frequently. By trying this, the president became one of the most unpopular of men who had ever held office; in fact, so unpopular among the Democratic senators and members of the House that a story which Zebulon Vance, of North Carolina, told went all over the country and still survives. Vance, who had a large proportion of the citizens of North Carolina on his waiting list, and could get none of them appointed, said that the situation, which ought to be one of rejoicing at the election of a president by his own party, was like that of a client of his who had inherited a farm from his father. There were so many difficulties about the title and getting possession of it and delay, that the son said: "I almost wished father had not died."

However, Mr. Cleveland, in his deliberate way did accomplish the impossible. He largely regained favor with his party by satisfying their demands, and at the same time so enlarged the scope of civilservice requirements as to receive the commendation of the two great leaders of the civil-service movement—George William Curtis and Carl Schurz.

President Cleveland entered upon his second term with greater popularity in the country than most of his predecessors. When he retired from office, it was practically by unanimous consent. It is among the tragedies of public life that he lost entirely the confidence of his party and, in a measure, of the whole people by rendering to his country the greatest public service.

A strike of the men on the railroads tied up transportation. Railroads are the arteries of travel, commerce, and trade. To stop them is to prevent the transportation of provisions or of coal, to starve and freeze cities and communities. Cleveland used the whole power of the federal government to keep free the transportation on the railways and to punish as the were trying to stop them. It was a les-

There was an aggravation, also, grow- ever since in keeping open these great highways.

> He forced through the repeal of the silver purchasing law by every source and pressure and the unlimited use of patronage. His party were almost unanimous for the silver standard and resented this repeal as a crime, but it saved the country from general bankruptcy. Except in the use of patronage to help his silver legislation, he offended his party by improving the civil service and retaining Theodore Roosevelt as head of the Civil Service Commission. These crises required from the president an extraordinary degree of courage and steadfastness.

> While Mr. Cleveland was in such unprecedented popular disfavor when he retired to private life, his fame as president increases through the years, and he is rapidly assuming foremost position in the

estimation of the people.

Mr. Cleveland had a peculiar style in his speeches and public documents. It was criticized as labored and that of an essayist. I asked him, after he had retired to private life, how he had acquired it. He said his father was a clergyman and he had been educated by him largely at home. His father was very particular about his compositions and his English, so that he acquired a ministerial style. The result of this was that whenever any of the members of the local bar died, he was called upon to write the obituary resolutions.

To take a leap over intervening years: After Mr. Cleveland retired from his second term, I used to meet him very frequently on social occasions and formal celebrations. He soon left the practice of law and settled in Princeton, where he did great and useful service, until he died, as trustee of the university and a lecturer before the students.

Riding in the same carriage with him in the great procession at the funeral of General Sherman, he reminisced most interestingly in regard to his experiences while president. Every little while there would break out a cheer and then a shout in the crowd of one of the old campaign cries: "Grover, Grover, four years more." Mr. Cleveland remarked: "I noticed while enemies of the whole people those who president a certain regularity and recrudescence of popular applause, and it son which has been of incalculable value was the same in every place I visited."

That cry, "Grover, Grover, four years more!" would occur every third block, and during our long ride the mathematical tradition was preserved.

JAMES G. BLAINE

I have spoken in every national canvass, beginning with 1856. It has been an interesting experience to be on the same platform as an associate speaker with nearly every man in the country who had a national reputation. Most of them had but one speech, which was very long, elaborately prepared, and so divided into sections, each complete in itself, that the orator was equipped for an address of any length, from fifteen minutes to four hours, by selection or consolidation of these sections. Few of them would trust themselves to extemporaneous speaking. The most versatile and capable of those who could was James G. Blaine. He was always ready, courted interruptions, and was brilliantly effective. In a few sentences he had captured his audience and held them enthralled. No public man in our country, except, perhaps, Henry Clay, had such devoted following.

Mr. Blaine had another extraordinary gift, which is said to belong only to kings; he never forgot any one. Years after an introduction he would recall where he had first met a stranger and remember his name. This compliment made that man Blaine's devoted friend for life.

I had an interesting experience of his readiness and versatility when he ran for president in 1884. He asked me to introduce him at the different stations, where he was to deliver long or short addresses. After several of these occasions, he asked: "What's the next station, Chauncey?" I answered: "Peekskill." "Well," he I answered: "Peekskill." said, "what is there about Peekskill?" "I was born there," I answered. "Well," he said, rising, "I always thought that you were born at Poughkeepsie." "No, Peekskill." Just then we were running into the station, and, as the train stopped, I stepped forward to introduce him to the great crowd which had gathered there from a radius of fifty miles. He pushed me back in a very dramatic way, and shouted: "Fellow citizens, allow me to make the introduction here. As I have many times in the last quarter of a century travelled up and down your beauti-

ful Hudson River, with its majestic scenery made famous by the genius of Washington Irving, and upon the floating palaces not equalled anywhere else in the world, or when the steamer has passed through this picturesque bay and opposite your village, I have had emotions of tenderness and loving memories, greater than those impressed by any other town, because I have said to myself: 'There is the birthplace of one of my best friends, Chauncey Depew.'"

Local committees who desire to use the candidate to help the party in their neighborhood and also their county tickets are invariably most unreasonable and merciless in their demands upon the time of the candidate. They know perfectly well that he has to speak many times a day; that there is a limit to his strength and to his vocal cords, and yet they will exact from him an effort which would prevent his filling other engagements, if they possibly can. This was notoriously the case during Mr. Blaine's trip through the State of New York and afterwards through the country. The strain upon him was unprecedented, and, very naturally, he at times showed his irritation and some temper.

The local committees would do their best with the railroad company and with Blaine's managers in New York to prolong his stay and speech at each station. He would be scheduled according to the importance of the place for five, ten, fifteen, twenty, or thirty minutes.

Before we reached Albany he asked me to accompany him to the end of our line at Buffalo, and make the introduction as usual at the stations. The committee would sometimes succeed in changing the programme and make the stays longer at their several places. Mr. Blaine's arrangement with me was that after he had decided how long he would speak, I should fill up the time, whether it was longer or shorter. That would often enlarge my speech, but I was young and vigorous and had no responsibilities.

I remember one committee, where the train was scheduled for ten minutes, succeeded in having it delayed an hour, and instead of a brief address from the platform of the car, carried the presidential party to a stand in the central square where many thousands had gathered. In

the first place, this city was not on Mr. Blaine's schedule, and as it was late in the afternoon, after a fatiguing day, he therefore told the committee peremptorily that ten minutes was his limit. Then he said to me: "Chauncey, you will have to fill out the hour."

Mr. Blaine's wonderful magnetism, the impression he made upon every one, and his tactful flattery of local pride, did a great deal to remove the prejudices against him, which were being fomented by a propaganda of a "mugwump" committee in New York. This propaganda, as is usually the case, assailed his personal integrity.

Notwithstanding the predictions made at the time, he was nominated, and it was subsequently repeated that he would not carry New York. From my own experience of many years with the people of the State and from the platform view-point, I felt confident that he would have a ma-

jority in the election.

It was a few days before the close of the canvass, when I was in the western part of the State, I received an urgent telegram from Mr. Blaine to join him on the train, which was to leave the Grand Central Station in New York early next morning for his tour of New England. Upon arrival I was met by a messenger, who took me at once to Mr. Blaine's car, which started a few minutes afterwards.

There was an unusual excitement in the crowd, which was speedily explained. The best account Mr. Blaine gave me himself in saying: "I felt decidedly that everything was well in New York. It was against my judgment to return here. Our national committee, however, found that a large body of Protestant clergymen wanted to meet me and extend their support. They thought this would offset the charges made by the 'mugwump' committee. I did not believe that any such recognition was necessary. However, their demands for my return and to meet this body became so importunate that I yielded my own judgment.

"I was engaged in my room with the committee and other visitors when I was summoned to the lobby of the hotel to meet the clergymen. I had prepared no speech; in fact, had not thought up a reply. When their spokesman, Reverend Doctor Burchard, began to address me,

my only hope was that he would continue long enough for me to prepare an appropriate response. I had a very definite idea of what he would say and so paid little attention to his speech. In the evening the reporters began rushing in and wanted my opinion of Doctor Burchard's statement that the main issue of the campaign was 'Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion.' If I had heard him utter these words, I would have answered at once, and that would have been effective. but I am still in doubt as to what to say about it now. The situation is very difficult, and almost anything I say is likely to bitterly offend one side or the other. Now I want you to do all the introductions and be beside me to-day as far as possible. I have become doubtful about everybody and you are always surefooted." I have treasured that compliment ever since.

As we rode through the streets of New Haven the Democrats had placed men upon the tops of the houses on either side, and they threw out in the air thousands of leaflets, charging Blaine with having assented to the issue which Doctor Burchard had put out—"Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." They so filled the air that it seemed a shower, and littered the streets.

A distinguished Catholic prelate said to me: "We had to resent an insult like that, and I estimate that the remark has changed fifty thousand votes." I know personally of about five thousand which were changed in our State, but still Blaine lost New York and the presidency by a very small majority of less than two thousand.

Whenever I visited Washington I always called upon Mr. Blaine. The fascination of the statesman and his wonderful conversational power made every visit an event to be remembered. On one occasion he said to me: "Chauncey, I am in very low spirits to-day. I have read over the first volume of my 'Twenty Years in Congress,' which is just going to the printer, and destroyed it. I dictated the whole of it, but I find that accuracy and elegance can only be had at the end of a pen. I shall rewrite the memoirs in ink. In these days composition by the typewriter or through the stenographer is so common." There will be many who differ with Mr. Blaine.



Three Great Ladies

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

THEY seemed a sort of frame for the town's life, In their old houses, wide with porch and wing, Bowered with syringa, snowdrop, flowering currant, On a green street of elms and lawns and leisure, A quarter of a century ago; Three powerful New England Abbesses Dwelling secluded in their Priories.

I

THE VICTORIAN

She drove behind an ambling chestnut horse In a high stilted buggy; at home she rolled Like a plump pea about the stately pod Of her centennial house. She lived at ease On the invested habits saved and stored For seventy years; and kept her bygone place As the Preceptor's wife she once had been, Up at the old Academy. Plump and smooth Were her jowls, like an infant's; and not more Tranquil an infant's breath in sleep, than heaved The small round of her bodice in the sermon. When she took lilies-of-the-valley down To lay them alongside the Latin stone Upon her scholar-husband's mossy grave, She stooped with placid eyes, and turned away

With placid eyes, contented with herself, (Or so, at any rate, I always judged)
To think that she had not forgotten him.

\mathbf{II}

THE AMAZON

The ample body of this Amazon (Or if you like to call her an old Roman) Was like a porcelain stove, where late at night, Richly and gustily her spirit crackled. Her tongue was like a flag ripped with the wind. Her church was one exotic'in New England; And by her countenance there must have been Latin or Oriental blood in her. Her ancestors were canny mountain lawyers, Judges, commissioners, and Congressmen, Who in their boyhood, ploughing out the rocks From their broad, beautiful and barren fields, Held open in the other hand their Blackstone. This their descendant jeered at sorrow and want, Dared her old age to come upon her, found Her loneliness a tonic. In the end, In her last illness, in her ninetieth year, She seemed, like a hawk, to fly into the face Of her own death, and beat it with fierce wings.

III

THE VESTAL

Those thickly gathered, uniformly brown Skirts, and brown comb in sleekly parted hair, Still seem to me more nunlike than the veil; And she more delicately virginal Than the most soft young sylph; more innocent Her worn, enduring body of eighty years. Her pleasant patrimony all was spent In her fond brother's ventures; she began, In comfort-loving middle age, to save, Closely to save and turn; I will not say To scrimp, of what was so serenely done, With such a dedicated firmness. More, As years went by, her face, her house, her ways, Withdrew into their mould. Time made her face More and more gaunt, more rigorous and more sweet; Her house more mystic, stately and forlorn; Its pictures more symbolic and more strange,— Pictures of heaven, and of pilgrimage. Through downward shutters scarcely did the sun Force in a lath of light to show their strangeness. Order and peace in her cold kitchen; order And peace in her faintly warmed sitting-room. Something about it made you fanciful; A person might imagine that he heard Beating of wings, hushed beating of the wings Of her familiar saint of self-control,



Three powerful New England Abbesses.

Painless Thinking

BY EDGAR IAMES SWIFT Author of "Psychology and the Day's Work"



PEECH," Talleyrand once remarked, "was given to man in order to disguise his thoughts." But Talleyrand was speaking as a diplomat. He overlooked the great

service that language renders man in helping him to deceive himself regarding his

own thoughts and actions.

Not infrequently, for example, those engaged in charitable and welfare work find among their most eloquent assistants some who in the market-place perpetuate the conditions that require the charity which, as welfare-workers, they are trying to end. And the recent disclosures in profiteering illustrate in another way the value of language so to mask our thoughts that they may not wound our self-respect.

The law of supply and demand, for instance, is a marvellously soothing formula for the relief of the cerebral irritation which the thoughts of a philanthropic profiteer might otherwise produce. Words are useful as a mental lotion in proportion to the ease with which they may be juggled. And the law of supply and demand responds admirably to this

requirement of service.

"We must have a curtailment of output," said an officer of a corporation, as quoted in a recent government petition for an injunction. "We must have a curtailment of output in order to restore the relation of supply and demand which is the most potential law in the world; we must realize that the value of our production is dependent entirely upon supply and demand, and that supply and demand may be regulated through less production. And we can't have that without co-operation."

Co-operation to aid nature in regulatvice, so long, at least, as the co-operation combinations and agreements morality

is confined to gentlemen. And it was to save others from confusion in their thinking about this that wise men introduced the term "gentlemen's agreements."

Gentlemen's agreements are quite different from the agreements of other men. Any intelligent man can make the distinction. And he is very short-sighted who cannot see that the ethics of industrial combinations depends upon those who combine.

The success of "co-operation" and "gentlemen's agreements" in saving the law of supply and demand reminds one of the patient whose operation was successful, only he died. "The law of supply and demand is as dead as a New England salted mackerel," said the controller of the currency in a recent address, as quoted in the daily press. "Manufacturers, jobbers, wholesalers, retailers, and laborers are all in some sort of combination to frustrate this law of economics."

Again, we all believe in the open shop -that is, we and our associates—but "we have no quarrel with union labor properly functioning in accordance with the principles of justice and liberty." Every man has a right to work on his own terms. That is what liberty means —the freedom of each individual to arrange conditions of work with his employer. And "in refusing to deal with unions we are defending the widest individual liberty." If one does not like the terms he can leave. No one compels a man to remain in his employ. Every one has complete liberty of action.

"Open price" associations, "bureaus" for the standardization of prices, and "exchanges" for the elimination of "unfair competition," like "gentlemen's agreements," do not violate the principle of liberty. Their names show this, since it is clear that a different name alters the ing her laws is, of course, a laudable ser- facts. And, besides, in these matters of and ethics are merely questions of legal- a self-evident fact necessary. The agreeity. What the law forbids is wrong—that ment of our friends shows that we are is, unless some way can be found to prove free from the mental weaknesses of those that the framers of the law overlooked who do not agree with our views. It also what we want to do. Idealism is an proves the intelligence of our associates. academic view-point. Of course we all And we would not have unintelligent believe in it—as a theory—but it must friends. That is our reason for choosing not be confused with what is practical. And business is very practical.

Our associates are intelligent men. They see these distinctions. They know that idealists are visionary and impractical. They do not confuse theory with practice. They have the same opinions that we hold. And this shows their good

iudgment.

Combinations designed to fix the price of labor, however, deny the very principle of freedom upon which this country was founded, because some of the laborers are not in the unions. To be sure, this principle had a very different application in the early days, but liberty, and freedom to act for ourselves-to shape our own destiny—are still great ideas. Our forefathers fought and bled for them, and we are ready, if necessary, to fight for their preservation—so far, at least, as our own personal destiny is concerned. The principles that caused the colonists to break with England and establish an independent government must be main-"The closed shop is the very essence of tyranny. It is the tyranny of George III." And it was Patrick Henry, was it not, who called patriots to arms with the cry: "Give me liberty or give me death!"

A wonderfully curious organ is the human mind, a never-failing source of humor—that is, the minds of other people. And that is a part of the humor. "If I kill you, it's all right," Leech made one of his Punch characters say to another; "but if you kill me, by Jove, it's murder."

We clearly see the defects in the reasoning of acquaintances. Our friends, of course, are more logical, but that is because they are our friends. Or, rather, they are our friends because they reason as they do. Their opinions have drawn us to them. They agree with us. And this agreement is evidence of the correctness of our own beliefs. It proves our would be deliberately unjust. But perability to interpret conditions and to draw sonal interests slyly determine the nature conclusions, or it would were proof of such and succession of our thoughts. And

them, or, rather, the reason why our opinions chose them. We think that we select our friends, but this is one of the human delusions. Our opinions are the selective force. This is a phase of our defensive social behavior. It preserves our good opinion of ourselves.

We believe what we want to believe and then find reasons to confirm our convictions. Of course, we do not deliberately seek arguments for views which we already hold. Usually, we are not even aware that our opinions are fixed, so subtly have they gained the mastery. We think that we are open-minded seekers after truth. But business and social interests have determined our views and we are really trying to justify them so as not to think ill of ourselves. Self-esteem is even more important psychologically than the esteem of others. And this human craving for self-justification by argument sets in motion the defensive neural mechanism which gives the mental correlate, defensive thinking. We must justify ourselves to ourselves.

We are not conscious of the motive. Quite likely we have a high opinion of our clear mental vision and moral excellence. We are not aware that our opinions and beliefs are antiquated relics wholly unsuited to new and changing conditions. This knowledge, did we have it, would mortify us. And doubt of the ethics of our views would discredit our moral judgment. "The reckless hardihood of a simple and barbarous people is essentially unconscious, just as the action of a hawk or weasel is unconscious when it seizes its prey," says Henry S. Salt in his "Seventy Years Among Savages." "But when consciousness is once awakened, and a doubt arises as to the morality of the action, the habit begins of giving sophistical reasons for practices that cannot be justified."

Most men are well-intentioned. Few

soon our opinions on matters with a personal reference are established. Then our moral sentiments require that these

opinions be vindicated.

An excellent illustration of this painless thinking is given in H. G. Wells's "New Machiavelli." Dick's Uncle Minter was an estimable manufacturer of household articles which were glazed with lead. Having broad human sympathies, Uncle Minter was, of course, solicitous for the health of his workmen. And Dick had inadvertently referred to the effects of lead poisoning. Now, if we may simplify the argument of the benevolent old gentleman, as given by Mr. Wells, and reduce it to its lowest terms, it runs somewhat as follows:

"I suppose you must use lead in your glazes," said Dick.

"Whereupon I found that I had tapped the ruling grievance of my uncle's life. . . .

"Let me tell you, my boy. . . .

"He began in a voice of bland persuasiveness that presently warmed to anger to explain the whole matter. . . . Firstly, there was practically no such thing as lead poisoning. Secondly, not every one was liable to lead poisoning, and it would be quite easy to pick out the susceptible types—as soon as they had it —and put them to other work. Thirdly, the evil effects of lead poisoning were much exaggerated.... Fifthly, the workmen simply would not learn the gravity of the danger, and would eat with unwashed hands, and incur all the risks, so that . . . the fools deserve what they Sixthly, he and several associated firms had organized a simple and generous insurance scheme against leadpoisoning risks." Evidently, one of the chief uses of reason is to find reasons.

"What people call their principles," Leslie Stephen once said, "are often their pretexts for acting in the obviously convenient way." And the convenient way leads around obstacles rather than through them. It is the line of least resistance because it does not raise troublesome questions that conflict with our de-But desires are commonly associated with personal interests which have unobtrusively influenced their growth. We drift into our opinions, gently swept are too often a passive part. One rarely so long as we can build on to the old ideas

seeks evidence for what one does not wish to believe. Even if the evidence comes our way we are likely to refuse to see it. The incident of Galileo and his telescope is true psychology. Galileo, as the story runs, had just discovered the satellites of Tupiter with his new telescope. And he was so excited that he called all the wise men together to see the wonderful sight. But these gentlemen, like some wise men of to-day, were not interested in being mentally disturbed. They disapproved of the foolish practice of reflection and understanding because it was hurtful to their business. They had no use for theories of idealists that might lead to unpleasant consequences by forcing a change of opinions. They were convinced, as some one has said, that conditions will always continue as they always have been, though they never were as they always are. They believed in the practical. And satellites attached to Jupiter were very unpractical. So these wise men wisely decided to close the subject and stop discussion before the radical ideas were beyond control.

"No," they said; "we will not look through your telescope for two reasons: firstly, because Jupiter has no satellites, and, secondly, because if we look the

devil will make us see them."

We smile at the childish thought and complacently reply that Galileo lived a long time ago. "Such a thing could not happen to-day." But this is only a mental smoke screen raised as a defense against our detection of our mental sloth. One of the defects in thinking is the assumption that because there has been progress, therefore we are progressive. But history refutes this. What usually happens is that some one breaks away from traditional, accepted beliefs, is condemned as a visionary radical, and dies in poverty, an outcast from "intelligent" and "respectable" society. Another age reprints his books, and people read them in grateful memory of him to whom their fathers refused fellowship and a hearing.

"The capacity of the human mind for resisting the introduction of useful information," some one has observed, "cannot be overestimated." The explanation is that change of beliefs causes real mental along by the environment of which we pain. It is easy to advance in knowledge without disturbing the substructure. And this is the reason why men believe that they are progressive. But reconstruction of basal beliefs requires reorganization of cerebral processes, and the nervous machinery, like all mechanisms, runs more smoothly when friction has been reduced by repeating the same activity. Repetition in the nervous system, therefore, is accompanied by the mental peace that characterizes habits. It is the line of least resistance. Consequently, acts of thought which man likes to call logical are constantly translated into the old, customary associations of ideas. In this way no violence is done to beliefs which through long service feel as comfortable as old shoes, and for the same reason. They have become adapted to our individual peculiarities. They fit.

This is not complimentary to the human mind. It is not a pleasant picture. But the important question is, is it true? And history, as well as contemporary events, prove the almost insurmountable difficulty of breaking away from the thoughts and beliefs which we have unconsciously adopted because we have always been immersed in them.

Tradition, convention, and authority are all but irresistible forces. And no small part of their power lies in the insidious influence which they exert. They take advantage of all our weak points. Always surrounded by these censors of intelligence, we passively absorb the ideas which they mark "approved." Resistance to their utterances is ungracious because they are such respectable old censors. And since "everybody" esteems them highly, whatever they permit to "pass" must, of course, be the final embodiment of logical thought. "The old metaphysical prejudice that man always thinks," Wundt once wrote, "has not yet entirely disappeared. I myself am inclined to hold that man thinks very little and very seldom."

It is a comfortable, painless assumption, with our slippered feet on the fender of the library fireplace, to say: "To be sure, people did not think during the Middle Ages." And we smile at the committee of the Massachusetts Bay Colony who, in the seventeenth century, after thoughtfully investigating the agricultural possibilities of the country, reported that formula ford, again, "d rine could open fair weather, as less in misty we enham, speaking "went so far a high seas the submarines will parent ships."

there was little land worth cultivating west of Newton, Mass. And our smile still brightens our complacent faces when we read farther along in the history of our country that Senator Benton moved the confines of our country farther west, but, true to the limitations of human psychology, still proved to the satisfaction of his applauding senatorial hearers that successful settlements could never be established beyond the Rocky Mountains.

Humor sometimes forbids a smile after the feeling of superiority—its usual cause -has changed into intelligent appreciation of the meaning of the humorous events. So we pass to very recent days, to 1912, when mathematicians demonstrated that machine-guns and bombs could not be used with airplanes because the recoil of the gun or the dropping of a bomb weighing more than fifty pounds would upset the plane. And the same "authorities" also proved that two motors could never be used, since no plane could lift the weight, and, besides, if one motor stopped the motion of the other would cause the plane to spin and fall beyond control.

But if 1912 is too far back in history and thinking is felt to have become clear and intelligent in more recent times, let us not forget that in 1917, when Admiral Fiske urged the building of large torpedo planes, "experts" begged him not to risk his wonderful reputation by advocating something mechanically impossible.

Again, to give another very recent instance, at the beginning of the World War the number of British naval officers who believed in the value of submarines could be counted on the fingers of one hand, and leave several fingers unenumerated. "The view of the majority of admirals and captains," according to Archibald Hurd, "was that submersible craft were 'just marvellous toys, good for circus performances in carefully selected places and in fine weather." Admiral Lord Beresford, again, "declared that 'the submarine could operate only by day and in fair weather, and it was practically useless in misty weather." And Lord Sydenham, speaking of successful attacks, "went so far as to state that 'on the high seas the chances will be few, and submarines will require for their existence

These illustrations are perhaps sufficient to show that the human mind has has not greatly reduced, and still less eliminated. To be sure, "thoughts" pass through the mind in a more or less continuous stream, but they are not of equal importance for efficient thinking. "Reading maketh a full man," Bacon once wrote; but an intelligent wag has added that what he will be full of depends upon the man.

What, then, is the explanation of the placid flow of unproductive ideas commonly assumed to be thinking? Why could Wundt say that man thinks "very little and very seldom," and was William James slandering the human mind when he wrote: "Old-fogyism, in short, is the inevitable terminus to which life sweeps

us on "?

We have already mentioned one cause of the inefficiency of the human mind. It is our wish, deprived of intelligence by personal interest. An amusing example is given by Mr. Salt. At the time when vegetarianism was almost as much of a moral issue as Bolshevism is to-day, W. T. Stead, evidently fond of the fleshpots of Egypt, received a message from the spirit world assuring him that, though vegetarianism was good for some people, it was not good for him. Another illusfor what we do not wish to see.

A conjurer, pretending to be a medium, gave a slate communication from the departed sister of a man who believed in spiritualism. The slate was washed clean and placed "flat upon the table with a bit of pencil about the size of a pea underneath," one of those present says, "and after the lapse of about ten minutes, under the full glare of gas-light, we could distinctly see the slate undulate, and hear the communication that was being written, a copy of which I herewith append: 'My dear Brother: You strive in vain to unlock the hidden mysteries of the future. Carlotte." These lines "were not only handwriting so clearly resembled hers that, to my mind, there cannot be a shadow of doubt as to her identity."

ing," the same man said, "was found plainly written." Since both communicertain fundamental defects which time cations were written by the conjurer the resemblance to the writing of sister and mother must have been created by the ardent wish of the believer to receive a message from them.

But another obstacle to straight thinking is the human inability to see what happens. Accurate facts are needed for accurate thinking. Sometimes expectation stimulated by desire distorts the facts. Hodgson has related an instance which he himself observed. "At a materialization séance given by Firman, at which I was present," he says, "a supposed spirit form appeared, draped in a semitransparent flowing robe—so transparent, in fact, that Firman's bare arm was visible behind it, waving it to and When the figure retired to the cabinet, the door closed upon a portion of the robe. The door opened again slightly, and the end of the robe was drawn into the cabinet. Most of the sitters perceived this clearly, but one, a believer, insisted conscientiously that he saw it slowly melt away."

Many instances of failure to see what happened during a series of pretended "spook communications" are related by E. H. Jones in "The Road to En-Dor." It was during the recent war and Mr. tration, again, will show how blind we are Jones, being in a Turkish prison-camp, thought to entertain his fellow prisoners by conversing with spirits through a home-made ouija board. "Our success was due," Mr. Jones says, "to the cause that makes all spooking mysterious-inaccurate and incomplete observation. . . . It was extremely interesting, from a psychological point of view, to notice how the basic idea that they were conversing with some unknown force seemed to throw the men off their balance. Time and again the spook, under one name or another, pumped the sitter without his knowledge. It was amazing how many men gave themselves away, and told the story in their questions, which they aftercharacteristic of my beloved sister while ward thought the spook had told in his in the form," her brother said, "but the answers." This was because they received the answers that they wished to hear. At another time Mr. Jones, with a touch of humor, referring to wish and And again: "A short communication belief, says: "Go often enough to the from my mother in her own handwrit- mediums, preferably to the same medium,

and your dead will learn to communicate with you. And, above all, have faith. It is the faithful believer who gets the

most gratifying results."

I have been speaking of certain human characteristics which blunt the mental vision. The wish to achieve an end. laudable, doubtless, and conscious so far as concerns the main results, plays an ignoble part in the subtle way in which it determines thought and action toward many related questions. In its unconscious activity behind the scenes of conscious thought, it assembles all the primitive racial impulses as aids in the attainment of personal ends. Working in this unconscious way, the intelligence of the wish is limited to the moment. It does not view the larger aspects of its own achievements. It refuses consideration of everything which seems to oppose its fulfilment. Demonstrable facts are therefore unnoticed though they may be patent to the rest of the world. And what is observed is interpreted in terms that satisfy the wish. The author of "The Road to En-Dor," for example, when uncertain of the reply which the spirit should make, found that if he gave three answers the believer would accept the right one and discard the others.

But there is another obstacle to clear thinking, and that is the human tendency to tolerate parallel series of thoughts about matters which will not mix without unpleasant consequences. These parallel streams of thoughts are especially comforting when one series is incompatible with our desires or beliefs. And thinking is then untrammelled so long as neither stream breaks its dikes and overflows into the other. But this is not a serious danger because the wish is always on guard. It never sleeps, and it is even watchful in what, for want of a better name, has been called our subliminal or subconscious mind.

Parallel streams of thoughts, in part, describe the minds of profiteers. Contrary to the general belief, they are not villains. They are only running true to primitive psychology—to the psychology of the savage—take what you want if you can get it. Altruism and social service have nothing to do with business. Even morality and religion run their separate course apart from thoughts of trade. So

we have the zealous social-welfare workers, of whom we have spoken, who in the market-place perpetuate the conditions which as welfare workers they are trying to end.

Perhaps the best illustration of the defect of which we have been speaking—the tendency to carry two parallel and mutually contradictory currents of thought without allowing them to run into one another and reveal their contradictions is seen in the intellectual struggle of the twelfth century. Theologians in those days had keen minds and they wanted to use them, but theological beliefs were settled, and critical discussion was forbidden. Logic, however, was neutral ground. And, consequently, here alert theologians with intellectual curiosity could dispute without danger of making unpleasant discoveries. Of course the time came when the dikes broke and the theological stream of thoughts mingled with the philosophical. Then trouble came. It always comes when men really think, because their old, cherished beliefs are disturbed. To be comfortable one should not examine one's opinions and beliefs too critically. And, above all else. the parallel streams of thoughts should not be permitted to intermingle. But it is easy to avoid that danger if the words used are sufficiently vague to obscure their meaning.

Vague ideas have rich possibilities not unlike the results obtained by looking at the full moon. You see what you want to see. The face of a real man in the moon would be fatal, because you could not construct what you want to see out of a clear picture. The outlines must be indefinite and unclear. Vagueness furnishes the raw material that fulfils the wish. And it is the same with statements that masquerade under the dignity of thoughts.

What, then, is the first principle of straight thinking? Probably it is the recognition of the obstacles. We have named a few, and the fatal attitude is to assume that these defects have been outgrown by modern man, or that they are not true of ourselves. If we know the danger we may be on our guard. And we should always be watchful lest our wishes pervert the facts or distort our judgment of them.

In the Name of the Commonwealth

BY MARY ELEANOR ROBERTS



by this that I do not refer to Massachusetts, which is chancy

in matters of religion, or to our Southern sisters, who, while holding faithfully to local traditions in social customs, have been prone to follow strange doctrines in government and economics, as, for instance, free silver. No, I belong to the only American commonwealth where conservatism is a virtue and also a necessity; for what is the essential merit of a keystone? Its ability to stay put.

Being, therefore, a standpatter by situation, a mossback by education, and a member of the generation which believed that a lady was one who could name her four great-grandmothers, it was a shock to me one morning, on returning from market, to see from afar two enormous policemen leaving my respectable dwelling. What possible business had the arm of the law with me or mine?

On the newel post in the hall was a printed slip of paper. It summoned me to appear three weeks later, at ten in the morning, at room four hundred and something, City Hall, to serve as a petit juror in the Municipal Court. I consulted my family at breakfast. My eldest son, just out of college, had recently served on a jury. "You won't like it," quoth he. "Municipal Court? That's only small damage suits. One foreman we had couldn't even understand English. He brought in a verdict for the plaintiff when he meant the defendant, and the judge sent us back. They always find for the plaintiff. You'll serve with a lot of Wops who'll want to give 'em the whole City Hall. It was the easiest three dollars a day I ever made."

how could I find the time? Three weeks One had a red head, a soiled collar, and

AM a citizen of the out of a busy life, for all our lives are most conservative city busy! Whatever we have to do fills all of the most conserva- the time there is, as a gas expands to fill tive State in the a vacuum. I should have to compress Union. You perceive my daily duties into half their accustomed space, that was all. I had not sought the franchise, but if the commonwealth summoned me to jury duty, a juror I would be. This in spite of the fact that one of our local judges had given it as his opinion that a court-room was "no place for a lady."

When the designated Monday morning came, my husband wished to escort me to the court to introduce me to the judge. He did not realize, dear man, that it is not the judge, but the crier, with whom one must curry favor. Fortunately, a glimmering of sense made me veto his well-meant plan. I was a citizen and a voter. I would go alone.

What if I should be late? Would I incur some dire penalty if I arrived five minutes after the hour? How long would it take me to find the right room in the pretentious barracks of our City Hall? In my anxiety I was too early and walked around the block to put in the time. A long corridor, an elevator, another corridor, spittoons, swinging doors, and the court-room at last.

I gave my name, was checked off on a list, and found a seat with the rest of the panel, about fifty men and eight or ten women. Lawyers, with black bags, came in and whispered together. Witnesses filed in and filled the seats across the aisle. A youngish man, with a court officer behind him, walked rapidly from a side entrance, and disappeared behind the curtains at the back of the bench. He emerged in a moment in a black gown. "Please rise," said the crier, and, as we all stood up, "In the name of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, I declare this court open!"

I looked critically at my fellow jurors, I said that I thought I ought to go, but and decided that I should not like them.

a pugnacious jaw. His name was Ignatius Ryan. I am half Irish myself and I actively hated him. The feuds of three hundred years were restive in our blood. Ignatius and I were born to be on opposite sides of the fence. A Russian eggcandler wished to be excused. He did not speak English well enough, he said, but the panel was a small one and the judge differed with him. One young woman said that her boss would not let her off. He had told her that he would not keep her place for her. "Send him to me. snapped the judge, "and I'll commit him to the County prison." "I'm losing money by this," said the young housepainter next to me, and the woman beside him agreed. "If you have any kind of a job," said she to me, "this wouldn't pay you." "They'd ought to put it up to five dollars a day," said the crier. "Then people wouldn't mind serving."

The bench in this court was a swivel chair, and his honor tipped back in it very much at his ease. Case after case he called, and case after case was not ready. I began to understand the meaning of "the law's delay." At last two lawvers agreed that they were ready. The crier drew a slip from a box, called a number and a name, and directed the juror thus called to take his place as number one in the jury-box. After all twelve places were filled, eight more names were called and the owners were directed to seats in the front line of chairs. The lawyers then grabbed the long printed lists which gave our names, our residences, and occupations, and stabbed an accusing finger at one or another juror, who then had to descend from the box and take a seat on the waiting chairs, while his place was filled by one of the eight in the front row. The lawyers knew nothing about us, so far as I could see. We were clerks, teamsters, colored stevedores, stenographers, housewives, plasterers, and electricians, from every ward in the city. It was not likely that we had any interest in the cases to be tried, but the challenging went merrily Later in the week, the judge got tired of it. "If you have any reason for challenging, all right," said he; "but if it's just a habit, you can stop it."

hands at a time on the Bible, was gabbled over rather hastily. The swearing of the witnesses, "So help you God!" could not fail of a certain majesty. In a frankly atheistic state, to what attestation of our truth could we appeal? Could we invoke a mythical justice? Or an abstract conception of that commonwealth in whose name we were gathered together? Or could we see above us that lofty and unimpassioned lady, Truth, who by right should carry not a lamp, but a sword?

The first lawyer told us that he would prove one thing by his witnesses. The second told us ("ladies and gentlemen of the jury") that he would prove just the opposite, and then they both proceeded to do it. Query. Why not swear the lawyers before each case? They wanted a verdict but the truth seemed to be a

secondary matter.

Ignatius Ryan was foreman of the first jury on which I served. I fancied I was intelligent, I had listened carefully to the testimony and to the judge's charge to the jury, I had sworn to render a verdict in accordance with the evidence, but fifteen hundred dollars was the limit of damages in that court, and fifteen hundred dollars was what Ignatius was determined to award. The stone-mason supported him. "The truck-driver must a-been to blame." he argued. "Them drivers gets fifty cents a load for every truck over eight loads. Of course, they drive too fast." I realized that I did not know everything, and Ignatius had his way. The judge said that it was a very good verdict.

A polyglot tide flowed through that court, and interpreters, Italian, Greek, even Turkish, were in great demand. One ancient Hebrew plaintiff, who testified in Yiddish and put on his hat to take the oath, had brought his own copy of the Hebrew scriptures with him. The judge left his rocking-chair and edged over to see what he was swearing on. Father Abraham and his equally aged wife, with a handkerchief tied over her head, had a damage suit against a grasping landlord. They made an excellent impression on us, though one of their own witnesses, a push-cart peddler and self-styled politician, contradicted them flatly. So did the pretty young woman with a baby who The swearing of the jurors, four right lived in the same court. Mention was made of previous lawsuits. Visions of brawling, neighborhood squabbles, and echoes of ugly language in back alleys surged to the surface. Could it be that the venerable patriarch had found the law an easy way to make money? "Some one has been doing some tall lying," said the judge in his charge to the jury.

"What do you think about it?" I whispered to the egg-candler, who understood Yiddish. "I think there's nothing to it," said he equably. "The side that pays the most, he gets the witnesses."

It seemed to me that my fellow jurors had a subconscious rule by which to decide. The rich man should pay. They had a vicarious pleasure in being generous with other people's money. Would it be possible for a man in a limousine to receive a verdict in our lower courts? I do not know. Sometimes the foreigner did not get as much as he might, particularly if he came from eastern Europe, but generally we went the limit, especially if a child was involved. Once, however, on a question of character damages, I took a stand, or rather a seat, and one of the other women joined me. We said we would sit there all day if necessary. The foreman, after waiting a while, polled the jury, added up the amounts which each thought proper, divided by twelve and we compromised on the quotient.

No doubt we sometimes made mistakes, but though we wrangled, and squabbled, and argued, we were all well-meaning. We bent our best energies to our unaccustomed task; we were intensely in earnest. It worried us sometimes when we thought both sides were to blame and we could assess damages against only one. We were interested in the evidence, we listened respectfully to the judge, but the eloquence of the lawyers often left us cold. We did not care to be flattered, and

bamboozled, and cajoled. We stared stonily into space, and resented it. Hypothetical questions we could not follow, and abstruse medical references (mostly mispronounced) did not interest us. We began to have an almost uncanny scent for facts. Experience was teaching us. We had become a corporate body. We were very friendly together. We knew each other well. We had our little jokes and bywords, we passed around chewinggum, we asked privileges of the crier. He let me off one day to go to a luncheon. Democracy? Americanization? A jury is the place to learn what the words mean.

When our final day of service came, the judge made us a little speech before he dismissed us. He looked us over with a quizzical eye. "I hope you have enjoyed your service in this court," said his honor. "You haven't been stingy." And indeed we had not.

It was too early to get our vouchers cashed and we lingered. "We'll miss coming down here next week," we said. "It's been so pleasant getting to know each other."

Then one of us had an inspiration. He was foreman of a candy factory. Would we like to go through it with him? We all accepted with alacrity, and he took us on a personally conducted tour through the works. It was our final appearance as a unit before we were resolved back into our individual lives. Then we shook hands and hastened back to City Hall to get our vouchers cashed. "I'm going to buy a fireless cooker with mine," said the other housewife on the panel. "Mrs. Cadwalader Jones said in the paper she was going to give her jury money to charity. What are you going to do with yours?"

"I think I'll eat it," said I thriftily, and tucked it in my purse with the market money.



The Runaway Blimp

BY HARRIET WELLES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. F. HOWARD



TON allowed the vacation. blanket and. help, to adjust the wheel chair: but he promptly and effectively raised a barrier against any attempts at cheering conversation by leaning back

and closing his eyes, and only when the sound of Miss Burton's footsteps, following Jennings back to the house, had died away, did Terry Knowlton open his eyes and look disinterestedly about this new domain to which, after his serious breakdown, the doctors had peremptorily ordered him.

He had to admit that it was attractive enough—but what man, hungering for Wall Street, would have found much solace in the beauty of a Californian garden? Then, too, Terry Knowlton felt himself to be the victim of an unscrupulous swindle. Life, before this, had been for him a game of mental skill: great affairs were the counters with which he had played . . . and when, after being picked up, unconscious, from his office floor, he had slowly rallied to a dazed realization of his predicament, he could not control a sense of bitter and resentful aggrievement—as of one who had been struck down from behind by an unsportsmanlike adversary.

He got no sympathy from his physi-"I've been warning you for the Now you'll have to last two years! stop! No overexertion; no worrying. Just rest," ordered the doctor; and as soon as Terry Knowlton was able to be moved he was sent, with his man Jennings, and willingly interested, "is a 'wigible'?"

TERRY KNOWL- competent Miss Burton, to take a long "It's a small place—but nurse to arrange there's a big naval aviation field there. the cushions and You'll be interested in watching the blimps and planes. As for 'never walkwith Jennings's ing again,' that's utter rot! You'll walk all right—when the time comes!"

"I guess I'll get that rest. I'm done for—I know it," muttered Terry Knowlton bitterly; and closed his eyes on the privet hedges, borders of geraniums, calla lilies and oleanders, and the sparkle of blue water, longingly to visualize a crowded street dominated by the gray steeple of Old Trinity.

A voice beside him spoke so suddenly that he jumped. "What," it inquired. "are you scowling about?"

Terry Knowlton opened his eyes and stared in amazement at the small figure. in yellow linen rompers, that stood beside his chair. "How did you get in here?" he inquired sternly.

"I came in through the kitchen gate after the garbage man," answered the young lady composedly, and sat down in the other chair.

"Where do you live? What is your name? Won't your mother be looking for vou?" he asked, irritated by her look of calm permanence.

"My name's Sara'paulinelowney, and I live next door, and my mother said not to bother you, because you're sick," answered the young lady simply.

"Then why did you disobey?" he questioned with annoyance.

"I wanted to see how you looked," she answered. "My father's been sickhe ate some bad fish; he didn't sit still like you, though." Thoughtfully she went on: "I guess there's more'n one kind of bein' sick, isn't there? . . . 'cause my mother says she's sick of worryin' about the wigible everytime there's a fog."

"What," inquired Mr. Knowlton, un-

Digitized by Google

She pointed toward a row of hangars edging a wide landing field not far away. "It's an airy-plane;" she explained; "my daddy's in the navy and every day he rides in airy-planes, and wigibles, and bull-loons," she added proudly.

Terry Knowlton could think of no suitable comment except to ask: "Does he take your mother and you with

him?"

She shook her head. "No. Ladies and little girls don't go a-ridin' in those. My mother cooks and sews; and sometimes she cleans house, and when she does my daddy asks: 'Are you a-going to have admiral's inspection here?' And my mother says: 'No. My mother-in-law's a-comin' to visit!' But that's a joke: my grandmother don't visit us-she don't like my mother-

From beyond the hedge a clear, girlish voice called: "Polly! Polly!"

Miss Lowney slid down from her chair and departed hastily. "That's my mother—Good-by! I'll come again," she called back. Terry Knowlton could hear her responding to a censuring voice after her vellow rompers had disappeared through a gap in the hedge: "He isn't so awfully sick, mother, . . . once, he smiled. When Daddy was sick he didn't smile-

Whatever deterring reprimand had been administered to Miss Sarah Pauline Lowney remained effective the next day; Terry Knowlton had no glimpse of her. Instead, he found a certain diversion in wondering which of the aeroplanes, hydroplanes, or balloons ascending from the nearby Naval Air Station might be carrying her father—especially when, later in the day, a sudden, enveloping sea fog rolled landward and drove him in-doors to the warmth and comfort of a woodfire and lights.

Miss Burton, noticing his interest in the machines, commented: "I'm so glad that they don't disturb you! I was afraid, when we first arrived and I heard the roar of their engines, that you'd be annoyed—but you seem interested. Perhaps, some afternoon when you feel like it, we might motor over and see them

closer?"

He did not answer; later, when Jen-

"What sort of people live in the bungalow next door?"

"Very young, sir—with a little girl. Their name is Lowney: he's a naval officer and his wife is a pleasant lady. . . . I fancy they've rather a hard time getting on, on his salary—she seems to do a great many things for herself. . . . As for the little girl—" Jennings paused to smile. "She's that busy!" he commented illuminatingly.

During the next six days Terry Knowlton was not so well; he would not go out of doors, but sat staring moodily into the crackling fire, refusing to eat, or to be read to. "Newspapers are for people who are alive," he said with bitterness to Miss Burton when she tried to interest him in the headlines. But a week later, on a warm, sunshiny morning he let them help him into the cushioned chair and endured, with such patience as he could muster, being wheeled out through the doorway and covered with a blanket. Gradually, as he sat there, the sunlight and the scent of flowers worked their spell; insensibly he relaxed; he actually achieved a faint, welcoming smile when, after a brief, reconnoitring glance, Miss Lowney dodged through the hedge and came toward him.

"Where have you been? I've looked for you every day," she inquired socia-

"In the house," he answered; then realized that politeness demanded something further. "I haven't been feeling " he amended.

"I was in the house, too, all yesterday afternoon," she volunteered. "When my daddy came home my mother had him spank me," she added reminiscently, and "My hair bow's loose. came closer. Please fix it," she requested.

Clumsily he obeyed. "How's that?"

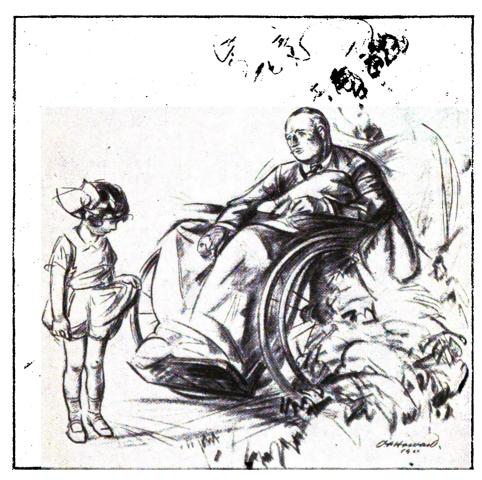
he inquired.

"It's not much good," she answered, "but if I go home my mother won't let me come back. She told me to not go off the porch all morning."

He glanced at her serene face. "What have you been investing in that has set

you back so?" he asked.

"It was hot yesterday; so Winnie and I took off all our clothes in their dognings brought in his tray, he asked: house. We were just walking down to



"I came in through the kitchen gate after the garbage man."-Page 689.

the beach when my mother saw me. . . . She won't let me play with Winnie to-day," vouchsafed Miss Lowney composedly; thoughtfully she added: "Last week Winnie's mother wouldn't let her play with me because I showed her how to be a cable car: we put one leg on each side of the wire rope that's around that new lawn that they want you to keep off of—and then we ran up and down. It was all right till Winnie tore the seat out of her rompers on a place where the wire was mended," she explained.

"Who's Winnie?" he inquired.

"She's just Winnie. She lives on the other side of me, and she's like her father. I'm like my grandmother that doesn't Lowney, and held out a small hand. come to see us-my father says so-"

From beyond the hedge a voice called sternly: "Polly! Polly! Didn't I tell you not to go away from the porch-

For a second panic showed in the lady's movements; then resignedly she slipped "I didn't think she'd be out so soon," she admitted, then hesitated. "Maybe if I stay here she won't find me," she suggested. But the voice was getting nearer; even as Polly cast distractedly about for a convenient refuge, a young woman appeared in the gateway and came toward them.

"I'm so sorry she's been bothering you, Mr. Knowlton; I told her not to come here. . . . I'm her mother," said Mrs.

Terry Knowlton smiled as he looked at

her. "You don't look old enough to be be dragged forth from among the crum-

Polly's mother," he said.

"Don't I?" she questioned. "Well, I feel old: I've been the wife of an aviator for five years—ever since the day after my husband graduated from the Naval Academy."

He smiled again. "Evidently they marry too young in the navy," he commented.

"That's what my mother-in-law thinks: she feels that I was a designing female who snatched her boy! And she vows that she'll never enter my house," vouch-safed Mrs. Lowney; more tolerantly she added: "She's living at a hotel over in town—so that she can catch an occasional glimpse of Tim. I'd like to be friends with her, and I'm sure she'd adore Polly. Tim says that Polly's the image of his mother—independent, you know."

He suppressed a desire to laugh at the comical, grown-up wrinkles of concern across her forehead. "For a child of four, Polly speaks without baby-talk,"

he commented.

"She's always been with older people—until now," said Mrs. Lowney, and bent a stern glance upon her offspring. "Polly, where have you put the money I left on the table for the laundryman?" she questioned.

"I ate it," answered Polly calmly.
"Winnie swallowed her birthday ten cents—but she got it back again—and I wanted

to see---"

"Don't start anything you can't fin-

ish," advised her mother darkly.

"Please come again soon!" called Terry Knowlton cordially, as he watched his visitors depart through the hedge; he was still smiling when Miss Burton and Jennings came to help him into the house.

During the next two months Terry Knowlton's acquaintance with the Lowneys ripened into a friendship; he found his only diversions in the escapades of Polly, and in the talk of the group of aviators around the Lowney's Sunday-night supper-table. There he listened, with growing amazement, to the gay badinage of these boys who, in the perfecting of a new medium, faced danger in every flight. Two of the lads, who were members of the group, met death during those weeks—crashing down from the clouds, to

pled wreckage of their machines. . . . Almost tensely Terry Knowlton waited, after the first of these accidents, to hear the other aviators' comments—but no mention of the occurrence was made. They were, if anything, a little gayer and more lawless: telling how the monkeymascot, owned by the mess, had discovered that the shingles on the Officers' Club could be pulled loose, and had, in the course of a morning, unroofed the building. And how Jamison, detailed to head the escort of planes which went out to meet the Prince of Wales' ship, had alighted, because of engine trouble, in a choppy sea, within a stone's throw of the Renown and there, bobbing about like a cork—while they tinkered with their machinery—had been violently sea-sick . . . to the great diversion of the visiting spectators.

"I wouldn't have lifted my head to see the Sultan of Sulu, Cleopatra, and Alexander the Great rolled into one—because I was past caring how they looked," vouchsafed Jamison grimly. . . Terry Knowlton, seated in his wheel-chair beside Mrs. Lowney, noticed her unsmiling face; and her quickly indrawn breath when the toast "Happy landings!" was

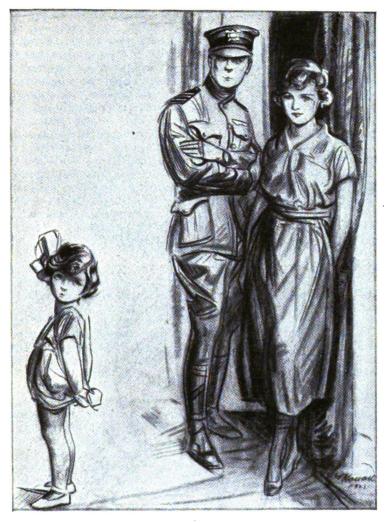
drunk in after-dinner coffee.

"It isn't that I'm a coward," she told Mr. Knowlton the next day, when she came in pursuit of Polly, "but Tim's all I have! If anything happened to him..." She clenched her hands, and stared dully in front of her. "Tim can't talk of anything else but his luck in getting the chance to take the big, new blimp on that reconnoissance trip!—Oh! How I hate the great, shiny, hostile thing!" she cried.

"Don't think about it," he advised: "the calamities you dread don't happen—but something like this trouble of mine (which I'd never even imagined) jumps at you. The doctors expected me to be pottering about before this . . . but I realize that I shall never walk again,"

he added bitterly.

these boys who, in the perfecting of a new medium, faced danger in every flight. Here was real, present trouble. She was medium, faced danger in every flight. Instantly sympathetic. "Oh, yes, you Two of the lads, who were members will—when something happens to make of the group, met death during those you want to walk!" she cried. But he weeks—crashing down from the clouds, to shook his head. "No," he answered,



"When my daddy came home my mother had him spank me."-Page 690.

"I'm through. I know it." Nor would he respond to any of her cheering suggestions. In the end, when it was time for her to take Polly home to supper, she had an inspiration.

"Perhaps, next Thursday morning when Tim goes out in the blimp, you'll take Polly and me over to see them start? Miss Burton, Jennings, and I could lift you into the machine; and Tim could get us a permit to go up near them on the field," she said.

He was unaccountably interested. "Would you go?" he asked. "I'm keen to see it," he admitted.

Her face looked very white and small as she smiled her agreement. "I'll have Tim arrange everything for bright and early on Thursday," she called back from the gap in the hedge.

The quartermaster on duty at the hangar the night before a blimp is scheduled to "take altitude," attends to seeing that the great bag is filled with 172,000 feet of hydrogen gas; that the car contains 300 gallons of gasolene; that the special receptacle holding four carrier pigeons—to be sent out in case of wireless trouble—is ready; besides carefully

Digitized by Google

the approaching flight.

There was a perceptible stir about the big hangar when Terry Knowlton, Mrs. Lowney, and Polly arrived in the automobile and parked on the edge of the landing field. Almost immediately a company of seventy-five sailors, under the command of a petty officer, marched up and disappeared through a small entrance. From inside the building the noise of warming up the engines made a dull din like distant cannonading. A junior officer, arriving late, flung himself from a roadster and hurried through a group beside the doorway to join the coxswain, the commanding officer, the altitude pilot, and two mechanicians already waiting at the foot of the ladder beside the car. "That's Mr. Stanley who was late—he's the radio officer,' said Mrs. Lowney in a whisper.

Terry Knowlton glanced at her; she seemed, somehow, to have grown smaller as she huddled down on the wide seat; he had a sudden feeling of compunction that, in her effort to make him forget his illness, she was putting herself to need-less suffering. "Would you rather not wait? Really, I won't mind turning

back," he said.

She shook her head. "It wouldn't make any difference whether I was here or at home," she answered with a wan attempt at a smile.

From the front seat Polly, finishing a minute investigation of the automobile's workings under the amused tutelage of the chauffeur, cried out: "Look! There's the man that tells everybody what to do!" as an officer stepped out in front of the huge doors and gave a signal.

Slowly . . . the great motor-operated sheets of steel slid back on their cables ... into the cage-like, frame work, standing out on each side of the hangar . . . until the entire end of the building was wide open, from the roof to the

officer.

There was a little pause.

Very slowly . . . through the opening there emerged a shining point; . . . gradually it came on, . . . widening,

overlooking all details connected with a great, torpedo-shaped bag which, near the stern, suddenly and surprisingly sprouted two wings. Beneath it, suspended by twenty wires, was the car.

> "Those wires are fastened to the bag with finger-patches which are just glued onto the outside with rubber cement— Of course, it's perfectly safe if the gas is always kept at even pressure; but if it isn't, the finger-patches tear loose—and drop the car," remarked Mrs. Lowney.

> Startled, Terry Knowlton glanced at the sprawling patches showing plainly against the shiny bag, and gasped: "You must be mistaken! Surely those suspension ropes must be fastened through!"

> She shook her head. "No. Tim savs that you can't rivet through thin rubber,

she said.

Out in front of the hangar the officer, directing, raised his megaphone and called across the roar of the 150 horsepower engines: "Nose to port!" as he watched the sailors manipulate the great air-ship clear of the doorway, and into the wind. "Nose to starboard! Nose to starboard!" he shouted; then, when the dirigible rode free: "Let the tail swing!"

In the cockpit, the commanding officer nodded an answer to a question from the altitude pilot sitting beside him, and fingered the colored knobs on the valvecontrol board before him; in a smaller cockpit, forward, the coxswain, whistling, sniffed the chilly air and shook his head. "I smell fog!" he remarked to himself: in two cockpits, back of the commanding officer, the mechanicians and the radio officer bent to their work as the pilot's voice floated back to them: "Stand byto weigh off!" he called, and checked to see that the ship's nose was directly into the wind. Then: "Hands off!" velled the pilot.

The sailors on the handling lines slacked away. . . . Slowly . . . the ship

"If she's too heavy they throw out Then: "Walk her out!" shouted the ballast—a blimp has to be three bags light: that's ninety pounds," said Mrs. Lowney.

> Terry Knowlton turned to smile at her. "What a lot you know!" he praised.

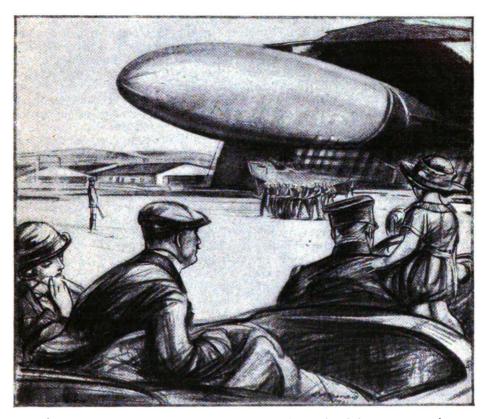
She did not smile. "Why shouldn't during its 193 feet of silvery length, into I—when I hear it every day?" she asked.

then—" he commenced, but stopped at the sight of the commanding officer standing up in the car.

"Start the starboard motor!... Stand clear!" came Tim Lowney's voice.

From below the quartermaster answered: "All clear, sir!"

"Evidently this blimp is all right pilot, pulling the flippers hard up "gave her the gun." With a roar of the motors the blimp shot upward into the air; from her stern the Stars and Stripes whipped in the cold wind as, shining ethereally in the thin sunshine, the airship passed over the automobile where Mrs. Lowney sat watching.



Gradually it came on, . . . widening, during its 193 feet of silvery length, into a great, torpedo-shaped bag.—Page 694.

"Contact!" called the pilot, and cracked the throttle. The self-starters rasped and squealed; and the eight-cylinder motor started with a roar.

Again came Lieutenant Lowney's voice: "Start the port motor! ... Stand clear!" And the answering shout: "All clear!"

"Contact!" exclaimed the pilot, and called back the position of the switch to the mechanician.

"Shove her up!" came the order.

Slowly—the great balloon rose to about twenty feet above the ground; then the

Terry Knowlton drew a long breath; his eyes were bright with interest. Half aloud he muttered: "Youngsters . . . like that boy!" And looked at Mrs. Lowney. "You must be most awfully proud of him!" he said.

She thought it over; then shook her head. "No. . . . When you think a lot of a person, you don't bother with pride; vou're too busy just loving him," she answered.

As the blimp was travelling under

orders, the navigator figured a course; the coxswain steered it.

Below them, as they started northward, the landscape took on a toy-like orderliness of thin lines of asphalted streets showing between dense massings of shade trees; of sharp spots of color which might be the fanciful tiles on some roof, climbing Bougainvillea, the vivid cerise of blossoming ice plant, or a bank covered with African daisies; again it was the exquisite blue which, on the southern California coast, makes real the Indian legend of sky-colored water; still further on they passed over a fortified headland. where a labyrinth of ammunition-car tracks led to the lairs of the great, disappearing guns—plainly visible from above.

Beyond this, though still travelling northward, the landscape changed: long slopes of craggy, upward-swinging mountains showed the yellow of waterless meadows, burned to a dull gold by the hot sun; a stretch of sage-dotted desert had, from above, the smooth perfection of a lawn; a thin line of cotton-woods, willows and eucalyptus followed the trend of an unseen water course; and tiny, dark dots showed where cattle grazed upon the scattered herbage. Below the blimp the gulls, unafraid, quarrelled and circled; and once a lynx-eyed buzzard wheeled with gruesome patience, above the hiding-place of some stricken animal. For the first hour after leaving their station they sailed serenely and safely upon their appointed way, seeing and hearing the customary sights and sounds of flight ... but very slowly, as they forged ahead, the sunlight dimmed, paled . . . and disappeared; gradually . . . the atmosphere seemed to thicken. A wave of damp air struck and engulfed them ... followed by crowding, insistent wraiths of detached clouds driving before a little, icy wind and, even as they swung about to turn, a thick mist was around them.

The radio officer, immediately alert, called across the highway of the sky to their destination: "Fog... we've run into a heavy bank of it... Is it clear ahead?"

From the landing field the answer came back: "C-5-8? C-5-8? C-5-8? . . . Heavy fog here, too!"

"That's bad!" muttered the radio officer, and glanced toward the pilot. Because of the sudden chill the gas had contracted; this made it possible to run the blimp up to 2,000 feet in an effort to get above the cloud-bank—but it was a vain endeavor: about them the hazy waves and banks surged and billowed with increasing density and a still and stiffening cold. In a few minutes' time the airship was completely lost. Each officer and man bent to his work, or at intervals straightened in his seat to stare blankly at the towering crags of thick, white mist.

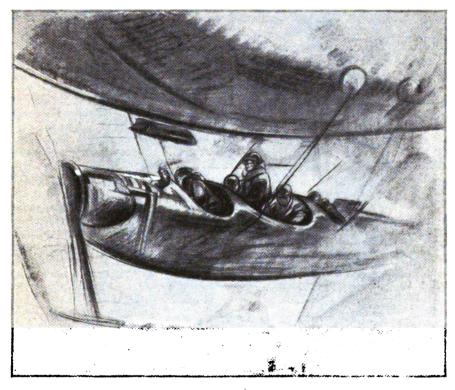
The noise of the engines made any attempts at conversation impossible; such orders or remarks as occurred to the six men were written and handed about. And, at first—knowing the exact distance, and the time necessary to make the trip—they kept on at the usual speed of fifty knots.

They ran the course, then came down to 1,000 feet to look about. But at that altitude the surging waves of fog-surprisingly shot across with flickering lines of soft luminosity—seemed almost palpable. . . . It was very cold; curiously silent, detached and remote; the giant dirigible might be anywhere: over deep water; above a pointed church-steeple, or the chimney of a gas-plant or foundry where a sudden burst of flame would mean an explosion and instant death; the fog, enveloping, non-committal, was as hostilely impartial as the sea: hiding, beneath an impenetrable and uncompromising serenity, all manner of lurking menace.

There was nothing for the crew of the blimp to do but to go up again and, at lessened speed, cruise about until the fog should lift and they could get some idea of their bearings. The radio officer repeated this decision; answered a futile question; and informed the officer-incharge at the landing field that they had completed their run and were awaiting an opportunity to descend; then turned to shake his head over the towering wall of dead, white fog. "We may be right over the station—"he soliloquized, mentally picturing the disgust of his blimpmates if time should prove his guess to be correct.

sharp change in the wind which, in a fognot seeing the ground—it was impossible to determine. So when, after circling, turning, and cruising about for nearly three hours—answering, at intervals, the worried queries of the station operator; and staying, according to their best judg-

It was not correct. There had been a stone . . . the quivering pause and lurch of the great bag . . . the shivering tear of loosened finger patches. Lieutenant Lowney had a moment of intolerable regret at the remembrance of the small life insurance, which was all that he could afford to carry, when, . . . one by one, the released suspension wires parted from ment, as nearly as possible in the same the bag. . . . The car lurched unevenly



It was very cold; curiously silent, detached and remote.—Page 696.

shock of ghastly unreality to see . . . looming up with nightmare suddenness, directly in front of them, a rough, sharp, craggy, mountain peak. . . . There was hardly time to attempt frenziedly to steer the blimp upward . . . as the men snatched for the controls, the valves, the throttles, the red, rip-cords, the pyrene; and to shut off the engines for fear of an explosion. . . . By some miracle the gas-bag rode free of the peak—but not the car.

shattering crash of thin wood against said.

general radius . . . it came with the forward . . . and fell . . . smashing in to fragments, two hundred feet below. Across the sudden stillness the wireless on the landing field called peremptorily: "C-5-8! C-5-8! Why don't you answer?"

It was two hours later when, white and panting, Mrs. Lowney came through the doorway of Mr. Knowlton's bungalow, and called the invalid abruptly back from the borderland of an afternoon nap. "The wireless has called and called to There was a grinding impact . . . the the blimp—they can't get them!" she



"Read me the names of the towns they should have passed over."

Terry Knowlton blinked dazedly. "What—?" he asked.

"Tim's blimp doesn't answer—it hasn't answered for hours," she asserted.

He was startled into wakefulness by the strained tone of her voice. "The wireless," he commented didactically, "is a very delicate instrument. On the yacht I chartered last summer the wireless had only a fifty-mile radius—"

She ignored his comments. "They should have reached the other station by noon. . . . It's nearly four o'clock," she said

"Don't worry! They're probably on their way back," he suggested comfortably.

She clinched her hands in a effort at control. "How can they come back

when they haven't arrived?" she demanded; the anguish in her voice carried across her words: "Can't you—won't you—do something?"

He gasped. "I'll do anything you suggest! But I don't even know how to commence!" he explained helplessly.

"If you would sit at the telephone and ask the operator, at each town along their route, whether they've passed—?" she proposed; then added bitterly: "This is the first time I haven't worried about Tim! Somehow, watching them start—seeing their complete mastery of that great thing—reassured me——" She broke off, and took the telephone book which Terry Knowlton held out.

"Read me the names of the towns they should have passed over," he directed,

and started in pursuit of the runaway blimp.

At first the telephone operators, suspecting some new form of pleasantry, answered cautiously. Terry Knowlton found it kinder not to look at Mrs. Lowney's white face, as she sat opposite him, waiting. But at the seventh town they caught up with the morning's fog. "It was real thick here. . . . No. I didn't see a flying-machine . . . I couldn't have!" volunteered a pleasant-voiced it seemed wiser to say nothing at all. girl at San Miguel.

pain, interlaced useless fingers. "What . . . if the blimp came down . . . out to sea?" she whispered.

then, as she looked up the next number: "Where is Polly?" he

"She's walking up and down the road, wearing my evening dress, and carrying her father's fieldglasses," answered Mrs. Lowney, and bent over the book.

Laboriously, futilely, they struggled on up the coast; with each negative answer Mrs. Lowney's face took on an added expression of suffering. Almost it seemed that the great blimp and her crew had sailed into the engulfing obscurity of some port for missing ships. Even Terry Knowlton grew exasperated at the mocking monotony of the reply: "We haven't seen them here!"

"'No news is good news," he quoted, with an attempt at cheerfulness which he was far from feeling.

She did not answer.

happened we'd have heard before this."

was the loneliest person in the whole or excavate on the floor of the deepest world-until Tim came," she said.

Terry Knowlton, waiting for a longdistance connection, did not speak. There was a little silence.

"Tim married me, the day after he graduated, because my aunt-with whom I lived—wasn't . . . kind to me. . . . Of course I shouldn't have let him break with his mother—but I was only eighteen -and I couldn't let Tim go," she said.

He hesitated. Amid a labyrinth of possibilities for saving the wrong thing.

Her voice rose. "Don't sympathize Mrs. Lowney, with a sharp twist of with me!" she warned him sharply, and swallowed with difficulty. "Don't vou see—can't you understand—that I couldn't go on without Tim?... Oh yes! "Don't borrow trouble," he advised; Of course I have Polly—but she doesn't



"She's walking up and down the road, wearing my evening dress, and carrying her father's field-glasses."

He lumbered on: "If anything had need me! In a few years she'll be elected first lady-president of the United States; She lifted heavy eyes to his face. "I or she'll hoist a flag on the North Pole; part of the Pacific Ocean—you know she

will!... But Tim and I were saving for a little house . . . and I was going to paint all our ugly, old furniture daffodil yellow. . . . We'd arranged it all . . . and I can't go on without him. . . ."

Terry Knowlton hurriedly took down the receiver and, for the ninth time, asked the distant landing field for news.

"We've combed the coast for her." the answer came back: "No one has seen her! You'd think that she had deliberately tried to run away—and made a good

job of it!"

Mrs. Lowney gave a little, inarticulate moan of suffering as he repeated the

message to her.

At seven o'clock that evening word came in from Santa Ysabel that the crew of the wrecked blimp had been found there, and were being carried to the hospital.

By that time Mrs. Lowney was past making any attempt to speak, except to whisper: "Tim?"

Mr. Knowlton, after some difficulty, was connected up with the hospital and passed along to a cheerful attendant.

"'They're all pretty well banged upwe can't tell just how badly yet. . . . No. No one killed.... What?... Lieutenant Lowney? Oh, he got off easy! . . . Only a lot of bruises, and both ankles broke—at least that's all they've found so far. . . . '" repeated Terry Knowlton, as the orderly gave out the message.

"But they weren't going anywhere near Santa Ysabel! It's miles and miles away-back in the mountains!" cried

Mrs. Lowney.

"In a fog-" commenced Mr. Knowl-

"I can't afford to go there.... We've a lease on our house, and a hotel is out of question, with Polly," said Mrs.

Lowney desperately.

"At present you are going home to bed. Miss Burton will give you something to make you sleep—and to-morrow morning, when Polly and you come to breakfast with me, we'll have the latest news, and can decide what to do. . . . You're in no shape to decide anything now—is she, Miss Burton?" said Terry Knowlton firmly.

huddling down in the cushioned chair on the terrace, stared gloomily at the flowering borders. Behind him, each window of his bungalow was gay with a beribboned holly wreath; and next door Mrs. Lowney had hung a bunch of mistletoe in the living-room and, after surreptitiously decorating a small tree, had brought it over to be secreted until the auspicious morning.

"With Tim away, I haven't much heart for Christmas-but Polly would be disappointed if she didn't get anything,"

said Mrs. Lowney listlessly.

After she had gone back Mr. Knowlton was left to his own thoughts; he was unaccountably tired from the worry and excitement of the week, and this depressed him. "I'm getting worse, instead of better-the least thing exhausts me. I'll never walk again," he murmured despondently; and would not brighten when Miss Burton passed him on her way to the shops in town. "Buy some nice toys for Polly, and a wrist watch for Mrs. Lowney; it will be pretty dull for them-dining with me won't be much of a treat," he commented; and lapsed again into moody silence.

So absorbed was he in his own melancholy thoughts that he did not see Polly departing, with a tense look of consecration and unalterable determination, in the wake of an itinerant monkey-andhand-organ man; so when Mrs. Lowney called to him over the hedge: "Have you seen Polly? . . . Winnie says she's run away for good, following after an Italian who doesn't want her!" he could austerely deny any participating cognizance in so unblushing an odyssey.

"She ought to get a bunch of switches and nothing else—on her Christmas tree!" remarked Mrs. Lowney darkly; and went in pursuit of her wandering daughter.

She had been gone only a few minutes when a gray ambulance swung briskly around the corner, and stopped at her door. From it there ascended a cloud of smoke, and the sound of a violent altercation.

"We're a-fire! . . . What've you been a-doin' in there?" inquired the sailor-

driver sternly.

From inside the ambulance a familiar voice answered interestedly: "Well, I Just seven days later Mr. Knowlton, had to put my cigarette stumps some-



where, didn't I? . . . I dropped them down the crack under the window—and I guess they've set fire to something!"

"You guess so? . . . If it reaches the reserve tank you won't do no more guessin'—you'll know—by the way it'll feel to have your head blew off!" promised the sailor; climbing down, he departed with desperate haste in search of a water-bucket.

The occupant of the ambulance did not wait to face his fate in silence. "Come back here and help me—you know I can't get out alone!" he bellowed.

"I'm responsible for that ambulance—" the driver's voice trailed back.

The smoke increased. Terry Knowlton, struggling unsteadily to his feet, could dimly see that Tim Lowney was sitting in the ambulance, his strapped and bandaged ankles sticking stiffly out.
... "If I let him get killed now, she'll never forgive me—" muttered Mr. Knowlton wildly, and started down the path. Even as he ran he realized that, from nowhere in particular, an elderly woman had materialized and was speeding toward the smoking vehicle.

"I didn't mean to let them see me— But if he's burned—I'll never get over it—" she gasped; and dominantly issued directions while she helped Terry Knowlton lift Tim Lowney down.

"Hullo, Mother! . . . Say, you two. . . . You'll hurt yourselves!" protested the Lieutenant, as, supported on both sides, he was lifted up the walk. "Don't either of you try to pull any of that 'Mahomet and the mountain' line—everybody's done it—it's old stuff!" he warned fiercely.

From the roadway young Mrs. Lowney, returning with Polly, paused to stare in startled unbelief.

"I told the doctor I had to come home—couldn't leave Esther and the Pollykins alone on Christmas day—" vouchsafed Tim Lowney.

Through the doorway with him went the man who would never walk again, and the woman who had vowed not to enter her daughter-in-law's house: there was about them, as they went—panting a little under Tim Lowney's weight—a very nice look that was partly surprise—but mostly a triumphant definiteness.

Homesteaders

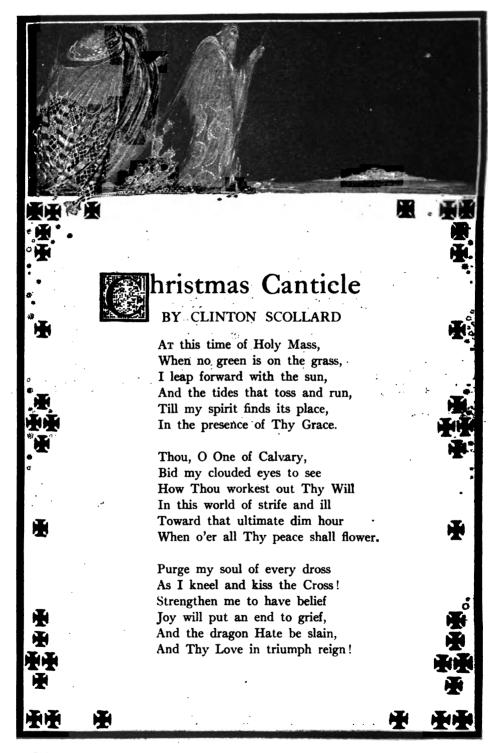
BY HELEN IVES GILCHRIST

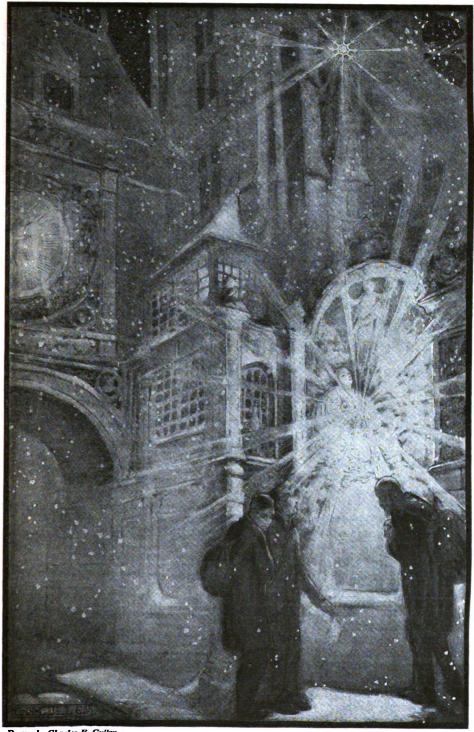
THEY dared go forth from comfort to a land Of cold and drought, and acres yet untilled, Sage-brush and bitter wastes of drifted sand, Because their hearts were with one purpose filled.

Racial the instinct though they knew it not, One generation farther they could see; They must make homes for sons of theirs, must plot A larger curve of life than theirs could be.

So through their pains and heavy-houred days, When came their evening they had lit a light Which now their children hold, and by its rays, Walk more serenely to a greater height.

. . . Keener the winds as up the heights we go, Deeper the wells where truth at bottom lies, God grant that we, homesteaders' faith may know, That from our land their spirit never dies!





Drawn by Charles E. Cullen.

Christmas Canticle.



Salamanca seen from the Puente Romano.

An Adventure in Salamanca

BY ERNEST PEIXOTTO

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



having left the vineclad banks of the Douro behind us, had traversed the bleak and treeless highlands that separate Portugal

from Spain, so that it was close to ten o'clock at night when we finally reached We were, I think, the only Salamanca. passengers to alight there, and when we issued from the station, after collecting our luggage in the blackness of the night, the one carriage that had been waiting was disappearing down the road toward the lights of the city that twinkled dimly in the distance.

had departed from diligencia standing dejectedly before the Oporto at noon and, station, and into this we clambered and told the driver—a swarthy desperado, capped with a broad sombrero, and wearing a kerchief loosely knotted round his neck, and a short jacket that bellied in the wind—to drive us to the best hotel in town. He muttered something or other under his breath, and his companion, the guardia, an equally sinister-looking personage, slammed the door and climbed upon the back step of the omnibus, where he stood, peering in at us through the little window.

We entered the town by the Puerta de Zamora, and rattled down the street of the same name until we drew up at the Hotel del Comercio. The look of it was There was, however, a dilapidated old ominous, for, gathered before it on the

sidewalk, sat or stood chattering groups of people, stout dueñas with their daughters or nieces and young men and their fathers talking animatedly in the warm June evening air. The corridors of the hotel were also filled to overflowing, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I finally made my way to the desk to ask for a room.

The clerk looked at me pityingly and told me that not only had he no room to offer me but that every hallway was filled with cots, for we had arrived at the moment of the examinations at the university, and the relatives and friends of the students had all come to town for the commencement exercises. He doubted indeed if we could find a room in the city, and this, we found, was what the driver of the omnibus had mumbled at the station. Visits to several other hotels confirmed these predictions, so, behind the dejected mules, we rumbled into a corner of the stately Plaza Mayor and drew up near the Despacho General.

A policeman came up and made some inquiries, and the guardia went off to try some fondas and posadas that he knew of, while we waited patiently in the omnibus. Several good citizens and boys also interested themselves in our behalf. but reports from scouts grew less and less hopeful, for it seemed that, besides the parental hordes, a body of some two thousand pilgrims on their way to northern Spain were spending the night in the city, and had pre-empted every bed in town. It really began to look as if we might have to pass the remainder of the night in the diligencia in the corner of the Plaza Mayor.

At last, however, the guardia returned triumphant. He had found a friend who would give up his own bed to us. So he led us off, accompanied by the policeman, through some dark alleys, to a tiny square in one corner of which lights gleamed in a modest wine-shop.

We entered and found it filled with men smoking and drinking. Behind a counter lay a row of barrels from which a man was dispensing wine. Long strands of garlic hung from the ceiling; the walls were plastered with flamboyant posters of bullfights, while perched upon the stairs that ascended to the upper floors of the house

were parrots of gorgeous plumage and birds in gaily painted cages.

A buxom woman who was cooking at a charcoal-stove in a corner advanced to greet us, and led us down a long passage into a high-ceilinged room or, rather, a sort of covered courtyard, whitewashed, and lighted and ventilated only by a couple of small windows, not more than a foot square, cut in the wall high up near the ceiling. Down the centre of the room ran a long table, still decorated with odds and ends of fruit, with cut cheeses, with emptied bottles and other relics of a feast that had regaled some of the pilgrims, who now lav asleep up-stairs and whose shoes decorated the stairway that I have described.

From this courtyard there opened an alcove, unlighted and unventilated, but very clean, and closed only by a pair of glass doors. In this alcove stood a monumental bed which our kindly hostess described as her "cama de matrimonio," or marriage-bed, and this she offered us for the night. She asked for time to change the linen, so we went off into the Plaza Mayor again, where we sat down at a café.

The prospect of a night in the stuffy alcove, permeated with the odors of wine and cookery and by the sounds of talking and the strumming of guitars, was none too alluring, so we decided to stay as long as we could in the café, watching the students at the tables or walking arm in arm under the broad arcades of the vast plaza outside, one of the finest in Spain, surrounded as it is with harmonious buildings and decorated with palms and formal gardens.

In the small hours of the morning we returned to our fonda, retired to the alcove, and climbed into the billowy featherbed that heaved like the waves of the sea each time that one moved an arm or a leg. Loud voices and sounds of laughter still came from the wine-shop, but presently these subsided, the street door closed, and the rasp of the great lock told us that the last guest had departed and that the house would soon be wrapped in slumber. I heard slippered feet in the courtyard, and then a deep and regular breathing told me that our host was sleeping on the long table instead of in the bed that we were occupying.

Vol. LXX.-45

Very early in the morning the pilgrims departed, their noisy leave-takings waking us after only a few hours' rest. Later, when we were partly dressed, there was a gentle tap on the glass door, and we were told that a room up-stairs was now cleared and at our disposal.

It was indeed a very comfortable room, light and airy, and quite unlike the one that we had just left, with a large double window opening upon a balcony that overlooked the *plazuela* or little square upon which the wine-shop fronted. It was, too, nicely furnished, but the things that immediately arrested the attention were the multitudinous objects with which it was decorated.

On the centre-table, amid a profusion of artificial flowers and ornate blue vases, stood a porcelain bull, glazed in nature's colors, with a wreath of roses round his neck. The lower walls of the room were hung with photographs, mostly autographed and dedicated, of illustrious matadors and simpering ladies in mantillas, and in at least a dozen of them we recognized our host. The upper walls were hung with bright chromos of religious subjects, while over the bed hung a crucifix and a bénitier filled with holy Between the pictures, crossed swords and banderillas were placed, and it did not take much perspicacity to tell us that we were in the home of a bullfighter.

The wife now appeared bearing a tray with our breakfast spread upon it, and this she placed on a table by the open window. In a moment she returned with Loretta, a gorgeous parrot that she placed on the balcony rail just over the demijohn that told the passer-by that we sold wine in our house. Then the cats appeared and after them the dogs, among these latter a tiny white spaniel, "muy precioso," we were informed, that wheezed and coughed and finally curled up upon a deerskin rug and there fell asleep.

When we asked the señora about her husband, "Ah, yes," she said, "he is a 'lidiador de toros,' and between his journeys to the bull-rings of Spain he dispenses wine in this house, which I keep during his absences."

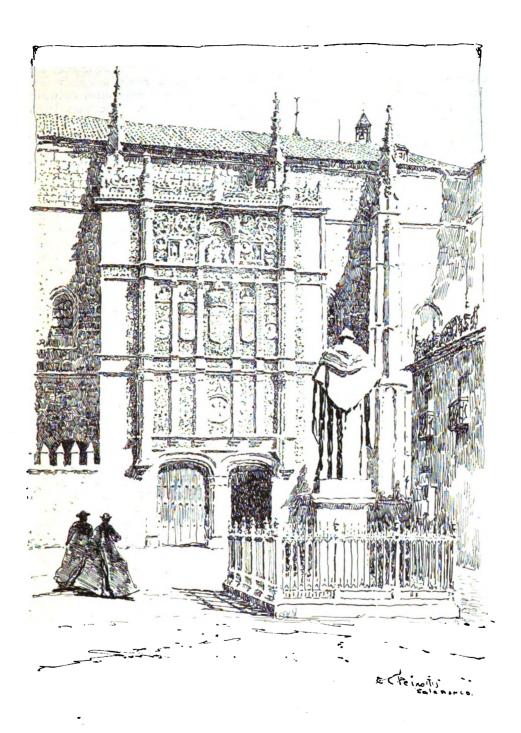
After breakfast we went out to see the

city, the seat of the oldest university in Spain, one of the most venerable in Europe, ranking, as early as the thirteenth century, with Bologna, Paris, and Oxford as one of the four great universities of the world. Several of my forebears had held professorships at this ancient seat of learning, so it was with a certain amount of curiosity that we directed our steps toward it.

The University of Salamanca fronts on the quiet little Plazuela de la Universidad, that, surrounded as it is by collegiate buildings, is almost like a "quad." In its centre rises a simple monument to the ecclesiastical poet, Fray Luis de Leon, who, with Cervantes and Cardinal Ximenes, ranks as one of the most distinguished students that the university has produced. Along the south side of the square stand the Escuelas Menores, or lesser schools, while upon its east side, rises the beautiful façade of the Escuelas Mayores, one of the most brilliant examples of the plateresque style in Spain. Above the central door-jamb appear the busts of its builders, Ferdinand and Isabella, and it is further adorned with medallions, armorial bearings, and a profusion of rich detail, until its surface is harmoniously fretted with a somewhat excessive richness, relieved, however, by the plainness of the stone walls behind it. The lecture-rooms of the university surround a spacious courtyard, plain and cloister-like in appearance, that, in the sixteenth century, swarmed with the seven thousand students that flocked to it from all the countries of Europe. Now it counts but a sixth of that number.

The excitement attendant upon the commencement exercises of even these few students had, however, quite upset the ordinary decorum of the place, and our visit was, in a measure, a disappointment, for the library, with its rare manuscripts and papers, was closed and the usual atmosphere of the ancient institution was gone.

Our next visit (being good Americans) was to the old Dominican convent that adjoins the church of San Estéban, in a room of which, called the Salon de Profundis, Christopher Columbus tried in vain to convince the professors of the university of the feasibility of his plan



Façade of the University of Salamanca.

to discover a new route to India. These learned doctors, however, pronounced his scheme "vain, impracticable, and resting on grounds too weak to merit the support of government." Their opinion was not shared by the head of the convent, Fray Diego de Deza, who remained the constant friend and supporter of Columbus, and in gratitude to him the great discoverer named the first land he sighted Santo Domingo, and used the first virgin gold that he brought back with him from the New World to gild the retablo behind the high altar of San Estéban, the Dominican church, where its fire still smoulders under the dark arch of the coro.

The remainder of the day we spent in and around the New and Old Cathedrals. The Old Cathedral is particularly strong and fortress-like in appearance. Its walls are exceedingly massive and thick and are decorated only with the severe ornament of the Romanesque style. Above them rises the beautiful Torre del Gallo, an octagonal lantern with a crocketed spire and a scalloped roof, that will immediately recall to most Americans H. H. Richardson's tower on Trinity Church in Boston, for which it served as a model.

The Old Cathedral as we see it to-day is practically the work of Fray Geronimo, comrade-confessor of The Cid, who supported the body of the great Campeador on its last ride from Valencia to its final resting-place in the grim convent of Car-The Cid's body, clad in shining armor, with the redoubted sword Tisona clasped in his dead hand, mounted upright upon his charger, Bavieca, who, according to the legend, wept bitter tears at the death-bed of his master, was borne across the uplands of Old Castile to the spot selected by Rodrigo as his final burialplace:

> A San Pedro de Cardeña Mando que mi cuerpo llevan,

and there interred. Geronimo lies buried in a chapel behind the high altar of the New Cathedral of Salamanca, in which also hangs "El Cristo de las Batallas," the bronze crucifix that The Cid always carried in his battles.

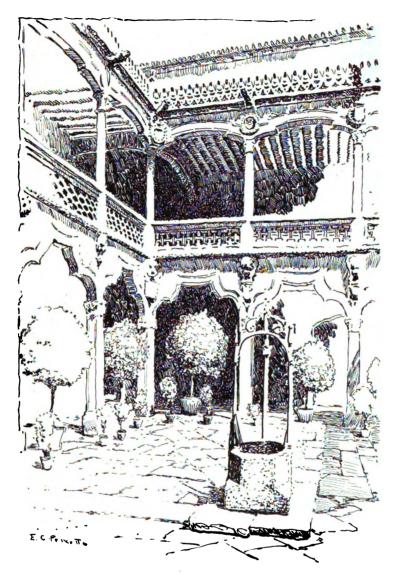
The New Cathedral was begun early in the sixteenth century, when the Old Ca-

needs of proud Salamanca. It was designed in a florid Gothic style that was still prevalent in Spain though it had been superseded in most other countries by the Renaissance. The west front, especially the vast central portal, is excessively rich in design. Niches and canopies, ornamented with a profusion of detail, shelter a multitude of saints and prelates; the magi, the adoring shepherds, the crucifixion, and a number of other religious scenes are carved within its arches. The massive tower that dominates it is one of the few really creditable works of Churriguera, who was a native of Salamanca but who did so much to debase the already too fantastic ornament of the architecture of Spain.

The interior of the New Cathedral is lofty and imposing, but despite the ambition of its builders the Old Cathedral remains the more interesting building of the two.

Late in the afternoon we returned to our fonda, and just before dinner-time there was a rap on the door, and to our surprise our host appeared dressed in all the glory of his toreador's costume. He was a small man with an agile and wellknit figure, a square jaw and straight firm mouth, and eyes that were always blood-shot, with something of the animal in them. About his low forehead the hair was planted strong and brushed forward over the ears. In his hand he carried his banderillas whose scarlet tissue-paper coverings only partly concealed the cruel steel dart at the end.

As we admired him, he told us of his adventures, and brought out a large book, profusely illustrated—a "Manual of the Bull," I think it was called—in which the virtues and qualities of these furious animals were extolled and discoursed upon at length. He showed us posters of bullfights in which he had participated, and pointed out with pride his name, Cuchareta, printed in large type upon them. He seemed, indeed, to possess all the vanity that one would naturally expect in one of those flattered favorites of the populace. In a special room up under the roof he kept his dozen or more torero costumes, and up to this room he led us and undid thedral seemed no longer adequate for the their varicolored wrappings and put them



Patio of the Casa de las Conchas.

on and struck poses, tightening the capa round his waist as he hummed the march of the salida, or throwing his arms above his head as he called the bull, with his left foot poised on its toe ready to plant the banderillas that he held in his hand.

And he asked: "Are you going to see me next Sunday in the ring here?" We had not intended to stay quite that long, but he looked so eager that we weakly said "Yes."

The old city well repaid us for this decision, and we spent several days in exploring its byways and picturesque corners, its market-places and curious shops. Its churches, it is true, are not as interesting as those in some of the other Spanish cities. From the purist's point of view, they would be classified as second-rate. Built as they were in the heyday of Salamanca's prosperity, in the late sixteenth century, they show only too plainly the

exuberances and inexhaustible fantasy of the school of Berruguete. But to the lover of the picturesque they afford many a sketchable angle, with their belfries and buttresses, their pinnacles and statued Their interiors, too, are warm and mellow in tone, and enriched with gilded carvings, with elaborate ironwork, and huge retablos that sometimes cover the whole choir-wall with their painted statues and rich architecture.

Among the palaces of Salamanca there are several of exceptional beauty. One of these is the so-called Casa de las Conchas, or House of the Shells, that derives its name from the thirteen rows of scallopshells that decorate its façade. Its rejas, or ornamental screens, that enclose some of its windows, like the moucharabis of the Moors, are especially noted examples of Hispanic ironwork. They and the escutcheon over the main doorway bear the armorial device of the Maldonados, one of the oldest and most influential families of the city, many members of which sleep in the church of San Benito, in stately tombs with recumbent effigies clad in full armor.

Their rivals were the Monterreys, who also built a great palace, still standing, three stories in height, with its top floor pierced by open galleries and surmounted by an elaborate parapet. At the ends and in the centre of the long facade rise square towers with open loggias and decorative chimneys. The Casa de las Salinas, erected by the Fonsecas, is perhaps the best example of the plateresque of them all, its front being embellished with sculpture of a high order of merit: cherubs' and angels' heads, caryatids, and whimsical grotesques carved on the columns of the door-jambs. Its patio as well as that of the Casa de las Conchas are notable examples of the beauty of Spanish courtvards.

The principal gate on the south side of the city, the Puerta del Rio, or River Gate, leads out to the banks of the Tormes, a broad, turbid river that is here spanned by a long stone bridge, the Puente Romano, a venerable structure of the city being of Roman origin.

This bridge commands the best near view of the city, which, in its ensemble, is brutal character and its heartless cruelty,

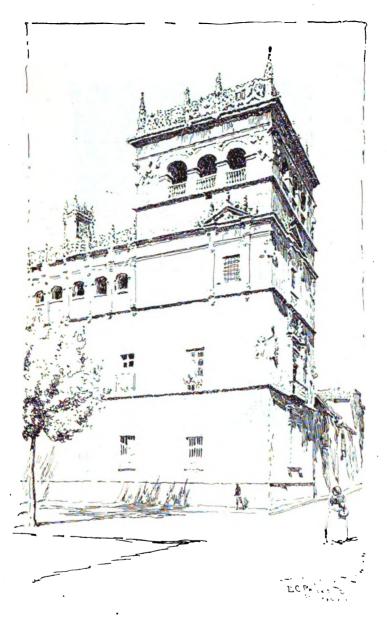
not particularly picturesque, lying as it does on a barren plain with only a very distant view of the Sierras to add variety. But its little houses, with their pottery roofs and stuccoed walls, pile up, charmingly dominated by the imposing mass of the new cathedral that, built of a dark yellowish-brown sandstone, to which time has imparted a golden patina like a rich amber varnish, towers boldly against the clear, harsh sky of the Spanish plateau.

On Sunday morning we were favored by a visit from our host, who brought me his photograph, duly signed and dedicated to his "gran amigo" (for such I had evidently become), and he said: "You must watch for me this afternoon, especially at the entrance of the third bull." We asked the señora if she were going and she replied: "No. I have no desire to see my husband in the ring. I have never seen him and I do not want to. It is too painful."

Though the bull-ring of Salamanca is one of the largest in Spain, one must not expect to see in it fights such as one sees in Seville, Madrid, or Barcelona. municipality is too poor and great matadors are too expensive. But the broad avenue that leads out through the Puerta de Zamora to the Plaza de Toros was gay that Sunday afternoon, alive with a motley crowd of students, of charros and charras in their holiday attire (one of the most picturesque costumes left in Spain to-day), of girls in bright calicoes—all these afoot—and with a few aristocrats in antiquated carriages drawn by docile old horses.

The great ring, vast as a Roman amphitheatre, was only about half filled, but the aficionados made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in numbers. At four o'clock the discordant blare of the municipal band rang out; the cuadrilla entered with that dash and dazzle that make a bullfight the most brilliant sight to be seen in the world of sport to-day; the alcalde threw the key into the ring; an alguacil picked it up, opened the door of the toril, and the first bull rushed forth into the

It is certainly not my intention to detwenty-seven arches, the fifteen nearest scribe a Spanish corrida, nor is it my purpose to apologize for watching one. For to me a bull-fight, notwithstanding its



The Great Palace of the Monterreys.-Page 710.

as the Spaniard takes it. To him it represents the noblest sport, "a conclusive proof of the vast superiority of both the human and the taurine species in Spain." He understands the dangers that beset the agile toreros, he knows and weighs the risks they run, and it is this knowledge over and over again, is never twice alike,

needs no apology. But one must take it of their danger, of the unexpected that may happen at any moment, that keeps him thrilled, constantly on the alert, strained to a high nervous tension, fascinated not, as some writers would have us believe, by a bloody spectacle, but by an absorbing game that, though played affording always unlooked-for variations, heels at the critical moment, leaping beunsuspected possibilities.

And the toreadors know how to en- his back with a pole.

tween his horns, or nimbly vaulting over



pinotto. Parse arristoral.

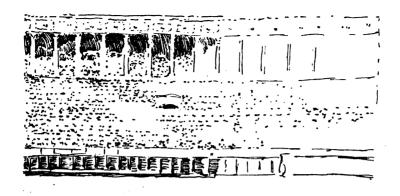
ru arriga.

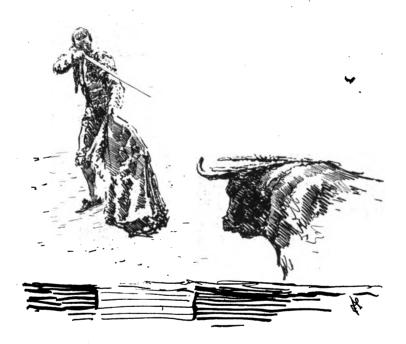
efricato Ago
Custoresto

Cuchareta.

hance this suspense by adding endless variety of incident, tempting the bull and noon, were disposed of in the usual way. evading this mad rush by the narrowest There was a scarcity of horses for eco-

The first two bulls, that summer afterpossible margin, adroitly turning on their nomic reasons—and this was a blessing





The matador, too, was a competent fellow.

for us, though it raised some protest from the Salamancans. Our friend Cuchareta acted as one of the banderilleros and placed his barbed darts with precision and address. The matador, too, was a competent fellow, slight and sinewy as he stood and eyed the big brute before him, despatching him finally with a neat estocada that brought a storm of applause from the benches and a shower of cigars and hats about him.

of quiet, for the programme announced at this point a "suerte de Tancredo" performed by Cuchareta, whose name here appeared in very large type. Just what a "suerte de Tancredo" was, I did not at that time know.

The ring was carefully resanded. Into this spotless arena our friend stepped, advanced swiftly toward the alcalde's box, bowing low before him, then turned and asked the public to remain perfectly Then there was a pause and a moment still during the performance of his trick.

A chulo brought out a box and placed it in the immovable figure on the box, he the exact centre of the ring. Cuchareta stepped upon this box, wrapping himself in his blood-red capa, that he drew tightly about him, standing thus immovable.

A blast of the bugle, the gate opened and a great black bull rushed forth, then stood for a moment dazed, blinded by the glaring sunlight after the darkness of the toril. In an instant, however, he recovered his senses, and, seeing only the flaming-red object in the middle of the arena, with a snort he made a dash for it, rushing toward the motionless figure at a furious rate of speed. And then, when he could reach the barrier. but a few feet from it, he suddenly stopped short, sniffed the air, his tense we no longer wondered why his placid, muscles relaxed, his fury seemed to abate buxom wife did not care to see her husas if by magic, and taking a last look at band in the ring.

turned away and trotted off.

Wild applause greeted the success of Cuchareta's exploit as, stepping down from his pedestal, he bowed again and again as he walked swiftly, with one eye on the bull, toward the barriera, which he lightly vaulted and disappeared among an admiring throng. This curious act was originated by a Mexican, Tancredo (whence its name), who lost his life at last in performing it, for the bull turned upon him as he left his pedestal, and, as sometimes happens, gored him mortally before

After witnessing Cuchareta's daring,

The Love-Song

BY BERNICE LESBIA KENYON

I AM more tall to-day than ever before: So great is my pride, as I sing aloud your song, That the city street seems like the deck of a ship Breasting far waves of cloud. The world moves thus Out on its seas of air to the tune of your song. Rising and falling under the straight noon sun.

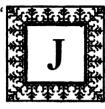
You would never know your song, I am shouting it so, But shouting is fine, when the waves of the sea run high! Loud notes flung to the wind and carried away Down through the shining water and shining air! Shouting is fine, when a ship moves under your feet, And all of your being is full of remembered song!

I am so tall to-day! I can almost forget Your notes were made for another, and not for me; And sung in the quiet dark with a voice that trembled— Now from afar, and under the deep noon sky, I do not care to know if she understood— Let there be shouting—shouting into the sun! For to all the world the street is only the street Where one may pass who sings that her heart is full; And none must know that the street is plunging before me, Downward and down to the constant rhythm of singing— Sucked to the whirlpool dark in the surging of music— Rudderless—lost—in the song that is not forgotten.

The Right Hunch

BY KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN

ILLUSTRATION BY T. VAN GORP



IM," said Mrs. Ferris,

"Yes?" Ferris knew that irresolute. fretful tone only too He set his well.

shoulders for lift—a heavy lift. "What's up?"

"It's Leonard, again. I want you to taut. talk to him."

Iim Ferris's gaunt, tired face sagged, darkened.

"Lida, I've talked my head off to that kid. A lot of good it does. Can't you jack him up this once yourself? Besides, I've got to drive out to Grafton and see Foster."

"Take Len along. Talk to him on the

"But I need every minute to plan my selling talk to Foster. He comes down from Des Moines to-night. And this deal has got to go through. It's got to."

"Oh, well! If you insist on putting your business affairs ahead of your own son's welfare!"

A minute Jim stared at her. Hot and angry protests crowded to his lips. Then he gave way. No use trying to explain things to Lida. Especially when Lida didn't want to understand.

"Oh, you win. What's he up to now? Give me a line on his sins, so I'll know what to storm about. Murder, arson-

"I wish you wouldn't joke about such serious things. He's getting so lazy and impudent, I can't do a thing with him. And his school reports are simply a disgrace. And the principal called up yesterday and said he was smoking cigarettes, which is absolutely against rules, and he set Pep on Mrs. Harrison's Persian kitten and frightened her into a fit. Mrs. Harrison came over and complained about it. She was most unladylike. I rings on her hands, her whole costly,

she's told the whole town that her husfollowing her husband band died years ago, but I'm convinced irresolutely down the that she's really a divorcee-"

"What else has Len perpetrated?"

"Well, isn't that enough? Then, day before yesterday, he helped himself to the Clines' car and took his crowd of boys away out to Flaherty's road-house, that horrid place on the river-"

"What!" Ferris's big lax body jerked, "What do you mean, Lida? Flaherty's? And swiped Cline's car? When he knows as well as I do-

"That isn't all." Lida grieved on, in mournful triumph. "He got a puncture, and banged the car into a fence, and Mr. Cline says he's got to pay for a new tire. and have the car painted, besides. And out at Flaherty's they played cards, and Lenny put up his whole month's allowance—I'd just given it to him—and lost it, then gambled away his watch, and his tie-pin, too. His Grandfather Hunter's beautiful watch! And he can't get it back, because he lost it to Flaherty himself, and Flaherty says if Len tries to make him give it back, he'll go to the school board and tell the whole story—

"That'll do, Lida." Jim pushed past her, seized his overcoat, stepped to the foot of the stairs. "Hey, Len! Beat it down here, and drive me over to Grafton. Hustle."

"And do be stern with him. You always slip out of scolding him. You're forever leaving all responsibility to me. Goodness knows, I have a hard enough time as it is. With only one maid, and no car of my own, and never any money-"

Jim, half-way into his greatcoat, halted and looked at his wife, a long, slow, peering look. It was as if he stared at a stranger. Deliberately he perused her: her pretty, petulant face, her slim girlish figure in its costly negligée, the blazing never did like that woman. Of course exquisite little presence. Far too costly, fellow like him. All his own fault. The man who married a girl like Lida ought to know it was up to him to be a success. And he'd fallen down. Hard. Yet, if he hadn't felt so worthless, maybe he'd have put things across. But that queer smothery pain in his side hadn't let up. the Lord knows when, and his head had ached for years, it seemed to him—though Doc Barrett was just kidding, of course, with his eternal warnings. There couldn't be anything really wrong with a big husky like him.

"You, Len! D'you hear me?"

"Yeh. I hear you, all right. What

jou want?"

Len, barely fifteen, but carrying his superb eighteen-year-old body like a young emperor, sauntered to the head of the stairs and scowled down at his father.

"I've told you what I want. Get

along down here."

Len considered. Over his sullen, dark, young face, his thought wrote itself, drolly clear.

"I'm in for a powwow, all right. But—I'd rather drive the car than eat.

"Well." Leisurely to insolence, he drifted down the steps, hauled on his sweater, drifted out to the car. Silent in a silence past insolence, he took the wheel and swung them expertly away, through the pretty suburb, out upon the autumn highroad.

Ferris did not speak. Out of a narrowed side-glance he studied his boystudied him with a weary, angry pride. And as they sped on, through the pale sunlight, his anger dimmed, till only pride and a dumb flooding tenderness remained.

"Gee, but I'm sick of this job," he said to himself. "Wonder why fathers always get the tarred end of the stick? A kid's mother can say what she likes. Tell him she loves him, even, and get away with it. But a father's got to do the Big Grouch, every time. Hand out all the wallops, do all the snarling and scolding, when, ten to one, he's as crazy over his youngster as the mother Wants to tell the kid so, too. But he can't. Hasn't the words. Kind of ashamed to let on how he feels, too. Oueer. Yet-

He stared dully at that dark bare head, of an eyelid.

too exquisite, for a plodding unsuccessful so close, the flawless young profile, the cold averted eyes, the close-shut mouth. If Doc Barrett was right— Oh, well. doctors were nothing but a bunch of glooms anyhow. But—but wouldn't it be a rotten thing to step out, and leave the boy to remember all the jawings his dad had given him—and nothing more?

> "If I thought," he mused, smiling at the grotesque notion, "if I thought that maybe this was my last chance, would I blow him up for sneaking Cline's car? Well, I guess not. If it was my last spiel. would I skin him for gambling, even? Huh. I'd be telling him how dippy I was over him when he was a baby, and what a bully pal he's always been, and—and how a kid like him can make up for everything-"

Then his tired brain flamed awake.

Well! Why not? Why shouldn't he say just what he chose? Cut out all the rough stuff, and say the things that were throbbing in his heart. Tell this young sullen precious rascal all his deepest hopes, his plans, his fears, even. Cards on the table, as if it were his last chance, indeed, his last hour-

"Seems like a pretty good hunch," he thought. "'Course he needs to be whaled for taking Cline's car. And that gambling stunt! Yes, I ought to lam the hide off him. Yet—"

Yet—what if all his scoldings should fail, as they'd failed so many times before? What if this deep, inward longing were the right road, the certain key?

He grinned, abashed at his own senti-Yet, by George, this was his own son. He guessed he had the right to choose his words to him. And, by George, he was going to do it!

He cleared his throat.

"Say, Len-

The boy did not stir. But instantly his whole body seemed to stiffen, to put on intangible armor. His round cheek, turned away from the father, reddened, dark. His profile hardened to stone.

Ferris winced at that rigid young defiance. Kid was all set for a blistering.

Well.

He waited a minute.

"Say, Len. Next Thursday's your birthday?"

The boy did not vouchsafe the flicker



Ferris did not speak. Out of a narrowed side-glance he studied his boy—studied him with a weary, angry pride.—Page 716.

"Yeh."

"Thought so." Ferris halted again. Tough ploughing. "Snappy fall weather always makes me remember. Ten pounds, and a yell like a siren. Guess I was the proudest father that ever trod shoe-leather."

-Not a glint of yielding. But Ferris sensed that amazed young wonder. What sort of an opening gun for a grim

paternal bombardment was this?

"Your mother was pretty proud, too. Guess we were inclined to crow, a good bit. I didn't get over the habit, either. You were always a heap of satisfaction. The friendliest baby—you bossed the whole neighborhood, before you could walk. And the best little partner. Gritty little rat, too. Mind the time I took you fishing, and let you fall in the creek?"

A reluctant grin tugged at that graven

young mouth. "Yeh."

"You were soaking wet, and all skinned up, and cold as a little snail. Going home, I made you run the whole way. Wouldn't carry you, for fear you'd get a chill. When we got there, your mother rushed out, and set up a regular war-dance. I'd expected you'd indulge in a few blubs, too. But nothing doing. All you said was: 'Y-yes, skun my knees, b-but— Gee, it was worth it!'"

Len's ice-wall gave faint but undenia-

ble signs of melting.

"Didn't suppose you'd remember that, dad."

"I'm not likely to forget it. You were barely four, remember. 'Tisn't every ten-year-old that can show such a grip on himself. Maybe you think I didn't brag! I'll bet I bored the office to tears."

Len did not look especially bored.

"You gave me no end of good times, always, dad. Remember the Thanksgiving mother was sick, and you packed me up and took me to your Aunt Lizzie's, down in Bloomington, and she let me help stuff the turkey and lick the cakecrock? And we slept in a feather-bed, deep as a well. I was tickled to pieces to sleep with you. I'd always slept in my own cot, alone, you know. And you made me a sled out of a soap-box and hauled me all over the place. One day you took me 'way out to Brent's Hill. Funny, I remember the name of the hill,

even! You got some big boys to let me coast on their bob. And you hopped on behind, and steered. And the fellows said you were the peachiest steersman ever. Say, know who was the proud one, then? Believe me, it's a wonder I didn't bust."

Not an edge of ice, now. Only de-

lighted recollection.

"I got as much fun out of that trip as you did. Hope we have snow by November. Let's rig up a set of bobs, hitch 'em to the car, then take a crowd out to Glen Ellen. We could carry a

dozen fellows, easy."

"Gee! Will you, dad? Will you?" Len bubbled, glowed. "Say, you're the best ever. I'll take my whole gang. Then, long's we furnish transportation, they can bring the eats. Say, let's tell 'em to bring steak, and fry it outdoors. And dill pickles, and sandwiches, and pie. Slathers of pie."

"I'll try find some maple-sugar, son. We'll boil it, and wax it on the snow. Same's I used to do, back in Vermont."

"Maple-sugar!" Len whooped in sudden ecstatic memory. "That makes me think of what Aunt Lizzie told me. that Thanksgiving. Strange, how I remember back, so far. I couldn't have been more than nine." Len looked back at his far youth with tolerant amusement. "Until that day, I'd always thought of you as too plumb good for this world. I'd bragged to the other fellows, of course, about the pal you were. But I stood in awe of you, just the same. I reckoned when you were a boy, you averaged fourteen hours a day studying arithmetic and hoeing corn, with Sunday-school and prayer-meeting as occasional mad dissipations. Well. One night, Aunt Lizzie starts in to reminisce. In ten minutes, she'd busted every last ideal."

"What!"

"Yeh. Told me how you'd climbed trees after birds' nests, and played hookey to go swimming, and sugaring-off, and ran away with a circus, when you were only eight, and tolled Deacon Pettigrew's old white nag out of the pasture, and took him to a Cobb Center horse-race, and won seventeen dollars with him, on a free-for-all——"

you took me 'way out to Brent's Hill. "For Pete's sake!" Ferris's jaw Funny, I remember the name of the hill, dropped. He glared at his son with eyes

of horror. "Aunt Lizzie never gave me chance! But he'd hate anything soft, I away like that!"

"Gave you away? Lock, stock, and barrel. Aunt Lizzie was an old dear, but she was a gabby old dear, believe me."

"I'd like to punch her," growled Ferris hotly. Len whooped again, then slung an iron young arm around his shoulders.

"Don't take it to heart, dad. Maybe my ideals went crashing in the dust. But you didn't. I went right on, tagging you, and bragging on you. And we kept right on, having our good times. While I was a kid, that is." His face sobered. "Say, why haven't we kept 'em up? 'Course, I know you're so busy. But if we could manage just one hike a month,

"I guess we'll manage one, after this." Ferris leaned back stealthily. He wanted to feel the solid strength of that young arm. How alive the boy's grasp was, how just this touch strengthened, warmed him! Queer, how completely that icewall had vanished from between them. It wasn't a real wall, anyhow. Just a barrier built up of anger and defiance and ugly bitter thought. Now it had gone, like mist before the sun.

Dimly he knew that this was what he'd gone starving for: his son's comradeship. Well, thank the Lord, he needn't starve any longer. It was his, now, full mea-

sure, overflowing.

"Say, dad," Len broke the pause, with a queer embarrassed laugh. "Say, this sure is a funny line of talk from us two. I thought you'd brought me along, a pur-

pose to bawl me out."

"I did mean to bawl you out—good and proper." Ferris chuckled. "But I got to thinking what a square little chap you'd always been, and how plucky and reliable. And I couldn't think of anything else."

"Well. I behaved like a bonehead

the other night. I know that."

"Oh, forget it, kid." Ferris's hand went out toward him. Then he drew it back again. He was hungry to his soul to pull that husky vital young body into his arms and lock it there. "If I could just grab him and hug the breath out of him, like I used to do when he was a little fellow! If I dared tell him that

know that. I've been fifteen myself.'

Yet that terrible primeval hunger fairly tore at him. And for all his hard control, the unspeakable love that filled him for this, his son, brimmed over in his sudden look, his hoarse and breaking voice.

"Listen, kid. Sooner or later we forget a lot of things, see? It's easy to let a punctured tire slide out of mind. Or even—a gambling spree. But what I never shall forget is what a grand little pal you always were. And how honorable. How I could always bank on you."

"You can bank on me from now on, believe me." Len's own voice was mighty quavery. He thrust out a big paw, clutched his father's hand, gave it a grip like a young steam-wrench. "I've made all kinds of a fool of myself. But I guess I've climbed Fools' Hill, now. And I've got something to hand you, dad. All my life, you've been-you've been-Oh, gee! What's the use?" Scarlet. furiously abashed, he tried to laugh away the sudden wet on his lashes, the thickening of his tongue. "You're the finest sport that ever trod shoe-leather. And I'll never forget—what you've said—today. Not one word."

"No," said Ferris slowly. He felt suddenly very tired. "No. I don't want you to forget. Not one word. And, mind this, son. Mind that I'll always bank on you. And that having you has made up for all the things I've

missed. Always will."

He stopped there, with a curious sense of finality. Yet there was something more that he must say. A lot more. "But I'm too tired. Too dog-tired. And this pain——"

Suddenly he slumped forward over the wheel, like a man shot in the breast. Slumped down like an empty sack, and

lay still.

Len snatched frantically at the wheel, righted the lurching car.

"Dad! What in time are you trying to do? Ditch her? Why, dad-

He jammed on the brake, caught up the limp man, and laid him back on the seat. His father's head sank back against his arm. For one minute of utter agony he's the whole thing, that I'd starve for he stared down into that gray and ashen him, die for him, and be glad of the face, the heavy, half-shut eyes, the brow still corrugated with pain. Then he cried out, with a furious, an anguished cry:

"No, you don't! You shan't slip away from me like this! Not when you've just finished telling me-telling me— No, dad, you won't quit on me. You shan't!"

And, gripping the limp body close in one fierce tender young arm, he sent the car hurtling down the homeward road.

It was a long time before Ferris roused again. When he finally awoke, it was to see Doc Barrett's anxious face above him, to hear that gruff and kindly voice.

"Whew, but you gave us a scare! You've started up-grade now, though, thanks be."

Then, from behind Barrett's broad back, there glimmered another presence, a strained, intent young face, a shaking, bullying whisper:

"Thought you'd give me the slip, didn't you, dad? Guess again."

Ferris groped in a dim memory.

"There's something I was trying to say to you, son. I can't remember-

"Well, I can remember, all right. I'll remember 'long's I breathe. How you

took what might have been your last chance on earth to tell me-" Len choked, glowered, jerked himself erect as a ramrod. "Aw, gee! What I came in to say was, don't you think that Doc will let you go on that hike of ours, soon's you're able to ride in the car? Us fellows will take all kinds of care of you. Think we can count on you?"

Ferris grinned weakly up at him. Dim color stirred in his white face. Curious, how, when your own son looked at you like that, spoke like that, his youth and strength poured into your very veins,

a flood of power and healing!

"That was a pretty good hunch, all right," he thought to himself. the time, I didn't know. I couldn't be sure. But it was the right road, mind that. It was the key to Len, the real Len. It brought down the wall-and that wall can't rise up between us again. Not in this world. Yes, it was the right hunch, after all."

His eyes clung to Len's. It was as if he drank deep of the love and the loyalty of those young urging eyes.

"All right, kid," he said contentedly.

"I guess you can count on me."

The Plant-Lore of "The Compleat Angler"

BY JOHN VAUGHAN Canon Residentiary of Winchester

ILLUSTRATIONS REPRODUCED FROM "THE COMPLEAT ANGLER," LONDON, 1775



in England and Amer-

enthusiasm.

several interesting discoveries have been result of investigation in the offices of the

HE magic associated made. In the old fisherman's will he with the name of leaves to his son Izaak "all my right and Izaak Walton has not title of a lease of Norington Farme, which yet lost its charm. He I hold from the Lord Bishop of Wincheshas still thousands of ter." In spite of the industry of the old devoted admirers both biographers of Walton, such as Sir John Hawkins, Doctor Zouch, and Sir Harris ica, and any fresh light Nicolas, this farm had never been identithrown upon his career is welcomed with fied. It was reserved for Mr. G. A. B. Dewar, in his fine edition of "The Com-Since the dawn of the present century pleat Angler," published in 1902, as a

ecclesiastical commissioners in Whitehall Place, to identify the farm with a certain Northington farm in the parish of Overton in North Hampshire. The farm is situated near the headwaters of the Test, and shows without reasonable doubt that Izaak Walton must have often fished in the clear waters of that most beautiful of chalk streams. A similar ignorance existed as to Walton's connection with Droxford, a pleasant village on the banks of the Meon, some twelve miles from Winchester. This place too is mentioned in his will, together with certain books and effects which he kept there. It was found that after the marriage of his daughter, Ann, to Doctor Hawkins, prebendary of Winchester, the old man spent his declining years with his daughter and son-in-law (who was also rector of Droxford), partly in the old rectory on the banks of the Meon, and partly in the cathedral close of Winchester. It was also found that several of those to whom Walton in his will had left memorial rings. but concerning whom nothing was known, were residents of Droxford, including the squire Mr. Francis Morley, and the curate Mr. John Darbyshire, both of whom are buried in Droxford Church. The present writer has further identified the house in the close at Winchester in which the aged fisherman died during the memorable frost in December, 1683, particulars of which were published in The Cornhill Magazine for last year. More recently still, Mr. Courthorpe Forman, in The Fishing Gazette of July 24, 1920, published his discovery of the occasion of Walton's second marriage with the halfsister of Thomas Ken, afterward Bishop of Bath and Wells. The exact date and place of marriage were unknown, in spite of much searching of registers and other investigations. Mr. Forman's inquiries were at length rewarded by discovering the following entry in the marriage-register of the old Church of St. James's, Clerkenwell: "1647. April 23. Mr. Isaack Walton and Ann Keen were married." Thus another interesting point in the life of the old fisherman has been established.

As with Izaak Walton's life, so with to see the pleasant river, and meadows his classical work, "The Compleat Anand flowers that we have met with, since gler." The book was published in 1653, we met together?" Sheltering from and during Walton's lifetime four suba shower under a "high honeysuckle Vol. LXX.—46

sequent editions appeared, the last in 1673. From that date until the middle of the eighteenth century the little volume, measuring six inches by four, seems to have fallen into comparative neglect. On the advice, however, of Doctor Johnson, one Moses Browne republished the work in 1750, since which time more than one hundred editions have appeared. The text has received the assiduous attention of commentators, as though it had been an ancient classic or a book of the Bible. Walton's authorities have been examined, his quotations verified, many of his allusions made plain; some of the curiosities of natural history, in which the book abounds, have been traced to their respective sources: until it would seem that little had been left for any subsequent enthusiast to investigate.

It may be questioned, however, whether the plant-lore of "The Compleat Angler" has ever received the attention it deserves. That the book contains a number of botanical allusions will be at once admitted. The allusions, it may be granted, are sometimes those of a man of letters rather than of a professed botanist: vet, like those of Shakespeare, they are worthy of careful and critical examination. Some of them too are of special interest, as revealing the popular names of British plants in the seventeenth century. It is proposed therefore to notice in the first place the more general allusions to plants and plant-lore to be found in the pages of "The Compleat Angler"; then to consider in turn Walton's garden-flowers and herbs, his foresttrees, and wild flowers; and lastly to note certain curious plant-names concerning which considerable uncertainty still remains.

That many of Walton's plant-allusions should be of a general character is what would naturally be expected from one who was so keenly alive to the interests of country life, and to the simple beauties of the world. He constantly calls his "honest scholar's" attention to the delightful surroundings of a fisherman's pursuit. "What would a blind man give to see the pleasant river, and meadows and flowers that we have met with, since we met together?" Sheltering from a shower under a "high honeysuckle

hedge," he remarks that the gentle rain "gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows." Or he quotes some lines of "holy Mr. Herbert" to illustrate the charm of "such days and flowers as these," and thanks God who "gives us flowers and showers, and stomachs and meat, and content and leisure to go a-fishing." Sometimes he employs the color of flowers by way of comparison, as when "the belly of a lovely trout looked, some part of it as yellow as a marigold, and part of it as white as a lily." The time of year is indicated on one occasion by the phrase "till the mulberry-tree buds, that is to say, till extreme frosts be past the spring." Or again, with his love of quotation, he calls to mind the lines of Sir Richard Baker:

> "Hops and turkeys, carps and beer, Came into England all in a year."

Of garden-flowers, such as old Gerard and Parkinson delighted in, there are naturally but few allusions in a "Discourse of Fish and Fishing." But some occur, chiefly in songs introduced into the narrative. Thus Sir Henry Wotton, late provost of Eton College, is quoted as "a most dear lover and a frequent practiser of the art of angling," which he would call "his idle time not idly spent"; saving "he would rather live five May months than forty Decembers." Some lines of his, descriptive of the spring. which he wrote when past seventy, as "he sat quietly one summer's evening, on a bank, a-fishing," Walton takes leave to repeat to his scholar:

"The gardens were beset
With tulips, crocus, violet;
And now, though late, the modest rose
Did more than half a blush disclose.
Thus all looks gay and full of cheer.
To welcome the new-livery'd year."

Or we are treated to "The Milkmaid's Song," made, according to Walton, by Kit Marlowe, which the "honest Maudlin" did "sing like a nightingale":

"And I will make thee beds of roses.

And then a thousand fragrant posies,

A cap of flowers, and a kirtle

Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle."

In the last chapter of the book, before

the companions separate, they rest themselves, it will be remembered, at Tottenham High Cross, in "a sweet shady arbor, such a contexture of woodbines, sweetbriar, jessamine, and myrtle, and so interwoven as will secure them from the approaching shower," where they bid each other farewell in a "bottle of sack, which, with milk, oranges, and sugar all put together, make a drink like nectar, too good for any but us anglers."

Of flowers from the herb-garden, and of those employed in domestic economy, we have, on the other hand, many illustrations in "The Compleat Angler." The old-fashioned use of lavender is more than once alluded to. We recall Walton's pleasant picture of "an honest alehouse. where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall"; and where "the linen looks white and smells of lavender"; and, he adds, "I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smell so." In the minute instructions given as to the dressing of a fish "so as to make him very good meat," we are frequently introduced to various garden-herbs. For a chub "you must put some sweet herbs into his belly," and a "little thyme cut exceeding small" into the butter. A pike will need "some thyme, sweet marjoram, and a little winter savory," with "two cloves of garlick." To make a carp "a curious dish of meat" you "take sweet marjoram, thyme, and parsley, of each half a handful, a sprig of rosemary, and another of savory. bind them into two or three small bundles, and put them to your carp, with four or five whole onions." In the mediæval Diet-rolls of St. Swithun's Monastery at Winchester, we meet with minnows as a favorite dish, and also with "tansytartes." It is interesting to notice that such luxuries were still enjoyed long after the Reformation. Izaak Walton gives the following receipt for making "min-now-tansies": "the minnows being now-tansies": washed well in salt, and their heads cut off and their guts taken out, and not washed after, they prove excellent for that use; that is, being fried with yokes of eggs, the flowers of cowslips and of primroses, and a little tansy; thus used, they make a dainty dish of meat." Plants were also useful for other purposes besides the dressing of fish. The way to cleanse and scour your lob-worms was to put them into your bag overnight with a handful of fennel; or with "old Oliver Henley, now with God, a noted fisher both for trout and salmon," to anoint the worm with a drop or two of "the oil of ivy-berries, made by expression or infusion," or of the polypody of the oak. This will give them so tempting a smell, that "the fish will fare the worse and you the better for it." In days too when anglers made their own lines, it was useful to know how to render them invisible in the water. This might be done by staining them with the juice of walnut-leaves, or with a concoction of marigold-flowers.

Walton's favorite tree seems to have been the sycamore. Again and again he mentions it as affording a pleasant shade or shelter from the sun's heat, or from a passing shower. The passage will be remembered where he bids the honest scholar go to you sycamore-tree, and hide his bottle of drink under the hollow root of it. Later on, as they fall to breakfast, he remarks that the spot is well-chosen, "for this sycamore will shade us from the sun's heat." Again, when driven from the river-side by a "smoking shower," he says to his companion: "sit close; this sycamore-tree will shelter us." After an hour the storm ceases, and with his love of classical allusion, Walton says: "We have sat as quietly and as free from cares under this sycamore as Virgil's Titvrus and his Melibœus did under their broad beech-tree." It is interesting to notice that both Gerard and Parkinson mention the sycamore-tree as often planted in walks and places of pleasure for "its shadowes-sake." The broad beech-tree too sometimes affords our fisherman shelter as he beguiles the time by "viewing the harmless lambs," or by listening to the birds which "seem to have a friendly contention with an echo." Another case with many ancient and mediæval time he will sit down under a willow-tree by the water-side, in sweet content, "joying in his own happy condition, and plant. It is the old English name for pitying the poor rich man that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh." In his discourse on baits "wherewith plants. Shakespeare, in his "Song to trouts are taken," Walton mentions incidentally sundry trees and shrubs as the when he sings:

haunt of special flies or caterpillars. Thus some creatures are to be found on privethedges, some feeding on willow-leaves. some on hawthorn-bushes, and the oakfly on the butt or body of an oak or ash.

In his chapter on Fish-ponds and how to order them, Izaak Walton has some curious remarks, taken chiefly, he tells us, from the writings of Doctor Lebault, a learned Frenchman, and of Janus Dubravius, Bishop of Olmutz in Moravia in the sixteenth century. He advises that "willows, or owlers, or both" be planted about a fish-pond, so as to afford shade and shelter from the sun in summer-time. The word "owler" is now obsolete, but it is clearly a corruption of "alder"; and alder-trees love a low swampy situation. A strange use of parsley is recommended. In ponds where carp are kept, it sometimes happens that the fish become sluggish and out of condition. Should this occur, a few handfuls of parsley thrown into the pond "will recover and refresh the sick fish." Ponds are further to be emptied and cleansed every three or four years. The purpose of this is both to kill the "water-weeds, as water-lilies, candocks, reate, and bulrushes"; and that oats may be sown in the bottom of them. Candocks is an obsolete name for the water-lily. In this passage it doubtless refers to the species with yellow flowers, in contradistinction to the white waterlily already mentioned. By "reate," or "reit," as it is sometimes written, Walton means Ranunculus fluitans, the waterbuttercup or crowfoot.

Of "the lovely flowers that adorn the verdant meadows," as Izaak Walton says to his good scholar, he specially points to the lilies and lady-smocks. On two or three occasions he calls attention to these favorite flowers. The word "lily" is no doubt sometimes used for wild-flowers generally, without reference to any particular species. This was certainly the writers; it was probably so with Izaak Walton. But lady-smocks is a definite Cardamine pratensis or cuckoo-flower, one of the most attractive of early meadow-Spring," introduces the same species "And lady-smocks all silver white Do paint the meadows with delight."

sion, "we may say of angling, as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, 'Doubtless Primroses and cowslips too were dear to God could have made a better berry but the heart of the old fisherman, and he doubtless God never did'; and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet.

innocent recreation than an-

gling."

Many of Walton's strange conceits, which add so much to the quaint interest of "The Compleat Angler," were borrowed from other writers. He was remarkably well acquainted, as is evident from his quotations, with the works of naturalists, both ancient and modern, from Aristotle and Pliny down to Gesner and Gerard. And after the manner of his age, he makes free use of their writings. On the authority, for instance, of "Du Bartas and Lobel, and also of our learned Camden, and laborious Gerard in his Herbal," he asserts as at least probable that "barnacles and young goslings are bred by the sun's heat on the rotten planks of an old ship, and hatched of trees." Gerard. it is true, has a chapter on the subject, headed "Of the Goose tree, Barnacle tree, or the tree bearing Geese," and even gives details of "this English wonder." The bird, he tells us, being hatched, "quickly cometh to full maturitie, and groweth to a fowle bigger than a mallard and lesser than a goose, having blacke legs and bill or beake, and feathers blacke and white, spotted in such manner as is our Magpie, called in some places a Pieennet which the people of Lancashire call by no other name than a tree-Goose."

specially loved a "sweet honeysuckle From the contemporary French poet, hedge," in the cool shade of which he Sieur du Bartas, whose work on "The Dicould possess his soul in gladness and vine Week and Works" was translated singleness of heart. "Indeed, my good into English by one Joshua Sylvester, a



Pub! According to Act of Parliam! 1759

Frontispiece of "The Compleat Angler," by Izaac Walton; London: printed for John Francis Rivington at the Bible and Crown in St. Paul's Church Yard, and T. Caslon in Stationer's Court.

scholar," he exclaims on one such occa- folio of which was probably possessed by

tion, the following lines:

"So slow Boötes underneath him sees In th' icy islands, goslings hatch'd of trees, Whose fruitful leaves, falling into the water

Are turn'd, 'tis known, to living fowls soon after.

So rotten planks of broken ships do change

To barnacles, O transformation strange!

Twas first a green tree, then a broken hull,

Lately a mushroom, now a flying gull."

With the works of Conrad Gesner, the most learned naturalist of the sixteenth century, Walton was intimately acquainted. He frequently quotes him, more frequently than he does any other writer. To Gesner too, it now appears to be clearly established, he was indebted for some, at any rate, of the illustrations which appeared in the earlier editions of "The Compleat Angler." That he himself possessed a copy of Gesner's famous work the "Historia Animalium," or, at any rate, had easy access to one, seems to be beyond question. There is, however, no copy among Walton's books, which his son, the Rector of Polshot, afterward bequeathed to the Cathedral Library of Salisbury. But in the Cathedral Library of Winchester there is a fine copy of Gesner's great work. It is an original edition, in folio, published at Tiguri, that is, Zurich, by Christopher Froschover, between the years 1551 and 1558. The four books, into which the work is divided, treat successively of mammals, oviparous quadrupeds, birds, and fishes. The work is adorned with several hundred woodcuts, which are printed in out-

line only, the coloring being purposely left copy used by Izaak Walton, and through to the rubricator. In our copy, which is which he became acquainted with the bound in three massive volumes, some of illustrations of the trout, pike, carp,

Izaak Walton, he quotes, for confirma- left in their original condition. Can it be that this splendid edition, now among Bishop Morley's books in the Cathedral Library of Winchester, was the actual



Pub. According to Act of Parliam: 1759.

The Milkmaid's Song.

"And I will make thee beds of roses, And then a thousand fragrant posies, A cap of flowers, and a kyrtle Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle."

the woodcuts have been painted, and some tench, perch, and barbel, which he after-

most intimate terms. In dedicating his death the bishop bequeathed to Winches-

Pab! According to Act of Parliam: 1759-

"A sweet shady arbor, such a contexture of woodbines, sweetbriar, jessamine, and myrtle, and so interwoven as will secure them from the approaching shower."-Page 722.

Morley, Walton speaks of a "friendship ment, and leaving Gesner to defend it, begun almost forty years past." Indeed he huffed away." The word "pickerel" he was actually residing with Bishop means of course a young pike, but what Morley when he wrote the "Life of Mr. "the weed called pickerel-weed" was

ward utilized, on a reduced scale, for the Richard Hooker." It is clear then that first edition of "The Compleat Angler"? Walton had ample opportunities of con-Morley and Walton were, we know, on sulting Morley's library, which on his

> ter Cathedral. If only therefore we could be quite certain that our copy of Gesner, now among Morlev's books in the Cathedral Library, had actually belonged to the good Bishop of Winchester, there would be a reasonable presumption that Izaak Walton had made use of it in his preparation of "The Compleat Angler." The very possibility that he may have done so adds immensely, it will be admitted, to the value and interest of our "Gesner."

From Gesner, Izaak Walton quotes the strange belief that "fishes are bred, some by generation, and some not, as namely, of a weed called pickerel-weed." For no assertion has our honest fisherman been more severely taken to task, although he simply states it on the authority of the "learned Gesner." There is a passage, for instance, in a contemporary writer, one Captain Richard Franks, who in his "Northern Memoirs" speaks thus disparagingly of our author: "When I met him (Izaak Walton) at Stafford, I urged his own argument upon him that pickerelweed of itself breeds pickerel; which question was no sooner stated, but he transmits himself to his authority, viz. Gesner, which I readily opposed, and offered my reasons to prove

"Life of Dr. Sanderson" to George the contrary . . . but dropping his argu-

Potamogeton or pondweed, or to one of the water-crowfoots.

In classing bats among the birds, Izaak Walton is again following Gesner, and also in the curious statement that "there is a herb, called benione, which being hung in a linen cloth near a fish-pond, or any haunt that an otter uses, makes him to avoid the place, which proves he smells both by water and land." Walton does not tell us what species the herb called "benione" actually was; but I strongly suspect the reference is, not, with most authorities, to assafætida, but to the Herba benedicta, or Blessed Herb (Geum urbanum, L.), concerning which we learn from the German Herbal, the Ortus Sanitatis printed at Mainz in 1491, and which Gesner was undoubtedly acquainted with, that "where the root is in the house the devil can do nothing, and flies from it: wherefore it is blessed above all other herbs.". We are further told that where the Blessed-herb is growing in a garden or a field, "no venomous beast will approach within the scent of it."

But of all the plants mentioned by Izaak Walton that which he calls "culverkeys" remains the crux criticorum among botanists. The word occurs twice in

"The Compleat Angler," once in the course of the narrative, and once in a song attributed to "Jo, Da," in the first edition, but altered to "Jo. Davors Esqre." in the fifth edition. Sitting under a willow-tree by the waterside and looking down the

which, "unless learned Gesner be much meadows, our fisherman sees "here a boy mistaken," produced such marvellous gathering lilies and lady-smocks, and results, cannot now be determined. It there a girl cropping culverkeys and cowprobably refers either to some species of slips, all to make garlands suitable to



Pub. According to Act of Parliam: 1759.

"This sycamore will shade us from the sun's heat."-Page 723.

the present month of May." And the verse of the song quoted in commendation of the author's happy life, runs as follows:

"So I the fields and meadows green may view, And daily by fresh rivers walk at will, Among the daisies and the violets blue,

Red hyacinth and yellow daffodil, Purple narcissus like the morning rays, Pale gander-grass and azure culverkeys."

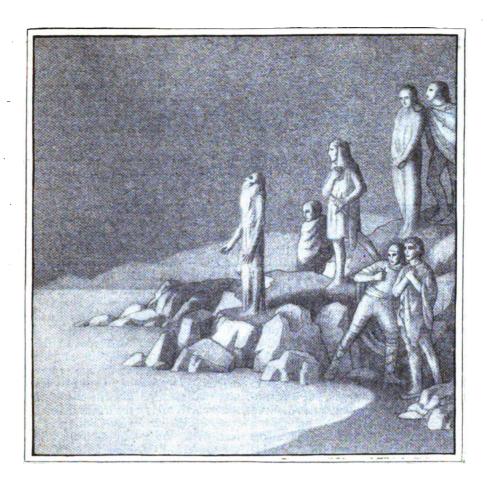
These musical and graceful lines occur in a little poem called "The secrets of Angling, by J. D.," published in 1615. Walton, though he was familiar with the poem, and quotes six of its verses in "The Compleat Angler," was evidently in ignorance as to the real author of it. Indeed the question of authorship was only set at rest in the year 1811, by the discovery in the Stationer's Registers of the following entry, under date "23 Mch. 1612":—"The Secretes of Angling, in three bookes, by John Dennys Esquier." The writer, it appears, lived at Pucklechurch in Gloucestershire, where the old family mansion still stands, and dying in 1600 was buried in the parish church. His poem, which is perhaps the most charming in our angling literature, was not published until three or four years. after his death. A first edition of this very rare work is preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and two other copies are known to exist. In addition to "The Secretes of Angling" and "The Compleat Angler," the word "culverkeys" also occurs in a passage of Aubrey's "Natural History of Wilts," published in 1685, where we read:

"At Priory St. Maries, and in the Minchin meadowes there, but especially at Broun's Hill, which is opposite to the house where, in an unfortunate hour, I drew my first breath, there is an infinite variety of plants, and it would have tempted me to have been a botanist, had I had leisure, which is a jewell I could be never master of. In this ground there grew culver-keys, hares-parsley, wild vetch, maiden's-honesty, wild vine bayle."

Ray we can only say "it is a condense of more direct evidence I feel inclined to agree with the old alist Henry Lyte, and to identify verkeys" with the common column conclusion accepted, I notice, by deacon Nares in his "Glossary," lished in 1822, where he says "being columba, and the little flowers."

Against this passage the illustrious naturalist John Ray appended the note: "Culver-keys, hares-parsley, mayden'shonesty are country names unknown to me." In Henry Lyte's "Herball." however, published in 1578, the plant seems to be identified with Aquilegia vulgaris, for the author says: "It is called in English Columbine, the flowres of whiche do seeme to expresse the figure of a Dove or Culver." Beyond these notices the name appears to be unknown among our early writers and herbalists. It is clear from the passages I have quoted that "culverkeys" was a meadow-plant, that it had blue flowers, and that it blossomed in the month of May. The last two characteristics would suit the columbine, but the species can hardly be regarded as a meadow-plant. Hence, many other species have been suggested. Doctor Prior. in his "Names of British Plants," is in favor of the bluebell or common hyacinth. Canon Ellacombe thinks it must be the meadow geranium, which, he says truly, is "certainly 'azure' almost beyond any other British plant." Others have suggested the meadow orchis, and the snake's-head or fritillary. It is now impossible to identify with any certainty the "azure culverkeys" of Aubrey and Dennys and Izaak Walton. With John Ray we can only say "it is a country name unknown to me." But in the absence of more direct evidence I should feel inclined to agree with the old herbalist Henry Lyte, and to identify "culverkeys" with the common columbine; a conclusion accepted, I notice, by Archlished in 1822, where he says "Culver being columba, and the little flowerets like keys."





Odysseus

BY AINSWORTH O'BRIEN-MOORE

DECORATION BY HELEN L. WALKER

In his old age Odysseus sat alone,
Thinking no man knew what; till, with one tide,
There came before him unknown men, who cried:
"Lord, thou art now the last. Our lord is gone!"
Still sat Odysseus like a carven stone,
And no man knew what passed within that mind;
Until the night came, and with night a wind,
And far out, on the windy seas, a moan.

And of a sudden, as they watched the sea, Out of the clouds they saw the white moon break, And down the gleaming pathway she did make Upon the deep, a single galley glide. And then Odysseus rose, and turning, cried: "O noble hearts, arise and come with me!"

British English and American English

BY THOMAS G. TUCKER

Emeritus Professor, the University of Melbourne, Australia



of SCRIBNER'S (1020). style, deals with a subject of great natural interest and of no little

practical importance. The relations between "American English" and "British English" are so commonly misunderstood and misrepresented on either side, that it is highly refreshing to have the matter treated by one who not only belongs to the ranks of color che sanno, but who possesses the essential equipment of a judicial mind. It has appeared to me that a representative of British English might fairly be permitted to supplement his article, and that the supplement might appropriately come from one who was brought up till manhood in England, but has lived for no less a space of time in the English-speaking antipodes.

It is easy for either the genial humorist or the ungenial chauvinist to caricature the speech of another nation. It is easiest when that speech is supposed to be substantially the common property of both peoples. In such a case the "man in the street," ignorant as he usually is of the factors which contribute to the change and development of language, is prone to take it for granted that the speech of his own nation represents the norm, and that any unlikeness of vocabulary or pronunciation which the other exhibits is a fit subject for either pedagogic disapproval or cheap ridicule. He fancies that the deviations from his own national practice are sheer corruptions, perhaps due to ignorance, perhaps to affectation.

very tactfully, assured me that the English could not "speak their own lan- Heraclitus said of all other things, it is

N the November issue guage." It apparently did not occur to her that "their own language" actually Professor Brander is their own language—that is to say, the Matthews, writing in language of England. She might perhaps his usual luminous have been surprised to learn that an English lady of education quite as extensive, and at the same time as limited, would if sufficiently provoked—asseverate with equal conviction that the Americans cannot "speak their own language." Each imagines that there exists such a thing as an "English undefiled," in which every word and phrase has its one proper and unequivocal meaning and articulation, and that such an English has somehow. somewhere, and at the hands of some one, received the ne varietur stamp of indefeasible authority. In the British Empire we speak of "the King's English," as if its usages had been determined and defined by royal warrant. What we really mean—as when we speak of "the King's laws"—is that arbitrary liberties with the rules are not to be taken by Roe & Doe, as if any man had the right to defy authority and to create an English diction and grammar for himself. Whether there is any corresponding expression in use in republican America, I know not. haps it is "Boston English."

Be that as it may, the philologist is well aware that no such fixed and authoritative English either exists or ever has existed on either side of the Atlantic. It is as unreal as a Platonic "idea." No supreme authority has ever legislated, or ever could effectively legislate, for an immutable English. None but a sciolist would contemplate the task. A language is not a dead convention, but a living organism, subject to all the changes and self-developing efforts of such an organ-A Californian lady once gravely, if not ism. It loses old habits, acquires new habits, and evolves new powers.

perpetually "in a state of flux." At any given moment the "standard" language consists of nothing else but the usages sanctioned by a dominating majority of the educated. Similarly the accepted colloquial language, during any generation, consists of the usages current among a dominating majority of those speaking the language concerned. In neither case can there be finality. It is impossible to render the area of meaning of one word or phrase so distinctly individual that it can never overlap or be confounded with that of another word or phrase. We cannot represent the words of a language as so many separate squares on an infinitely large chess-board; they are circles or irregular figures intersecting each other in all manner of intricate ways. One is often to a large extent synonymous with another; still more frequently it contains part of the same meaning, while-properly used—it lacks the other part. Is it to be expected that popular use, which is largely ignorant use or careless use, will maintain the due distinctions, so that one word will not come to be employed too freely in place of the other, until, perhaps, that other disappears into the limbo of forgotten things? If American English affects the one word or phrase and drops the other, is it to be expected that British English will necessarily do the same and not the reverse? Until all human minds are equipped with the same complete and exact linguistic information, possess the same alertly discriminating faculty and habit, and cultivate the same machinelike precision, there can be no lasting uniformity of diction.

It is the same with pronunciation. Until all our vocal and aural organs are minutely true to one pattern, and until no such thing as mishearing or indolence of articulation exists, there must be many mere loose approximations to the orthodox enunciation of vowels and conso-Such vagaries, like diseases, are "catching," and a man is largely at the mercy of his local and social environment. Here also is it to be expected that what has happened to British English during the last three hundred years will be the same that has happened to American English during the same period? An Englishman might plausibly assume,

and commonly does assume, that the vastly mixed and more migratory population of America has been more likely to corrupt the old pronunciation than the purer and more locally-adhesive stock in Britain. I am far from saying that this actually is the case, for there are many counter-considerations, with which it would require too much space now to deal. But at least it might be worth the while of the American, when he suspects a more or less wilful affectation in what he loosely calls the English "accent," to reflect a little upon the possibilities.

\mathbf{II}

THAT one may read the higher or more serious literature of both Britain and America without the least consciousness of divergence is indubitable. Personally I become aware of the local origin of such literature only through the name of the writer or publisher, through the local references, or through explicit remarks complimentary or otherwise—incidentally made upon the other nation. In conversation also, the better educated an American and a British speaker may be, the less dissimilarity is there in their ordinary diction. The "standard" language is to all intents and purposes identical, and it is a far cry to the supposed day when American English and British English of this grade will become "mutually unintelligible." Jests concerning that danger are but jests, to be taken with no more seriousness than those concerning the laying-in of a supply of overcoats in readiness for the ultimate cooling of the

But no sooner does American writing pass to the less ambitious domains of popular fiction or "smart" and jaunty journalism than the British reader becomes aware of unfamiliar notes. This is not merely so when the writer is deliberately representing dialect. In such cases we naturally look for plentiful eccentricities of speech. We recognize that they are probably as much eccentricities from the American point of view as they are from our own. We no more take them for the ordinary language of America than we should take dialect in our own novelists for the ordinary language of

Thus—whatever delu-Great Britain. sion many Americans may entertain upon the point—the humorous provincial phrasing of Mark Twain's characters is probably as fully appreciated by the British reader as by the same proportion of readers in America. Perhaps to us it even gains something in humor through a "quaintness" of language which is necessarily somewhat less quaint to the people who are in more habitual touch with it. Probably, if we were fortunate enough to possess as superlative a humorist writing in Britain, the effect upon the American reader would be analogous. The colloquialism in Mark Twain is, indeed, far less "foreign" to ourselves than many a piece of ordinary writing in the "snappy" journalism of the United States. But this is, perhaps, by the way. The immediate point is that the more popular or ephemeral type of American book or article, even when neither in dialect nor in slang, does generally contain for us sundry indications of an exotic origin. In other words, it contains "Americanisms."

This does not mean that we carp at or resent such unfamiliar expressions as those writings offer; it merely means that we are conscious of them; they suggest a widening, though not yet a perplexingly wide, rift within the common language. To some extent this is due to the mere words. American English does not merely talk, as the national coinage compels it to do, of dollars, cents, and nickels, where British English talks of pounds, half-sovereigns, pence, and coppers. It speaks of faucets and caskets where we speak of tabs and coffins, and of bills where we speak of bank-notes, or, more commonly notes. By bills we mean something very different and much less welcome. With us, bug is a word avoided in fastidious society, since it has somehow become appropriated to the repulsive *cimex* lectularius. We have no such term as day-bed. The American eats crackers while we eat biscuits. What precise or unprecise sense attaches to the American pie is a question to which I have never been able to secure a definite answer. Though British, I do not imagine that biscuits, for example, is a better name than crackers. On the other hand one

than biscuits. In British English crackers are a cheap kind of firework much employed by the fiendish small boy. To the uninitiated Briton crackers would be an amazing article of diet.

I do not propose to make any long list of such variants. It must suffice to cite a few at random. Perhaps, "in these days of dereliction and dismay," Americans themselves have forgotten what is meant by a highball. To British English the word is entirely strange and calls for translation, although doubtless we possess the thing itself, under whatever other name it may taste as sweet. British English never makes a date with any one; it makes an appointment. That word has the disadvantage of being longer; en revanche, we have no elevators, but only lifts. Nor have we automobiles; they are motor-cars, motors, or, in social usage. more commonly just cars. In England a city is by ancient convention a town "with a bishop and a cathedral." In Australia it is a town sufficiently large and important to show a certain minimum assessment of property and revenue from rates. In America the term is apparently applied without much discrimination to more insignificant places, which British English would never dignify with any higher name than town.

Nevertheless, so far as the mere appellations of things are concerned, it cannot be said that American English needs any extensive glossary for the average Briton. He may not himself use the particular term, but he knows its meaning. It is alien, but it is not foreign. Moreover, even concerning this diversity of terminology, it is easy to overstate the case. Once, when travelling in Europe in company with an American, I observed that I was concerned about my "baggage." He said: "You are not a genuine Englishman; otherwise you would have said luggage." But the nuances of language are subtle. In point of fact one would not speak of luggage unless there were articles of some considerable size or weight. Smaller articles are variously described; colloquially you may call them your traps. I should have been un-English only if I had spoken of a grip (excellent as that term may be). Again, need not regard crackers as a better name it is true that we speak of railway car-

Australia, a railway-carriage is frequently referred to as a car, and habitually so when we refer to the several cars on a "sleeper." It is, however, probable that this usage is mainly due to the fact that American models and semi-American management have had much influence upon our railways. And, speaking of railways, I may remark that the term to which I was more accustomed in my English boyhood was railroad. The notion entertained by some Americans that coaches is British English for cars upon a railway is entirely baseless. No Briton ever uses that expression.

Professor Brander Matthews mentions a number of words which he appears to regard as unfamiliar in British English. if not exclusively American. One is wilt. in the sense of wither. It may be true that wilt is not one of the commonest elements in the British vocabulary: nevertheless it is tolerably frequent in circles in which I happen to have moved. But the sense is not identical with that of wither. It denotes the first drooping limpness or languescence of a leaf still green, whereas the leaf "withers" when it dries up and loses color. We have not borrowed—or rather recovered—the word from America. It has simply lived on among the less prominent part of our vocabulary. Possibly, and not improbably, American literature has done something to remind us of its existence and to reinstate it in wider employment. The same is in all likelihood true of a number of other useful words which were tending to become obsolete in British mouths. A similar influence has doubtless been exerted upon American English by literature from "the other side." This, indeed, is the great saving-clause in the matter of linguistic separation. American books peras in almost precisely the same sense. and magazines are now so widely read in the British Empire, and vice versa, that an averaging or assimilating is continually taking place to counteract a divergence which otherwise would certainly become undesirably wide.

To what extent America picks up new words or re-establishes old ones from British books and periodicals, it is for an American to say. On our side there is find nothing in particular to arrest his atalways a readiness to adopt an American tention in such a passage as the following:

riages, but of tram-cars. Yet, at least in term which fills, as the advertisements put it. "a long-felt want." Especially is this the case with those imaginative or humorous creations in which America excels-not, I believe, because of any keener wit, but because of greater boldness and independence of tradition. The Briton, or at least the Englishman, is as apt to be conservative in language as he is in social traditions and business methods. But he is not so conservative that he will refuse an unmistakably useful thing when he finds it offered. When I read over the list of American compounds supplied by Professor Matthews, it appears to me that we have annexed the best of them and discarded the rest. Sky-scraper. fool-proof, and strap-hanger, are no longer distinctly American. Of sky-scrapers we have hitherto (happily, as we think) had fewer specimens and less need. Nevertheless they are on their way, at least in Australian towns, and the name is now as familiar as if it had been in the language ever since the days of Chaucer. Of things fool-proof the world has unfortunately always had dire need, and no British motor-engineer or inventor could resist borrowing the happy coinage of expression. Also, the morality of traffic companies being what it is, we are only too familiar with both the word straphangers and the victims whom it denotes. I am not sure as to the exact sense of joyride in America. In Australia it has borne a special application to the unauthorized use of a filched motor-car which is—naturally in the circumstances -made to travel "for all it is worth." Apart from these compounded examples. to call a thing "the limit" is part of our established usage. Incidentally it may be remarked that even ancient Greek colloquially applied the equivalent term

> On the other hand there is tending to become accentuated between the two branches of the language another kind of difference, of which Professor Matthews is doubtless quite conscious, but which he does not happen to mention. This is a difference in the phrasing and, to a certain extent, in the grammar. So far as I am able to ascertain, an American would

"He strolled around the farm, closely examining its location. Back of the house were a number of outbuildings, of which he drew a plan, lest he forget any detail of their exact position."

Yet to any ordinary Briton this would contain four "peculiarities" which would stamp it as not produced by one of his own people. In the first place he would balk a little at location, for which he would have said situation. Around and back are of course among the everyday parts of his vocabulary, but it happens that he does not use them quite in the same manner. He would say round, and either at the back of or behind. But the idiom which would strike him as most strange would be lest he forget. British English uses such a "present subjunctive" only after a present tense, and very sparingly even then. Since "drew" is a past tense, it would say "he drew a plan, lest he might forget," or, more naturally, "for fear he might forget." Similarly, "They recommended that he take the matter into court," is a sentence which would never be heard in ordinary speech. nor be written in ordinary literature, from one end of Britain to the other. The normal expression would be either "They recommended that he should take" or "They recommended him to take." The question here is not whether the usage is logical (a point with which even the standard language by no means always concerns itself) or otherwise defensible. I am not arguing either for it or against The fact immediately relevant is that, in this usage, American English differentiates itself from British English of the same standing. I do not remember meeting with this particular idiom in American literature of the higher order, and it may possibly be disapproved by austere American grammarians; nevertheless it occurs so frequently in current productions of less pretensions that it appears to be at least recognized as a practice inoffensive to ears polite. Again, British English, though it says "I have seen him only once in two years," does not say "I have not set eyes on him in years," but "for years." Nor do we say "I had him bring me the document," but "I made him bring." It is also worth observing that American English is much or the British proletarian.

more free than British English with the possessive case of nouns. To us "the frost's sharpness" sounds entirely unnatural for "the sharpness of the frost." We regularly confine the possessive case to proper nouns, nouns denoting living beings, and things personified.

Ш

THERE is one class of writers by whom such linguistic divergences might be studied with advantage. It requires no detective skill to discern that short stories originally written for one side of the Atlantic are frequently recast for consumption on the other side. Instead of New York the scene becomes London, or instead of London it becomes New York. Peers and peeresses are substituted for members of "the Four Hundred" (if that term is not now out of date), or else Mr. and Mrs. Van Newport are substituted for Lord and Lady Park-lane. In the attempt to achieve local color there follows a certain necessary modification of the phraseology to suit the various social elements forming the dramatis persona. Who it is that readjusts the language and retouches the local color in the interchange, I have no means of knowing. Sometimes it is tolerably well done, sometimes very badly, but it is seldom that internal evidence of the recasting does not crop up in some incidental word or turn of phrase inadvertently retained. An American reader will of course be best able to detect the false tints of the replica when the original was British. On the other hand an American writer is tolerably sure to fall into some little trap or other if he attempts to reword his own production for a British periodical. It might be well for editors on either side to submit such readjustments to some competent and careful scribe who is himself "to the manner born." Any British writer who, without having lived sufficiently long in America, endeavors to make an American speak convincingly in colloquial American English is likely to make a mess of it, just as an American writer, insufficiently habituated to England, almost invariably makes a mess of the phraseology or pronunciation of either the British aristocrat

Thus there is a common notion among Americans that the British lower orders invariably and consistently leave out aitches where they should be, and put them in where they should not. Some even dream that this is possible with the educated—a notion which, as Euclid would say, "is absurd." The fact is that the Scotch and Irish use their aitches correctly, that any decently educated Englishman does the same, and that only the ignorant misplace them. Yet even the ignorant are not to be trusted to do always and exactly the wrong thing. They are far from inserting all those aitches which one finds attributed to the typical English butler in the typical American story. Nothing sounds to a British reader more unnatural and machine-made than one of these butler-speeches, in which the writer has manifestly gone systematically over the words, carefully putting in and leaving out aitches at precisely all the opportunities for incorrectness. The truth is that for generations aitches had tended to become as silent in southern English as they have universally become in Italian or French. Their restitution has been in a large degree artificial. Even now an irreproachably educated Englishman will hardly make them audible in the personal pronouns he, him, his, her, unless those little words are stressed. In the latter case he gives them their full value. Meanwhile the butler (whom we are specifying merely as a type) is aware that there are aitches in the language of his social superiors. He therefore throws in a fair number more or less at random, and, of these, some will hit the mark while others will miss. He does not always back the wrong horse.

IV

Nothing has so far been said about downright slang. To the Briton most of the more vulgar and inept kind of American slang is unintelligible gibberish. Even when it appears upon the screen of the American-made "movies," it awakes no ready response. But probably a large proportion of it is equally unintelligible to those Americans of refinement whose course of life seldom forces them into association with such inane travesty of lan-

guage. Certain it is that there is a vast quantity of vulgar British jargon which conveys no meaning to such Britons as do not themselves move in the circles wherein it flourishes. There is, of course, such a thing as professional slang or class slang as well as the argot of low lives and low intelligences; but here we are concerned only with the last-named. Such slang is not language, except in so far as some fortuitously happy term may perchance rise in the social scale, graduating from a "vulgarism" into a "neologism" and thence passing into generally accepted use. However vast may be the divergence between British slang and American slang, and however completely foreign these transient pseudo-languages may be to each other at a given moment, the fact hardly affects the relation between the speeches proper.

In this regard an illusion is not unnatural. There are certain ingenious American writers who cultivate an art of writing deliberately in slang. They mean it to be slang, and not normal language. As necessarily happens in such cases, they crowd into a page a greater aggregate and a more varied and picturesque assortment of argot than would actually be used in real life by any individual speaker. Their aim requires that they should give us, not typical and diffused slang, but ideal and concentrated slang. So, at all events, the outsider would conclude from analogous efforts at home. I have seen a temporarily popular Australian production of the same kind, consisting of verses written in what purports to be the slang current among the lower orders of the city of Sydney. To myself, even after more than thirty years of extensive "mixing" in Australia, a large proportion of the phraseology is utterly incomprehensible, the fact being that the writer has culled practically every term of local argot discoverable and has mercilessly packed it into the compass of one deliverance. The result is slang in excelsis, or rather in profundis, as it was never actually spoken on land or sea. Unfortunately a British reader of this class of American composition is apt to imagine that he has before him American English "as she is spoke," while an American reader might equally imagine that he is meeting with fairly characteristic Australian English. Nothing could be further from the truth. The homme moyen of New York in the streets of Sydney, or of Sydney in the streets of New York, would find himself linguistically quite at home, except for a few words and phrases of the type already discussed before we came to the mention of slang at all.

V

THESE remarks bring us to a final consideration. British English includes English as spoken in the British dominions outside the United Kingdom. What of the English of Canada, Australia, or South Africa? Is there as yet setting in any noticeable disintegration of the language within the empire itself? Of Canada, influenced as it is by proximity to the United States, or of South Africa, influenced as it is by Dutch associations, it would be better for others to offer an opinion. Of Australasia it may be said that its English is hitherto indistinguishable from the English of Great Britain. Apart from a few words evoked and encouraged by novel and local circumstances in a use necessarily unfamiliar to the "old country," there is nothing to mark the Australian as such. Great Britain has, it is true, no squatters, nor has it any stations in the Australian sense. And here, by the way, it may be observed that Australia knows no such thing as a ranch. Its ranches are stations. The story-writer who places his scene in, or makes wouldbe knowing reference to, this part of the world, at once betrays his lack of direct acquaintance with it when he writes of "a ranch in Australia." Meanwhile squatters are not small settlers (who are commonly known as cockatoos) but large landed proprietors who own "stations." In legal phraseology they are pastoralists or graziers, but in current speech they are never anything but squatters. In England a grazier is something very different, being usually a small proprietor or holder who undertakes to provide grazing for a few head of cattle or a flock of sheep on behalf of some one who requires such temporary accommodation. New-chum is the colloquial Australian for a recent immigrant; a jackeroo is a young man,

often a new-chum, learning the business of farmer or squatter. But a dozen or so of such novel or variant terms count for nothing as against the fact that in the senses regularly attached to words and phrases, in their pronunciation, and in their syntactical combinations, Australian English is as British English as the English of what is still—though decreasingly-known as "home." Perhaps a few old words which have become rare or local in the old country have regained a wider currency in this. Perhaps also we are more immediately receptive of striking "Americanisms." But neither in the colloguy of Australian social intercourse nor in the vivacities of Australian journalism is there anything worth calling a mark of growing differentiation.

After all, the divergences between ordinary British English and ordinary American English do not amount to anything like the differences which exist between the ordinary English of Lancashire and that of Kent, between current Devonshire English and current Yorkshire English. Scottish English is often practically a foreign language to an Englishman; American English, though it occasionally appears "quaint," is immeasurably nearer to his own speech than that of a baker's dozen of dialects within Great Britain itself. We have assuredly no occasion to worry over the future. Each side may enjoy its little laugh and indulge in its little exaggerated mimicries. If an American writer represents an Englishman as saying nawsty for nasty, no particular harm need result. In point of fact no Englishman does say nawsty; he says nahsty. The Englishman may take a genial revenge by making the American say haff for half, and by amusing himself with the word gotten. This done, the Mississippi man may turn his facetiousness upon his own countryman of "N' Yark," and the Londoner upon his own countryman of "Coomberland" or "Zummerzet." And then all alike, and equally, may proceed to enjoy a work of poetry, fiction, or philosophy written on either side of the Atlantic in that triumphant English which still knows no division into British and American varieties.

Corkran of the Clamstretch

BY JOHN BIGGS, JR.



first time as he lay beendeavoring by muscular twitchings of his upper lip to grab an apple which lay just

beyond the reach of his long black nose. Indisputably it was a game which he played, and he ordered it by set rules of his own devising. It was fundamental that he could not move his body, but he might crane or stretch his neck to any impossible posture. I climbed the paddock fence, and moved the apple an inch toward him. He looked at me reproachfully, but seized it none the less, and, devouring it with a single crunching bite, rose to his feet, and proceeded inscrutably to

He was a dumpy little horse, resembling a small fat business man, and as soon to be suspected of immortal speed as a stock-broker of a sonnet. His torso was a rotund little barrel. From this his legs, heavy and muscular, stuck out at odd angles. A lean neck rose from the mass, and upon this was plastered a head, many sizes too large, which looked as if it had been thrown at him from a distance and had inadvertently stuck.

His gaze mellowed and he regarded me more leniently. A faint smile began to wreath his lips; the smile expanded to a soundless tittering. At last, in looking at me, he fairly laughed. This I considered impolite and told him so. He lis-Corkran was at rest.

nally, he slept the sleep of a good and considered all human aid simply co-

HIS is a record of ge- honest horse. I retired to the fence lest nius. I saw him for the I disturb the sacred slumbers.

Genius is an unutterable thing. It is neath an apple-tree, a spark flying from no visible flame. It is an excitement of the soul; it is a terrific motivation. It is a vapor that splits the rock of reality.

> Richard Thomas Corkran was a strange rhapsody of speed. He was without circumstance, without explanation. great family had crossed a bar sinister upon his unknown escutcheon. His fathers were indistinguishable clods of work. At the time of his first race his sides were galled from plough harness. he was self-made.

> He was possessed of an iron will and intelligence. Consummately he understood his metier; never did his greatness overwhelm him. He remained unmoved, his attitude the epitome of a successful business. Yet he was capable of a cold and dignified fury. Always was it merited, but he worked himself to it, for he had found it to be an efficient symbol. A balanced quietness was his attitude upon the track, and from it he never deviated. He raced without the slightest enthusiasm or excitation. Icy imperturbability marked his technique—an imperturbability that was unaffected. From the tips of his tiny hoofs to his absurd head he was polite, both to his rivals, whom he scorned, and his attendants, whom he considered unworthy of notice, and this politeness proceeded from his conscious known superiority.

One thing of all things aroused his tened courteously, but made no comment wrath, hot and sincere. He considered other than raising a quizzical hoof. He himself a free agent, and any molestation walked around me and looked carefully at of this right caused anger to boil within my reverse side. This satisfied him. He him. The hours of his business were returned to the apple-tree, yawned those which he spent upon the track; at broadly, and lay down. Richard Thomas all other times he came and went as he pleased. He would permit no officious Tentatively I offered him apples, but infringement upon his leisure. As to his his ennui was not to be dispelled. Fi- racing it was indomitably his own. He

Digitized by Google

operation. If it became direction, no matter how tactfully suggested, he was done. He would not move a hoof toward the track's end. In his maiden race, a whip had been laid, solely as an incentive, upon his muscular little thighs. Richard Thomas Corkran had slid to a stop with stiffened fore feet, and, without heat or expression, but with icy malevolence, had kicked his sulky to fragments of wood and steel. Thereafter his driver, by iron order, sat braced to the sulky, and with loose reins simply fulfilled the requirements of rule. The race and the trotting of it were solely Richard Thomas Corkran's.

It was five o'clock when they came to arouse him, and this partook of a stately, ordered ceremony. There were five men in all, and I presume that he would not have deigned to rise for less. Down the field in careful formation they advanced. First came the head trainer, magnificently unencumbered by blanket, sponge, or currycomb, the veritable master of the bedchamber, and flanking him, his subalterns, two graceful yellow boys-this touch exotic-carrying combs and skinbrushes; next came two buckets, marked with the white initials R. T. C., and then his own blanket, plaid-striped, refulgent, the one slight vulgarity necessary to all genius. Last of all was a small white dog, like an animated wash-rag, propelling itself forward with staccato bounds and barks.

The process halted; the dog continued forward, and barked malevolently in the ear of recumbent greatness, which responded with a slow opening of its left eye. The long thin neck rose from the ground at a right angle, and surveyed the halted host. Richard Thomas Corkran got to his feet and shook his rotund little body. He stood waiting.

As they combed and brushed him, he moved no muscle, but placidly chewed a succession of straws that hung pendulous from his lower lip. It was a gesture nonchalant. At length his black coat was sleeked and glossed. The head trainer stepped forward and felt his chest, his hocks, and pasterns. This he endured with kindness, and, inspection over. trotted toward the watering-trough, preceded, however, by the white dog.

Pleasurably he played with the water. drinking but little. He blew through his nostrils, causing white bubbles to rise and burst through the turmoil of the surface. The light, finely made racing harness was then put upon him, and adjusted perfectly to each of his expanding muscles, and last the blanket, strapped and belted, making him look like a fat, plaid-cowled monk. The gate was now opened, and he walked gravely from the paddock. Behind him streamed his acolytes in meek procession. Heralding him was the woolly dog. Last was his sulky, wheeled by a negro boy. Past the judge's house he plodded, and I saw the old jurist rise from the porch to greet him.

The discovery of Richard Thomas Corkran, and his relation to Judge Coleman, a famous county story, deserves record.

At dusk one summer evening Judge Coleman, exercising a favorite mare, herself of note, had, on the Clamstretch, come upon the son of a neighboring farmer, atop the height of an old-fashioned racing sulky, a wooden affair with high shaking wheels. Beneath this relic. for the sulky jutted out almost over his rump, careened an odd little horse, looking in the darkness, so says the judge, like a small, black mouse.

"I'll race you, Tommy," said the judge

jokingly to the bov.

"Done," was the reply, and the little horse moved up to the mare's nose.

"Take a handicap, Tommy," said the judge, amused by the boy's confidence.

"You take the handicap, judge," said the boy, and the judge, fearful of hurting the boy's feelings, walked his mare some

ten yards to the front.

"Now!" shouted the boy, and the judge heard with amazement the strong, unbelievably quick beat of the little horse's hoofs as he struck to his stride through the white dust of the road. Past the striving mare he went as if she were haltered to the ground. Three times was this astounding performance repeated, while the straining nostrils of the mare grew red with effort.

The judge pulled to the side of the road. "What do you use that horse for!" he

asked.

iudge.

1

p.-

5.

ï-

"Richard Thomas Corkran," replied the boy. "After grandpop."

Then and there, for an adequate price, Richard Thomas Corkran changed hands, and the judge that night examining him by the light of a stable-lantern discovered the marks of plough-galls upon his flanks.

No attempt was made to teach R. T. C. to race; none was ever needed. When the time came for a race he plodded to the track, and from thence to the startingpoint, and thereafter at some time favorable to himself he commenced to trot. No agitation of spectators or contesting horses, no jockeying of drivers, might shake his icy imperturbability, his utter calm. The race done and won, he returned at a walk to his paddock. In two vears upon the Grand Circuit he had never missed a meeting nor ever lost a

With something of awe I watched him as he passed between the high stone posts of the judge's entrance gate and entered the Clamstretch.

This road is a long white ribbon which runs from the Porter Ferry to the hills. Its crown is covered with clam-shells beaten to a soft imponderable dust, and from this it is known as the Clamstretch. It is agreed by county racing authorities that from the centre of the ferry-gate to the old Weldin Oak is a perfect half-mile, and a horse that covers this distance under two minutes is worthy of notice. Richard Thomas Corkran, when the humor was upon him, had trotted the exact half-mile in one minute and five seconds.

It is a county saying that colts the day they are born are instructed by their mother mares in the trotting of the Clamstretch.

Beneath the old Weldin Oak and lining the road are rough wooden benches, and before them the ground has been worn bare and hard by many feet. At the side manzer and the Bohemia Girl, forever of the road sways a decrepit whitewashed from R. T. C., the time of the Clamstand, as high as a man's chest, and with stretch is set, and it is a point of honor two cracker-boxes for steps. This is the between horse and man that when a great

"For ploughin'," replied the boy, and official stand of the judge of the course when such a formality is necessary.

> The customs of the Clamstretch have grown up with time, and are as unbending as bronze. It is decreed that Judge Coleman shall be the ruling authority of the meeting, that the time of trotting shall _ be from twilight to darkness, and that there shall be as much racing as the light permits.

First the horsemen gather and solemnly trot practice heats, each driver carefully keeping his animal from showing its true worth, though the exact record of each is known to all. Then, with stable boys at the horses' heads, they collect in little groups about the oak, and with tobacco, portentous silences, and great gravity, lay careful bets. But with the entrance of the judge comes drama.

He minces across the bare space before the oak and nods gravely to each friend. From an interior pocket of his immaculate gray coat he draws a small black book, the official record of the Clamstretch. In this book he enters the contesting horses, the names of the owners, and the bets. This finished, the four horsemen selected for the first race pass to the road, briefly inspect their gear, climb to the sulkies, sit magnificently upon the outstretched tails of their horses, and with whips at point, drive slowly toward the gate of the ferry lodge.

The noise of the hoofs dies to abrupt silence as the contestants jockey for position at the start, broken by the sudden thunder of the race. Puffs of white dust. hanging low over the road, rise beneath the drumming hoofs; strained red nostrils flash across the finish. Comes the stentorian voice of the announcer, giving the winner and the time. Gradually the soft light fades; the last race is ended; the judge bids the company a grave good night, and the red point of his cigar disappears in the gloom of the meadow.

There are many names great in the history of racing, whose owners have trotted the broad white road and have been duly inscribed in the black book. From Barnett and Barnetta B., from Alking falls he is brought back to trot his last from the lodge gate to the Weldin Oak. From Clamstretch to Clamstretch,

is the saying.

I have often witnessed the custom of the Clamstretch, and this time I entered upon it inconspicuously in the magnificent wake of Richard Thomas Corkran. Upon the bare meadow, around the old oak as a nucleus, were gathered many horses. A wild roan mare led the group, a young, untried creature, who kicked and squealed in a nervousness that turned from sudden anger to helpless quaking. A negro at her head, a shining black hand upon her bit, soothed and quieted her with honey upon his tongue and a sturdy desire to thump her in his heart. Her owner, a bewhiskered farmer, stood just beyond the range of her flying heels and looked at her with dismay.

"Now, pettie," he kept saying. "Now, pettie, that ain't no way to behave. That ain't no way."

A hilarious group of friends, in a halfcircle behind him, ridiculed his attempts at reconciliation.

"She ain't your pettie," they shouted.

"She's some other feller's.... Maybe she ain't got none at all.... Give her hell, Jim.... Soft stuff's no dope."

—A large horse, piebald and pretty, looking as if he had been purchased in a toy store, stood next to the virago. Her nervousness was apparently communicated to him, for occasionally he would back and rear. At these times, he raised clouds of dust, which sifted gently over the field, causing a shiver to run down the line of waiting horses.

"Keep 'em horses still," shouted the

negro boys. "Hold onto 'em."

One giant black, a colossal hand upon the muzzle of his horse, a mare as dainty and graceful as a fawn, threw out his

great chest with pride.

"My lady's a lady," he crooned softly as the other horses stamped and grew restive. "My lady's a lady." The pretty creature looked at him with wide brown eyes, and shook her head as if softly denying.

An animal at the end of the line held my attention. His hide was the color of running bronze. His head might have been struck for one of the horses of Time,

the nostrils flaring and intense, the eyes wild with hint of action. He looked as if he might run with the whirlwind, be bitted to a comet's orbit, and triumph. Sacrilege, it seemed, when I learned that he had never won a race, was quite lacking in the heart that creates a great horse. In him nature was superbly bluffing.

Richard Thomas Corkran stood at some distance from the rank and file. Boredom was unutterably upon him. He seemed looking for a place to lie down and continue his interrupted slumbers, and to be restrained only by the fear that he might be considered gauche. Truly there was nothing in which he might be honestly interested. No horse present could give him even the beginnings of a race. His heaviest work had been done upon the grand circuit in the spring and early summer. Vacation and leisure possessed him for this day at least. True, upon the next day he was to trot a race which was, perhaps, the most important of his career. Now, through the courtesy of the judge, he was the pièce de résistance, the staple, of the evening. At the end of the racing he would trot a heat in solitary grandeur —one heat, not more, and this heat would be preparation for to-morrow's test. Two horses, strategically placed over the straight half-mile, would pace him, but they would have as little to do with his trotting as the distance posts upon the track. A little knot of men, gaping and solemn, had already gathered about him, interpreting his every bored motion as proof positive of his phenomenal speed. He accepted this as his due and was in no manner affected by it.

The men, as always, interested me. A few were professional horsemen, so marked and moulded. They were calm persons, who spoke without gesture or facial expression. Thought flowed soundlessly behind their shrewd eyes. Their attitude was one of continual weighing and balancing of mighty points.

The rest were prosperous farmers, country gentlemen, or honest artisans from the near-by village, all pleasure-bent. The regalia of those who were to drive, or hoped to drive, was unique. They seemed to express their personalities best through high black boots, striped trousers, and flaming calico shirts. The cli-

macteric pinnacle was usually reached with an inherited racing-cap, scarlet, ochre, brown, yellow, plaid.

· <u>*</u> ·

m.

Τ.

7

Ξ.

r

30

E

Í:

37

.

1

۲

3

Twilight cupped the world, seeming to grant a hush to earth. The road took on new whiteness, the meadows gradually darkening, touched by the night and the brooding quietness that comes as the sun goes down.

The first race came to a close—a torrent of young horses. The wild-eyed virago was among them, and she won by a prodigious stretching of the neck. Thereat, totally unable to withstand triumph, she bucked and squealed, dragging her sulky, that tormenting appendage, behind her.

"Shure, it's temperamental she is," said a Scotch-Irish farmer standing beside me. "But she might have walked in on her hands and won."

The spectacle was dramatic. There was a flurry of horse and man as a race was called, a rushing to the track's edge by the spectators, a happy bustling of self-important officials. From the knots of excited humanity emerged the horses, the drivers with their whips at trail beneath their elbows, their eyes self-consciously upon the ground. Slender sulkies, gossamer-wheeled, were pulled out, tested by heavy thumpings, and attached. Carefully the reins were bitted, run back through the guide-rings, and the drivers swung themselves up. The final touch was the arranging of the horse's tail, and here technique differed. A good driver must sit upon his horse's tail. This is beyond question. The mooted point is whether he shall do so spread or flat. Authority as usual holds both sides, Richard Thomas Corkran absolutely dissenting, for he would allow no one to sit on his tail but himself.

The horses dwindle to specks upon the long white road. The sound of the hoofs dies to faint pulsing in the ears, a shadow of sound. Silence follows, breathless, expectant, broken by the clarion of the start.

The rhythm becomes a rhapsody of pounding hoofs, quick-timed, staccato. A black swirl up the road falls to detail of straining bodies. A roar crescendoes to high shreds of sound as they flash across the finish. A second of tense silence—pandemonium.

Three races of three heats each were trotted. Darkness was drifting down upon us as the last was finished, and Richard Thomas Corkran walked out upon the track.

His small black body blent with the semi-darkness, rendering him almost indistinguishable. The crowd followed him across the track. There was no preparation, no ceremony. The small figure plodded into the graying distance. His pace was scarcely above a walk. He might have been a plough-horse returning from a day of labor. The spectators drew back to the road's edge.

The twilight deepened. We waited in silence. A faint drum of hoofs sounded down the wind. Sharper, swifter, it grew. A black line split the darkness, lengthening so quickly as to vanquish eyesight. There was an incredible twinkling of legs as he passed me, a glimpse of square-set methodical shoulders, which moved with the drive of pistons, of a free floating tail spread to the rushing scythe of air. He finished.

Carefully he stopped, not too sharply lest he strain himself. He turned and plodded toward the oak, where hung his blanket, and as its folds fell upon him he returned to peaceful contemplation.

Came the voice of the announcer, a hoarse bellow through the gloom—"Ti-i-ime by the ha-a-alf. Ooone—five—an'—two—fi-i-ifths!!" A roar of applause broke to scattered clapping. Relaxation from the tension expressed itself in laughter, jest, and play. The crowd prepared to go home. The Clamstretch was for that day done.

After dinner Judge Coleman, whose guest I was, and myself walked down the close-cropped green to the paddock fence. A moon had risen, bathing the land in clear pale yellow. Within the paddock and beneath his apple-tree lay Richard Thomas Corkran. He rested upon his side, his small torso rising and falling gently with the even flow of his breath. From his upper lip protruded a straw which moved gently as the air was expelled from his nostrils. Untroubled by thoughts of to-morrow's race, he was again sound asleep.

The next morning I saw him leave his paddock for the fair grounds. A large

edge of his rotund, barrelled little body, held him, his three attendants, and his staccato, white and woolly dog. His placid eye fell upon me as he passed, and I saluted and followed him.

The site of the State Fair was a great fenced field upon the outskirts of a nearby city. Upon one side towered a huge grand stand, facing a broad and dusty half-mile track. In the gigantic oval, thus formed, was a smaller ring, tanbarked and barricaded, used at times as a horse-show ring, across a corner of which was now built a small, precarious wooden ever on. platform, where vaudeville teams disported themselves in a bedlam of sound for the free edification of the multitude.

On the outside of the oval of track. stretched the Midway, in parlance "Mighty," a herd of tents and roughboard shacks, a staggering line, running with yellow grass and flecked with the

gray of forgotten tombstones.

Toward the city in larger tents and squat, unsided buildings, were the farming exhibits, and between these and the outer road the racing stables, flanking a hard-beaten square, in whose centre leaned a rusty pump, dry for years, and used as a hitching-post. Beyond, in a multiplicity of stalls and sties and bins, uncovered to the air, were huge and blooded bulls, monster hogs, and highcrowing, cackling fowl.

Over the wide field hung a haze of dust that stung the nostrils and soaked into

the skin, causing a gray change.

I entered through a choked gate into which people streamed as a river banks against a bulwark, a confusion of carriages and cars, walking women with toddling children, red and blue balloons swaying between the ground and the gateposts, flying bits of straw and dust, howling hawkers: a high-pitched excitation of mob.

As I passed through the wooden arch came the sleek backs of racing-horses, surging toward the eight's posts, and the wild foreground of waving arms as the spectators beat against the rail.

The crowd was a sluggish, slow-moving monster, that proceeded with sudden

truck, whose side just disclosed the upper change or alter its spasmodic pace. It rippled into every corner of the field; it ran over fences and beat down barricades. It possessed an attribute of quicksilver in that it could never be gathered or held.

Its sound was a great crushing. Ιt winnowed the grass beneath its feet, and the beaten odor came freshly to my nostrils. Its urged over itself and spun slowly back. It never seemed to break or detach itself into individuals. Its tentacles might loop and cling to various protuberances, but its black bulk moved

I wandered through the maze of exhibits, stopping and listening where I would. The broad river of crowd divided to smaller eddies that swirled endlessly within and between the long rows of buildings and tents.

I passed glittering rows of farming to a quiet negro graveyard, overgrown machinery, red-painted, sturdy, clawed feet hooked into the ground. bushy-bearded farmers tenderly fingered, and fought bitingly and ungrammatically with one another as to its merits.

> A small tractor crawled upon its belly through the mud, and struggled and puffed its way over impossible obstacles. It was followed by a hysterical herd of small boys, who miraculously escaped destruction under its iron treads.

> I crossed the square where the lean. cowled racing-horses were led patiently back and forth by the stable boys. Always the crowd was with me, beating its endless, monotonous forward path. I grew to hate it, longed to tear apart its slow viscosity, to sweep it away and clear the earth.

Inside the buildings I passed between endless counters piled high with pyramids of jelly, saw the broad smiles of the presiding housewives, smelt brown loaves of prize bread. Baskets of huge fruit were allotted place, red apples succulent and glowing, fuzzy peaches white and yellow. The presiding deity of the place—the veritable mother of all food—I found in the centre of the shack. Her function was the creation of pie, and this of itself seemed to me sufficient. She was a large woman, red-faced, red-handed, and without a curve to her body. She was comaimless stoppings. It was impossible to posed of but two straight lines, and between these lay her solid ample self. ful chance. Match me! Match me! Her round fat arms were bare to the Match me!" elbow and white with flour. On the table pie-crust, which she kneaded and powdered and cut with deft and stubby fingers. Behind her was a huge charcoal quarter. The Lord knows how she got range upon which uncountable pies cooked, and around her were infinite battalions of pies, tremendous legions of pies, gigantic field-armies of pies. Exaggeration itself fell faint.

Before her, in the consummation of a newer miracle, fed the multitude. All men they were, and they ate steadily, unemotionally, as if they might eat eternally. They went from pie to pie to pie. They lady! No, I ain't particular even if I am never ceased, even to wipe their lips. They never stopped to speak. They selected their next pie before they had eaten their last, and reached for it automatically. It was a spectacle so vast as to possess grandeur. Such a woman and such men might have created the world and devoured it in a day.

Around the eaters stood their wives certainly none could have dared be sweethearts—gaping with that curious feminine lack of understanding—awed but unreasonable—at such prodigies of feed-

I came next upon monster hogs, buried deep in the straw. Gruntingly they lifted their battleship bulks and waddled to the walls of the pen in response to the pointed sticks of small boys. The air was permeated with animal odor, occasionally split by the fresh smell of cooking pastry and pungent aromatic spices.

With the Midway, sturdy respectability changed to blowsy, tarnished sin. Gaudy placards in primal colors bellied with the wind. All appeal was sensual, to grotesquerie or chance. From the tent of the "Circassian Syrian Dancing Girls" came the beat of a tom-tom, like that of a heavy pulse. Squarely in the passageway a three-shell merchant had placed his light table and was busily at

"Step up, ladies!" he called. "Step up, gents. Th' li'l pea against the world! Match it, an' y' win! You take a chance evury day. When yer born you take a chance, when you marry you take a chance, when you die you take an aw-

His fingers moved like the dartings of before her was an incalculable area of a snake's tongue. The tiny pea appeared and disappeared.

"You lost! Poor girl. She lost her Time tells an' you ain't old yet . . .!"

Beyond, outside a larger tent, sat a mountainous woman, a tiny fringed ballet skirt overhanging her mammoth legs. She was like some giant, jellied organism. To the crowd which gapingly surrounded her she addressed a continual tittering monologue.

"Step up here, baby. . . . Come up, fat. . . . I don't care who looks at me. I'm a lady, I am. Hell, yes! See that man over there?" She swung a monster finger toward a barker. "He keeps me up here. . . . Sure, he does! You jest let me down an' at him-I'll do him in-I can make twelve of him!"

Further on the crowd clustered thickly around a small tank, from the end of which rose a tall ladder topped by a tiny platform. So high was the ladder that it seemed to melt into a single line. As I watched, a young man climbed upon the edge of the tank. He grimaced and bowed to the crowd.

He stripped off a beflowered green bathrobe, disclosing a body as sleek as a wet seal's, and like a slender black monkey, climbed the ladder. Reaching the platform, he posed with outstretched arms. The crowd stiffly craned their necks.

At the side of the tank appeared another man with a flat, pock-marked face. There ensued an extraordinary dialogue.

"Leopold Benofoski!" shouted the man beside the tank to him in the air, "Is there any last word that you would like to leave your wife and family?"

"No," shouted the man upon the plat-

"Leopold Benofoski!" shouted the "Are you prepared to meet interlocutor. your fate?"

"Yes," said the young man.

"Then dive!" shouted the other, "—and God be with you!" He hid his face with a prodigious gesture of despair.

The young man drew back his arms until he was like a tightened bow. For a second he poised upon tensed legs, then, of the platform. Incredibly, swiftly he flashed down. I caught the glint of his white legs as he hit the water, a high splash, and he had drawn himself out of the other side. A grimace of shining teeth, and he was gone. The crowd, unmoved, went sluggishly on.

Slowly I worked myself through the area before the grand stand, where the crowd was thickest. There had been an accident upon the track: a young horse, "breaking" because of the hard path worn in the finely combed dirt between the turnstiles of the fence and grand stand, had reared and flung its fore legs into the air. A débacle had followed as the animals close in the ruck had plunged into the leader. Three drivers had been thrown into a thresh of horses. Splintered sulkies and broken shafts lay in the débris, hazed by the cloud of dust. One horse, maddened with fear, had run squealing on, not to be stopped until it had completed the mile. One driver was badly injured.

This had had its effect upon the crowd. An uneasy ripple ran across the grand stand. There was a tinge of hysteria in the movement, a desire to clutch and shiver. As time passed the tension heightened. In the officials' stand I saw the small, staid figure of the judge, peering alertly at the frightened multitude. Then came a consultation of bent heads. and his hand swung up to the cord of the starting bell. The flat clang, for the bell was muffled, beat into the turbulence. A gradual quiet fell.

There followed the announcement of the curtailment of the programme to the immediate race of Richard Thomas Corkran.

I cut my way swiftly through the crowd, back to the stables, for I desired to see the little horse leave the paddock.

I found him firmly braced upon stocky legs as they bound his anklets. His refulgent blanket drooped over his rotund torso, and from the striped folds emerged the long, grotesque neck and the absurd hobby-horse head. As I approached he track. eyed me with droll appreciation, for I seemed always subtly to please him.

see that he was entirely in place. Satislike a plummet, dropped from the edge fied, he took a few short steps forward, carefully balancing his weight so that no muscle might be strained. At this juncture the white dog, apparently just released from captivity, bounced forward like a lively rubber ball. Fierce was his attack upon the nose of Richard Thomas Corkran. Devious were his advancings and retreatings. Quietly did the little horse receive this adulation. Again he shook himself.

> Now was the spider-web tracery of harness put upon him, the silvered racingbridle and the long thin bit. The blanket readjusted, the paddock-gate was opened, and with the small, white dog surging before him, his attendants following, he plodded toward the arena.

> As he emerged into the crowd there beat upon him a roar of sound. Like a great wave it ran down the field and reechoed back. It split into individual tendrils that were like pointed spears falling harmless from his small unmoved back. Through the path that opened out before him he slowly went, unnoticing and grave. He entered the weighing ring.

> Courteously he stood as his blanket was removed, and he stood bared to the gaze of the three inspecting officials. Then the slender spider-wheeled sulky was pulled up and attached. Suddenly I saw his head lift: the contesting horse had entered the arena.

> He was like a legged arrow, a magnificent, straight-lined dart. Thin to the point of emaciation, the bones of his body moved like supple reeds beneath a lustrous skin. Lightly muscled was he, tenuous skeins at his wrists and hocks. He looked as if he might drift before the wind.

> He was very nervous. There was a continual thin white line across his nostrils as his high chest took air. A rippling shiver ran through him.

> Richard Thomas Corkran was the first to leave the ring. Never had he taken his eyes from his opponent. His small, black muzzle remained fixed, imperturbable. Slowly he plodded out upon the

The flat sound of the bell, calling the race, drifted down from above my head. As the last anklet was buckled he shook As I fought my way to the rail, the roar himself. It was a methodical testing to of the crowd rose to frenzy. The horses were going by the officials' stand to the

starting post.

The challenger went first, his curved neck pulling against the bit, his gait a drifting, slithering stride. After him came Richard Thomas Corkran, a tiny, methodical figure. His head was down. I could see the sulky move gently forward under his easy step.

As they reached the post and turned the turnult died away to a clear and appalling silence. Glancing up the rail, I saw the heads of the crowd leaning for-

ward in motionless expectation.

For an instant they hung unmoving at the post. Then the challenger seemed to lift himself in the air, his fore feet struck out in the beginning of his stride for Richard Thomas Corkran, without warning, had begun to *trot*.

They swept down toward the thin steel wire that overhung the track at the start. In breathless silence they passed, and I

heard the shouted—"Go!"

Like a dream of immeasurable transiency, they vanished at the turn. I heard the staccato beat of hoofs as they went down the backstretch.

The crowd had turned. To the rail beside me leaped a man, balancing him-

self like a bird.
"He's ahead!" he si

"He's ahead!" he shouted wildly. "He's ahead!—ahead!"

I swept him from the fence and climbed upon it myself. Above the bodies of the crowd at the far side of the track I saw two plunging heads. For a second only were they visible. Again they vanished.

They came down the stretch in silence, the spectators standing as though struck into stone. At the three-eighths post they seemed to be equal, but as they drew down the track I saw that the challenger led by a fraction of a foot. His flying hoofs seemed never to strike the ground. He was like some advancing shadow of incredible swiftness.

Richard Thomas Corkran raced with all that was in him. His small legs moved like pistons in perfected cadence.

As the challenger passed I could hear the talking of the driver, low-pitched, tense, driving his horse to a frenzy of effort

"Boy! Boy! Boy! Let him have it! Let him have it! Take it from him! I'm tellin' you. Go it! Go it!"

Richard Thomas Corkran's driver sat braced to his sulky, the reins loose upon the horse's back. I caught a glimpse of his grim, strained face above the dust of the advance.

Again there was the wild beating of hoofs up the back of the track.

"He's gotta do it now," shouted some one beside me. "He's gotta do it now. He can't lose! He can't lose!"

At the seven-eighths post the crowd thrust out its arms and began to implore. The waving arms leaped down with the striving horses. The challenger was ahead by yards. His red nostrils flared to the wind. Never had I seen such trotting!

He came under the wire in a great plunge, his driver madly whipping him. Richard Thomas Corkran was defeated!

For seconds the crowd hung mute, seemingly afraid to move or speak. Then from the edge of the grand stand came a single shout. It grew and ran around the field, swelling to an uninterrupted roar that seemed to split itself against the heavens—a tribute to the victor, a greater tribute to the vanquished!

Richard Thomas Corkran plodded slowly around the track to the paddock gates. His head was down as before, and his rotund little body moved steadily onward. At the gates he halted and waited as the winner was led through before him. Then he gravely followed and disappeared into the crowd.

He had met triumph with boredom; he met defeat, as a great gentleman should, with quiet courtesy and good humor. There was nothing of disdain or bitterness upon his small, black muzzle; Richard Thomas Corkran passed to the gods of horse as he had come, imperturbable, alert, sublimely sensible. But in his passing his tiny hoofs were shod with drama. Departing greatness may ask no more!

I saw him later in the paddock. His white, woolly dog was stilled; a negro rubber sobbed as he held a washing bucket. The little horse stood by himself, his feet as ever firm upon the ground, untouched, unmoved, and quietly resting. The thoughts that he possessed he kept, as always, to himself. I bowed my head and turned away.

Philandering among the Roses

BY SHIRLEY L. SEIFERT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. R. WEED



T was a bright May morning and the sun had been up for hours. The robins in the maple-trees outside Philander Tuttle's bedroom windows had finished their hymns to

the morning and had been hunting worms for quite some time on the dewy campus. The shouting and chatter of students going by to lectures floated upward in warning. Philander Tuttle, Ph.D., assistant professor of English at Midwest University, wide awake in his bed, gave no heed to these or any other symptoms of past-due activity. The hands of his clock marched around to an hour far beyond his habitual rising time; but there he lay, his sensitive eyes blinking at the light, his thin lips puckered in meditation, one slender hand occasionally fluttering up to his sparse and scattered pompadour.

Philander had lain so most of the night. He had gone to bed simply from habit, knowing that he could not sleep. Nobody could have under the circumstances. Any man who had wanted one thing as ungettable as the moon all his life and another thing way and beyond the moon for the past year, had wanted these things, especially the last, so desperately that he had been afraid to say his wish aloud in his own locked room lest the flat walls should double up with laughter -folks will laugh at little, baldish men who preach and practise correct English -any man in this stage of yearning who might suddenly find his desires within almost easy reach would lie awake more nights than one.

So Philander lay awake and thought in cycles. Each cycle began with a letter and a slip of paper clutched in Philander's left hand. The slip of paper was a certified check for ten thousand dollars. The letter was typewritten on stiff buff

paper and signed by a heavy stub pen driven by a hand of no mean weight or decision. The letter began "Dear Phil." That, even more than the signature, betrayed Sophronia Tuttle, Philander's aunt. She had never yielded to the fitness of "Philander," had obstinately contended that, had her nephew started out with a man's appellation, his life would have been all different. Her suggestion, spurned, had been "Cyrus."

This was the text of the letter:

"DEAR PHIL:

"I've made a bet.

"No, I suppose you don't approve of a lady's betting. I'm not a lady. I'm the man of the house, the head of the family. You know it, so does everybody else.

"Sam Bates, my superintendent, has been reading a lot of fool stuff in the magazines—all about the underpaid college professor. Claims said professor has simply devoted himself to an essential trade that demands skilled labor but won't pay for it. Says he's as good a business man as the next one, if he only gets his hand on some capital—which he never does. 'I'll bet anything,' says Sam. 'Taken,' says I.

"So, enclosed find my check for ten thousand. Consider it capital. Don't put on airs and fling it back into my face. If you don't get the surplus, it'll go to the Chinese. Now, if the heated things I've said in the past, when you would not learn to take hold at the mines, are not true, I want to know it. If they are true, I want Sam Bates to shut up and quit glooming around me like an accusing conscience.

"The money is yours. The summer vacation is coming on. Look about you for a suitable investment. I'll drop in some of these days and we'll talk it over.

tified check for ten thousand dollars. "If you put it into something that The letter was typewritten on stiff buff pays, I am bound to add ten thousand

more. If you don't—and you probably won't—Sam Bates agrees to pay me back the money and hold his tongue.

Affectionately,

SOPHRONIA TUTTLE.

P.S.—For pity's sake, show some common sense. I'm a lone old woman, Phil. I'd be glad to eat my words and pay the bill."

It was the postscript that kept the letter from going, intact, into the return mail. Every time Philander read that insolent message, he grew downright angry—for Philander. Then the postscript would set him to thinking about Aunt Sophronia. Funny, queer, lonesome, gruff old lady—particularly lonesome!

"There!" he muttered. "How in the deuce could I be expected to show any sense? Nobody short of a blessed woman who twists her hair as tightly as Aunt Sophronia would ask a man to keep his

head. Ten thousand dollars!"

Philander flopped on his pillow and with thin, tapping fingers proceeded to calculate. He invested his capital in his life-long wish and he married the year-old wish—and right there he began to lose his confidence. Feverishly he would clutch his bits of paper and start a fresh cycle. Just as, with a weighty sigh, he began the two hundredth round, heavy feet slopped up the staircase and a heavy hand beat on his door.

"Doctor Tuttle!" Thump, thump!
"Doctor Tuttle!"

"Yes?"

"Are you sick, sir?"

"Sick?" Philander's tone was dazed. "Mrs. Biggs, my health is excellent. Why

do you ask?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you didn't come to breakfast. Your first class was at eight o'clock and your next is at nine."

"Upon my word, so it was and so it is. I had forgotten. I'll be down right

away."

So strong is habit that Philander conscientiously did his best to hurry; but right in the act of selecting a necktie, he slumped on the edge of the bed and began to think some more. Suddenly he gave his pillow a resounding smack and stood up. His decision had been reached.

There'd be no more shilly-shally beating around the bush. He chose a lavendersilk necktie, which he had bought six months before but had never dared to wear. Humming a little senseless tune left over from his own giddy sophomore days, he took a newly cleaned straw hat from its box, and hooked a rakish cane over his arm. A soft, tantalizing breeze stole in through the window and tickled him under his chin. Philander chuckled like a naughty boy, slipped the check, the letter, and a rusty little bank-book into his coat pocket, and went down to breakfast-whistling-Philander Tuttle, Ph.D.

"Land sakes, Doctor Tuttle, you seem chipper this morning," greeted his landlady from the foot of the splintery staircase, "but the pancakes is cold."

They were cold, and dank and soggy. The fried liver was as hard as the plate on which it was served, and the coffee too muddy to contemplate. Still, Philander whistled, and in the dining-room at that.

Then, because the board before him in no way harmonized with his soaring spirits, his vision widened to take in an amazing blotch of color at the far end of the table. Philander wiped his glasses and looked again. It seemed too good to be true that the pink chambray gown should really hold Miss Emily Harden, Philander's favorite theme reader and his one-year-old wish, far and beyond the moon and all the stars. Emily Harden was one of these demure little ladies whose type had its heyday in the age of hoopskirts, strapped slippers, and hair looped softly down over the ears, with a rosebud peeking out from the left side. Her modern dainty gingham, however, was not bad. Her smooth brown hair and equally brown eves were delicious. Philander was to be excused for staring and for wishing; but when Emily Harden realized his suddenly audacious, speculative gaze she blushed painfully and exquisitely.

"I am late," she confessed, pointing to a bundle of themes beside her plate. "I was afraid I shouldn't get these to you before the nine-o'clock class."

Philander continued to stare.
"Chuck 'em!" he said abruptly.
"I beg your pardon?"

"Chuck 'em!" repeated Philander.
"Throw the darn things out of the window. And come play hooky with me."

"Doctor Tuttle, I don't understand."
Philander stroked his sparse locks
thoughtfully. The mild concern in Miss
Harden's eyes deepened. Anybody who
knew Philander Tuttle's sober workaday
habits of speech and thought would have

been concerned.

"It is three minutes to nine," said Miss Harden with a shy Puritan air of admonition and something of a soothing note. "Won't you have to hurry?"

"Hurry?" said Philander.

"Freshman English," reminded Miss Harden.

"What's freshman English?" demanded Philander, poking out his mild chin. "To-day? Not much! Come on! Do let's play hooky!"

Miss Harden's brown eyes were wildly

troubled now.

"Why, Doctor Tuttle, I never-"

"You never did? Dear me, what a pity! How much you have missed. Now, in my remote past, ever and ever so long ago, when I was young, you know, the brightest spots I can still see are the days when I ran away from duty. You really must try it with me to-day."

"I have so much to do, Doctor Tuttle. My postgraduate thesis is almost due. It is very nice of you to ask me, but really, I think you had better go without

me."

"Alone?" snorted Philander. "Never! Playing hooky all by oneself gets frightfully stale. You don't know, because you've never tried it—either way. Please go—or don't you care about blue skies and birds and soft breezes?"

"I love them. Oh, I love them!" said

little Miss Harden wistfully.

"And roses?" coaxed Philander on a sudden inspiration.

"Roses!" said Miss Harden, clasping

her hands.

"Please!" said Philander, leaning toward her with such a give-me-a-bite-ofyour-cooky expression in his near-sighted eyes that Miss Harden wavered visibly. Then a responsive, naughty gleam flickered in her eyes. The professor hung his hat on the end of his cane and waved it wildly. "Chuck 'em! Now, do!" he chortled, laying hands on the themes. Miss Harden pulled them away.

"No," she rebuked him gently, "they will have to be attended to to-morrow."

"Ah, yes, to-morrow!" sighed Philander, wondering why the word suggested Aunt Sophronia. "Well, hide them, anyway, and get your hat."

"Now," he said in farewell to the cold pancakes, as Miss Harden ran up the steps, "what in the deuce have I done?"

He did not feel so rueful as amazed at himself. Standing with one arm about the scarred newel-post at the foot of the stairway, his eyes yearning up through the shadows, he realized that this had been his mental attitude for a long, long time; that his crisp, correct "Thank yous," "Good mornings," and "Goodbys," as the dear little woman had slipped in and out of his office, had been a silly cambric mask to his emotions. But how had he dared to drop the mask? Surely, to-day her hair was no browner or silkier than usual, her sweet mouth no more appealing, her eyes no more lustrous.

Unconsciously Philander put his hand to the pocket of his coat and rustled the stiff papers within. "For pity's sake, show some common sense," flared the postscript across his eyes. Miss Harden saved the day by reappearing on the stairs. She still wore the pink chambray frock; but her face retired now provokingly in the shadow of a straw bonnet, dark brown, to blend with her hair; and in her hand, replacing the odious themes, she carried a ridiculous bag of silk, splashed with beads that twinkled as she walked. Philander breathed hard. The postscript receded.

"Where to?" asked the lady, blushing and dimpling.

"Be orthodox," said Philander. "Let's start off with a sundae."

"Not right after breakfast," protested Miss Harden.

"You forget. I didn't eat breakfast," he reminded her. "My soul rose above cold liver and pancakes."

"Then the ice-cream will surely give

you indigestion."

"Alimentary machinery vulcanized by five years of Mrs. Biggs's breakfasts," ruminated Philander.



Philander was to be excused for staring and for wishing.—Page 747.

Miss Harden laughed, a delicious, gurgling, helpless outburst. She herself jumped at the sound of it. Philander once more waved his hat on the end of his cane. Together they took the path to the university sweet-shop.

to the university sweet-shop.

"Bring us two—er—Lover's Delights," ordered Philander.

"But I don't know what that is," objected Miss Harden.

"Sh! Neither do I," confessed Philander.

"It's a combination," began the soda clerk.

"Never mind," commanded Philander. "Spoil the whole surprise by ex-

on."

A long, lanky, wandering sophomore, on refreshment bent, stuck his hungry head inside the door, glimpsed his English professor, and with a dismayed snort departed.

"Oh!" cried Miss Harden, "what will

people think?"

"The Lord only knows," sighed Philander rapturously. "I have never fathomed people's past and present thoughts,

to say nothing of the future."

He seemed not one particle abashed. In fact, with every minute of that bright May morning Philander gathered exhilaration. His eyes, usually pale blue, almost colorless, darkened and widened. He breathed faster, and every fifth minute he discovered an added charm about Aunt Sophronia's post-Miss Harden. script had depreciated. He crackled his vest pocket now and then, but the only result was an accession of giddiness and And far back in his irresponsibility. scholastic head an idea, which had germinated in his lumpy bed at Mrs. Biggs's, gathered shape and color—chiefly pink.

They went to the bank, where Philander deposited his money, pretending that it was an overdue check from the board of curators. That was the first, last, and only rational act of the day.

They strolled past an electrical shop. Something about the glittering display of utensils connected itself with the developing idea in the back of Philander's head. There was a copper chafing-dish in the centre of the window. Somewhere Philander had seen a picture of a round table with just such a chafing-dish standing on powering and haughty beside the little a lace-edged doily. And a bright-eyed lady was stirring something in the dish while a hungry man waited expectantly.

"Wouldn't you like one of those?"

asked Philander.

"Yes," admitted Miss Harden, "but

they're frightfully expensive."

Then, of course, Philander, being a man of means, bought the chafing-dish. I doubt if he heard the price; I am sure he didn't care. He ordered it delivered to Miss Emily Harden, care of Mrs. Biggs.

"Oh, you mustn't," exclaimed Miss

plaining, if you dare! Just bring them cook things for me every once in a while. In memory of past starvation, couldn't you do that?"

"But do you suppose Mrs. Biggs would

let me?" asked Miss Harden.

Suddenly Philander realized that the round table and the white doily had no place in Mrs. Biggs's parlor. The background of his vision assumed lines that were not those of the Biggs dwelling.

"I will make arrangements," he said

vaguely.

He tried to buy Miss Harden more accessories suggested by shop-windows, but she turned down each offer before he could so much as get a foot on the doorstep. His last suggestion was an Oriental rug, which mesmerized him with its soft faded tint of rose. Miss Harden became alarmed. She believed she ought to go home. Oh, no. Philander couldn't have that. He hadn't been in earnest about the rug, just joking, and they hadn't had any kind of walk yet. They ought to take a peep at the woods on this beautiful day. He knew a place. Please?

There was something irresistible about Philander. You might be thoroughly exasperated with him, but when he said "Please," why, even Aunt Sophronia succumbed. Besides, while we know something of what went on in Philander's thinking conservatory, Miss Harden's virgin thoughts remain a mystery.

At any rate, they took to the woods. Philander trembled on the verge of another purchase, but caution and his fine sense of fitness drew him back from a tempting florist's window. The pink Killarney roses there seemed a bit overtheme reader.

"No, wild ones or tiny ramblers," pondered Philander aloud.

"I beg your pardon, Doctor Tuttle?"

"I was merely thinking that a few of the wild roses might be out," explained Philander. "It's a trifle early, but in the sun-

The path in the woods was a brown path under bright-green foliage. ground was soft and springy under their feet; the shadows lay cool and soft about them, save where here and there in a more open spot a few wild roses bloomed; the "Please," said Philander. "You can air was spicily sweet. The road rose and

dipped, curved in and out; and then suddenly came a clearing, seen first from the crest of a hill. A railroad track made a sharp line across the centre of the picture and buried itself in a dark tunnel on either side of the valley. Again they were in the woods, denser and deeper now. Twenty feet below them on the left a lyrical brook murmured and chattered. They talked of everything and of nothing. Sometimes for half an hour not a word was spoken. Often they stopped in fascination to point out to each other a gay-plumaged bird. Once they spent ten minutes admiring a green lizard with shoe-button eyes. Again, they found a spring bubbling out from the rocks to feed the creek, and they stopped to drink of its chilled waters.

"Do you know," said Miss Harden, as they stood there, "you are the first man to ask me to go walking—the very first man since I came here as a freshman five years ago?"

"No!" cried Philander. "They must

all have been blind!"

Miss Harden stared at him gravely and then she laughed. The jolliest spring would have sounded harsh beside that

merry, rippling tinkle.

Philander listened, charmed. Then he began to wonder. Then, because he had a sense of humor of his own, he laughed, too—but somewhat sheepishly. He had been an instructor at the university every one of those five years.

Noon found them nearing the farther edge of the woods. The trees grew perceptibly thinner and Philander felt a most unusual gnawing within. His pale face had taken on a flush, and the breeze had shamelessly uncovered the bald spots over which he was wont to spend so much time plastering his blond hair. His hat he carried in his hand; it was full of flowers gathered at Miss Harden's bidding. The latter was in no way dishevelled, but her eyes, too, sparkled with a light they had never reflected in Philander's dusty office. Philander had taken to sighing most profoundly every time that he contemplated her during the last half-mile.

"I'm hungry," she announced sud-.

denly.

"So'm I," said Philander. "I've been wondering what was the matter."

They rounded a bend in the path and the woods ended abruptly. And there, right before them, stood the most charming cottage in the world. It was white, with green shutters and a hip roof of weather-browned shingles. A wide piazza held out its arms to them; and over porch, roof, and fence rioted a wilderness of rambler roses.

"Oh!" gasped Miss Harden.

Philander wiped his glasses and beamed. Almost in awe he approached the fence and touched a rosebud. The flowers matched Miss Harden's pink chambray so perfectly that he doubted their reality. They—they were the pink glow of his vision.

"Did you ever see anything more beautiful?" demanded Miss Harden.

"I never did," vowed Philander, trying desperately to focus his eyes on both the girl and the house.

"And there's a chicken!" she squealed, "a beautiful, white chicken! There's lots of them! Oh, the darlings! I must

go look at them."

She tripped around the rose hedge to survey the poultry-yard. In the sandy enclosure scratched chickens of every age and stage, all of snowy purity. Miss Harden's absorption left Philander totally outside.

"Some of them are big enough to fry," he suggested, not proposing so to be for-

gotten.

"Oh, I couldn't eat them."

"I could. I could eat a pet kitten. I am going to the front door and invite myself to dinner. Will you come, too?"

She hesitated.

"Please?"

Reluctantly Miss Harden withdrew her attention from the chicken-yard to follow Philander. A neat, comfortable woman in blue percale opened the door of the house.

"How do you do, Mrs. Duncan?" said Philander. "I want you to meet Miss Harden. Miss Harden, Mrs. Duncan. I came to settle that business, you know. And could we persuade you to ask us to dinner, please?"

Mrs. Duncan smiled tenderly at Philander, as if she knew and loved him well. Then she looked at Miss Harden and

nodded her head.

"Come right in. You'll have to wait for dinner, but I'm glad to have vou."

She led them through a cool hallway into a living-room made fragrant by the

roses outside the windows.

"Sit down," she bade them, and they plumped wearily into reed chairs, more tired than they had dreamed but supremely content. Miss Harden took off her hat, leaned her head against a gay chintz cushion, and closed her eyes. Philander, watching her, was struck by the eminent fitness of her surroundings. He almost resented the owner's return, even when she brought them two generous glasses of home-made grape-juice, icy cold and rich and invigorating.

"This is the most wonderful place," sighed Miss Harden, and Philander again

wiped his spectacles and beamed.

The belated dinner was perfect. All Miss Harden's scruples vanished when the crisp chicken was put before her. As for Philander, he disgraced himself and wondered how he could ever face Mrs. Biggs after those biscuits. The good woman who lived in the house watched the two with a rather inscrutable expression on her dull face.

Tuttle," she inquired finally, "that you had come to settle that business?"

Philander put down his sixth biscuit. "Yes," he said eagerly. "Have you

the papers here?"

"Why, no," said Mrs. Duncan. "You see, you weren't so very definite. course you did say you'd pay all expenses for making out the deed and such, so I had Squire Tibbs prepare the papers; but he's got them over at his office in Union."

"Perhaps I was indefinite," said Philander, disappointed. "I—I didn't have anything much but the desire when I opened negotiations. But since then it has become possible for me to gratify that wish. Couldn't we get to Union somehow—to-day? I'd like to buy the place, cash down, to-day."

Miss Harden had been looking out the gone and done it." window at the rose hedge and the chickenrun, her eyes as wishful as Philander's paleblue ones, and her sweet mouth drooping. At Doctor Tuttle's last remark she gave

"Why, surely, Doctor Tuttle," she a jump and turned her attention to him, only to find him gazing, not at the roses, but at her, with a world of yearning too. For a full minute they looked at each

other so and did not breathe.

"To-day!" repeated Philander then, his pale face flushing with unusual impulse. "I will not wait another minute. You see," he pleaded, as if to both women, "I've had the idea a long, long time. If all your grown life you had been shut up in a little gray cell, and suddenly some one opened the door to show you a shining path to the land of heart's delight, would any number of dragons along the way make you shrink back into the little gray cell? All my life—my poor, narrow life—I have dreamed of a house like this—a little, low house, white, with green shutters and roses. Nothing will convince me that the fairies didn't conjure this one up for my benefit. I want it. I'm afraid to wait for it. So, hitch up Dobbin or Dolly, or whatever its name is, that I see dozing in the stable out yonder, and let's go to Union and sign those papers!"

"Her name's Sarah," said Mrs. Dun-

can with dignity.

"God bless Sarah!" cheered Philander. So in a lazy, low-swung, old-style sur-"Did I understand you to say, Doctor rey Philander and the little theme reader and Mrs. Duncan drove to the countyseat. Philander said no further word, merely wiped his glasses and beamed. Miss Harden trembled on the verge of speech, but really accomplished no reproof. A theme reader does not argue with her superior in office—not in public. In Squire Tibbs's dusty little place Philander signed pompous papers and wrote out a tremendous check. And then they drove back—the possessor, the dispossessed—given notice to vacate June the first—and the astounded but very important accessory before the fact.

> Mrs. Duncan went into the house on certain housewifely work, leaving Philander and Emily Harden on the rose-

bowered porch.

"Now," said Emily Harden, "you have

"Yes'm," said Philander meekly.

"Whatever possessed you?" demanded the girl. Philander ran his fingers through his

Digitized by Google

thin blond hair, hopelessly confusing what ten and say: 'Speaking as an enslaved order remained.

"I am not sure that I can make it clear," he said, blinking at the charming landscape. "I—I did not sleep very well last night. I lay there rather deciding what a poor worm I had always been. And then this morning there were the birds and the sunshine and the shouts of gora, so to speak."

"Why, Doctor Tuttle!"

"Phrase I picked up on the campus." a rare morning. Did you notice?"

"Lovely," admitted Emily, her eyes tender over the blue line of hills far off

across the valley.

"When I got down to breakfast," continued Philander, "Mrs. Biggs's diningroom seemed twice as musty and dingy as usual—the cold, soggy pancakes and the chilly, black liver on a greasy platter. Remember?"

"Horrible!" Emily shuddered.

"Exactly!. Then I noticed you sitting there. In that dark old hole of a room your fresh pink dress made such a splash of color-Miss Emily, you know, I'm a sad sort of chap. Among other grievous shortcomings I have a beastly habit of not really seeing the nice things about me. It would seem almost that the damnable shortness of my vision was rooted in my soul. I have a comfortable negative sensation that something in my life is rather nice, without knowing just what. Then, all of a sudden, I wake up to the realization that within reach for the last five for a number of years has been the most charming, adorable-

Philander broke off in confusion. Emily had ceased to stare at the distant hills. Her large brown eyes questioned Philan-

der with some alarm.

"You had a bunch of those beastly themes in your hands," he resumed hastily. "Miss Emily, I have come to the place where the sight of a folded theme chokes me."

"It isn't sensible," said Emily gravely, "to feel that way about the work you have

to do in order to earn a living."

Vol. LXX.-48

"Not sensible," admitted Philander. "but natural. Of course I don't suppose I would ever go to President Van Laar-

professor of English to the head of a glorious institution of learning in a noble country, I state that English themes, particularly freshman themes, are abominations. I cannot assimilate any more of them. I must have a change of diet. If the atrocious things must be written, I petition for a garbage-incinerating syshappy young folks. It all got my an-tem, etc.' I wouldn't go so far as to say all that, perhaps, but it wouldn't be a circumstance to what I really feel-to the soul-outpourings that might be offered a explained Philander airily. "And it was sympathetic ear. Miss Emily, you'ye been assisting me as theme reader ever since you graduated a year ago. Tell me, do you like themes—freshman themes?"

"They get rather tiresome," conceded

Emily.

"They do," said Philander with warmth. "They—they also get my angora. I become a hater of my fellow men. I should like to turn a machine-gun on on the chapel full of freshmen!"

"Doctor Tuttle, I never heard you talk

"You never heard me talk at all until to-day. You've heard me lecture and criticise and consult; but you've never heard me talk. Miss Emily, I despise, I loathe freshmen, and so do you."

"Why, I don't anything of the kind,"

said Emily.

"Miss Harden, look me in the eye,"

commanded Philander.

Miss Harden obeyed him literally. The broadside proved too much for Philander. He flushed and sighed—a tremendous sigh for such a little man.

"The most marvellous eyes in the world!" he murmured. "Like coffee—

clear coffee, not Mrs. Biggs's."

"Doctor Tuttle," admonished Emily, "you are deliberately leading away from the subject. Whatever possessed you to buy this farm?"

"I thought you liked it," pouted Phi-

lander.

Anybody would have liked the farm. "It is lovely," sighed Emily, "very

tiny for a farm, but perfect. Still, I think-

"That brings me back to my story," "There you said Philander happily.

"Now," said Emily, "please don't lead

was the wildest extravagance. You know vou can't afford it."

Philander, rising, plucked a spray of the tiny pink roses from a porch pillar.

"It is never extravagant to buy what you really want," he observed. "Besides, vou haven't asked why I couldn't sleep last night."

"Well, why couldn't you?" asked Emily, as he seemed wholly occupied with trimming the leaves off his rose spray.

Philander carefully adjusted the roses in his buttonhole.

"I had a letter yesterday," he said at length.

"Yes," encouragingly.

"From a lady."

"Oh!" nipped by frost.

"A most estimable woman."

Congealed silence.

"She owns coal-mines."

"Really?"

"Yes, she always wanted me to take an interest in the business."

Emily made inventory of the professor -spotless Panama, spotless gray suit, faultless tie, speckless collar, shoes whose fastidious lustre no amount of tramping had destroyed—and smiled.

"Yes," sighed Philander, "precisely. I couldn't Dirty business, you know. bear it. It put her out considerably and she cast me off. Said I should never have a penny of her money and other harsh things."

"Who—is—this—woman?" demanded

Emily.

"My aunt," replied Philander, "Sophronia Tuttle." Emily sank back against her pillar. "She means well, you know. She wrote me the letter, you see, and sent a check for ten thousand dollars. I deposited it at the bank this morning, if you recall."

"Ten — thousand — dollars!" gasped Emily, as if so much money had never

been lumped before.

"Yes. She intimated that flesh and blood would assert their claim in spite of my obstinacy. She expressed a desire that I would invest the money sensibly."

Philander stepped out into the yard, cocked his head on one side, and surveyed the house.

"And you spent it all at once for Emily, turning back.

away again. You bought this place. It climbing roses!" came the voice of reproach from the porch.

> "Roses," said Philander, "and a flock of white chickens, a shady porch, a rooftree of my own, flowering meadows, budding orchards, clean air-and Paradise—and hope. Miss Emily——"

He held out his hand in pleading.

"I don't understand," faltered Emily. "Miss Emily," said Philander, "if you weren't sitting there on that step, if you weren't part of the picture and the hope, it wouldn't be Paradise. Miss Emily, I've explained what a short-sighted fellow I am. Really, I have always wanted you, but I didn't have sense enough to understand. I'm not like other men, Miss Emily. I'm so wofully handicapped—my size, my eyes, my total lack of-what does Aunt Sophronia call it?"

"It isn't that," said Emily, rising, too. "I have always had the highest respect for

you, Doctor Tuttle."

"Don't want to be respected, want to

be loved," blurted Philander.

"If—if I did—care for you," said Emily haltingly, "I wouldn't listen to you to-day. I—excuse me, Doctor Tuttle— I don't think you are as sensible as usual. I am probably just a negative sensation. All that money coming so suddenly has made you do some very foolish things. I won't let you add me to ther."

"I thought you would understand," reproached Philander. "Very few would. but I hoped it of you. Why, Miss Emily, I never was so sensible. Here I've poked along at school-teaching, when I really loved the outdoors and longed for a home of my own and— Miss Emily, this isn't a sudden notion!"

"Your aunt would be horrified," said

"Oh, Aunt Sophronia!" sputtered Philander. "What's it to her?"

"It was her money, you know."

"She'll never miss it. Anyhow, I'll probably never see her again. Oh, won't you please listen."

"I couldn't consider it," said Emily, decisively turning from the pleading fig-

A claxon blared on the road back of the house—the Union road.

"My goodness, what's that?" cried

Philander kicked a toeful of gravel all

the way to the front gate.

"Those damned Fords get anywhere," he fumed as the hood of the machine nosed into view.

"It's a woman," announced Emily.

Coat and hat would never have betrayed the driver's sex. It was a large, yellow psyche-knot beneath the hat brim. "Aunt Sophronia!" groaned Philander,

collapsing on the lowest step.

A gasp, a flutter of pink skirt, a scurry, and a faintly slammed screen door tokened the vanishment of Emily Harden.

Philander was too busy to stop her. A straggling rose shoot had spread over the corner of the step on which he had slumped. It took him some time to detach the penetrating prickles. Before he could get his mind off his physical discomfort Sophronia Tuttle had brought her vehicle to a snorting stop, had let herself down to the ground, and was half-way up the gravel path.

"Well, Phil Tuttle!" she cried. "What mured.

are you doing here?"

"ΗI beg your pardon," stammered nilander. "I can't seem to see just Philander. where this thing is caught. I pull it loose one place and it clings

"Rats!" ejaculated Miss Tuttle. With one firm hand she laid hold of her nephew's shoulder, with the other she jerked

the rose shoot away.

"Ouch!" protested Philander.

"All over!" announced his aunt. "Maybe a thorn or so left. You'll find out later. Well, this is a surprise. I certainly didn't expect to find you here. Well?" sharply. "Can't you say something?"

"How do you do, Aunt Sophronia," said Philander, extending his hand.

"Kiss me," commanded his aunt.

Philander obeyed.

"I'm rather glad I found you, after all," commented Aunt Sophronia, as she placed herself on the upper step. "Gosh, it's hot! I stopped at your boardinghouse but they said you had gone out for the day. Disagreeable old fish, that Biggs woman. No wonder you have indigestion. Didn't expect me, did you?"

"No," said Philander, "not here.

Thank you, Aunt Sophronia."

"Thank me?" said Aunt Sophronia.

"Why?"

"For the check. It was very generous

of you."

"Oh, yes!" Aunt Sophronia laughed as one gratified. "A little surprise, eh?

I hope you put it away safely." "I—I deposited it," evaded Philander.

"Phil," said Sophronia Tuttle, turning upon him, "I don't know why it is, but you always talk like a simpleton when you're with me. I've overheard you talking to other people and you're not the least bit that way. You've always been a hit with Sam Bates. Sam claims I don't know you. He says there are lots of good heads without any interest in coal-mines. Says if you had a little backing instead of cold criticism, you'd show me a thing or two. I tell Sam he's a plain fool and you're another; but I'm willing to show you both up."

She set her mouth and eyes hard as she appraised Philander's shrinking figure. Philander waved his hand in resignation.

"Mr. Bates is very kind," he mur-

"Humph!"

Silence.

"What— How did you happen to come here?" asked Philander after some minutes of desperate mental fishing.

"I had some business to see to over in Union," explained Aunt Sophronia. "I was interested in property advertised in the neighborhood. I never believe in transacting business second-hand. came to see Squire Tibbs."

"Squire—" Philander's voice foozled

into a squeal.

"Know him?"

"I've met him. Excuse me, Aunt Sophronia, I want a drink of water."

"Nonsense! Sit down. Well, I found the property had already been sold. The squire wouldn't tell me who bought it."

Some color crept back into Philander's

harassed countenance.

"But I didn't drive all that way for nothing," continued Aunt Sophronia. "Thought I might as well take a look at the place. Might make a deal with the purchaser. You never can tell."

Aunt Sophronia rose, clumped down the steps, and stood in the middle of the path, arms akimbo, taking keen, quick survey of the premises. Philander, fearful of the penetration of those sharp eyes, came and stood behind her. He gave the

effect of hiding in her skirts.

"House in pretty good repair," mumbled Aunt Sophronia. "Better than I expected. Too much folderol vines and things, but some like them. Good meadow-land. Ought to have good stock. Chickens, poultry-yard. Orchard needs attention. Off the main line of travel. But with a little money and care—"

A sudden idea seized her.

"Well, if I'm not a simpleton myself!" "Phil! Phil! Where are she cried. you? You must know the people who bought this place. Do they live here?"

"They are just stopping here for the day," ventured Philander, reluctantly

leaving his ambush.

"You know them?"

"Er-slightly."

"Well, for heaven's sake stop shaking and stammering and take me in and introduce me," commanded Aunt Sophronia.

Poor Philander! He wiped his forehead. He looked at the house, the roses, the meadow, the corn-fields. Again he put his hand to his head, then, with a sudden gesture of desperation, hurled his hat to the porch, thrust his fists into his pockets, and faced his aunt squarely.

"I don't see why I'm such an ass," he "The fact is, Aunt Sophronia, I

own this house."

Speech then forsook the aunt. She tottered in the path. Philander put out his hand to steady her.

"Go away!" she cried, shaking him off. "You—you bought this place?" she

gurgled finally.

"I did," said Philander solemnly.

"With my money?"

"Mine," said Philander. "You gave it to me. After that it was mine. I didn't

ask for it, but you gave it to me."
"Phil," said Sophronia Tuttle, "don't be insolent. I told Sam Bates that check would take away what grains of sense did rattle in your head. In the name of everything, what do you expect to do with a farm now you've got it?"

"Farm it," contended Philander.

"Farm it? Much you know about farming, you—a school-teacher!"

"As much as you, a coal-miner," retorted Philander. "What were you going to do with it?"

"That," said his aunt, "is none of vour business.''

Philander shrugged his shoulders.

"Phil Tuttle," pursued the aunt, unabashed, "you left town this morning with a woman."

"We will not mention the lady," protested Philander.

"A pretty girl," said Aunt Sophronia. "Mrs. Biggs wonders you'd never shown her any attention before."

Philander murmured something inau-

"What's that?" demanded Aunt Sophronia.

"I said Mrs. Biggs was more astute than I realized."

"Humph! Well, I've always been afraid some woman would get her clutches on you. I suppose she raved about the roses."

"She has an eye for beauty," said Phi-

"She has an eye for an easy mark," observed Aunt Sophronia. "She coaxed you into buying this farm as a playhouse for her-

"She did nothing of the kind!" sputtered Philander. "All my life I've wanted a place like this. My parents couldn't give it to me. They gave me a classical education. You wouldn't give it to me. You offered me a lot of dirty, filthy mines. I found this place to-day. I had the money and I bought it."

"It takes a sly woman to make a man think he has always wanted something

which she wants!"

"Dammit!" cried Philander, walking up and down. "Emily Harden is not a sly woman. She's the dearest, sweetest lady in the world. I'd offer her the Garden of Eden if I could. I love her. I have loved her a long time. I begged her to marry me."

Aunt Sophronia began to laugh.

"Don't laugh!" begged Philander, tearing at his hair. "She wouldn't have me, you see."

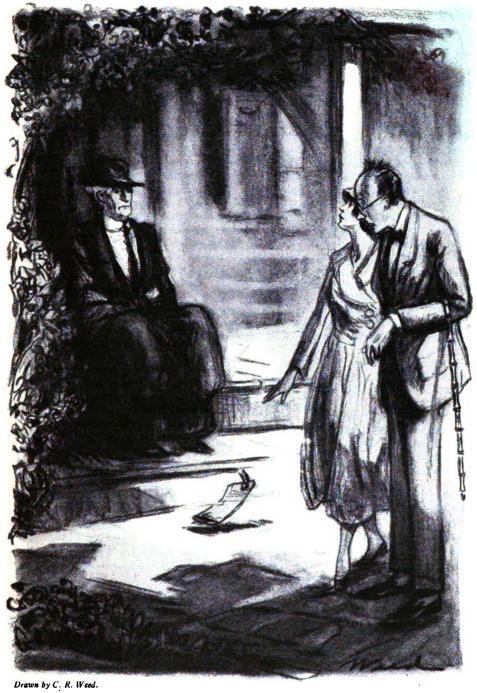
The more abject he looked the more

Aunt Sophronia laughed.

"Bought the farm and then she turned you down," she chuckled. "If that isn't like you!"

"I should think you'd be ashamed!" Even Aunt Sophronia jumped, the tone was so stinging and scornful.

Digitized by Google



"There!" she cried. "You can take your old farm!"-Page 758.

Her brown eyes ablaze, her cheeks in May. The bravest and spunkiest flushed, her hands clasped nervously together, Emily Harden stood on the porch.

"I should think you'd be ashamed." she repeated. "You-you heartless old woman!"

She descended and slipped her hand into the crook of Philander's arm.

"We don't want anything more to do with you ever," she said to Aunt Sophronia. "We don't want your hateful old money and we don't want you. I shall be very proud to marry Doctor Tuttle." Philander pressed that arm close to his side. "But we don't mean to take anything from you—not anything. Philander, dear, have you those papers in your pocket?"

With some wonder, but more adoration, Philander fished into an inside pocket and drew forth a document. Emily threw it

at Aunt Sophronia's feet.

"There!" she cried. "You can take panels. your old farm! I'm sure we don't want it if your money paid for it. Come, Phil.'

Philander forgot his hat, forgot the farm, Aunt Sophronia, everything but the pressure on his arm. At the gate he bent his head and kissed the clinging fingers timidly. Then he looked back. Aunt Sophronia had collapsed on the steps, Her shoulders and psyche-knot were shaking convulsively.

"She's crying, Emily," faltered Phi-

"I don't care," declared Emily. "She

ought to—forever and ever."

"She doesn't understand," suggested Philander. "We never got on very well."

"I should think not," said Emily. "She's a mean, spiteful old thing. If you make up with her, I'll never speak to you again."

It was a gray, dreary, dripping morning

robin would never have ventured forth on a maple bough. Again Philander Tuttle. Ph.D., tossed on his lumpy bed in Mrs. Biggs's boarding-house and with slender, tapping fingers totalled up his resources. And perhaps because there was nothing in the atmosphere to invigorate a troubled spirit, Philander grew momently more depressed than the dampening weather. Yesterday the world had lain at his feet but yesterday had faded hours ago and his vision had suffered eclipse. Only one glory remained—Emily. Philander's eyes grew very sweet and tender, then more than ever mournful. He had meant to give so much to Emily. It would have been rapture to play Prince Bountiful to that dear little woman.

Heavy feet slopped up the staircase. A heavy package thudded on the floor. A heavy hand thumped on the door

"Doctor Tuttle!" called the soggy voice of Mrs. Biggs. "A chafing-dish come for you yesterday. You'll have to take it back. I don't allow no cooking in the rooms. A lady left a note for you last night. I'll shove it under the door."

Philander dragged himself to the door, drew the pasteboard carton within, and picked up the note.

"Dear Phil:" it read. "The deed for your property and my second check for ten thousand are waiting for you at your bank. Sam Bates wins. I didn't dream that you had it in you. I was going to buy that place and adopt me a brand-new family, I was so sure of disappointment in you. Don't thank me. Invite me to the wedding.

(Signed) SOPHRONIA TUTTLE."

You should have seen Philander then.





THE sixty-fourth celebration of Christmas, by one family, in one house! Not a common record in our Middle West, where if the family stays on the house is usually replaced, or if the house stays on the family is replaced. Here, however, both

A Christmas Sheaf house and family are mere upstarts to the ancient apple-trees, tapping roofs, and porches. "Talk

of Christmases," they might murmur, "Christmases were Christmases in the good old days when Johnny Appleseed was our nurse, this hill unencumbered of houses, and our young vision unvexed by pavements below and airplanes above." Nevertheless, the dates of successive residents and their "things" cut a swath in the years. grandfather of the present chatelaine, comrade of her childhood, was born during Washington's life; and her favorite teaspoons, bearing the common initial of a great-greataunt and herself, were possibly fingered by Washington and his Lady, since according to place, time, and condition of ownership they "might 'a been."

Once only, in all the sixty-four years, has the house been closed over Christmas, and even then one born in the house came to wind the old clock which has ticked out so many million of minutes for us all. That year the chatelaine, facing her first holiday alone, fled the country, waking up Christmas morning to look through port-holes on a tropical land of green hills and snow-white houses, with seemingly every masthead in the harbor topped with wee cedar trees. But that is a long way from the cot.

Old Christmases centre in a gay, auburnhaired little figure, the organizer of all our fun, the originator of all our novelties, with a troup of family and neighborhood youngsters. "But mother! when I was on this identical spot a minute ago you said I was hot, and now you say I am cold!" Bubbling laughter, and "Time's up! game continued next Christmas Eve!" Not till the third year did the great dignified cat, name o' Satan, tail proudly held aloft and neatly tipped with white, clear the mystery by walking under a low chair which scraped the silver thimble off that peripatetic hid-

ing-place. How we mobbed the perpetrator!

Of Christmases before my own day I can salvage few details, though such participants as remain insist they were "great times." The year I was four, however, is clear enough. Each guest and member of the family had an appointed corner, suitably decorated, into which gifts were placed. Mine was "my corner," and the supreme gift a wax doll with a trunkful of clothes. I never cared for dolls and loathed sewing: but "Rosa" inspired considerable affection. She smilingly sacrificed an impeccable complexion, promptly all pitted over with my little finger-nail marks, to furnish forth "wax," which the elder children occasionally and surreptitiously chewed. It was not then called gum. My "corner" deserves a line. With the first snow of autumn, came into the house a big, white triangular shelf. which my father would screw on to the baseboard of the warmest corner of the sittingroom, and there my indoor, waking life was mostly spent. I sat on it, I napped on it, I used it as a table, my playthings were stored under it, and low over it hung a great medley picture, composed of two hundred and fifty steel engravings each fertile of a story. Here I was near the mother I adored, though paying little enough attention to her frequent company. Occasionally some bit of conversation pierced my solitude. "The most selfish woman I ever knew," I once caught, about a so-called saint of the town. Then as my eyes lifted inquiringly, a startled mother added: "You see she always talks about her children when I want to talk about mine!" I still recall how my father laughed.

The second large doll I remember receiving—my indifference to the species was well-known—was certainly the last. There was a big reunion that year, in honor of an older member of the tribe, just back with her little family from a long stay in China. We youngsters, herded in the library, watched the crack of the door into the parlor, through which elders hastily squeezed themselves, and the face of a boy was suddenly irradiated by a stolen glimpse. He grinned

at me and measured off with his hands, "so big." More appealing than the great doll, however, was a wee China boy in gaudy paper attire, with a bequeued head that turned. I have it still, in my cabinet of ancient days, standing beside a tinier Colonial maiden of china, with face, hair, pinafore, and pantalettes painted on, and arms eternally akimbo. I even published about that pair a Spectator which the public kindly attributed to Mr. Mabie.

Much of the fun of early Christmases was our own preparation. We made "holders," patiently working around pins stuck in an empty spool; and combed the stores in preparation for our purchases. Dependable revenue came from picking currants for family jelly, and from a county-fair premium on our collection of bird tail-feathers. I suppose the entry had been made for our benefit, and I cannot recall that we ever had competitors. I can still recognize more birds by their tail-feathers than by their song, though it is years indeed since many of those familiar feathers have been dropped in our city yard.

While the hanging of stockings was not de rigueur—though our mother's telling of how she used to do so in old Vermont. "always getting a penny in the toe and an orange," was-I recall two instances. Once in the light of a hundred candles and a glowing fire hung a single stocking, six feet long, the unpacking of which was continuous hilarity; and another time, from a clothesline stretched down the dining-room, hung large, empty gingham stockings, each bearing a guest's initials, the stockings being . publicly filled from our individual baskets; many gifts, thanks to persevering wheedling and low-down methods, getting into the wrong stockings.

HILE the main body of guests, kin and near neighbors, remained the same from year to year, there were always two or three transients, friends' friends, or some lone body stranded over the holidays. One year a naval officer, just in from three years at sea, turned up to surprise his family marching to the tree. Often there was some delegation bearing gifts to the older members of the family, with little speeches made and returned. Representatives of the family

ily in China came often, jolly children vacationing from school and college, looking to the old house as the next thing to home, and the chatelaine as in loco parentis. They added the thrill of packages in Oriental wrappers, and postmen demanding customs. I recall a curious great white pressed flower, marked "rare." It was doubtless that Davidia, "the most interesting and most beautiful of all trees which grow in the North temperate regions," to rediscover which Mr. E. A. Wilson was sent from England on a special mission to the western mountains of China.

Sometimes a governor or a president joined our Christmas party, and one year his beautiful lady headed the Christmas procession, marching with our grandfather, who lived to be ninety-five. Down to the littlest we were provided with "musical instruments," and grandfather playing his jew'sharp and his partner her comb were gavest of the gay. The pair of pink glass perfume bottles, which at a still earlier Christmas she gave her namesake, still decorate my bureau. Both stoppers are missing, but that deficiency is balanced by the fact that the little red and gold flower-pot, from a boy neighbor, lacks its saucer, which long ago went to join the pink stoppers in limbo. This boy was the youngest of three brothers who used to be part of the Christmas Eve party. The eldest inspired the first sentence I ever put together. The second, when a child of four, essayed to carry off a bone of a skeleton unearthed in our garden-a skeleton of an Indian with a bullet in his jaw, doubtless slain in the famous battle near this spot. "No, L. D.," said a workman, "this was a red man, and if you take his bone you will turn red." The little boy, so he told me years afterward, dropped the bone and ran home; but "Red Man, 1812," in vermilion letters, on a so-called tombstone, marks the spot. Alas, years afterward, between Christmas and New Year's, the well-beloved trio of brothers went off, hand-in-hand, to a happier land.

About the first Christmas-tree that I remember hovers the figure of a visiting cousin's cousin, to whose charm I had dedicated a cross-stitched book-mark. I was awed by seeing her slip a button, and with Victorian sentiment and an angelic smile tuck my gift "into her bosom." Returning New Englandward after this visit, she went down

in the Ashtabula bridge disaster, a bit of paniment, and which was called for early jewelry being the only relic found to mark her identity. She had given me the first Christmas card in my history, an illuminated verse, "Perfect Love casteth out Fear." I had no idea what it meant, bevond a token from my adored. Again, as with the pink bottles and the red flower-pot and the bit of iewelry.

> "The bust outlasts the throne. The coin Tiberius."

For Perfect Love having by mischance got into a box of Mythology cards, I refused, with childish pertinacity, ever to have it separated from that pagan group, the characters of which gradually became as familiar as my cousins. To meet to-day, in the pages of a book, Clotho or Proserpine or Artemis, who holds the house in keeping, is to be transported quicker than light to the evening of Perfect Love and the bookmark tucked away in the folds of a green velvet gown.

AMES always formed part of our Christmas booty, and the rigamarole of "Sam Slick" developed into a sort of rite, symbol of the enduring life of the household. Any of us old stagers can repeat the book by heart; nevertheless, at each recurring Christmas party,

its worn pages are returned by

The Reindeer Toboggan

the hostess, while the guests, fingering the old cardboard slips, come in at the proper blanks. "Jack-straws" too, with the original set, has become an annual formula, though by a freak of custom only the men-folks play at this, keeping their score of rubber from year to year. While they bend breathless over a table, the little ones make for the stairs. The heavy "comforter," sacred to Christmas tobogganing and known as the "reindeer," was spread on the upper step of the long, straight stairway, the coaster seated on it with knees drawn up, the comforter gathered tightly round him, corners grasped in his hands. One thrust-out of his feet and the whole "There's no use contraption was off. spanking the children," was our elders' comment, "they're calloused!" Another rite of the Christmas Eve party was the singing of the circus by the owner of a lovely voice who played her own hilarious accom-

enough in the evening to set us all off. It was our Dulce Domum, sweet song of home.

The Christmas saint occasionally visited us in person. "The children were so disappointed that I did not see Santa Claus last year that you'll have to be it this time." my father was overheard to remark, fortunately not by one of his children. But Santa, tree, stockings, or what not, the central feature constantly varied. One year there was a marvellous little house, shaped after our own domicile, in the preparation of which favored children helped for weeks, going to the woods to gather the fine moss with which it was covered, pasting bits of tissue-paper over the windows, contributing trees and figures from our Noah's Ark to decorate the lawn, and patiently sticking in toothpicks to form the fences. The wonderful little house, lighted from within, was a bit of fairy-land, enchantment for weeks afterward for the whole townful of children. Once the "mahogany tree" sprouted a veritable little forest, each bare-branch tree, with its quota of candles, allotted to two persons. The engaged couple had the peartree, hung with wee scissors and things in pairs: a lemon-tree beckoned two humorous cousins: the peach and cherry trees bore material fruit and flowers, and the date-tree grew calendars and engagement books as well as fruit. One year of the war, the long dining-table was laid out as a map of France, each guest having been assigned his town or woods, which were marked by little flags, forests of lighted candles, and his own pile of gifts. Puns on names or personal characteristics served as guides, giving momentary cheer to Lucy le Bocage and the looking-glass Somme.

A form of distribution so favored that it begged repetition was a sale. Each guest was furnished with beans and buttons as counters, and bought his own gifts from the collection. One and all turned their backs on presents especially designed for them in favor of quite different trinkets. They berated the chatelaine for not furnishing them with more money, combined forces to break the bank, grinned when a few gratis beans were pressed into their hands, talked to themselves, and ever after referred loftily to their plunder as what they had bought at the sale!

No record of those early holidays can ig-

nore the Christmas odors, the Christmas weather and the Christmas feasts. Always a wagon-load of hemlock and arbor vitæ was brought up a day or two beforehand, and branches tucked over every picture, hung from every chandelier, and wreathed in every window. Lacking holly and mistletoe, we strung cranberries and popcorn; while apples and winter pears heaped on trays added to that delectable potpourri.

In old-time celebrations regular evening collations were served, the guests sitting around the walls of the rooms. I recall being allowed to pass the cheese, of which I was inordinately fond, and using my fingers to pass the largest chunks on the plate to the persons I liked best, and the smallest to those less grata, till my merit system was nipped. I remember one rollicking cousin, delegated to carve, picking up a whole spiced ham on a big fork and waving it in air.

Of course it ought always to have snowed, for nothing quite so Christmasy exists as the sound of many muffled feet running up the steps and "stomping" off the snow on the porch to the accompaniment of "Merry Christmas" shouts; with the prospect of immediate use of gift sleds and skates and red mittens. However, "wonderful weather," one note-book records; "fires all out and windows open, sweet peas blooming in the frames," adding that same eve, "snowing hard." Other years the record is cold enough: "A drunken man went to sleep in the corner shrubbery; zero weather and snowing furiously. Fortunately, one of the guests saw him by the light of a late delivery wagon, so he was rescued from a bitter end-there so near our warmth and gaiety!"

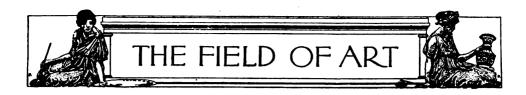
I should like, somehow, to attribute the averting of this near-tragedy to the Appleseed apple-trees, but I find no way. However, extending down the avenue, beginning directly over the spot the poor reveller chose for his couch, is a row of silver maples, which we early dubbed after the Apostles:

"God bless my Hut from thatch to floor, The twelve Apostles guard my door; Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John Bless the bed I lie upon."

and who shall say that they who recorded for us the tale of our Lord's birth did not keep faith with the sleeper who had doubtless himself, in his earthly father's house, once chanted those nursery rhymes?

Do you ask, patient reader, why I linger so over these gathered trivialities? more do I expect you to follow them than I expect summer visitors to look, really, at my garden. They come to talk of their gardens, and the gardens they have seen on their travels. Even my weeds put them en rapport with remembered weeds elsewhere, and their eyes sparkle in reminiscence. Reader, think to-day of your own Christmases gone, of the home that sheltered your childhood, of the appeal of consanguinity, of the games you played among care-free contemporaries under your parents' adoring eyes: all commonplace enough, but to which memory and association and nature, through long years, have added the touch of golden alchemy. Memories are a Christmas gift which cannot be worn out in using. As Stevenson reminds us, "The little sunbright pictures of the past still shine in the mind's eye, with not a lineament defaced, not a tint impaired." And so to you a Merry Christmas!







Engraved on wood by Elbridge Kingsley.

Theodore Robinson

A PIONEER AMERICAN IMPRESSIONIST

BY ELIOT CLARK

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY THEODORE ROBINSON

have a twofold significance. They are not alone of interest as pictures, but they have revealed to the present age a new visualization of the objective world. The realization of nature is in truth not merely an imitation but a creation, an appreciation, the record of a human reaction, and nature is in an eternal state of being artistically newly discovered and revalued. What we speak of as a truthful representation of nature is often but a resemblance to the accustomed or standardized form. wise a double significance, for he was not

HE pictures of the Impressionists Leonardo says somewhere in his note-books that every new art development is a return to nature. But accustomed as we are to the traditional and conventional interpretation, each new art form seems a departure from nature. The pictures of the Impressionists which when first exposed in the early seventies seemed so blatant and bizarre have revealed to us new visual truths which have become in turn the standard of comparison.

The work of Theodore Robinson has like-

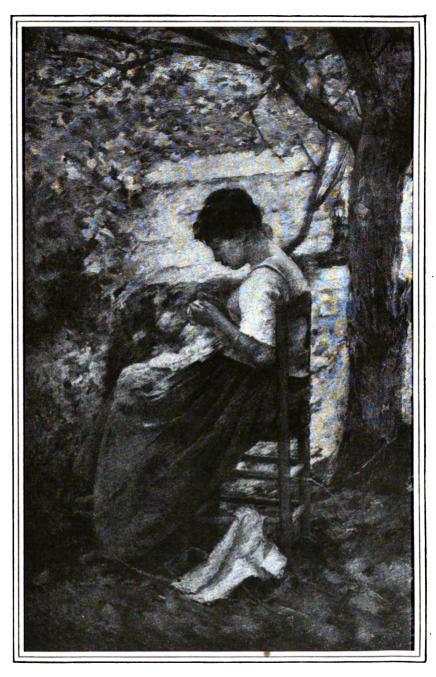
to America the newly discovered principles of the Impressionists and the exhibitanting world of youth and sunshine, and is intimately associated with that movement which reanimated American art and quickened its expression with new impulse and understanding. He occupies much the same place relative to the Impressionistic movement as William Morris Hunt did as the apostle of the Barbizon masters. We realize to-day that the heretics of the past are often the prophets of the future, and the work of Theodore Robinson which was looked upon by the passer-by as affected and false was a sincere and noble effort to seek and portray new truths rather than follow accepted standards unanimated with life.

Theodore Robinson was born at Irasburg. Vermont, June 3, 1852, but his boyhood days were passed at Evansville, Wisconsin. After some preliminary study in Chicago he came to New York, where he worked at the National Academy schools under Professor Wilmarth. During the short interim in which the academy schools were discontinued, Robinson and a number of his fellow students, as a means of continuing their instruction, organized the Art Students' League, the name of which he suggested. In 1874 Robinson sailed for France, that year made memorable in the annals of modern art by the first collective exhibition of the painters thereafter known as the Impressionists. But the young student had not yet turned to the open air, and continued his academical studies for several years under Carolus Duran and Gérôme. This early training proved of inestimable advantage and imparted that technical knowledge and understanding of line and form which brought to his later work that surety of hand and discipline without which the improvisation of the moment is often unconvincing. Although he returned to America in 1880 and remained until 1884, it was not until 1892 that he definitely settled here. Among the younger artists he found many sympathetic and receptive minds, notably the group of the Society of American Artists organized in 1877, and of which he was made a member in 1881. It was there he received the Webb Prize for landscape in 1800 and the Shaw Prize for figure in 1892. Although his work was at this time appreciated and honored by his

only a painter but a pioneer. He brought few sympathetic associates, he unhappily to America the newly discovered principles did not enjoy a wider recognition and was of the Impressionists and the exhilarating subjected to much unjust and pernicious world of youth and sunshine, and is in-criticism. He died April 2, 1896.

In the early eighties Robinson became interested in out-of-door subjects and the problems of light and color which were then agitating the younger painters of Paris, and it was this vision which revealed the infinite pictorial possibilities of the newly discovered world and led him to Giverny, where Monet several years earlier had settled. This was the decisive step in the career of Theodore Robinson. If the principles of the Impressionists drew him to Monet, it was Monet who drew him to nature. Thus his eyes opened to the beauty of the great out-of-doors, to the light that clothes the landscape in vibrant array, changing ever as the light changes and ever beautiful.

The problems of working out-of-doors directly from nature presented new difficulties, the solution of which could not be achieved in following the traditions of the studio. Working indoors from the model the subject is seen within a limited area, the conditions are constant, the light and color more or less static, the range of value entirely within the limitations of the palette. Out-of-doors, on the contrary, the angle of vision is extended, the effect in its various manifestations is ever changing, the intensity of the light far surpasses the limitations of mere pigment. This necessitates at once selection and simplification. Robinson observes in his article on Monet, "that an intense lover and follower of nature is not necessarily an indiscriminating note-taker. a photographer of more or less interesting facts." If the pictures of Robinson seemed to the casual glance of his contemporaries to be careless, ill considered, overcolored, and uninteresting in subject, we realize that it was only by relation to the accepted forms which had become commonplace, and not that he had painted merely the commonplace. He felt "that there is an abundance of poetry outside of swamps, twilights, and weeping Damosels." It is the direct vision, the living verity of light that he recorded. In consequence his pictures have that sense of spontaneity and intimacy which is produced only from first-hand observation, that decisive and buoyant touch which is the result of the exhilaration of the moment, the happy record of a newly discovered world.



But if he eliminated the associative idea in the traditional sense of the story-telling picture, we must not conclude that his pictures are without idea. The visual interest in nature is reawakened, and it is this immediate reaction to the subject, this personal exhilaration, this joy in the beauty of the outward world, this heightened sensibility, that becomes the very idea and theme of the painter. The joy of being out-of-doors, the freedom from constraint, the sense of well-being, the love of fellowship—these emotions,

although not so readily expressed as the more melancholy and often morbid thoughts of the so-called Romanticists (who really limited the very sense of the word romance), these exhilarating and life-giving emotions, we see not only in the character of the subject portrayed—the way in which it was seen—but in the very manner in which it was painted.

The pictures of the French period painted at Giverny show a wide range of interest, and include several large figure subjects as well as many smaller canvases of local landscape. The surrounding country is happily related to the predilections of the modern painter. It has a peculiarly delightful and intimate charm. The river reflects the opposite shore and its banks are grown with picturesque poplars; the fields are cultivated with varicolored products; the hillsides, only so high as to define the valley, are mapped out in interesting patterns, and the little hamlet of Giverny, with red-roofed houses and simple facades, belongs to the intimacy of the landscape. It is a decidedly friendly country, and has nothing of the forbidding, the austere, or the solemn grandeur of uncultivated nature. It is this particular charm with which Robinson has imbued his pictures and brings to his subjects a particularly human and intimate association. Our painter is not so happy in suggesting the illusion of expanse, and finds it more difficult also to design in extended perspective. Robinson is at his best when the theme is limited in area, which allows of carefully considered space relations and a more or less linear design with simple planes. He does not portray the dramatic aspects of nature, the unusual effects of changing weather, or the form and color that express power, volume, and action. mood is tranquil, serene, and joyous. later pictures were painted directly from nature, and in consequence depended upon more or less constant and even conditions of weather. We must not expect, therefore, themes of a subjective nature which are evolved from an introspective mood.

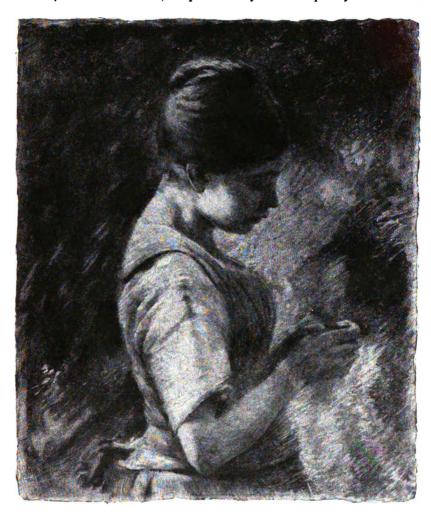
If in the forms of nature we see something of the absolute, the eternal, and unchanging, in its manifestation to the human consciousness as revealed by light it is ever changing and varied. As Robinson said in writing of Monet: "One of his favorite sayings is 'La nature ne s'arrête pas.'" It is

the expression of this illusion of form and its ever-changing color as revealed by light that became the principal problem of the Impressionists and that likewise is for Theodore Robinson the very theme of the picture. It is this preference for the transient effects of light and its accompanying color that marks the departure from the prevalent interpretation of form, and that caused the pictures of our painter to seem strange to the eyes of his American contemporaries. He confesses that when as a student in Paris seeing for the first time the "Danse des Nymphes" of Corot then hanging in the Luxembourg, "I well remember how oddly at first its blue tone struck me." And again: "That there is more color in nature than the average observer is aware of, I believe any one not color-blind can prove for himself by taking the time and trouble to look for it." "That refined color must necessarily be dull color, that one should not paint up too near white; that one should husband his resources; and that if any qualities must be sacrificed let them be those of color and air—all these theories have been stoutly and efficiently combated by the Impressionists." These assertions of our painter show his preoccupation with the considerations of air, light, and color, and his pictures reveal his attentive and constant observation of their effects in nature. But Robinson's color is never affected, blatant, or spectacular. He delighted in the beauty of closely related harmonies and was particularly fond of light neutral hues, opposing violet with variations of cool greens and vivacious touches of delicate gold. He did not use color for its own sake as something entirely apart from the representation of nature, but, on the contrary, he was a most sensitive observer of the values which give the illusionistic effect of form and differentiate distances and planes. Sensitive to the effects of the complementary contrast of hues and conversant with the principle of their effect when juxtaposed, Robinson did not allow the theory of broken color to become merely a mannerism. His sensitive perception of the change of color with the change of value and his keen observation of the chromatic effects of light mark particularly his departure from the academical representation of form.

writing of Monet: "One of his favorite sayings is 'La nature ne s'arrête pas.'" It is artistic, his touch delicate and deliberate.

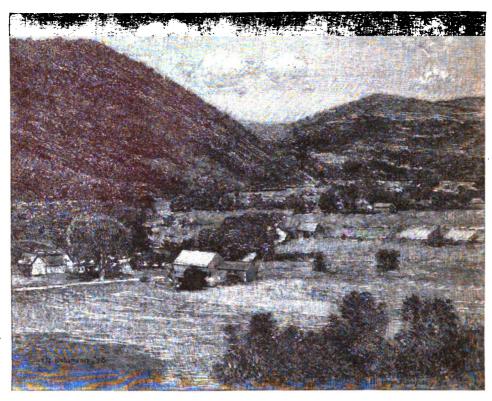
Although he painted with a full brush, he any comprehension of Mr. Robinson's prize wisely avoided the too heavy impasto which work one must have the range of the galin later practice led to so much meaningless lery. To exhibit it properly in his house to thus distort technic and disguise inability, of a tunnel, and even then the paint will he was never, on the other hand, tempted testify most eloquently of its existence."

texture. If he was too much of a painter the owner will have to show it at the end



to parade his craft in affected display of clever brush-work. But if to-day we remark the sensitive touch and the delicate and sympathetic treatment, it is difficult to conceive that his pictures appeared coarse and unrefined to many of his contemporaries. When his picture "In the Sun" was shown at the Society of American Artists in 1802

Seen to-day we remark that the form is exquisitely rendered, the shadows are kept quite thin, the painting is sensitive and reserved, but at the same time direct and emphatic, and the knowing economy of means significant of a master. In writing of Corot, Robinson expresses his thought relative to the significance of finish. and awarded the Shaw Prize, a conservative was one of the first painters who dared to critic writing under the caption of "Art in maintain that a picture is finished when Dabs and Smears" remarks that "To get it gives the desired effect, that henceforth



Engraved on wood by Elbridge Kingsley.

all the scratching in the world adds nothing."

On returning to America it was perhaps difficult for our painter to become at once sympathetic to a country which is more rugged and wild and where the composition is not so easily arranged as in a land where the hand of man has planted trees and the subject is more decorative and defined. But Robinson knew that the picture is in truth composed in the mind of the artist, and that where there is air and sunshine there is also infinite material for the painter. And the short period of his work here after his final return shows clearly that the influence of France had not limited his vision or formulized his expression.

This is well exemplified in "On the Canal," in the collection of Mr. Samuel T. Shaw, a larger replica of which is in the Philadelphia Academy. Here we see the brilliant coloring of a clear summer day,

with flying clouds, an effect typical of our Eastern States but seldom seen in northern Robinson has rendered it with France. unerring accuracy and an almost primitive frankness. It has the unaffected and uncultivated simplicity of American landscape. but the artistic eye has observed the beauty of the commonplace and characterized it in a masterful manner. The wooden fence. the telegraph-poles, the red bridge, the simple farmhouses have been made elements of a picturesque pattern which at the time was thought very unbecoming and unconventional. To see thus in a comprehensive and understanding way and to express this perception is in truth a kind of revelation, a kind of seeing which is far removed from what is lightly spoken of as merely imitating nature. It was in this sense that Robinson was a creator and has helped us to revalue and revisualize the objective



Three Years after the Armistice

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

N the 11th of November there was celebrated in no very ostentatious way the third anniversary of the ending of the war. It occurred in many respects under interesting circumstances. An in-

Circumstances of an Anniversarv

ternational conference, ostensibly for limitation of armaments but actually for discussion of the world's pressing problems, political and eco-

nomic, was just convening at Washington. The United States—of which the outside world's bitter complaint since the middle of 1010 had been that, after having shared in drawing the Treaty of Versailles, it had refused to accept it and had insisted on holding aloof from Europe's problems—was the caller of the conference and the leading figure in it. All the great nations of the League of 1919 were represented. The Prime Minister of France was a delegate at Washington; the celebrated French Marshal who had conducted the Allied armies to final victory was at the same time a guest of the United States. From all these viewpoints the situation was remarkable—a good deal more remarkable than the American people seemed to realize. Naturally, it turned the mind to retrospect of the three-year period since November,

Political events moved with extreme rapidity in the immediate sequel to the German surrender. The sudden downfall of monarchy in Central Europe, the rise of experimental governments, the attempts of Communists to seize control, the overthrow of Bolshevist insurrections by the forces of law and order and by popular vote of the German and French electorates—in short, the whole familiar sequence to a period of toppling govern-

one another's heels so swiftly that the world began to conceive of its existing problems as altogether political.

More slowly, and only after a full year's interval, economic problems took the front of the stage. During the first of the three years, indeed, the world's markets had indulged in the illusion that ending of the war had brought a new era of immediate international prosperity; it was not until the next two years that the economic situation passed into a chapter of readjustment as sweeping and violent as the political upheaval of 1919. To-day, with the ending of the three-year period since Germany's surrender, and with economic conditions, except in Russia and Central Europe, approaching something like temporary equilibrium, the larger and unsettled political questions are again beginning to obscure the economic. From the financial view-point, it is a time to look back at the history of the period and see what has actually happened.

C UCH retrospect is more necessary because of the complete bewilderment into which the mind of the economic as well as the political world has been plunged. As is always the case in a period

crowded with rapid changes and quick succession of spec-Illusion tacular events, the unconof Time scious impression is that a

very long time has elapsed since the signing of the armistice. People do not in November of 1021 look back at November of 1018 with the sense of chronological nearness, of closely associated ideas and problems, with which the people of November, 1913, looked back at November, 1010. Instead of the slow unfolding of events and tendencies belonging to an ordinary era of history, the world has been mental systems—these events followed on hurried, one may say, with the utmost violence from one era into another and then into still another.

In the freshman class of one of our largest universities, the question was put this year to a body of students: "When, under what circumstances, and with what result the first battle of the Marne was fought," and none of the students was able to answer. However incredible such an incident may seem to those of us who lived close to events in 1914, a moment's reflection will bring to mind the fact that the battle of the Marne occurred seven years ago, and that not merely were the freshmen of 1921 only ten years old when it was fought but that the overwhelming rush of epoch-making events since 1914, and especially since 1918, has simply blurred the memory. As with the political landmarks, so with the economic. Even in the exchange of every-day business conversation one hears constant reference not merely to "things as they were before the war" or even as they were "before the armistice," but as they were "before the fall of prices in 1020."

WHERE has this tossing stream of action and reaction, movement and counter-movement, brought us? It is not unlikely that, when the after-war period is reviewed in the histories of half a

The World after Three Years of Peace

century from now, these three years will be described as a preliminary chapter of confusion before the real work of economic rehabilitation had

been begun. At the same distance of time from the ending of the European wars in 1815, the allied armies of occupation were just being withdrawn from France; gold was selling at 106½ in London; industrial England was in the grip of disastrous trade reaction, following the premature overdoing of exports on long credit to continental countries which turned out to be paralyzed by the war.

At the same distance of time from 1865, merchants' paper was quoted in New York (as it was a year ago) at 8 per cent; our paper currency was at a discount of 28 per cent. The country was losing pretty much all its gold; for a summary for 1868 reported \$34,000,000 gold received in the year from the California mines, \$49,000,000 drawn from private hoards

into the general market, and \$71,000,000 exported to foreign countries—much the same story as England has to tell to-day. Estimating \$750,000,000 American securities sold to Europe in the three years after the Civil War, a high financial authority described that movement as "representing the difference against us on foreign-trade account" and as meaning that, "instead of gaining wealth, we are losing ground."

In other words the situation, three years after each of those older wars of exhaustion, was both chaotic in itself and entirely misleading as an indication of what was to follow in the economic history of either country. Perhaps it would have been impossible, on those occasions. for even experienced economists or financiers to predict correctly how the various countries of the world, and the United States in particular, would range themselves in the economic system one or two decades later. Still, there are certain economic signs to-day which are clearer than the signs of half a century or a century ago, and which may give us some sort of clue to the longer future.

DURING the war, especially in its later stages, a constant matter of discussion was what place in the community of nations the several great financial and commercial states would occupy after

the war was over. We knew that the mere results of war had sometimes profoundly altered the position, absolute or

relative, of one or more such nations. There existed also the further questions, not only whether the economic history of a belligerent nation might be changed through military defeat, but whether its power and prestige might not be permanently altered through the economic exhaustion of the war itself—through destruction of property and loss of man power in the case of France, for instance; through collapse of its foreign trade in the case of Germany; through sale of its foreign investments and surrender of its office as a central money market, as in the case of England; and through the crushing burden of a wholly unprecedented home and foreign debt in the case of all three.

Most of us probably recall the war-

time prophecy that, in the field of foreign commerce and finance, England's day was over even if the Entente Allies were to win the war. Every one will remember the other prophecy that this time France could not recover—a prediction, incidentally, not unheard in France. Perhaps the most curious fact of all about this war-time constructing of national horoscopes is the fact that Germany was the one belligerent whom nobody, even the bitterest of her antagonists, then consigned to economic ruin. It seems a very long time ago nowadays, but it was only in the middle of 1916, that the Economic Conference of the Entente governments was drawing up resolutions as to how, after the war, they should resist the economic encroachments which they expected from the Germany whom they also expected to defeat on the battle-field. If the delegates to that conference at Paris could have seen five years ahead and pictured the Germany over whose present economic predicament the rest of the world is at present puzzling its mind, it is an interesting question what resolutions would have been drafted.

HEN, therefore, we survey the world's confused economic panorama three years after the armistice, there are three distinct questions which occur to mind: What is the present position of

Summing up the Situation

each of the belligerent states, compared with what it was before the war? How does that present position fulfil

the general expectation of war-time? What does it warrant us in expecting for the several nations in the longer future?

England, whose economic leadership in 1914 was undisputed, provides some perplexing considerations. Taken in all its aspects, the economic recovery achieved by Great Britain since the war has been disappointing. Its paramount achievement was the turning of its £1,600,000,ooo excess of public expenditure over public revenue, in the fiscal year ending March, 1919, into a surplus revenue of £230,000,000 in the fiscal year ending last March; with the application of that large surplus to redemption of war debt. The pace has not been steadily maintained, for in the nine months since last cember; that reduction has been progres-

March, the Exchequer reported £42,000,-000 deficit in revenue, against £77,000,-000 surplus in the same period a year ago. This unfavorable change is accounted for partly by reduction in the excess-profits tax, partly by the fact that sales of war material, which were immensely large a year ago and were carried as revenue, have been cut down nearly one-third this year. Nevertheless, the achievement has been substantial.

QUT in the same nine months of 1921 D the progress of England in restoring her foreign trade—a vital consideration has been distinctly disappointing. It is true, the excess of imports over exports during that period was re-England in duced from £313,000,000 in 1918 and 1920 to £231,000,000 in 1921;

but that reduction was wholly a consequence of sweeping curtailment in the import trade; the exports of British products decreased in value nearly 50 per cent. That decrease was partly caused by the lower average prices but by no means wholly, and the British government statisticians have shown by a recent calculation how slowly the pre-war status is being regained; the actual tonnage of the country's exports during August having been only 47 per cent of August, 1913.

Every one, to be sure, is aware of the part which the reckless attitude of labor played in that result through tying up British fuel production and therefore general British industry during three months of the last summer. Yet even such social considerations have to be given weight in judging a country's economic position; more particularly, when contrasts in the relations between labor, the government, and the general public, as shown in the British coal strike and in the recent attempt at a transportation tie-up in America, are so very impressive.

As against these qualifying considerations in the foreign trade, the British government has made important headway in bringing its paper currency back to a normal status. To this the foreign markets seem to have been singularly blind. The amount of war-time currency notes outstanding has been reduced nearly 16 per cent from the maximum of last De-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 71)



"I have a Friend who "

WHY otherwise intelligent people will accept anonymous say-sos on investments is difficult to explain.

In considering investment purchases clear-cut information is the essential need—a need that can readily be met by any of our 50 offices.

Our information is based on a national viewpoint and years of experience.

We invite you to make yourself and your investment needs known at our nearest office.

A current list of high-grade securities mailed on request for V.S.-172.



BONDS
SHORT TERM NOTES
ACCEPTANCES

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

Offices in more than 50 leading cities throughout the World

(Financial Situation, continued from page 60)

sive; and, what is equally significant and equally as a rule ignored, the reserve of gold and of Bank of England notes secured up to their face by gold has not been reduced at all, so that the ratio of gold reserve to outstanding currency notes has risen from 13 per cent last December to 15½ per cent this autumn. It is impossible to doubt that this forward step has been one essential influence in the rise of sterling exchange on the New York market to a rate more favorable to London than a year ago by 51 cents per pound, or 15 per cent.

ROM all past experience, it was to be expected that somebody in England would by this time have been crying out that straightforward resumption of gold payments was impossible, even for the longer future. There-

Question of Ultimate Gold Redemption fore no great surprise need be entertained at the calm proposal of the London *Statist*, last September, that instead of aiming to restore the pound sterling to its redeemable

gold value of the century before the war, the British pound should be made by law "convertible into gold at the valuation measured by the actual exchange rate with the United States dollar at the time chosen for taking this step." As a basis for such change, it was coolly suggested that the New York sterling rate of \$3.6558 be adopted, as against the present lawful parity of \$4.865/8; with the consequent degrading of the gold content of the British sovereign from its present 113.001 fine ounces to 84.892. That the conservative British banking community should have been equally amused and indignant at this extraordinary plan of making currency depreciation permanent by statute in the financially strongest European state—a plan rejected contemptuously by serious statesmen even in the depreciation of 1818—was what might have been expected.

No such economic tomfoolery is likely to be seriously discussed in England. Long before another decade has elapsed, we shall be hearing of England's proposed resumption of gold payments. But summing up the more or less mixed conditions in the economic situation, three years after return of peace, it is possible to say that Great Britain's position in the economic world is far less powerful than in 1913; that economic recovery, especially in foreign trade, has been far slower than the British financial community predicted during war-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 73)

What Follows A Rise In U. S. Government Securities

THE recent advance in price of U. S. Government Securities is worthy of the attention of all investors.

A rise in the price of Government Bonds has in the past been an unfailing indication of a rise in the general security market.

The present price level of Municipal Bonds which are free from Federal

Income Taxes can not be maintained indefinitely.

High Grade Municipal Bonds may still be purchased at prices that make yields very satisfactory. The issues of longer maturity are particularly recommended at this time, both for future price appreciation and to insure present tax free yields for as long a period as possible.

Write for our current list of offerings yielding from 4.85% to 6.50%



New York

Toledo

Cincinnati

Detroit

Chicago



Safety Tested and Proven



HE best test of the safety of a class of investments is their record—a record long enough in time, large enough in volume, to afford real

standards of judgment. Apply this test to Straus Bonds.

THE TEST-

The varying conditions, favorable and unfavorable, during 39 years, including two wars and four financial crises.

THE PROOF—

39 years of prompt payment of hundreds of millions of dollars of principal and interest, without loss to any investor.

We submit that this record is ample evidence of the soundness of the bonds we offer and ample basis for the confidence of the investing public. Investigate these bonds and the reason for this record. Write today for our current Investment Guide, and specify

BOOKLET L1110

S.W. STRAUS & CO.

NEW YORK - Straus Building

Incorporated CHICAGO - Straus Building

OFFICES IN FIFTEEN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Thirty-nine years without loss to any investor

Copyright, 1921, by S. W. Strans & Co.

Digitized by Google

(Financial Situation, continued from page 71)

me, yet that the central problem is being asped, not perhaps with the spectacular sudmness of France, but at all events with the pgged British adherence to sound economic adition. This fact, at all events, promises eady progress in return to England's old posion in the economic world—even if the war arns out to have permanently transferred to be United States a good part of England's inctions as the central money and investent market.

\S compared with these conflicting and con-tradictory aspects of the British economic tuation, one gets a clearer view, at least of cisting conditions, in turning to Continental It hardly need be said that all of those states have been seriously afhe Case fected during the present year by Belgium the previous over-stocking of their ommercial markets, the precipitous fall of rices, and the sudden cutting off of the forierly abundant foreign credits in America and sewhere. Belgium has suffered with the rest; otwithstanding which, it is easily possible to w of Belgium that it is now in most respects ne busiest industrial state in Europe, with aparently the most orderly working classes and the most hopeful industrial outlook, whether judged by foreign or home observers.

But this is equivalent to saying that expectations of war-time have been quite upset. That Belgium, which was commonly described on the eve of war as a "hotbed of labor radicalism" and which during the war was commonly pictured as crushed industrially by the German army and by the German satraps who followed it, should have been the first European belligerent to achieve notable industrial recovery and the only one to escape the turmoil of discontented labor, is a very extraordinary incident in history. It may be explained in part by the idea which dawned on the Von Bissings after a year of war, that if Belgium was to be victorious Germany's booty it was just as well not to ruin its industrial plant beforehand. But a much better explanation lies in the fact that Belgian capital and Belgian labor were both prepared by four years of compulsory idleness to engage with hope and cheerfulness in the new opportunities of peace. At any rate this is a happy omen for the future.

DURING the war the financial fate of no European belligerent was regarded more pessimistically than that of France. France

(Financial Situation, continued on page 77)

World Wide Foreign Exchange Facilities

Are at Your Service



SINCE 1852 Knauth, Nachod & Kuhne has specialized in foreign exchange and has developed an organization with connections throughout the world specially qualified to handle the foreign transactions of American banks, bankers, business men and travelers.

For banks and bankers who draw foreign drafts under our protection our Service includes daily foreign exchange quotations by mail or telegraph, as desired. Our telegraph code quotes ten currencies in a ten word message.

Investment Securities

OUR Investment Department will give you impartial advice as to how your investment needs can best be met. We execute orders for the purchase and sale of all listed securities.

Inquire of our Service Department for information

"Seventy Years in Serving the Public"

Knauth, Nachod & Kuhne

120 Broadway

NEW YORK

A Country-Wide Investment Service

NEW YORK 140 Broadway Pifth Ave. & 44th St. Madison Ave. & 60th St. 268 Grand St. ALBANY, N. Y. Atlanta, Ga. BALTIMORE, MD. BOSTON, MASS. BUFFALO, N. Y. CHICAGO, ILL. CINCINNATI, O. CLEVELAND, O. ERIE, PA. HARRISBURG, PA. HARTFORD, CONN. JAMESTOWN, N. Y. IOHNSTOWN, PA. Los Angeles, Cal. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. PHILADELPHIA, PA. PITTSBURGH, PA. PORTLAND, MAINE PROVIDENCE, R. I. READING, PA. ROCHESTER, N. Y. St. Louis, Mo. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. SCRANTON, PA. Washington, D. C. WILKES-BARRE, PA.

Our nearest Office will serve you promptly



Investment

In the Middle Ages money was hoarded in strong-boxes, where it was kept idle and unproductive.

In modern times money is actively employed through Investment. And among the various forms of investment the Bond stands pre-eminent.

Bonds, at present price levels, afford an unusual opportunity to obtain a liberal income during future years.

In selecting suitable issues the experienced service of this Company is available to you. We shall be pleased to give you detailed information regarding your present holdings and contemplated purchases.

Guaranty Company of New York

The Measure of Greatness

Institutions which attain national importance are almost without exception performing a great work.

A business grows because it is needed. It is usually successful in proportion to its effort to serve.

Service is the bedrock of business principle.

The National Bank of Commerce in New York is a great bank because it is a useful bank. Large industrial and commercial institutions are its customers because it renders to them a comprehensive, world-wide banking service essential to the conduct of their affairs.

In the better times of the future, service will continue to be the guiding motive. We not only shall serve but shall understand and appreciate the service of others. We shall grasp the idea that railroads, public utilities and powerful industries are, after all, merely the machinery employed by society to serve itself. We shall accept usefulness as the measure of greatness.

The National Bank of Commerce in New York has one fundamental purpose—to extend and broaden its usefulness to commerce and industry—to serve.



National Bank of Commerce in New York

Capital. Surplus and Undivided Profits Over Fifty-five Million Dollars

Government, Municipal, Railroad and Corporation Investment Bonds

THE investor of today has a wide choice of short or long-term, tax-free Government and Municipal Bonds or Railroad, Industrial and Public Utility Bonds at prices considerably below the figures of pre-war times. A comparison of yields visualizes the opportunities which exist today.

Class of Bond	Normal Yield 5 years ago		Yield Today			
U. S. Government	2%	to	31/4 %	414 %	to	5%
Foreign Government				51/4 %		
Municipal			514 %	4 % %		
Railroad (First Mortgage)			5%	5%	to	6 1/4 %
Public Utility	5%		7%	6%	to	8%
Industrial	6%	to	7%	6%	to	814 %

The services and facilities of the William R. Compton Company are at your disposal in the selection of conservative investment bonds.

We suggest that you avail yourself of our 28 years of experience. If you do not care to write, check and sign the form which we have provided for your convenience.

William R. Compton Company

Investment Bonds

8T. LOUIS
Compton Bidg.
CINCINNATI
Union Trust Building

NEW YORK 14 Wall St. , CHICAGO 105 S. La Salle St.

NEW;ORLEANS
304 Canal Bank Annex

Fill in below, detach, and mail to our nearest office

	Date, 1921. on my part, place my name on your list to
receive your recommendations	of securities in the groups checked.
☐ Government Bonds ☐ Municipal Bonds ☐ Railroad Bonds ☐ Public Utility Bonds	Name Street
☐ Industrial Bonds	City
Yield desired, about%	State



Handy Interest Table Free to Investors

 $6\% - 6\frac{1}{2}\% - 7\%$

Figuring interest is a very simple matter with this handy, vest-pocket size celluloid table. It shows at a glance exactly what you can earn on \$1,000 in a day or any number of days, at 6%, $6\frac{1}{2}\%$ or 7% interest.

One hundred per cent safety, combined with substantial interest return, has been offered by Greenebaum First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds for over two-thirds of a century. You can safely earn up to \$70 per \$1,000 invested in these sound securities. Detailed information regarding these most satisfactory investments will be sent you.

Send for this convenient article today. It's free to you, without obligation, upon request. Just sign and mail the coupon.

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company

66 Years' Proven Safety
Correspondents in Many Citics

Stockholders of this Company are identical with stockholders of Greenebaum Sons Bank and Trust Company

Oldest Banking House in Chicago

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company
La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago
Please send me
☐ Handy Interest Table
☐ Information on "Greenebaum Investments"
NAME
STREET
CITYSTATEII

was "bled white," the vigor of French government and people was collapsing—all this grew to be an exceedingly familiar says.

to be an exceedingly familiar saying in 1918. Even Ludendorff's memoirs intimate belief that there was nothing left of France in that year except Clemenceau, and cer-

Prediction and Fulfilment in France

tainly France emerged from the war with the greatest proportionate loss of men and treasure, and the most extensive wreck of her productive facilities, that had befallen any nation in the Great War. A very few months ago it was the common remark both of unofficial and official visitors to Paris, that France was being grossly mismanaged in a financial way; that she was merely living on the hope of the huge cash indemnity which Germany would be forced to pay.

Yet it so happened that, at the moment when this somewhat unfavorable verdict was being pronounced, two of the most remarkable economic achievements of the period, both leading rapidly toward economic stability, were getting to be the every-day talk of Paris. The first of these incidents has been discussed already in these columns—the wholly unexpected turning of the surplus of imports over exports, which amounted to nearly 13,000,000,000 francs in the first half of 1920, into a surplus of exports amounting to 297,000,000 in the first half of 1921.

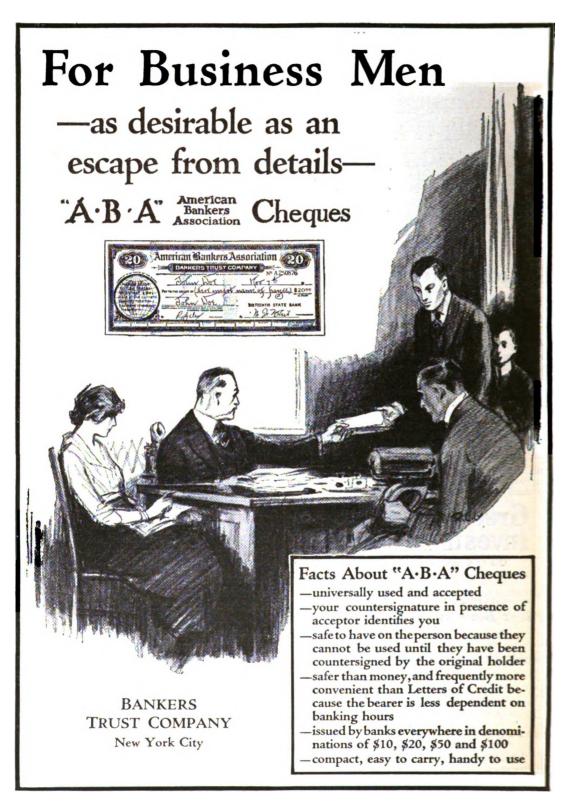
THAT this great change resulted mostly from heavy curtailment of the import trade was evident on the face of the returns; from which fact some people inferred that France was starving her manufactures in raw materials.

rials. But export of manufactured goods was increasing, even in tonnage, at the very time when import of raw material was decreas-

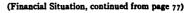
ing, and it soon became apparent that what industrial France was doing was to draw on excessive stocks of material accumulated during the excited buying of 1919 and 1920. Undoubtedly this meant that the export balance could not continue in its recent magnitude; indeed, the excess of exports for the year to date has already been considerably reduced during August and September.

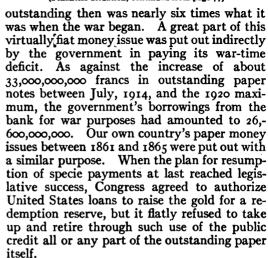
But the fact of a very important and gratifying change was none the less manifest, and the policy which that change reflected in foreign trade was even more strikingly reflected in the currency. The paper issues of the Bank of France reached their maximum, 40,000,000,000 francs, in November, 1920; the amount

(Financial Situation, continued on page 79)



78





RANCE has been more courageous. During the past twelve months her government has repaid 1,600,000,000 francs of its borrowings from the Bank; that repayment being made possible through issue of long-term government bonds to French investors and the condition being that an equivalent sum in paper currency should be retired. The government and paner

ment has stated its purpose of re-

paying 2,000,000,000 more at the end of the year. Primarily through this straightforward facing of the facts, the French paper currency has been reduced this year 2,700,000,000 francs. Whether reduction can be regularly continued at that rate hereafter is no doubt debatable. If it were so to continue, eleven or twelve years would suffice to bring the paper currency of France back to the total of July, 1914. But the really essential facts are what France has done already and how she has been doing it.

This reduction of inflated currency has been made in face of opposition. Mr. Hoover stated some months ago, in a report based on Department of Commerce information, that in France "there is constant agitation for further bank-note inflation," but that "the minister of finance, the governor of the Bank of France, and all responsible financiers are against it and it will not be permitted." All of the best-informed Paris financial critics reported not long since that "the government's whole financial policy aims at gradually reducing these advances from the Bank and arriving eventually, though of course not for a considerable time to come, at restoration of gold payments." Few

(Financial Situation, continued on page 80)

Send for this Book!



This book "Building with Bonds" will be sent to you free of charge upon request. If you are interested in learning more about bonds send for this beautifully illustrated book.

"Building with Bonds" tells about many classes of securities and thoroughly describes the Safety Bonds we offer for sale.

Ask for Edition Q-512

AMERICAN BOND & MORTGAGE COMPANY

American Bond & Mortgage Building
127 North Dearborn Street
562 Fifth Ave., New York City
Columbus, Ohio
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Rockford, Illinois

Beware of Fluctuations

Those who buy securities that fluctuate must expect their state of mind to fluctuate with their securities. You cannot maintain your mental equilibrium where there is no equilibrium in your investments.

Prudence-Bonds guarantee your principal and 6% income to maturity, and the shifting tides of speculation do not change their stability one iota.

Send for Booklet No. S-C-126 containing full information

The Prudence Company, Inc.

(Realty Associates Investment Corporation)

31 Nassau St. New York 162 Remsen St. Brooklyn Currency



Buying Bonds BY MAIL

PEOPLE today find it safe to buy anything they want by mail from well-known reliable houses. Such institutions cannot afford to disappoint; their business is based upon confidence.

The same is true of investments. It is even more satisfactory to buy bonds by mail than merchandise. You do not need to see a bond before buying: you can find out all about it in advance. The terms and conditions of a bond are easily appraised:adescriptionofthem.from a competent source, is sufficient. Halsey, Stuart & Co. has perfected a system for selling bonds by mail which is safe, prompt and simple. The buyer runs no risks about delivery. Bonds are sent by registered mail at our risk and at our expense direct to purchaser, or they may be delivered through his bank

Bonds may be purchased from us by mail on a cash or monthly payment basis. Full details will be sent upon request—write for circular S.M.-10

HALSEY, STUART & CO.

CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON
209 S. La Salle St. 49 Wall Street 10 Post Office Sq.
PHILADELPHIA DETROIT ST. LOUIS
Land Title Building Ford Building Security Building
MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS
First Wis, Nat'l Bank Bildg. Metropolitan Bank Building.

economists, financiers, or statesmen would have believed this situation possible three years ago. But the surer guide to the probabilities of French recuperation was the similar achievement of the country in the past. Guided again by that historical analogy, we may pretty safely look for a France restored to her old and distinguished place in the economic organism within the next quarter-century.

With France, as also with Italy—whose general policy regarding trade and currency has resembled that of France, though with much less striking results—the offsetting consideration of an unfavorable sort has been the failure to "balance the budget"—in other words, to bring public revenue anywhere nearly up to public expenditure. The actual French deficit in the eight months ending with August was 716,000,000 francs, and a full year's deficit of 2,500,000,000 was calculated to be in sight. This was largely due to the heavy cash expenditure for reconstruction of the devastated regions, a work which had to remain a burden on the treasury of France unless and until the German reparations payments should meet the In the special budget of the French Finance Ministry for 1921, no less than 15,000,-000,000 francs was allotted as "expenditure recoverable."

THAT outlay could not be directly met by Germany's contemplated delivery of bonds payable in the future. The burden could be actually removed only through one or both of two expedients—equivalent cash payments by

Germany, or Germany's assumption of the physical task of reconstruction. The adoption in earnest of the second of these alternatives has been the notable occur-

The Question of Reparations

rence of the past few weeks; its adoption bears almost as directly on the economic future of

Germany as on that of France.

We examined pretty thoroughly a month ago into the present economic status of Germany. That examination showed Germany's economic recovery to be heavily handicapped by the cash requirements on reparation account and by her government's currency inflation. The recklessness of this inflation had never been predicted during the war—though a hint at it might certainly have been obtained from the unsound financing of the war itself, a programme which cast great doubt on the prudence and conservatism of the German financial leaders. Conditions as they had arisen in 1921 unquestionably boded ill for Germany's

(Financial Situation, continued on page 81)

Why Worry About the Peak?

SAFE bonds are a good investment at any time, and doubly so when obtainable upon so attractive terms as exist today.

Then why worry about whether or not the peak of bond yields has been reached? The investment market today offers higher yields upon safe investments than have existed for generations.

Will you be one of those who, when lower interest rates return, will regret that they did not take advantage of present opportunities?

Ask for circular "DS"

ELLS-DICKEY COMPANY

SURPLUS & CAPITAL \$ 1,300,000

SAFE BONDS paying 8.10 %

MANY FEATURES of attractive interest to investors are embodied in a new issue of Secured Sinking Fund Gold Bonds by Standard Gas and Electric Company.

These bonds are heavily secured by successful industries with a wide geographical diversification, the earnings of which have shown a steady increase over a long period. Sinking Fund provisions for the retirement of the Bonds are unusually complete. Denominations \$100, \$500, \$1,000.

For Cash or on the Byllesby Ten-Payment Investment Plan

Ask for Circular S-18

H.M.Byllesby & Co.

CHICAGO 208 S. La Salle St.

NEW YORK 111 Broadway

Boston - Providence - New Haven - Detroit Minneapolis - Madison - Oklahoma City

(Financial Situation, continued from page 80)

future, supposing the Wirth Ministry to persist in using its philosopher's stone of depreciated paper.

T was at precisely this perplexing juncture in I Germany's problem of foreign payments and France's problem of home public expenditure, that certain long-pending negotiations took an extremely important turn. During

many months Doctor Walter Ramany months Doctor watter Ka-thenau of the German General Wiesbaden Electric Company, acting as Ger-Agreement man minister of reparations, and

M. Emile Loucheur, French minister of reconstruction, had been in conference on the plan of paying reparations to France with goods in lieu of cash. Each had recognized it as the solution of the problem, but the proposal had been blocked from time to time by dissatisfied German politicians and by the French contention that the providing of goods for France by Germany would deprive French workingmen of possible employment. Both obstacles were patiently combated by these two practical men, and at Wiesbaden on October 7 the agreement was signed.

In brief, it provides that between October 1, 1921, and May 1, 1926, Germany is to pay to France, on account of the stipulated reparations, goods to an indicated aggregate value of 7,000,000,000 gold marks. What this means to Germany was evident. What it means to France was shown by the statement of Paris financial critics that the new programme would probably shorten by two years the burden of reconstruction of the devastated region, that it would enable the treasury of France to dispense with the greater part of its own budget of reparations expenditure, and that, so far as concerned the question of Germany's paying for what her armies did in France during the war, the Wiesbaden agreement was regarded as "the most important incident which has occurred since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles."

THE economic position and the economic problems of the other Central European states are in some ways similar to those of Germany, in other ways very different. It would be hard to say to what extent the present desperate condition of these In Central countries, as Austria and Poland, fulfils expectations of 1918. The breaking apart of such old political systems as the Austrian Empire—partly through the centrifugal influence of racial conditions, partly

(Financial Situation, continued on page 82)



Let the Farm Safeguard Your Future

There is now a way to save on a systematic basis and invest your savings in Farm Mortgage Gold Bonds. This new plan enables you to earn the full 7 per cent on your savings.

The True Story of Plain Tom Hodge

is the story of a poor immigrant who came to America 18 years ago and is now wealthy through systematic saving and investing. It tells you all about the plan. It will show you how you can save and invest on a more profitable basis—how you can immediately begin to enjoy new advantages and become financially independent. The Tom Hodge book will reveal to you a new opportunity and a new future.

Ask for a FREE copy today

George M. Forman & Company

Farm Mortgage Investments 105C West Monroe Street, Chicago Thirty-Six Years Without Loss to a Customer



The Right Bank In The Right Place

The Continental and Commercial Banks are situated at a point from which they can serve American business interests to the best advantage.

The CONTINENTAL and COMMERCIAL BANKS

CHICAGO

More than \$55,000,000 Invested Capital

Every Person with Dependents

Should secure and read a copy of "Safeguarding Your Family's Future," which may be obtained at a local Trust Company, or by addressing the

TRUST COMPANY DIVISION
American Bankers Association
Five Nassau Street NEW YORK

because of political disintegration after military defeat, and partly through the terms of the peace treaty—could have been only vaguely conjectured prior to 1919. That Austria was on the way to financial collapse, most observant financiers suspected in 1914 and fully believed by 1916; but, even with Austria, territorial division brought about such confused conditions as to create a wholly new economic problem. The most that can as yet be said of these nations, with their prodigious public deficits, their wildly inflated currency, and their paralyzed trade, is that any early revival seems impossible on the face of things without

liberal help from foreign credit.

But the performances of these governments in their home finance had utterly destroyed the prospect of such credit. The international bankers' conference of 1920, which had in view organized extension of credit facilities by the lending to the borrowing states on condition of return to sounder governmental methods, broke down completely; the economic case of Central Europe is far worse in 1921 than at the end of 1918. There has, however, lately come

in view one distinct ray of hope.

NOT all of the 1920 conferees abandoned the problem in despair. One of them in particular, the head of a great Dutch bankinghouse, continued patiently working on a plan of relief which has at length been placed before

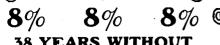
the public and to which its author's name, Ter Meulen, has been attached. Its provisions, briefly

The "Ter Meulen"

stated, are that a Central European importer, whose home business connections are sound but who cannot, because of the present financial confusion, obtain grants of credit from foreign merchants while he imports and sells on the European market the necessary goods, shall be helped by his own government; the government issuing and lending to the importer a national bond based on the public revenue, which such importer has the right to pledge as additional security with the foreign merchant from whom he buys his goods. Such extension of government credit will be supervised by an international commission of eminent bankers, which is also to make its own terms regarding the financial and taxation policy of the Central European government, the use of whose bonds it authorizes only when that policy has been approved. We shall presently be able to see how this interesting experiment operates in practice. It may in part depend on results at the Disarmament Confer-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 83)





38 YEARS WITHOUT LOSS TO AN INVESTOR

We furnish FIRST MORTGAGES, secured by Improved Farms in Georgia, Alabama and Florida, paving 8% interest.

They run for a term of five years, without right of redemption.

Follow the rule-SAFETY first, and buy Farm Mortgages such as are offered by

THE TITLE GUARANTY & TRUST CO. THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BRIDGEPORT BLDG.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN. MORTHERN OFFICE OF THE GEORGIA LOAN & TRUST CO. MACON, GEORGIA

Safety of Principal

is assured by investing in conservative

FIRST MORTGAGE NOTES

Miami Hotel, Apartment and Business Properties

Send for booklet BI

Bond and Mortgage Dept. FIRST NATIONAL COMPANY

> First Trust & Savings Bank Bldg. MIAMI, FLORIDA

The Financial Inquiry Bureau

When you have Capital to invest take the trouble to investigate so that you will be in a position to gauge for yourself the value of the Security you are about to purchase. The careless investor has only himself to blame for his losses.

If you desire advice or information on any financial matter, send your inquiry to the Bureau.

NOTE.—We have no securities for sale. We neither buy nor sell, being solely Inquiry Agents.

The personal attention of a conservative investment specialist is given to each inquiry received. For a thorough analysis of an investment a nominal fee is charged amounting to \$3.00 for one stock or bond, and \$2.00 for each additional security analyzed at the same time.

Many of our readers who have utilized this service have commented upon the quality and scope of the information received. If you have an investment problem write to-day.

Address inquiries, accompanied by a remittance, to The Financial Inquiry Bureau, Scribner's Magazine, Fifth Avenue at 48th Street, New York.

If it achieves success, events may before very long be entering a new phase of Central Europe's recovery.

THE economist, whose eye surveys this picture of a belligerent world three years afterward, pauses with mingled wonder and perplexity when he comes to the United States. Our country's present economic position is remarkable enough, taken in itself; but when compared with the con- Our Own ditions and expectations either of Country, 1014 or of war-time or of armistice Years Later week, the mind has some trouble in grasping it. Perhaps never in history were economic prophecies so completely unfulfilled by existing results as the predictions, in the first two months of war, of an America paralyzed by recall of invested capital by nations

to whom we were hopelessly in debt, and of a New York market bankrupted by Europe's re-

sale of its American securities. We learned the fallacy of those predictions early in the war. But the later war-time predictions were themselves quite as fallacious such, for instance, as the after-war ruin of American producers by European labor working at starvation wages, the submerging of our grain export trade by shipment of Russia's huge accumulations, and, by contrast, the certainty of a foreign market at unprecedented prices for all the cotton America could produce. When the armistice was signed, predictions were conflicting, but on one point all the forecasts seemed to agree—namely, that American exporters had the world's foreign trade so firmly in their hands that nothing could spoil their opportunities.

N that direction, even experienced merchants are to-day greatly perplexed. The blunders of our export houses in 1919, discovery of the utterly unsound methods and inadequate commercial and banking machinery employed by most of them, have shaken at least Future of the popular faith in our future the Foreign

achievement in that field. That Trade judgment is doubtless premature,

but we know at any rate that our exporters will hereafter have a pretty close race, in the capture of foreign markets, with Europe's experienced foreign merchants, notably those of England. Yet despite this disappointment, evidence of the financial power of the United States, its capital resources, its position as present and prospective creditor of the outside world, is presented in such form as it would

have been difficult to imagine even in Novem-

ber, 1918.

Along with this has now come evidence, notably in the manner in which organized labor's threat of a transportation embargo was stopped by public opinion and the government's firm attitude, that the United States has shaken off more completely than any other nation the doctrines of insurgent labor. We have shown a wholly unexpected aptitude in meeting and largely solving such apparently insoluble problems as the railway question. These things also throw light on our economic future and on our relations with the outside economic world.

The actual results of the huge accumulation of gold sent to us by practically all other countries—nearly \$700,000,000 balance of importation in the twelve past months, whereas \$105,-000,000 was the twelve-month maximum before the war-remain a matter of curious conjecture; yet the significance of the movement is plain on the face of things. Financial critics who are fond of talking paradox about matters which they do not clearly comprehend, are still occasionally telling us that we are sacrificing substance for shadow in allowing the world to dump on our shores a virtually demonetized and therefore economically useless precious metal. We certainly might do better in the bargain, and undoubtedly we shall do better before very many months. But even now, people who understand past economic history are at least aware that in the later period of reconstruction gold will be in urgent request for the currency reserves of every European government, and that the country which at present holds the world's gold reserve is, not illogically, the country which will contribute most of the credit and capital for the work of reconstruction.

INFORMATIVE FINANCIAL LITERATURE

Following are announcements of current booklets and circulars issued by financial institutions, which may be obtained without cost on request addressed to the issuing banker. Investors are asked to mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE when writing for literature.

INVESTMENT BOOKLETS AND CIRCULARS

"Tomorrow's Bond Prices," "Bonds as Safe as Our Cities," and "Municipal Bonds Defined" are a series of booklets recently published by William R. Compton Company, St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, and New Orleans. The first explains the significance of the present investment situation and the opportunity to obtain high returns over a period of years. The other two describe the various kinds of municipal bonds and the safeguards surrounding them.

The Guaranty Company of New York has published a new booklet, "Investment Recommendations," will be sent to investors on request.

The surprising results of systematic investment reinvestment are set forth interestingly in a new entitled "A Sure Road to Financial Independent now being distributed by Halsey, Stuart and Compare The booklet will be of value to any investor who distributed the amount of his savings and investment of the stimulate the amount of his savings and investment who Buys Bonds," an analysis recently published by Wells-Dickey Company of Minneapolis, shows surprisingly wide-spread interest in sound security.

BOOKLETS ON FINANCIAL SUBJECTS

Bankers Trust Company of New York will send request its booklet, "Why a Trust Company," on formative little pamphlet explaining the advantage appointing a trust company instead of an individual executor and trustee under wills.

"Income Building on the Byllesby Ten Payand Plan" is the title of a new attractively illustrated by let which is being distributed by H. M. Byllesby at Company, 208 South LaSalle Street, Chicago, and it Broadway, New York.

The Guaranty Trust Company of New York has published for free distribution a booklet entitled "Trust Service for Corporations."

"The Giant Energy—Electricity," a booklet in poular form, which shows the attractiveness of careful selected public utility bonds, and deals largely with the wonderful growth in the electric light and power business. Published by the National City Company, National City Bank Building, New York.

A Quick-Reckoning Income Tax Table, aiding the investor to determine the gross yield he must get on a taxable bond to correspond to the yield on a tax-free municipal, is being distributed by Stacy and Braun, \$ Nassau Street, New York.

REAL ESTATE AND FARM MORTGAGE BOOKLETS

The American Bond and Mortgage Company, Chicago and New York, has just published a book entitled "Building With Bonds," beautifully illustrated, handsomely bound, and dealing comprehensively with the familiar forms of investment, especially First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds. Copy on request.

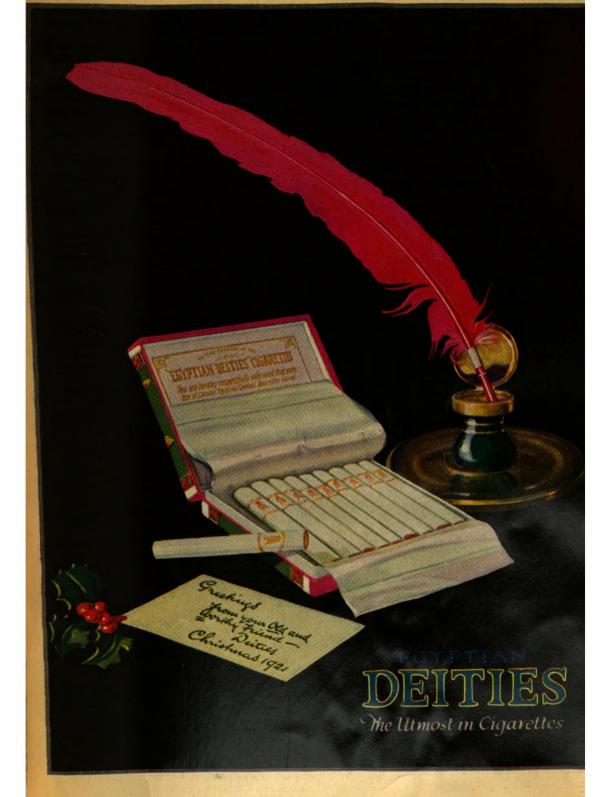
"The True Story of Plain Tom Hodge" describes in detail a new partial-payment plan for selling farm-mort-gage securities. Write George M. Forman and Company, 105C West Monroe Street, Chicago.

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company, LaSalle and Madison Streets, Chicago, will send on request, without obligation, a flexible, pocket-size, loose-leaf Investment Record Book, which they have prepared for tree distribution to buyers of First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds.

"A Guaranteed Income" is an interesting booklet for those appreciating the added protection of a guarantee against loss. Write the Prudence Company, Incorporated, 31 Nassau Street, New York City.

"Common Sense in Investing Money" is a comprehensive booklet published by S. W. Straus and Company, Fifth Avenue at Forty-sixth Street, New York, outlining the principles of safe investment and describing how the Straus Plan safeguards the various issues of First Mortgage 6% Serial Bonds offered by this house.

The Title Guaranty and Trust Company of Bridgeport, Connecticut, will furnish upon application a list of mortgage-investment offerings.



Digitized by Google

